The Girl's Own Annual

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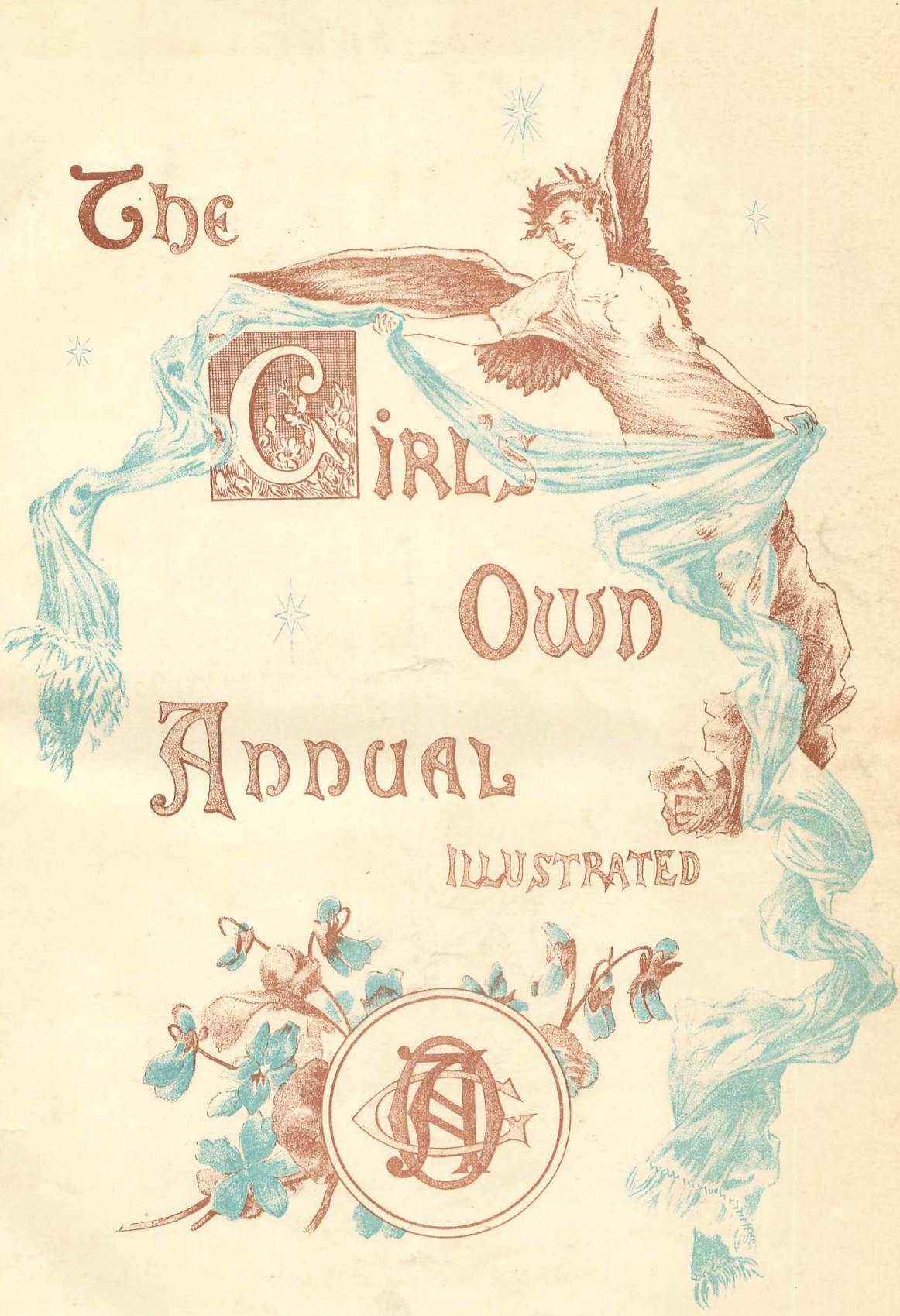

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THE GIRLS OWN PAPER LONDON

TWENTY ONE.

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THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

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FORLORN, YET NOT FORSAKEN.

THE TRUE STORY OF A NURSERY GOVERNESS.

"No one is so accursed by fate,
No one so utterly desolate,
But some heart, though unknown,
Responds unto his own."

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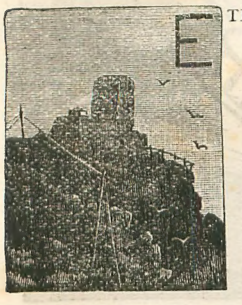
"I WAS CONDUCTED TO THE NURSERY DOOR."

CHAPTER I.

"She is leading a miserable life of hardness, insult, humiliation, as a governess (*or shop-girl!*) under harsh employers."—*Without God.*



ETRE une institutrice, c'est la chose la plus terrible dans tout ce monde."

Sad and significant words to be uttered by a woman not yet much past youth, whose lot was that of an *institutrice*, and who could look forward to no brighter hope in declining years.

You know, love, that, in a humble way, I have tried since I was a young girl in a happy home, filled with every comfort and many luxuries, to find where a helping hand could be given to the sorrowful and sad. Not of necessity in missions and homes, though all honour to those who devote themselves to the work—but nearer our doors, within the walls of our own dwellings, I generally found someone who was not in the sunshine of prosperity; someone whose horizon was flat and grey; someone who neither expected nor received a spontaneous caress; someone who shivered on the outskirts of the magic circle of happy, laughing "intimates;" someone, in fact, who was not wanted except in one place—the schoolroom; for this lonely one was generally (not always, but generally) the governess. Alas! ironical fate, that she should be called the *governour*, the ruler of the domain of the study, whose authority is so often a mere fiction, a name; whose claim to respect and obedience is ignored or defied, whose position is no position at all, and who constantly receives less consideration than is shown to the housekeeper or the lady's maid. And alas! equal irony, that there are so many undertaking to guide and instruct our young people who have never acquired that essential to good government, self-government.

I have been accused, over and over again, of foolish sentimentalism; I have got into "hot water" many a time for "speaking my mind," as they say; and, after some mistakes, I learnt wisdom, which did not result in throwing up my attempts in disgust, but in accruing more tact and discrimination; and when I came to have a house and children of my own I put my theories into practice. Of course I had some disappointments and difficulties; it was not all plain sailing, but on the whole it has been a success. You know how your mother and you girls love dear Esther Bryce, and yet when she came to me she was just the ordinary type of the rather stiff, touchy young governess. I cannot see that the position of governesses is very different from what it was twenty or thirty years ago. No doubt very first-class teachers, with their formidable battery of certificates and diplomas, take another place altogether. In the colleges and high schools of to-day these ladies are on the staff; they are free, and, to a great extent, independent; no one questions their social position; but the governess, *pur et simple*, in a private family is pretty much now where she was then. What is the cause of this nineteenth century Vandalism, unsurpassed in its short-sighted stupidity even by the treatment of "casuals" which has come before us to-day.*

It is the fashion, I am aware, to protest against the supposition that such a state of things exists nowadays. I maintain that it does. If a poll of the opinions of all private governesses could be taken, I know who would be proved correct.

There are wrongs on both sides, abuses to be reformed. Persons quite inadequate by birth and education for the post have come forward and had duties entrusted to them which they could not discharge. Utterly unprincipled women have wrought incalculable mischief among their pupils, and silly, vulgar women, and broken-down, peevish women have deteriorated and fretted young minds just at the growing and expanding stage. These are hard truths, but my friends in the educational line who wish to see this altered have endorsed them over and over again. But I would ask, is there any class, from noble to peasant, which does not include specimens of this type? "Oh," says one, "governesses are a drug in the market." I maintain that good governesses are not a drug in the market. A good governess is a *rara avis*, and when found ought to be treasured. But I go further. It is in our hands to a great extent what our governesses turn out to be. Many and many a young governess has been soured, her love turned into dislike, her kindly feelings into gall, by the treatment she has undergone. Not necessarily rudeness or positive neglect, but a chilling indifference, a well-bred (?) surprise manifested at any self-assertion or contrary opinion.

Thank heaven there are bright exceptions to this rule! There are families whose heads realise that the lady to whom they entrust the bending of their young twigs must be treated with confidence and affection. That the work of education—not mere teaching, but educating—must be carried on together, that if pupils are to respect their governesses they must perceive the fact that their parents, their elder brothers and sisters, respect her also. Of what use is it to hold forth seriously to one's children on the duty of being obedient, kind, and respectful to their governess, when that lady is quizzed and laughed at, however good-temperedly, behind her back; when elder brothers march into the room before her; when elder sisters satirise her manners if she be a foreigner; and, worst of all, when the mother says, with a gentle, contemptuous pity, "Poor good soul! she meant to do well; but you had better refer everything to me, my dear"? How can a pupil be influenced for good by a superior from whom there is a constant appeal? Do children respect their parents' authority unless one support the other in wise discretion and with sacred unity of purpose? Worst of all, such mere "talk" soon causes the child to imbibe a sense of a want of straightforwardness, a preaching of what is not to be practised.

You would like to hear some of my experiences among governesses? Well, little granddaughter, you shall do so; and if it fire you with the determination to "go and do likewise"—nay, far better than your old granny—our talk in the gloaming will not have been thrown away. I am an elderly woman now, verging towards my three score years and ten, but if I close my eyes I can still see, as clearly as I saw it more than forty years ago, a scene which impressed me so strongly that I can never forget it. It was a picture—not a work of art, but one of Nature's loveliest groupings, more vivid to me now after the long lapse of years than is that portrait of you and your mother hanging on the wall opposite. Even Millais' brush, with its flexible, easy grace and tender colouring, fails to make me realise his subject as does that memory picture of forty years since. I know well how in the former the artist has caught your mother's girlish yet matronly dignity, and the childlike abandon of your attitude as you cling to her skirts and look up so eagerly into the sweet face bent over you; yet the old picture is brighter than the new, for my mind's eye is as clear as ever, while glass and spectacles must now prop my failing bodily sight.

I was staying with Lady Corfu at Brighton. We had just lost my sister, your great-aunt Magdalen, whose saint-like face looks down upon us from the wall there. I have often described her character to you, her namesake, that you might endeavour to model yourself by her gentle grace, her purity and truthfulness, and the meek unselfishness to which she had schooled a naturally haughty, imperious temper. Ah! Magdalen would have grieved to hear me say that. It was so distinctly the Lord's work, that change in her nature, as it ever must be. He was her divine Schoolmaster, and no other influence could so have moulded that peculiarly strong temperament and directed its sanctified energies and talents into the right channel. But she went home very early, yet not before she had drawn me into that most precious bond.

Worn out with watching her last hours, and with grief at parting from her at last, I was sent to Brighton to recruit, at the invitation of my cousin's wife, Emily Corfu. She was very considerate, and only had a few guests beside myself, quiet sort of people, who let me alone, which was exactly what I wanted. I kept a good deal to my own room, for I shrank from letting strangers see my pale face and mourning garb.

One evening about six o'clock I suddenly bethought me that there were children in the house whom I had not yet seen. From some far-off region I had heard the patter of tiny feet and the ring of childish laughter, and an intense longing seized me for something to pet and play with—something that, all un-

* *Times*, Feb. 13, 1883.

conscious of sorrow itself, would soothe and comfort me.

"Chievely," I said, "do you know where the nurseries are?"

"Yes, ma'am. Was you thinking of going to see the pretty dears? Well, I am glad," continued my faithful old nurse; "that will cheer you up. They are the sweetest little dears I ever clapped eyes on—save and exceptin' you, my dear ma'am, and your honoured brothers and sisters. I reckon her ladyship may well be proud of such bonny bairns. And then there's the nicest young lady as overlooks them—the two elder ones—that is, little Lord Morpeth and Lady Violet, so well spoken and——"

"Oh, a young lady, Chievely! I don't know that I care about that."

"My dear ma'am, what call have you to mind? I'll be bound the poor thing knows what trouble means, she is that sad-looking o' times. Maybe there's a bleedin' heart waitin' you to bind it up, as well you know how. I'm sure that dear saint above would bid you go, Miss Sybil."

"Ah! Chee, I can't resist your arguments," I said, half sadly, half smiling.

So I was conducted to the nursery door, and, with many injunctions not to tire myself, left standing in the rather dark passage off which the room opened. There was a merry gabble of young voices inside, and now and then a vigorous splashing of water, invariably followed by peals of laughter. I knocked. Immediately the joyful sounds were hushed, there was a pause, then a low sweet voice gave the permission to come in.

As I opened the door my eyes, accustomed to the dim landing, were dazzled and bewildered by the flood of light which streamed upon me. The setting sun was shooting almost horizontal rays through the nursery windows, bathing everything in a warm golden glow. It lit up the dark oak cupboards into a rich depth of colouring; it danced among the cups and saucers on the dresser, and flung itself with reckless gaiety upon the glittering teapot; then peeped into the baby's bath, and quivered with laughter at its own reflection on the ceiling. A handful of fire burned in the grate, and upon the rug was placed a large china bath with all its paraphernalia. Beside it on a low chair sat a girl holding a cherub of a baby, one little fat foot planted in her hand and a chubby arm thrown over her shoulder. She had just lifted him from his tub; the lovely rounded limbs glistened with water, and the fair dripping curls were pressed upon the rosy cheeks. Three other beautiful children were gathered round the fire. The eldest, a boy of six, was leaning against the high fender guard, busily engaged in scattering drops of water upon the hot bars to make them "fizz." Two little girls were watching him, and looked round with startled eyes as I came forward.

But she, Magdalen, this young creature with the baby in her arms—how can I describe her to you? She wore a black mourning gown, almost covered by a large white apron and sleeves. Her hair was a brown gold, and dressed in an unusual fashion for those days of loops and braids, for it was coiled round and round the small shapely head. The exertion she was undergoing had set free some rebellious little curls to wave at liberty over her forehead, and deepened the colour of the most glorious blue eyes I have ever seen. Nature had been lavishly bountiful to her, for, besides faultless features, she had the figure and carriage of a goddess; nothing puny or undeveloped about her, but the free full curves, the graceful, easy movements which Nature loves and Artifice does her best to destroy.

Until then I had had a tolerable opinion of my own looks, but all at once I felt insignificant and plain by the side of this radiant creature. I felt sure I was stunted and undersized, my blue-black hair was harsh, my dark eyes and eyebrows were fierce and beetling, my olive complexion was muddy. All this flashed through my mind, and for the moment I was confused and embarrassed—not because of her beauty, but because my preconceived notions of Chievely's "young lady" had sustained a severe shock. I had pictured a drooping, woe-begone girl, timid and uninteresting, and the change of ideas scattered for the moment my senses. A look of surprise from her recalled my self-possession.

"May I come in and see the children?" said I. "I heard you all talking, and it sounded so nice. I daresay you don't know me. I'm Sybil Tudor; Lord Corfu's my second cousin, you know. I hope you will invite me here sometimes."

"We shall be so glad to see you, shall we not, children? I am Margaret Fairfax, Lady Corfu's nursery governess. This is my recreation," she continued, with a quiet smile, as she proceeded to wrap warm towels round the baby. "I persuade nurse sometimes to hand over her duties to me, and this little boy is well content—aren't you, sir?" she demanded, softly, pinching the dimpled chin.

"Are you so fond of babies, then?" I asked.

"Fond!" she echoed, dreamily, as a strange light dawned and broke in her eyes, and a smile flickered round her mouth.

I could not help looking curiously at her, till she, glancing up, caught my fixed gaze. We both coloured violently, and I, glad of a diversion, turned to the children.

"You are Morpeth, aren't you?" I said to the boy.

"Yes, I am; but please call me Dunraven—it's jollier, because you can say 'Dun.' I've got such horrid long names—Christian names, I mean," said the little fellow, discontentedly.

"Have you?" And I laughed. "What are they?"

"Archibald, Travis, Dunraven," he replied, in a tone of disgust. "And grandpapa Wilts says all the fellows at Eton will call me 'Mops.' I do like short names. Look there"—pointing to his sister—"what can be shorter than 'Vi?'"

"Only 'V.'"

He looked at me gravely for a minute, and then we all burst out laughing.

"This is Violet," said Miss Fairfax, "and little Sybil, your namesake," she continued, with a sly glance at me. "Get up, love, and shake hands with Miss Tudor. Are you 'Miss' Tudor?" she added, with a second half timid glance and a faint smile.

"Yes, I am," I said, laughing again. And then she laughed, and somehow that set us all straight, for the children joined in the merriment with a sympathetic instinct, and even the baby chuckled, as if he thought it all most desirable.

"Will you play horses?" demanded Dunraven.

"Oh, Dunnie! Miss Tudor's too old," lisped Violet.

"You are only a girl, and you know nothing about it," he retorted. "She isn't old a bit. Father says all women are young till they are either married or ugly. She certainly is not ugly, and I don't believe she's married. You ain't married, are you?" demanded this quaint boy, judicially.

"No, indeed, I am not," I answered, solemnly, as the occasion required, though inwardly convulsed with amusement; "and I can play horses very well, but it is too late this evening. I will come to-morrow when you go out. I suppose you are going to bed soon?"

"Syb is going. Me and Vi go downstairs before dinner. Vi's only just begun, as she is a little girl, you know. I hope I shall grow quick, so as to go in to dessert," he added, slipping his hand into mine. "Father says I may when the top of my head reaches the first button on his waistcoat. You are not very tall, are you?" he said, stepping back and surveying me critically and anxiously.

"Oh, dear no!" I said, "I am very small indeed—terribly small."

"Well, never mind. It does not matter for a lady," he remarked, in such a consoling tone, and looking so supremely mannish that I could restrain myself no longer. I laughed most immoderately, and so did Miss Fairfax, till the tears were in our eyes, while that precocious youth watched us with a gravely indulgent smile. However, we became very intimate upon these confidences, and Violet related some marvellous tales of Dunnie's prowess, to which he listened with an elder-brother air.

"Miss Tudor, once Dunnie was so bee-wave. Fairfie was gone out, and me and Dunnie had colds, and nurse went into ze ozer room, and de fire was so hot, and Dunnie bur-wied it in paper, and de paper blazed—and it blazed——"

"Like anything," interpolated her brother.

"And den he took ze can for baby's bath and poured it on, and weally put de fire out, and so we was safe. But dere was a haw-id smell, and nurse was so angwy. But we might have been burnt up to—to—nuffin!" said Violet, with round eyes of horror. "But Dunnie says people is always undateful."

Evidently the hero of this romance was a *philosopher of the true sort*. We fraternised completely upon my proposal to "tell a story," and I went away promising to come again soon.

"I am sure we shall be friends," I said, looking straight at Miss Fairfax.

"You are very kind," she answered, simply; and a flush, of pleasure I hoped, rose to her cheek.

I looked back at the door to kiss my hand to little Sybil. Margaret Fairfax was moving about the room, setting things in order with one hand, the white-robed baby on the other arm, his downy head pillowed drowsily upon her shoulder, while he strove valiantly, in baby fashion, against the delicious sleep which was pressing down the heavy eyelids.

As I describe the scene it arises again before me—a never-to-be-forgotten picture. The large nursery, the scattered toys, the warm, dancing sunlight, the lovely children, and that stately woman, with her shining hair and grave, sweet eyes, moving backwards and forwards, the sleepy baby nestled cosily in her arms. She seemed like a princess playing at service. So calm and reserved, and withal so girlish in her shy glances and fresh young voice, that her own statement of being "Lady Corfu's nursery governess" appeared like a joke. I resolved that my mission lay in her direction. I would find out about her; she should have a more suitable position; she should not be ignored or snubbed.

My dear Magdalen, I was young and impetuous, and had not at that time exactly realised that it is very seldom advisable to hurriedly snatch people from any position, even though it may at the time appear to be terribly beneath them. It is not the position itself, but the way in which it is filled, which renders it degrading or ennobling.

"Well, what have you been doing with yourself all day?" said my cousin to me that evening.

"I have made acquaintance with your children," said I. "They are quite delicious."

Emily looked pleased. "They are not bad specimens, certainly," she said.

"Because they are such good ones, I suppose, you shut them up in a glass case," I retorted, boldly.

It seemed dreadful to me to only see one's children for one or two hours a day. My mother had always protested against the fashion, and she made the time to have us a great deal more with her when we were young than was usual.

Emily laughed.

"Poor little things, I can't help it. I work harder than anyone else in my house, and just now I am simply fagged to death. There is all this canvassing business for Corfu's brother, Ronald Effingham. Of course, Corfu is expected to help, and he is positively at his wits' ends to get a twenty-pound note, and I am as poor as a church mouse. So I have to fall back on smiles and civilities to every butcher, baker, and candlestick-maker. It is the most exhausting affair possible. I provide the poor dears with a capital nurse and a good governess, and I can do no more."

I eagerly seized the opportunity.

"Oh, yes, Miss Fairfax is a charming person. I have taken a great fancy to her. Very superior, isn't she?"

Cousin Emily looked sharply at me, and I was a little puzzled by her reply.

"Yes, very superior," she repeated, slowly, with a preoccupied manner; then, throwing herself back in her chair with a light laugh, she suddenly changed her tone. "If you want to talk about her you must go to Corfu. He visits the babies before breakfast, and he raves about 'the lovely Fairfax.' It is the vogue now for husbands to admire any women of different style from their wives. That's quite enough to secure their attention. As far as I am concerned, I know her good points and I trust her. She is a prig and a Puritan, and sets up to be better than all the world. But as that does not affect me, and makes her more particular about her duties, we get on very well. She suits me, and so I like her."

These words gave me an insight into Miss Fairfax's character. How well I knew who were dubbed "prig and Puritan" by the world. It was a reproach to which I had already been exposed, and doubtless might have been yet more, had I not lived among my equals. Civility keeps many tongues quiet, which scorn and contempt would otherwise let loose. How the world hates the silent rebuke of the refusal of the children of light to join in its pursuits and pleasures! And what a pity that the children of light so often withdraw with the haughty step and harsh judgment of the self-righteous, instead of the meek spirit which yearns over those from whom it must be separate. There was a heavier condemnation for the Pharisee than for the sinner.

(To be continued.)

A WORLD-WIDE TRAVELLER.

IDA PFEIFFER.

By EDWARD WHYMPER, Author of "The Ascent of the Matterhorn."

IDA LAURA PFEIFFER was born in Vienna on October 14th, 1797, and it was not until her forty-fifth year that she commenced the travels which speedily gave her reputation. She was the daughter of a wealthy merchant, Herr Reyer by name, and was the only girl in a family of six children. This fact accounts at least in part for the development of some unfeminine characteristics. "I was not shy," she says in a short autobiographical sketch found among her unpublished papers and utilised in an interesting work on her *Last Travels*, "but wild as a boy, and bolder and more forward than my elder brothers," and she goes on to relate how she took part in all their romps and mischief, and often dressed herself in their clothes. "The parents not only abstained from putting any check on this tendency, but even allowed the girl to wear boys' clothes, so that little Ida looked with sovereign contempt upon dolls and toy saucepans, and would only play with drums, swords, guns, and similar playthings."

Her father, whose household was conducted on rigidly Spartan principles, bordering on harshness and parsimony, jestingly promised the girl that he would have her educated as an officer in a military school; and nothing would have pleased her better. When, somewhere about her tenth year, her father died, her mother not unnaturally thought it was time for Ida to don female habiliments. The little girl was so indignant at this idea that she absolutely became ill from grief, and the doctor saw nothing for it but to restore her former costume, upon which she recovered, and behaved more like a boy than ever. Pianoforte playing she despised as a feminine accomplishment, and would cut her fingers or burn them with sealing-wax to escape the hatred drudgery of practice. On the other hand, she took kindly to the violin. It is needless to say that Madame Reyer did not give in altogether to her rebellious daughter, and that the pianoforte teacher had not a very easy time with his pupil.

The year 1809, when Ida was twelve years old, was an eventful period for her country, and the embryo traveller might then have been seen constantly poring over newspapers and maps, studying the positions of the Austrian and French armies. When the former were successful, she would dance and shout with glee, like a good little patriot, whilst the victories of the enemy caused her great and poignant grief. She was a precocious child, and would vehemently deplore her youth as preventing her from entering the ranks of the army; her sex does not seem to have appeared to her to be any bar in the matter. The French were victorious and entered the capital. "The little patriot had the mortification of seeing a number of the hated conquerors quartered in her mother's house, and evidently considering themselves masters of the situation, dining at the table with the family, and expecting to be treated with the greatest civility. The members of the household generally thought it best to

keep up an appearance of friendship towards the conquerors, but nothing could induce the girl to look upon the French with favour; on the contrary, she showed her feelings by obstinacy and silence, and when requested by the Frenchmen to express her sentiments, she broke out in words of passionate anger and dislike." She herself has said on this subject: "My hatred to Napoleon was so great that I looked upon the attempt of the notorious Staps to assassinate him at Schonbrunn as a highly meritorious action, and considered the perpetrator, who was tried by a court-martial and shot, in the light of a martyr." When compelled to be present at a grand review, and the Emperor rode past, Miss Ida turned her back to the scene, and in consequence received a box on her ears from her mother, who then held her firmly by her shoulders so that she should not repeat the offence. All in vain, when Napoleon came riding back, with his glittering staff of marshals around him, the young lady resolutely closed her eyes and would not even honour the conqueror with a look.

At the age of thirteen she began to adopt the costume of young ladies in general, though the change cost her many tears and made her very uncomfortable. "How awkward and clumsy I was at first," says she. "How ridiculous I must have looked in my long skirts, jumping and racing about, and behaving generally like a wild, restless boy." About this time a tutor was engaged by her mother, who seems to have acted with great patience towards the young hoyden, and in a short time transformed her into something a little more approaching the young lady of that period. In 1819, when Ida was twenty-two years of age, she married Dr. Pfeiffer, a then prosperous advocate, to whom she also brought a small fortune inherited from her father. Her husband was a man of high principle, but his integrity in regard to some corruption and peculation which he fearlessly and unsparingly exposed presently proved his ruin. To make a long and painful story short, the Pfeiffers were speedily reduced to almost abject poverty. "Heaven only knows," says the poor Madame herself, "what I suffered during eighteen years of my married life . . . . I performed household drudgery, and endured cold and hunger. I worked secretly for money, and gave lessons in drawing and music, and yet in spite of all my exertions there were many days when I could hardly put anything but dry bread before my poor children for their dinner." At her mother's death she came into a small property, which enabled her to educate her two boys as she could wish; and later on she had the pleasure of seeing them satisfactorily settled in life.

During a journey to Trieste, which Ida Pfeiffer undertook in order to give one of her children the advantage of sea-baths, she enjoyed her first sight of the ocean, and the impression made upon her was overpowering. It renewed that irresistible impulse for travel which she had as a young girl; and she would have gladly embarked in the very first vessel bound anywhere on a long sea voyage but for her duty towards her children. In 1842 she was for the first time in her life an absolutely free woman, able to carry out the dreams of her youth. The question of travelling alone, and the financial side of the matter, were looked at in a business-like and sensible way. "Respecting the first," says she, "namely, that I, a woman, should venture into the world alone, I trusted to my years—for I was then forty-five—to my courage, and to the habit of self-reliance I had acquired in the hard school of life during the time when I was obliged to provide not only for my children, but sometimes for my husband also. Privation and discomfort had no terrors for me. I had endured them long enough compulsorily, and considered that they would be much easier to bear if I encountered them voluntarily with a fixed object in view."

IDA PFEIFFER.

This portrait has been engraved after a German lithograph, which is probably the only existing likeness of this truly wonderful traveller.

Two projects had occupied her mind for years—a journey to the Holy Land, and a voyage northwards to include Iceland. When, however, she announced to her friends her intention of visiting Jerusalem, she was looked upon by some of them as little better than a lunatic. It is not necessary to follow her on these journeys, which are less uncommon than those which followed; but it should be understood that Ida Pfeiffer, throughout her many wanderings, was never a "feather-bed traveller." At the time she commenced to travel steam was in its infancy as regards the ocean, and many of her voyages were made in sailing vessels of an inferior description, and she had to content herself with food and accommodation such as would not nowadays be offered to a steerage passenger. Sometimes on board ship she occupied a few feet of deck planking, and often on shore went to bed on mother earth; but wherever she went or stayed she was cheerful in hardship and courageous in danger. Knapsack on back, and often clothed in something closely approaching male costume, she trudged or rode over all kinds of countries, and through all sorts of weather, roughing it with as good a grace as any travelling student or seasoned soldier.

On May 1st, 1846, Madame Pfeiffer left Vienna on the first of her voyages round the world, embarking at Hamburg for Rio at the end of the following month. Arrived at the latter port, she made several excursions into the wild districts of the interior, in one of which she nearly came to grief. With a male companion she had arrived at a lonely spot in the virgin forest, when a negro, who had been dogging their footsteps, suddenly sprang forward, holding a long knife in one hand and a lasso in the other, and, making threatening gestures, gave them to understand that he intended to murder them off-hand, and then drag their bodies into the forest. At first they parried with their umbrellas his savage blows, and then Madame Pfeiffer drew out of her pocket and opened a clasp-knife, and defended herself as well as she could. The negro slashed her twice on the upper part of her left arm while she was down on the ground, and the brave lady in return succeeded in wounding him in the head. At the same moment her companion, who had hitherto shown very little fight, managed to seize and hold the black brute while Madame Pfeiffer recovered her feet. Two horsemen arrived on the scene opportunely, and, with the assistance of two other negroes, managed at last to capture and secure the rascal.

The Brazilians often clear forest land by firing it in a number of places at once, and Madame Pfeiffer had a close experience of one of these conflagrations. Her road led between a blazing forest and a thicket of low brushwood, also in flames. "The passage between the two was at most fifty paces wide, and was completely shrouded in smoke. One heard the crackling of the fire, and saw through the volumes of smoke vast pillars of flame twirling and quivering upwards. Then there came reports like the sound of cannon, and the great forest trees fell thundering to the ground. When I saw my guide ride towards this fiery gulf I felt a little uneasy, but then I reflected that he was not likely foolishly to risk his life, and that he must know from experience the possibility of passing such places. At the

entrance sat two negroes to instruct travellers as to the right direction to be taken, and to recommend them to ride at speed. My guide translated their words to me, gave his horse the spur, and I followed his example, and we dashed with a loose rein into the smoking defile. Hot ashes flew around us, and the stifling smoke was even more oppressive than the heat given out by the flames. Our mules seemed to lose their breath, and we had much difficulty in keeping them at a gallop. Fortunately, we had but five or six hundred yards to get over, and this we accomplished without injury." There is nothing very new in this, but ladies seldom have such experiences.

Madame Pfeiffer made herself quite at home among the Puris or Brazilian abORgines, as thorough savages as any, but who proved themselves as obliging and hospitable as she could desire. "I went," says she, "with some of the savages to a parrot and monkey hunt. We had not far to seek before finding both, and I now had an opportunity of admiring the skill with which these people handle their bows. They shot birds upon the wing, and seldom missed their mark. When we had brought down three parrots and a monkey we returned to the huts. In the best of these the good people invited me to take up my quarters for the night. . . . My entertainers cooked the monkey and the parrots, sticking them on wooden spits, and roasting them at the fire. To make the repast right dainty, they added some ears of maize and roots baked in the ashes. Then they brought some fresh leaves from the neighbouring trees, tore the roasted monkey into several pieces with their hands, laid a goodly portion of it upon the leaves, together with a parrot, maize, and roots, and placed it before me. My appetite was prodigious, for I had eaten nothing since morning; so I began at once with the roast monkey, which I found most delicious—the meat of the parrot was nothing like so delicate and well-flavoured." This feast was succeeded by dances, including a war dance by the natives round a kind of funeral pyre. Arming them themselves with bows, arrows, and weighty clubs, they formed a circle and danced with savage glee, striking terrible blows around them. Then, suddenly scattering themselves, they bent their bows, laid arrow to string, and went through the pantomime of shooting at a flying foe, accompanying the demonstration with frightfully piercing yells, which re-echoed through the whole forest.

From Brazil Madame Pfeiffer went round Cape Horn to Chili, and thence to China, *viâ* Tahiti, making both voyages in sailing vessels. At the commencement of the latter journey she was very ill and determined to cure herself. She tried dieting and abstinence in vain; and at length hit upon the rather strong remedy of cold sea-baths *in a cask*, remaining in the water a quarter of an hour each time. Six of these baths restored her to health, and she reached Tahiti in good condition, and found the town of Papeete crowded with French troops and several ships of war in its harbour. This was the period immediately following the settlement of the Tahitian question. Queen Pomare had just returned from exile in another island, and was now in full enjoyment of her pension, daily dinner at the governor's table, and a *four-roomed* house. With the queen occupying a palace of such limited dimensions, one cannot wonder that our poor Pfeiffer had, after searching all over the town, to put up with an allotment of floor about six by four feet, in a carpenter's cottage, the same room accommodating four others. But the humility of her lodging in no way prevented her presentation at Court shortly after her arrival.

This enterprising traveller then proceeded to China and India, in the latter of which countries in particular she received many kindnesses from English residents. Yet nothing ever induced her to linger long in one spot. She had a perfect mania for locomotion, and in April, 1848, we find her again at sea on board a 40-horse power steamboat bound for Arabia. The accommodation of the vessel was in proportion to the power of the engines, and one hundred and sixty-nine passengers, mostly Persians and Arabians, had been packed away with her. Madame Pfeiffer, who could not walk across the crowded deck without stumbling over baggage and boxes, or treading on the hands and feet of recumbent passengers, managed to secure roomy quarters for herself under the captain's dining-table, which had been screwed down to the quarterdeck, and thus obtained immunity from the woes endured by those more exposed outside. She was ill from an attack of bilious fever when she left Bombay, and says that it was often painful and irksome for her to abandon at meal times her lair under the table to make room for the legs of the diners.

Madame Pfeiffer's subsequent expeditions through Mesopotamia and Persia were amongst her most daring exploits. To get to Mosul safely without heavy expense it was necessary to join a caravan; and she did this without having a single servant, and travelled alone along with a number of most cut-throat-looking Arabs without suffering harm. On this fortnight's journey, over desert and steppe, she tells us, "I travelled like the poorest Arab;" for she had made up her mind, like him, to endure the burning sun, to live upon bread and water, and to take the parched and heated earth as her only couch. On this journey she could not change her linen, or, indeed, take off her clothes at all. After a brief rest at Mosul, she started for Tabreez, and shortly before reaching it encountered a band of robbers, who seized her baggage. She had deemed it best for some time before to assume the character of a poor pilgrim, whose expenses were paid by missionaries and consuls, and who travelled without a purse. Her guide for the time vouched to the robbers for the truth of this story, while she put on her most appealing and piteous looks, and the upshot was that the robbers not merely released her effects, but offered her water—a priceless boon in the desert. In all her transactions she seems to have acted with intuitive tact, knowing when to be humble and when to be haughty. On the same journey she dispersed a mob by a moderate application of her riding-whip, and, when alone with a guide whom she distrusted, made him ride on first, and kept her eye on his movements and her hand on a pistol until she fell in with a large caravan, and felt herself safe.

Madame Pfeiffer returned to Europe through Southern Russia, visiting Turkey, Greece, and the Ionian Islands by the way, and found that her fame had been growing during her absence. A woman who could travel alone 35,000 miles by sea, and several thousand miles more by land, was certainly worthy of being regarded as a remarkable character; and her third work, which appeared in Vienna in 1850 under the title of "A Woman's Journey Round the World," was reproduced in France and England, and brought her considerable reputation.

For some little time Ida Pfeiffer rested upon her laurels, but a grant of 1,500 florins from the Austrian Government, the results accruing from the sale of her collections, and the profits on her published work, added to her own unconquerable love of travel, all combined to renew her old restlessness, and she was soon again upon the high seas, though not at starting with any idea of circumnavigating the globe. Her first evening, May 24th, 1851, was spent in a way quite characteristic of her. When she went on board her ship, bound for the Cape of Good Hope, and then lying in the Pool, she found no one except the captain, who informed her that he had given the entire crew permission to pass the night on shore, and that he himself was about to leave the ship with a similar intention. "I was, of course, at liberty," said she, "to do the same thing if I pleased; but I thought it probable that I should not be back in time in the morning, so I resolved to stay quietly where I was, and, locking myself into my cabin, remained for that night 'monarch of all I surveyed,' and constituted in my person the whole ship's company."

At Cape Town Madame Pfeiffer, as was her wont everywhere, wandered about alone, with the object in part of collecting insects and other matters. "This amusement," she said, "was soon interrupted by a very unpleasant incident. One morning, while I was taking one of these strolls, and just as I was rejoicing in the capture of a little snake, two negresses suddenly rushed out upon me from among some trees, seized hold of me, overwhelmed me with abuse, spat on the ground before me in token of their hatred and contempt, and called me a witch and a sorceress, who ought to be put an end to. There is no saying how this scene might have ended—probably in no very agreeable way for me—had not a man fortunately at that moment made his appearance. I cried to him for help, and thereupon the two women took to flight." The negresses were afterwards taken, and a child who had watched them unseen, and had afterwards picked up a long knife belonging to one of them, testified against them, and they were condemned to four weeks' imprisonment "upon rice-water," no other nourishment whatever being allowed.

From the Cape our traveller proceeded to Singapore, Borneo, and the Eastern Archipelago. In the Dutch Settlements she was afforded much assistance, including several free passages on expensive steamship routes, and she was thus able to travel far and wide. Madame Pfeiffer herself considered her travels in Sumatra as the most interesting of all her undertakings. From Padang she wandered alone among cannibals who had not up to that time ever suffered any European to come among them; and although the savages opposed her advance after a certain point, they did not harm her, although her life appeared to have been in some danger, as will appear from the following episodes.

After a number of dances had been given in her honour by one of the tribes, the proceedings concluded with the ceremony performed when a man was to be killed and eaten. "This," said she, "they did not seem to wish to exhibit, but yielded at last to my entreaty, and by way of prelude, bound to a stake a log of wood, which was to represent the victim, and put on the top of it a straw cap. There was certainly no want of animation in their performance; the dancers lifted up their feet as high as they could, and darted their knives at the supposed victim in a most expressive manner. At length one of them gave him the first stroke, and this example was speedily followed by all the rest. They struck the head (that is the straw cap) from the body, and laid it upon a mat spread out to receive it, taking (mimic) care to preserve the blood. They then danced round it, uttering wild and joyful cries. Some raised the head in their hands and carried it to their lips, appearing to lick the blood from it; others flung themselves upon the ground, and appeared to be lapping up the gore, doing this with an appearance of the greatest delight—the predominant expression, indeed, of their faces was that of pleasure rather than of cruelty. This, however, was only play; it might have been otherwise had they had a real victim before them."

Two days later she met a hostile reception from another branch of the same tribe. More than eighty armed men stood in the path and barred the passage; and before she was aware of it, the spearmen had formed a circle round her. They were tall, robust men, full six feet high; their features were in violent agitation, their huge mouths and projecting teeth resembling the jaws of wild beasts more than anything human. They yelled and gesticulated, and, although Madame Pfeiffer did not lose her presence of mind, she felt extremely uneasy. "Their words, indeed, I did not comprehend, but their actions left no manner of doubt, for they pointed with their knives to my throat, and gnashed their teeth at my arm, moving their jaws as if they had them already full of my flesh." But she was equal to the occasion. "I got up," said she, "and, patting one of the most violent who stood next me upon the shoulder in a friendly manner, said, with a smiling face, in a jargon half Malay and half their own language, 'Why, you don't mean to say that you would kill and eat a woman, especially such an old one as I am? I must be very hard and tough!" And I also gave them by words and signs to understand that I was not at all afraid of them, and was ready, if they liked, to send back my guide, and go with them alone. . . . Fortunately for me, the doubtless very odd way in which I pronounced their language and my pantomime diverted them, and they began to laugh; they offered me their hands, the circle of spearmen opened, and, rejoicing not a little at having escaped this danger, I journeyed on, and reached in perfect safety a place called Tugala, where the Rajah received me into his house."

In 1853 we find Madame Pfeiffer visiting California and the Peruvian coast, entertaining the hope that she should be able to cross the Andes from the Pacific to the Atlantic. The ordinary incident in this region of a revolution rendered her scheme impossible of execution, and she accordingly proceeded northwards to Ecuador, with the old idea still in view. In March, 1854, she began her passage through the mountains, crossing the Andes near to Chimborazo, taking the ordinary route to Quito, where she expected to find civility, if not assistance. But she got neither one nor the other. She returned to the coast by the same way as she had come, having discovered that no one could render her the least assistance, and she left the country with a very unfavourable opinion of its population, apparently with good reason. As, moreover, she injudiciously travelled in it during the wet season, when it rains almost perpetually, she had a continuity of troubles. "We had to go much up hill, and the ground was so slippery and sticky that the cattle slipped all sorts of ways, from hole to hole and from puddle to puddle, and it was well when they could find the bottom at all and struggle out again, for very frequently they went in so deep that it was necessary to dismount, take off their loads, and pull them out. Precisely at the very worst place we had to go on foot. I could scarcely get on at all, but slipped and fell almost at every step. I called to my servant for help; but I was only a woman, and, unfortunately, his mule was already paid for, so he quietly went on his way, and left me to my fate. Fortunately, an Indian took compassion on me, dragged me out of the pool, and helped me on."

Just before she left the country, whilst returning to Guayaquil by river, she incautiously stepped on the side of a small boat, slipped, and fell into the water, which, by the way, was full of alligators. "I was not excessively terrified, as, though I cannot swim, I thought it likely the boatmen could, and did not doubt they would save me. This was my instantaneous thought, and after this I was conscious of rising twice to the surface, so that they must have seen me. When I rose the first time I looked vainly round for help. I could see the boat, and also that no one in it stirred, and then I sank again. Now indeed I felt terror, but luckily did not lose my senses, and remembering to have heard that in such a case you ought to put out your hands before you and use them as oars, I did so as far as my strength permitted. I found myself quite close to the boat, and had only to cling to it. The boatmen contemplated me, indeed, with the most perfect tranquillity, and no one put out so much as a hand, or even an oar, to help me; but, fortunately, one of the passengers, an Indian, took compassion on me, assisted me into the boat, and I was saved. . . . Scarcely was I safe in the boat before two of the boatmen plunged into the water to bathe, and remained a long time swimming about, exactly as if they wanted to show me that they could have helped me if they had liked. When I mentioned the incident in Guayaquil it did not appear to excite any surprise; on the contrary, the wonder seemed rather to be that they should have let me get into the boat again instead of pushing it away, for it happens here not unfrequently that these fellows push a traveller purposely into the water in order to get possession of his property."

The judgment of Ida Pfeiffer upon the inhabitants of the Republic of the Equator was as follows:—"People are eager enough for money in most places, but anything like the mean greediness of these Ecuadorians I certainly never met with elsewhere. . . . The severest toils and hardships are never sufficient to spoil my enjoyment of a journey, but to have to do with people of this sort is beyond my patience. I was incomparably more comfortable among the cannibals of Sumatra than amongst the *soi disant* Christian rabble." These words referred to the Spanish and not to the Indian part of the population, for, as she has given examples, the aboriginal natives are by no means unkindly in their ways, and it is only the Spanish and their descendants who are so steeped in meanness, cowardice, and avarice.

Madame Pfeiffer returned to Europe *viâ* the United States, where she made a lengthened tour, and saw most of the familiar "lions," which were by no means so accessible thirty years ago as in these days of Pullman cars. The publication of her "Second Voyage Round the World" brought her a great increase of reputation, and in 1856 the French Geographical Society paid her the unusual compliment of making her an honorary member.

In the same year she started on her last voyage, having, against the advice of her friends, selected Madagascar as its goal. Onthat little-known island, where she was very nearly leaving her bones, the seeds of a fatal disease were sown in her system. Queen Ranavalona, a fat, vain, and bigoted despot, who hated foreigners, had, it seems, been sufficiently civil to concede some little freedom of action to Madame Pfeiffer, when an event occurred which put her life in immediate jeopardy. A rebellion broke out among the natives of Antananarivo, the capital, in which the Christians were implicated, and by consequence the few foreigners resident on the island. But for the intercession of a native prince, who had sufficient sagacity to perceive that Europe would avenge the death of its sons and daughters, they—Madame Pfeiffer included—would have been summarily executed on the spot. As it was they were peremptorily ordered to leave the island. The very morning of our poor traveller's departure from the capital, ten native Christians were put to death with horrible tortures, and it is hardly wonderful that shortly afterwards she herself nearly succumbed to a severe fever. For fifty-three days she was marched about from one malarious spot to another by a guard of soldiery, who treated her with studied brutality, and often dragged her from her couch and compelled her to continue her journey during the paroxysms of her malady. They probably obeyed the orders of the Queen, who would, it is believed, have rejoiced at her death. But Ida Pfeiffer was made of stern stuff, and a little later seemed, during a stay at the Mauritius, to have nearly regained her health and strength. The improvement, however, proved but temporary, the symptoms reappeared on her return to Vienna, and Ida Pfeiffer expired on October *28th, 1858*, leaving behind her the memory of a woman of surprising enterprise, energy, and perseverance, combined with unparalleled courage and self-denial.

USEFUL HINTS.

GOOD LUNCHEON CAKE.—Take half a pound of butter or dripping, three eggs, half a pound of brown sugar, one and a quarter pound of flour, quarter of a pound of candied peel, half a pound of sultanas, half a pint of milk, two drams (quarter of an ounce) of carbonate of soda, one dram of tartaric acid. Mix the acid and soda with the flour, then rub in the butter or dripping, add the sugar, sultanas, and candied peel, beat the eggs well, make the milk a little warm, add it to the eggs, then mix quickly with the other ingredients, put into a warm buttered tin, and into the oven as speedily as possible. The oven should be rather hot. The cake will take about an hour and a half to bake.

BAKING POWDER FOR BREAD OR CAKES.—Take one ounce of tartaric acid, put it in a mortar with three ounces of cornflour, mix them, then add two ounces of carbonate of soda, rub well together with the pestle, then put in a dry bottle, and cork. For making bread two good teaspoonfuls will be sufficient for one pound of flour.

TO WASH NEW WHITE LACE SO THAT IT SHALL STILL LOOK NEW.—Procure a round pickle bottle, sew white muslin over it as smoothly as possible, have a piece of good pale yellow soap that is nice and soft, rub it well over the muslin, then commence to wind the lace on to the bottle. This must be done very evenly, and care taken that the edge of the lace is not doubled in anywhere; as it is put on the bottle each layer of lace must have a little soap rubbed on it. Two or three widths of lace may be put on the same bottle, provided the widest is wound on first. When all the lace is on, sew muslin tightly over it, covering the bottle entirely, rub plenty of soap on the outside, then cut the remainder of the piece of soap into shavings, put it with the bottle into a white enamel saucepan, cover with cold water (no soda), let it stand on the side of the stove to get warm very slowly, then boil for two hours (or three if the lace is very dirty) with a plate on the top of the saucepan instead of the lid; then take out the lace and rinse well, first in warm water then in cold, until no soap comes out, press out what moisture you can, then stand before the fire or preferably in the sun if the weather permits, until the lace is thoroughly dry, then take off the muslin and unwind the lace, which will be quite ready for use. The under muslin can be left on the bottle for future use. The oldest and most delicate lace may be cleaned in this way. The appearance will be spoilt if the muslin is removed before the lace is perfectly dry.

CHRYSANTHEMUM.

By CLARA THWAITES.

I BRING you the latest blossoms
  Which summer has given to me.
How white is her farewell token,
  How pure she would have us be!

She has spoken to me in fragrance,
  She has whispered to me in flowers,
In utterance sweet and tender,
  Through the long bright sunny hours.

She had blooms of the deepest splendour,
  But amid her gorgeous host,
I think that her fair white blossoms
  Were cherished by her the most.

She sent the snowdrop and wind flower
  To herald her happy reign,
And the hawthorn's crown of beauty
  Was a fall of snow again.

And I heard the lilies murmur,
  As they stood in their grace apart,
In the moonlight's quiet splendour,
  "How blest are the pure in heart."

Oh! gaze at her latest blossoms,
  And ponder her gentle speech,
And the voice of the passing summer
  Her lowliest thought shall teach.

A FEW QUESTIONS ASKED AND ANSWERED.

By MEDICUS.

OUR literary year has flown away. Another goodly volume of our GIRL'S OWN is finished and closed; yet we trust—av, and feel sure—that for many and many a long year to come it will grace the bookshelves of hundreds—we might say thousands—of happy homes, not in England only, but in every country where our language is spoken or understood. Nor will it be allowed always "to stand at ease" on the bookshelf, for our stories are good, and will bear re-reading, but apart from this the volume will often be appealed to as a book of reference. And so we—the Editor and his hard-working staff—are contented, for though modesty forbids us to say we have gained success, we can, at all events, boldly declare that we have done our best to merit it.

And so we shall in future. We have all returned from our holidays recruited in strength, and are once more at our tables, pens in hand. Speaking now for myself, I sincerely hope that the few hints on health which from time to time during "the year that's awa'" I had the honour and privilege to throw out, have not been quite wasted on my fair readers. During the months now before us, I trust to be able to give much common-sense advice that will serve to guide them safely through many a weary little ailment or trouble, and safely past the innumerable pitfalls with which the paths of life are so freely strewn.

Mankind is born to trouble as the sparks fly upwards. We cannot expect always to be well; even those who live carefully and most in accordance with the rules of health are subject to illness at times and liable to accidents. Indeed, sickness is itself an accident, but we cannot too often call to mind the fact that cold or infection prefers the weakly as its victims—smites at them, and passes by the hardy and robust. This shows us that we make a very serious error if we do not so live as to keep our bodies as near as possible the high water-mark of health. And as the body so will the mind be. A healthful body feels ever light, and in such a body a calm, contented, happy mind is sure to dwell.

It has occurred to me that in this paper, instead of taking as my text the symptoms and treatment of any particular class of ailments, I might do good by asking and answering a few questions, which I know the sensible portion of my girl readers must sometimes put to themselves. I begin with one that was put to me the other day by a mother.

"Do you think," she asked, "people do well to use so much medicine in the nursery as is generally done?"

"I consider it," I replied, "one of the greatest mistakes out to turn a nursery into a kind of fire-side hospital. The way our poor little children are doctored and dosed by their nurses and mothers is sad to think of. If I had my will, I would clear out every bottle with a label on it from the nursery. Away with your syrups of senna and rhubarb, away with your still-waters, your slops and your oils. Stick a thermometer over the mantelpiece; keep the temperature equable night and day, never too hot, never too cold. Keep baby warm, but do not sweat him; if you do he will grow up a puny peevish lad, and probably into a miserable man, with whom nothing will seem to go right, because he is not healthy. So if you love him do not over-clothe him in bed or bassinette; but give him wholesome food and fresh air, and look upon sunshine as life to him. If he does ail at any time, believe me, rest and gentle, lulling, soothing treatment is likely to do far more good than any drug or medicament you, with your mother's heart but blind skill, are able to choose for him."

Should soothing medicines be given when a child is restless, in pain, or cannot sleep?

Never, unless prescribed by a medical man. They are poisons, and of those children who have been accustomed to them, I have but one remark to make. It will be better far for them if they die while young; if they do *live* it will be with broken constitutions. Do you know what one of the best remedies for the little ephemeral fevers, the nondescript attacks of nervousness, the day-old dyspepsias and incipient insomnias of babydom consists in (I am speaking to mothers at present)? Why, in nothing else but this: allowing him to roll and tumble on bed or on nursery floor, and do just as he pleases, with just as much clothing on, and not a vestige more, than he himself desires to wear. Meanwhile, if he takes food kindly, let him have it; if not, let him go without for an hour, or even for two.

A great many mothers are positively presumptuous in their treatment of ailing infants. Not only would they take the case out of the doctor's hands, but out of Nature's as well. They want to force the child to get well, and they try to do so on principles most unsound. Far better if they would try to be guided by the apparent feelings of the little sufferer. If they did err then it would be on the right side.

Should the education of children be commenced when they are very young?

As I may return to this subject another day, I shall merely say at present that, although the education of children cannot be commenced too soon, it should not be altogether of a scholastic nature. Confining them to the table or desk too many hours a day is a mistake, and a very cruel one; I think children ought to learn to read and write in the nursery, and that their books ought to be of a kind to interest them, and the sentences they write and copy be also of a kind to give pleasure. As with their bodies so with their minds. You must consider and study their feelings. Education should never be of the nature of a penance or punishment. Don't force. You cannot bene-

CHRYSANTHEMUM

ficially spoon-feed the mind any more than you can the body. But self-control should be taught at a very early age, and habits of industry, not inculcated but fostered. Inculcation has little effect on children; they forget a lecture in five minutes, but an exemplary lesson *never*. Well, we should remember that a child's eyes are very wide open, and his ears are very impressionable. He is for ever wanting to know, to learn, and to be educated; hence he is for ever asking questions, and wanting things explained to him. A good teacher or thoughtful mother takes advantage of this, and does not forget that her child will learn more through eye or ear in a twelvemonth, if properly guided, than he could in five from book or slate, and without any detriment to his health either.

You must interest before you can educate with good results, and you must keep up the interest all along, as the process of educating proceeds. Remember that there is such a thing as beginning at the wrong end with a child's education. There is a parable, it may or it may not be true, only it will help to elucidate my meaning. A certain long-headed papa took a bright-eyed son of his, aged nine, to a certain factory, where a certain biscuit of which this little boy was very fond was made.

"Now," said papa, "I'm going to show you the whole process of manufacturing this favourite biscuit of yours. Let us begin at the very beginning. Yonder, you see, is a steam-engine; I won't attempt to explain that at present, because you are rather young, but from that engine comes the power. Well, you see this great belt coming creeping along from the engine, that is what communicates the power to the biscuit machine. Observe that it turns that broad wheel. Well, come nearer, and you will see that the axle of the broad wheel turns other wheels with cogs, and round here you see that the cogged wheels work levers; further on here you see these levers empty flour into a tub, and other levers and cog wheels and things turn and whirl and mix it; and look, it is now being turned out as dough; and notice this roller and these other wheels, and these marvellously clever contrivances——."

The boy had already begun to yawn and look dreamy and uninterested, and at last he said—

"But when will we get to the biscuit, papa?"

Then his father laughed, and took him straight away round to the wonderful toasting machine, and the boy could see the rows and rows of crisp biscuits tumbling off, and he got one, and smelt it, and smiled, and ate it. Thus interest was at once awakened in his own mind.

"I want to know," he said, "what moves that great gridiron."

His father showed him, and showed him the biscuits sliding in, uncooked, passing through the oven once, and tumbling out crisp and cooked. Then the boy must go farther back, step by step, and find out what moved this, that, and t'other, until he had mastered the whole machine, learned the whole process, until he stood once more before the long running belt. Then he gave a big happy sigh, and—

"Papa," he said, "I'll never rest content now until I understand all about the steam-engine itself."

Is the education of girls, as conducted at ordinary schools, sound and healthful?

As a rule it is very much the reverse. If all girls were turned out of the same mould, the principles of education might pass muster. Society, however, demands certain acquirements in a girl, which are dignified by the title of accomplishments. Among these, French, German, Italian, and music are first favourites, and to the study of these much time is devoted, which might be far more profitably passed, and more pleasantly, too, in learning arts that would be found useful in after life. And, after all, are there five per cent. of finished girls who can talk either French or German with a proper accent, or sing or play with taste? I will not answer this question, but repeat it. Are there?

But leaving the education of girls alone, I think they are often harshly dealt with at schools. Lessons are devoid of interest; the confinement is irksome and injurious to the health; the position the body has often to be maintained in for hours is not conducive to its proper development, and there is a great dearth of innocent, interesting games, which, if properly chosen, might be made a means of both mental and physical training. All these defects in our systems of education will come to be remedied in time—perhaps.

Granting, as many girls will be glad enough to do, that school life is not all sunshine and joy. Why is it, let me ask, that thousands look back to it from after years as the happiest period of their existence? Well, if male eyes, if the eyes of brothers and husbands ever scan these columns, I hope they will read the answer I give to the question I have just propounded, because it is so very often the fault of them alone that those of the opposite sex with whom they come into daily contact are not always as happy as they might be.

Kind-hearted and good-intentioned a brother or husband may be, and yet it may seldom or never occur to him that the housekeeper herself, she who seldom goes abroad, as he does every day and mixes with the world, may, on this very account, be suffering both weariness of body and *ennui* of mind – a monotony of existence, in fact, to which almost any kind of life, even one of drudgery itself, would be preferable. Men err in this way, I am sure, more often from thoughtlessness than anything else, but sometimes, I am sorry to say, from a selfishness of which they ought to be heartily ashamed; a selfishness that is positively sinful. Recreation and pleasurable exercise are a *sine quâ non* of health, and the dreary monotony of existence to which it is the sad lot of so many girls in after life to be condemned is quite incompatible with length of days. It soon tells, it soon does its work, and probably he whose fault it has been is left alone some day to think, when too late, that it might have been so different. *Verbum sap.*

VARIETIES.

LOOKING-GLASS.

When this crystal shall present
Your beauty to your eye,
Think! that lovely face was meant
To dress another by;
For not to make them proud,
These glasses are allowed
To those are fair,
But to compare
The inward beauty with the outward grace,
And make them fair in soul as well as face.
—*James Shirley.*

JOY AS A MEDICINE.—Joy is one of the greatest panaceas of life. No joy is more healthful or better calculated to prolong life than that which is to be found in domestic happiness, in the company of cheerful and good people, and in contemplating with delight the beauties of nature. A day spent in the country, under a serene sky, amidst a circle of agreeable friends, is certainly a more positive means of prolonging life than all the vital elixirs in the world. Laughter, that external expression of joy, must not here be omitted. It is the most salutary of all the bodily movements.—*Hufeland.*

PROFITABLE LACE.—Valenciennes is the cheapest lace in the end, for many reasons. It is made with a round, whole thread. Worn carefully, not daily, it can hardly be worn out. It can be washed any number of times, and not being so peculiar as the point or appliqué laces, the Mechlins, &c., all of which are much more fragile, it gives the soft effect of lace without attracting too much attention, so as to be recognised easily again.

THE WHOLE DUTY OF MAN.—Once a Gentile came to Shamai, a famous Jewish rabbi, and said, "Proselytise me; but on condition that thou teachest me the whole law whilst I stand upon one foot." Shamai drove him off with the builder's rod which he held in his hand. When he came to Hillel with the same challenge, Hillel—who was the master of Shamai and the most eminent of all the rabbis—converted him by answering on the spot, "That which is hateful to thyself do not to thy neighbour. This is the whole law, and the rest is its commentary."
—*The Talmud.*

HEALTHY LAUGHTER.—There is nothing so healthy as honest laughter. A woman who had recovered from a decline was asked what had cured her, and her reply was, "I stopped worrying and began to laugh, that is all."

A WORD ABOUT FASHIONS.

Be not the first by whom the new is tried,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.

HOW PEOPLE DRESS IN CHINA.—The Chinese nation almost entirely clothes itself in cotton, in one form or another; warmth in winter being obtained by means of wadded garments, which are piled on until the wearer assumes sometimes the aspect of a stuffed doll. Hence the severity of the weather is not infrequently expressed in terms of clothing, as for instance, "a two-coat day," or "a three-coat day."

COMMON-SENSE IN LOVE.—A girl may feel certain on this point, that, as a man treats his mother and sisters, so he will treat his wife six months after marriage. This may seem cold-blooded, and very far removed from the tender feelings which courtship induces. But a girl has a choice to make—a choice upon which the happiness of her whole life will depend; and there is always a time, whether she notices it or not, before she parts with the control of her heart, at which she ought to listen to her judgment. Without better evidence than her own feelings, she is very likely to make a mistake; but if she can assure herself that her lover is a man who is respected and liked by his male friends, and is a favourite at home, she may be pretty sure that in listening to him she is choosing wisely.

THE DAYS OF THE WEEK.—With the natives of Burmah it is a belief that people born on a Monday are jealous; on Tuesday, honest; Wednesday, quick tempered, but soon calm again; Thursday, mild; Friday, talkative; Saturday, hot-tempered and quarrelsome; while Sunday's children will be parsimonious.

PEACE AND JOY.—Peace is better than joy. Joy is an uneasy guest, and is always on tiptoe to depart; it tries and wears us out, and yet keeps us ever fearing that the next moment it may be gone. Peace is not so. It comes more quietly, it stays more contentedly, and it never exhausts our strength, or gives one anxious forecasting thought.

ONLY A GIRL-WIFE.

By RUTH LAMB. Author of "Her Own Choice," &c.

CHAPTER I

EVERY inhabitant of Shelverton and its neighbourhood admitted that Dr. Fereday's house and grounds were the prettiest to be seen for many a mile. Larger and grander dwellings there were, but none of these could compare with Steynes-Cote for picturesqueness.

The house was a smaller copy of a fine old half-timbered mansion belonging to his wife's father, in which Mrs. Fereday had spent her girlish days.

At her father's death it went to a male cousin along with a large portion of the property, but the doctor's wife had a life interest in a compact estate which brought in a handsome income.

If there had been any young Feredays, this property and more would have descended to them. But, unfortunately, the doctor and his wife were childless, so Mrs. Fereday's fortune would return to the Steynes at her death. In the meanwhile, the master of Steynes-Cote was an exceptionally well-to-do medical man.

He possessed some private income, was *the doctor* of Shelverton and a wide outlying district, physicked the majority of the poor folk without fee or reward, and had plenty of patients of a class both able and willing to pay him. He was not overworked, for, though the practice was wholly in his hands, two thoroughly qualified assistants bore the greater share of the burden, and resided under his roof.

Dr. Fereday had built Steynes-Cote in order that when Grace Steyne left her old home to become his wife she might miss no comfort or even luxury to which she had been accustomed. As to Shelverton folk, it was hard to tell whether the doctor, or the sweet gentlewoman who was so liberal with the kitchen physic which supplemented her husband's doses, was more popular amongst them.

It was commonly reported that the village children rejoiced in any ailment which brought Mrs. Fereday to their sick beds with inquiries and good things, for the childless lady was very tender towards the little people round about Steynes-Cote.

There was one puny pensioner of hers who answered, when Mrs. Fereday wished she might soon be better, "I don't want to, thank you. I like being poorly, 'cause everybody's so good to you when you're ill. Mother's not half so cross, and you come and see me and bring nice things. I'll stop ill a long while, please."

The child looked up with a wan but confiding smile, and wondered that Mrs. Fereday's eyes were wet with tears. The home was a wretched one, and overcrowded with children who were but little valued in it. As the childless lady turned away she thought, "What a treasure would even that one little creature be to me, if I could call her my very own."

Mrs. Fereday was not to be enriched after such a fashion, but she was soon to possess the next best gift in the shape of an adopted son, though not one of her own kith and kin.

The doctor was a model husband, but during a certain portion of each twenty-four hours he was accustomed to try his wife's patience rather seriously. This was at breakfast, when he invariably thought fit to absorb his tea, toast, and the *Times* at irregular intervals, during at least an hour.

Like most gentlemen, Dr. Fereday laboured under the delusion that, by taking in supplies of mental and bodily food simultaneously, he economised time.

He was mistaken, for he spent twice as long over his breakfast as anybody else did.

The assistants finished their meal, begged to be excused, and departed, the one to pay a round of visits, the other to await patients in the surgery.

Left alone with her husband, Mrs. Fereday would take a book and prepare to bear him company until he had finished the double process already described.

Not that the doctor needed company in one sense.

If Mrs. Fereday made an allusion to village affairs, she would receive a response relative to doings in Russia. If she asked a question about domestic supplies, she would probably obtain some valuable but totally irrelevant information with regard to the mode by which the national expenditure was to be met —and so on.

Nevertheless, Mrs. Fereday made a point of sitting at table so long as her husband chose to do so, unless summoned away to meet some special domestic difficulty. She knew very well that, were her seat left vacant, he would know of and be affected by her absence.

The mere consciousness that his wife was beside him imparted a double relish both to Dr. Fereday's food and the latest intelligence. So Mrs. Fereday sat on until her husband chose to move, though doubtless her chair was occasionally rendered uneasy by the imaginary pins which are said to fill the cushions of those who feel that their presence is needed elsewhere.

Like a true wife, Mrs. Fereday placed her husband's pleasure and convenience first of all, and rejoiced to know that her mere presence added something to the sum of his happiness. Occasionally, she would be rewarded by hearing her husband's voice as he read aloud some titbit of information for her benefit—a doubtful advantage, under the circumstances.

A paragraph from a newspaper, however admirable in itself, mingles with the page of an interesting volume on a totally different subject about as appropriately as would a spoonful of mustard with a dish of strawberries and cream.

When Mrs. Fereday—not having heard a single word—turned to her husband, with the face of a person who has been suddenly roused from sleep, and a vague, "Yes, dear," at the moment when he expected a prompt negative, the doctor would smile benevolently, and say, "I see you were not listening, Grace. Never mind, my love, I ought not to have interrupted you."

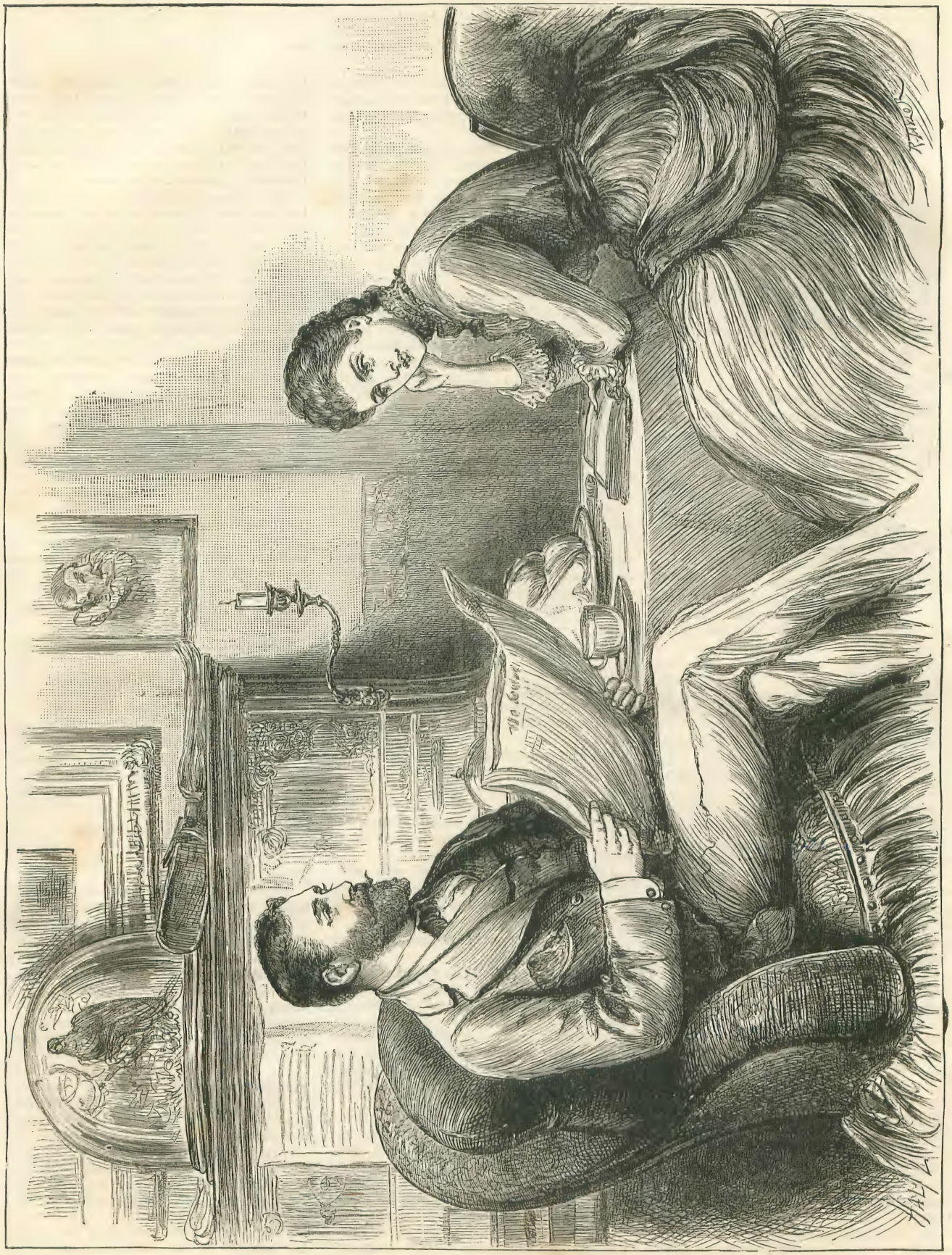
Dr. Fereday had a way of looking forgivingly at his wife under such circumstances, and making her feel quite guilty and ashamed of herself because she had not sat ready to listen, and totally unoccupied in case he should speak once in a quarter of an hour.

But she never grumbled or accused her husband of being unreasonable. She loved him too well to nag or squabble about trifles. So she would laugh cheerily, and say, "You should have jogged my elbow, Abel. I was almost as deep in my book as you were in your paper."

There was, however, one morning on which Mrs. Fereday did feel unusually anxious for half an hour's quiet talk with her husband before he set out on a professional round. She listened eagerly as the surgery bell sounded from time to time, lest its tone should convey a summons which *the doctor* must answer in person. Were he called away early she might have no chance of a quiet chat until nightfall.

Dr. Fereday's sister, Agnes, had married a Scotch minister, the Rev. Archibald Crawford, and her already populous nursery had just been further enriched by the arrival of twin boys.

"Actually eight of them now, Grace," the doctor had said, as he laid down his brother-in-law's letter with an expression on his face which hardly gave the idea that he looked upon the new arrivals with approval. "Crawford's income is but small. It is wonderful how Agnes and he make ends meet."



"I WAS ALMOST AS DEEP IN MY BOOK AS YOU WERE IN YOUR PAPER."

Probably the ends would not have met, but for certain additions quietly made by Mrs. Fereday from her own private income, and other helps, by the way, for which the doctor was responsible.

His wife's musings on the morning alluded to were all concerning that overflowing nursery. "More than enough of children at the Manse, more than enough of everything else at Steynes-Cote. Would it not be possible to render matters more equal?"

Mrs. Fereday asked herself this question many times daily, and she now waited the opportunity to put it to the doctor. At last he came to the end of his paper, and leaned back in his chair with a look of satisfaction—always the result of an uninterrupted perusal of the latest news.

"And now, Grace, my dear, have you anything to say before I go out, or any commission that I can execute?"

"Something to say, Abel, if you can spare a few minutes to listen. I have been thinking so much about Agnes and her new babies, and wondering whether we might not take——"

Dr. Fereday started with an air of consternation.

"Not the twins, dear. Don't say you have set your mind on them. If it were one of the elder children that you would like to invite here for an indefinite time, you have only to say the word and take your choice, provided Crawford and Agnes are willing. Better not say 'adopt' in the first instance."

Mrs. Fereday laughed cheerily. "It is not the twins I am hankering after, Abel," she said. "They, poor little tender things, will need a real mother. But I have often thought how nice it would be to have the second boy. He is about twelve years old, a bright intelligent lad, and I have heard Agnes say that he wants to be a doctor when he is old enough."

"Much he knows what he wants before he is in his teens. But that is of little consequence. If you know what you want, you shall have it, if possible."

"If we do adopt one of your sister's boys, I should like to have Andrew Fereday Crawford. He is called after you. He has a leaning towards your profession, and I doubt whether his parents could bear the expense of educating him for it. He might learn it here, and should he turn out all that we hope, take a son's place, and become your assistant or partner."

"Do as you like, dear Grace. The lad will be something to enliven you, and should he come under your care will be a very fortunate fellow. I should have thought you would prefer a younger to train. He would have seemed more your own if you had started with, say, a three-year old."

But Mrs. Fereday, while thinking of herself in part, was also planning for others yet more. She would have preferred a "three-year old," or one younger still, but with sweet unselfishness she proposed to ask for Andrew, because she knew about the lad's longings, and because she wanted her husband to have in him a son who would soon become a bright, intelligent companion for him in his rounds, and be associated with him in his professional pursuits.

So, in due time, Andrew Fereday Crawford came from the overstocked Scotch home to be cared for by his uncle and aunt at Steynes-Cote. He was bright, affectionate, true-hearted, diligent. He made rapid progress in his studies, cheered the once too silent home by his presence, was the means of introducing more young life into the house in the shape of boy companions, and, by his devoted affection to his adopted parents, made them often thank God that they had been moved to take him under their roof and to their hearts.

Years passed on, and Andrew Crawford, having studied diligently, passed his various examinations brilliantly, and stood before his uncle and aunt a fully-fledged doctor, of whose attainments they had cause to be proud.

But who that has done well is satisfied without striving to do more and better? Who that has learned something about a subject which interests him, but wants to increase his knowledge and enlarge his experience?

Andrew Crawford was an enthusiast in his profession, and truly as he loved the dear relatives to whom he owed the position he had attained, he longed for wider experiences than Shelverton would furnish, and to see more of the world beyond, before finally settling down as his uncle's right hand man.

Dr. Fereday being still in the prime of life, and equally kind and reasonable, thought Andrew's desire a very natural one, and resolved to gratify it.

"It will be the better for you, my boy," he said; "I am only forty-eight, and hope to fill my own shoes for a few more years, before slipping them off for you to step into. I should like to keep you here, and so would your aunt, but we will not be selfish. Besides, it seems only the other day since you were a boy, and Shelverton folk cannot all at once forget to call you 'Master Andrew.' As my partner now, you would not take the same position as you would after a few years' absence and practice elsewhere. At Shelverton you are still a doctor in the bud. You shall go away for a time and return fully blown."

Thus encouraged, Andrew Crawford elected to win his experience in the position of an army doctor, and had only just gone through the necessary preliminaries and received his appointment when the regiment was ordered to India. Then there was a rapid leave-taking, and the young man turned his back upon Steynes-Cote and the dear relatives who had loved him as a son.

This departure was perhaps hardly what Mrs. Fereday calculated upon when she sent for the bright lad from the over-crowded northern manse and gave him the affection of a mother. But she took care that her last look should be a bright one, her last farewell mingled with a blessing and a prayer for Andrew's happiness. He did not see the after-tears which were shed for him in the quiet of his aunt's chamber, but he judged rightly that many prayers would thence go up to God on his behalf.

A few months after Dr. Crawford's arrival in India the mutiny broke out, and he went through many experiences which had never entered into his calculations. However, through all that troubled time he so conducted himself as to win golden opinions, not merely for professional skill, but as a man who was equally gifted, and modest, tender-hearted, and brave.

The colonel of Crawford's regiment was Viscount Carnelly, and the two were on terms of warm friendship. Thus it happened that when the young orphan sister of the colonel came out to join her only brother and guardian, and to reside under his roof, Dr. Crawford was one of the first to meet and be introduced to the new arrival.

Ida Carnelly was just eighteen when, having completed her education in England, the restoration of order in India enabled her to join her brother and his family. Indeed, through all the time of trouble the colonel's wife and children were in a place of safety, and knew nothing, except by hearsay, of what passed in the disturbed districts, or the horrors which cost the lives of many as delicately nurtured as themselves.

Viscount Carnelly was very anxious to do his duty by the pretty young creature, who looked to him to fill the places both of parents and brother, and from him Ida received a truly affectionate welcome on her arrival. This was, however, scarcely seconded with equal warmth by his wife, a vain and selfish woman, to whom the prospect of chaperoning a beautiful young sister-in-law was anything but agreeable.

Lady Carnelly had various reasons for regretting that Ida would be thrown wholly on her hands. Perhaps the chief of these was that, having been deemed a beauty in her own girlish days, she was still unwilling to yield her claims to admiration in favour of another. And yet she was the mother of six children.

Is there on earth a more pitiable spectacle than that of a still young wife and mother, who, with a kind husband and a troop of bright children around her, is still possessed with a craze for admiration; who, not content with the large meed of affection and influence which home ties furnish, sighs at the memories of girlish triumphs, envies her young acquaintances, and is ever hungering after flattery, and striving to attract attention and meaningless compliments to herself?

Yet such a picture is not an uncommon one, and such a character was that of Lady Carnelly. She had been a very beautiful girl, and now, after ten years of married life, she chose to talk and act as if she were still eighteen, instead of being wife, mother, and thirty years of age.

It is needful to tell this much in order to show why Lady Carnelly looked with disfavour on the coming of a sister-in-law, beside whose fresh, young loveliness she could only appear what she was—a very handsome matron. So the girl, new from school and ignorant of the world, had to endure many unexpected annoyances, of which her brother little dreamed, at the hands of his vain and foolish wife.

(To be continued.)

HOW TO LAY THE BREAKFAST AND THE LUNCHEON TABLES.

By MARY POCOCK.

In many houses sufficient attention is not paid to the appearance of the breakfast table. It should always look bright and cheerful, for I have remarked that the generality of people are brighter or more depressed in the morning than at any other time of the day. If the breakfasters are bright and cheerful, surely the table should be in accord with their feelings; if, on the contrary, they are dull and lack morning appetites, as is frequently the case with those who are not in very good health, there is even a greater reason why the table should look bright and fresh and the breakfast be appetising. Tables should invariably be laid in good time—that is to say, that everything needed in the way of plate, china, and glass should be on the table quite five minutes before the meal is served. A table hurriedly laid is sure to be untidily arranged, or things will be forgotten that ought to be at hand.

In purchasing table linen it is best to choose small set patterns for breakfast cloths; small spots or very small chess-board patterns always look well, and are more suitable than large flower or arabesque patterns. Serviettes are sold to match breakfast cloths, but many people use the same as for dinner. For meals it is always better to take off the ordinary tablecloth; it preserves it, as things are sometimes spilt, and then, too, a cloth that is kept on a table all day gets dusty and soils a white damask cloth; either a piece of baize or a washed cloth table cover (whose chief merit is that it is clean) should be kept to put over the table under the white cloth. While speaking of cloths, I may as well mention one I saw the other day on a breakfast table. It was a round table for three people, and the cloth used was one of the drab-and-white damasks similar to those used for teacloths, but it had a centre and border worked in cross-stitch with bright red washing silk. As the china was white, and there was a palm only in the middle of the table, the effect was good; the needlework supplied the necessary colour, but as a rule I prefer a white cloth and coloured china. I think the ordinary white breakfast services that one sees on so many tables are anything but desirable; in fact, I like colour in the morning. The harlequin sets were very effective, and had the great advantage that one knew from the corresponding plate for whom one was pouring out tea; but these services are, I think, now quite out of fashion. However, it is quite possible, without having anything at all extravagant, to have pretty cups and saucers that will give a tone different from the cheerless white ones to a table.

The arrangement of a table depends very much on the number of servants kept. Where there is a man servant to wait, a portion of the breakfast is often put on the sideboard, and he helps the guests; but where there is a parlour-maid or housemaid only, people usually wait on themselves, the servant leaving the room as soon as she has placed the breakfast on table.

In laying a table, the first care must be that the cloth is put on straight, with the fold exactly in the middle, or everything will look on one side. There should always be something in the centre of the table—either flowers, a foliage plant, a fern, or even a stand with leaves arranged in it can be used; when the leaves are changing colour they are very pretty for this purpose.

Two small knives, two small forks, and a plate must be placed for each person, with a serviette; if the serviettes have not been used before, they should be folded and placed on the plates, but if previously used, they should be placed in rings or merely doubled on the plate. If fish is to be served for breakfast, fish knives must be laid by the other knives; if porridge, dessert spoons should be put on the right hand side of the plate. Spoons must be placed on table with the hollow of the bowls, and forks with the point of the prongs up.

The cups and saucers must be arranged in rows on each side of the plate placed for the mistress of the house, space being left for the milk jugs, sugar basin, teapot, coffee-pot, and tea urn or kettle. Many people have the latter placed at the edge of the table by their left hand, to avoid having to reach. I think it is more convenient, and looks as well as at the back of the teapot. China or silver stands for teapots, &c., are considered in very much better taste than the wood mounted worked tea and coffee and urn stands. Tea trays must never be used on a breakfast table.

Salt-cellars are placed at each corner of the table, with a pepper-box at one corner and a mustard-pot at another, or else (and preferably) small breakfast cruets are used. The number of these or of salt-cellars must depend on the number of persons at breakfast; there should be one for every two persons.

There is no greater mistake in laying a table than to put on as little as possible and leave it looking bare. It makes so little extra work to have it look well, that I always impress on my servants that they will not necessarily have so many spoons to wash because they have put so many on table, whereas, if there are not plenty, they may have one or two journeys to bring more for use. There is often a tendency to do away with the ornamental and leave only the needful.

A loaf is placed on a platter, which must, of course, be scrupulously clean. Butter is very frequently made into fancy shapes by the help of a pair of pats. It looks much prettier on table when served so. If the breakfast table is a long one, it is a very good plan to have several of the white china shells for butter. Small home-made rolls furnish a breakfast table. Dry toast should be served in a rack placed on a plate. The use of mats on a table is optional. Many people dislike them, and they are not necessary if there is a good, thick cover under the white cloth, and if the cook is very particular about the underneath of her dishes—for, naturally, a little spot shows much more on a white cloth when a dish is removed than it does on a mat.

Marmalade, honey, or preserve are now always placed on breakfast tables; a spoon is placed beside (not in) each. Eggs are frequently served in a folded serviette; an egg-stand is then placed by them, or an egg-cup is put for each person. Cold dishes at breakfast are garnished with parsley or savoury jelly; for most hot things it is best to use what are called bacon dishes; these are hot-water dishes with covers. They look best plated, but are expensive, and entail cleaning. Very nice ones can be had in china; they are much better than ordinary dishes for kidneys, bacon, lamb's fry, and numerous other things. The French fire-proof dishes and small plates, in which eggs or fish can be dressed on the stove, are also very useful. The fish or eggs are, with these, served in the dish or plate in which they are cooked, merely being stood in an ordinary dish; a frill of cut paper may be put round between the dishes if liked. It is a good plan to keep white kitchen paper in the house; it is very cheap, and dish papers and frills are needed so constantly for the breakfast table that the packets come rather expensive, and out of a quire of paper one can cut a great many. At breakfast by each dish a knife or spoon and fork must be placed, with which to serve, and in front of it a pile of plates. The plates placed round the table are for the bread-and-butter only, therefore smaller than those used for meat or fish. Watercress or radishes improve the look of a table. If people have travelled much, it is very customary to see water-bottles or a glass jug and two goblets on their breakfast table. If the sideboard is used, it must be covered with a cloth. A sideboard cloth should be the size of the top of it; it should not hang over either in front or at the ends.

In some houses any cold joint there may be is put on the sideboard with extra plates, knives, and forks ready for anyone to help themselves.

So much that applies to a breakfast table is equally applicable to a luncheon. For this meal most people find it convenient to put nearly everything on table at once, so as to require as little waiting on as possible. The cover consists of two large knives and forks (a tablespoon or fish-knife if there is soup or fish), and a dessert spoon and fork, also a tumbler and a sherry glass; a glass for light wine, if it will be required, a serviette, and a piece of bread. If the serviette is folded, the bread is placed in it; if not, it is put on the left-hand side.

Bread should be cut thick for lunch or dinner.

A water-bottle and tumbler, a salt-cellar, and two tablespoons are placed at each corner, a plant or some flowers in the centre of the table, some extra plates (a pile), and small knives can also be put on table ready for cheese or sweets, if there is room. It is usual in houses where there is not a large staff of servants for the family to wait on themselves after they have been helped to meat, and had the vegetables and cruets handed to them; so it is much more convenient, if possible, to have sweets, cheese, and butter put on table at the same time as the meat; if there is not space for all, some can be placed on the sideboard. There is always a cloth on the sideboard at luncheon time. If the bread is put on table, a platter is used; if it is on the sideboard, a bread basket with a d'oyley in it is more convenient. Extra knives, plates, glasses, fruit, or anything that may be required and cannot be put on table, is placed on the sideboard. The cruet stand now finds its place there, so it is as well to put extra pepper-boxes on table. For small families the luncheon dishes, made in compartments to hold two or four different things, are a great advantage; they enable a cook to send up little things left from the previous day's dinner, which she could scarcely send up on a dish alone.

Where the luncheon is also the children's dinner, the arrangements are different. Children keep their own places at table whatever visitors there may be, and the covers are laid for them according to the requirements of their years; small knives and forks, or spoons and forks, with tumblers or their special mugs; wine glasses are not placed for them; they have also serviettes or feeders. More waiting is required when there are children at the table. It is necessarily more like a dinner, and it is best not to put any sweets on table until after the meat is removed, for it is difficult to get children to eat the requisite quantity of meat and vegetables when they see before them what they prefer.

Those who lay tables should be very particular that their plate and glass look bright

and nice, and also that their salt is in good order, not hard or lumpy ; it looks very bad to see a salt-cellar put on table again as it was taken off, without the salt being smoothed over. This can never happen where silver or plated salt-cellars are used, for to prevent mildew the salt should be emptied out of them after every meal, and they should be dusted out.

All glasses, whether on the sideboard or table, should be stood right way up.

Butter looks prettier on a luncheon-table made into different shapes. As doubtless many readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER have never been in a dairy, or seen butter made up, I think some may be glad to know how it is managed.

Have your butter pats (I think they are sometimes called "butter hands") very clean, throw them into quite boiling water for a second, take them out and dip them into cold water ; use them immediately to make up your butter, dipping them into cold water now and then between making the little rolls with an ordinary pair of reeded pats. A great many different things can be made, such as shells, balls, twists, knots, &c. A bird's-nest in butter is very pretty, but to make one the butter must be quite hard. Proceed thus :— Put the butter into a small coarse wire sieve, press it through with a pat or a wooden spoon that you have scalded and dipped in cold water. As you press the butter through, move the sieve round in a circle the size of a nest, so as to make the butter fall like twigs, then press down the centre a little, and mould three or four small eggs with the backs of the pats ; put them in the nest, and place some parsley on the dish all round the nest before sending to table.

Anything used for butter must be kept thoroughly clean, and then scalded and dipped in cold water before using ; then, if lightly handled, no butter will adhere, so that there should be no waste in making these little shapes. If the butter is at all inclined to be soft, it is best to drop the pieces in cold water from the pats. If you wish to model butter with your hands, you must serve them in much the same way as the butter prints, by first putting them in hot water, then in cold.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ANNIE FILTON.—If you have an aunt your Christian name must be given with your surname on a visiting card ; or, if you have a cousin by your father's eldest brother, the case would be the same. Your name should be on your mother's card, beneath hers, if she be living. It is an American notion to drop the prefix "Mr." or "Miss." In England it is a vulgarity, although young people far from ill-bred may ignorantly copy the bad style from ill-informed persons.

MIDGET.—Spasms may result from different causes, such as flatulence, a chill, pleurisy, inflammation of the stomach, etc. The first-named cause is the most common, and for this essence of peppermint, or sal-volatile, are excellent. If very bad, a hot fomentation may be of service.

HEARTSEASE.—Perhaps it may be better for you not to forget. In any case, to repent of an evil deed, to make reparation (if against another person), to pray for Divine grace and help, and steadfastly resolve to refrain from so erring in future, is the best way to obtain peace and to put away the trouble from your mind.

LAWN TENNIS will find instructions for playing on pages 9 and 25, vol. iv.

NESSIE.—We know of no other advice than your good doctor has given, to tie up the jaw at night, and to eat with the greatest care, cutting meat into small pieces and avoiding crust of all kinds.

GUM BLOSSOM.—We can only advise you to consult a doctor, as the state of your eyes shows the system to be out of order. Meanwhile, be careful in your diet, do not eat after seven at night, rise early (at 7 a.m.), and retire betimes—say 9.30.

MAGGIE.—We were very glad to get your note of thanks.

REPENTANT SINNER must not worry herself. If not able to make restitution, she might give some small sum in charity, which would cover as far as possible the value of what she took.

ANNIE.—1. The author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," is Mrs. Craik, *née* Mulock. 2. The roads through the park for equestrian exercise are made of broken loose ground, and soft for the purpose. Hence it is termed "rotten."

SACK.—1. How comes it that you sometimes walk with a gentleman, if not engaged to him? If your intended husband, you may, of course, walk under one umbrella ; but otherwise you had better keep your own to yourself. If needing one, he can buy one as well as you can. 2. Why do you not consult our indexes?

APRICOT.—We know of nothing to put in the water which will keep roses from fading. If gathered long before put in water, the latter should be slightly warm at first. Your handwriting would be fairly good, but that your "k's" are so improperly formed as to be illegible. You write the word "dark" thus, "darl 3," and "think" "thinl 3."

COCKATRICE.—You had better apply to those who spoke to you of "rattlesnake broth" for their recipe for the same. You write a disjointed hand, like that of an old person palsied.

MISCHIEF.—We have already given the meanings of female Christian names. Arthur means "high," or "noble ;" Archibald, "exceedingly bold," or "holy prince ;" and Alfred, "good counsellor." November 5th, 1868, was a Thursday, and October 12th, 1869, a Tuesday.

DOROTHEA.—Yes, Darby and Joan were real people, who lived upwards of a century ago in a village in Yorkshire, West Riding. Old Darby was at one time a printer in Bartholomew Close, according to Timperley, who died in 1730. The ballad, "The Happy Old Couple," celebrated their conjugal happiness. Milton says that Albion was the name employed for Britain by the ancient Greeks and Romans, and he ridicules the fabulous story that a giant (son of Nepture) called Albion subdued the island and ruled it divinely forty-four years, after whose name it was called.

ALICE CLOVER.—Glass is a non-conductor, and thus its use in windows has additional value ; but as employed for looking-glasses, it cannot be of any such service with reference to lightning. You may do well to cover the steel fire-irons. You cannot take scratches off a polished steel fender yourself. You would have to send it to a whitesmith.

SUNNY GLADYS.—See our article on the meanings of female Christian names. Albert means "illustrious," or "nobly bright," and Thomas "a twin." All names have not got significations. May 7th, 1867, was a Tuesday, and July 18th, 1866, a Wednesday. Your handwriting is good.

MADCAP LOO.—January 29th, 1869, was a Friday. You write very well.

MUDDLING B.—It is indeed silly to cry on all occasions at the least provocation. As to a cure, we can only suggest one at a moment's reflection. Put a waterproof over your dress, which you should always have at hand, button it up to your throat, and ask someone to throw a glass of water in your face. This would give your nerves a wonderful fillip, and, we think, would effect a speedy cure.

NATTY.—The 26th of July, 1868, was a Sunday. If your "young man be very quiet and steady, but not quite so Christ-like as he should be," we could not feel surprised, as no one living is quite as they should be in this respect, and be assured you are not so yourself. But a good example, combined with tact and prayer on behalf of both yourself and him, may do much in time.

LECON DE FRANCAIS and A CHUM want "some hints as to how to write a good novel," for, "having attained the ages of sixteen and seventeen, they think their minds are fully developed enough to write a really jolly novel." Alas ! we are unaccustomed to such amazing precocity, and, not feeling certain of being able to produce anything so wildly interesting and commercially successful ourselves, we can scarcely venture to offer any "hints" on the subject.

SALOME.—Many thanks for the pretty card. We do not know the poem at all.

LLEWEKAB.—Pall Mall is called "Pell Mell." The name is a corruption of the French name of a game, *pale maille*, which was somewhat similar to the modern croquet. This game was anciently played in the long alley near St. James's, and was vulgarly called Pell Mell ; hence the name of the street. The new competitions have not yet been announced.

A. M. P.—1. The three books, "Life's Morning," "Noontide," and "Evening," are all by the same author, and are published at 56, Paternoster-row, price 1s. 6d. each. 2. We could not undertake to repeat long published poems in the G. O. P.

MOPPS.—We think you had better take the oculist's advice, and do not think of your eyes. Probably the trouble has to do with your general health.

HELEN (Hobart, Tasmania).—The literal translation of *Souvenir de la Malmaison* is "Remembrance of Malmaison." The château of Malmaison was the residence of the Empress Josephine after her divorce from Napoleon I.

N. P. (Cornishwoman).—The skins have not been properly cured. If valuable, we advise their being sent to a furrier.

OPAL.—We presume you mean nettlerash, or prickly-heat. An upset of liver or digestion, and acidity in the system, or a chill may produce them. We do not know enough about your case to prescribe. Consult your medical man or a good chemist. You do not want "a recipe for heat spots," but one for a remedy. Perhaps you are suffering from midge or gnat bites.

A YOUNG MAN.—We sympathise with you. Certainly, when asked to any indoor or outdoor entertainment, it is the duty of your hostess to give you some introductions. She should not have asked you to her house if she did not regard you as a suitable acquaintance for her other guests. We hope she will read our articles on "Giving and Receiving Hospitality," and the "Usages of Polite Society." In the case of chance callers at a house, it is by no means necessary to give introductions.

BOT.—No exchange of photographs nor acceptance of presents was correct between any young man and woman unless engaged, or with a prospect of marriage, sanctioned by the parents of the latter. If you have no mother you should make your father your confidant. The young man did well in introducing you to his own mother.

OLIVIA.—The subject is of such importance to both yourself and your mother, that we should advise her to take a lawyer's opinion as to her present status and future action. You do not say when she was married, but evidently, we imagine, before the passing of the Married Women's Property Act.

LILY.—There are many legends regarding the adoption of the *fleur de lis* as the emblem of the kings of France. Perhaps it was the head of a javelin, or it may owe its origin to the Frankish custom of placing a reed or a flag in blossom, instead of a sceptre, in the hand of each newly-made king. Charles VI. reduced the number to three, as an emblem of the Holy Trinity.

LADY VAVASOUR.—In case the maid do not inquire your name, say, "Miss Black," or "Miss Mary Black," as the case may be.

BAMBOO.—In eating cherry tart, put the stones out of your mouth into the hollow of your left hand, closed together, and close to your mouth, and thence to the plate, letting no one see them in transmission.

A. H.—We have read the lines with much sympathy, and we are sure it gave you comfort to write them, and that they served as an outlet to your grief. Strive to follow the one you love, and live an upright and godly life.

LIZZIE F.—It is quite possible to rear maidenhair ferns in the house ; but they are very sensitive to draughts, require careful watering, and a cool room.

LULU QUEEN.—Your idea that English people imagine that nobody living at the Cape can have a white skin is quite without foundation. We do not think that your being born in a stable would make you a horse. Uneducated people of the lower orders may think you gorillas, but these are scarcely representative English people. Pronounce Undine "Oondeen." Spots on the face may result from poor blood or digestion, and we are not in a position to decide which is so in your case.

CATSIE.—We have no further advice to give with reference to the complexion than what we have already given. Freckles are natural to some skins.

FRIENDLESS ONE should write to the secretary or matron of the Hospital for Diseases of the Skin, in Leicester-square, W.

BLACK BESS.—See "The Fairy of the Family," part iii., entitled "Spots and Stains," 1884. Use crumb of bread very gently to clean the photos.

BLUE EYES.—See "Lissom Hands and Pretty Feet." Felt pads or plasters may be found at any chemist's. Only certain strongly-scented flowers are injurious in a bedroom. But individual peculiarities must be consulted, as headaches might be produced.

L. CONNELL.—1. The novels you name are not suitable for girls. 2. There is no prohibition in the Holy Scriptures in regard to the recreation you specify. As a general rule, it is in the abuse, not the moderate use, of things that the evil, if any, is found to lie. Excess, or the non-essential surrounding circumstances with which we wilfully surround and overlay our recreations, our food, or our dress, that all evil exists, and brings our lawful liberty into disrepute. We must abstain from all appearances of evil, and use the world without abusing it.

SEVENTEEN MINUS THE SWEETNESS.—Consult our indexes, and you will find many replies to your query. Read "Lissom Hands and Pretty Feet." Your writing is fairly good.

A HAPPY GIRL.—You write a pretty hand ; leave it as it is. We should not like to live with a friend who considers it "insipid to be always amiable." One who amidst the many trials and jars of life can maintain an unruffled temper and genuine amiability, uninfluenced by selfish considerations, must bring sunshine and happiness into the home circle. We should be sorry to include a person holding such a theory within our own. Ask her how she interprets the passages enumerating the "fruits of the spirit," or 1 Cor. xiii.

HONIE.—With reference to an income of £150 per annum, of course you could live on it, if you cut your coat according to your cloth. You might hire two rooms, and save a certain amount every quarter to be left in a savings bank, or laid by, in case of sickness, or to meet additional expenses that, in course of time, may come upon you. Of course you cannot expect to keep up any society, and you must live frugally, taking meat or fish but once daily.

THE NEW PRIZE COMPETITION.

SAYINGS OF THE WISE ON CONDUCT AND CHARACTER.

"*The little and short sayings of wise and excellent men are of great value, like the dust of gold or the least spark of diamonds.*"—TILLOTSON.

THE SUBJECT OF OUR NEXT COMPETITION is to be

A COLLECTION OF QUOTATIONS ILLUSTRATIVE OF CONDUCT AND CHARACTER,

drawn from various authors, and arranged under the fifty headings given below.

ELEVEN PRIZES OF ONE GUINEA EACH will be awarded, a prize of one guinea being given to the most successful competitor of every age from thirteen to twenty-three. Thus, a girl thirteen years old has a chance of obtaining a prize awarded to girls between thirteen and fourteen; a girl of fourteen may prove the winner of the prize given to those between fourteen and fifteen, and so on, up to the age of twenty-three.

CERTIFICATES OF MERIT will also be given—first, second, and third class—and these will be awarded to girls of any age who gain the necessary number of marks.

WE CORDIALLY INVITE ALL OUR SUBSCRIBERS to take part in this competition, in which

THERE ARE MANY ADVANTAGES TO BE GAINED,

even without taking into account the prizes and certificates. Those who engage in it will remember it all their lives with pleasure. The mere turning over books will enlarge their mental horizon, and the Sayings of the Wise thus brought home to them cannot but have a good, wholesome, and improving effect on their own conduct and character.

EITHER POETICAL OR PROSE QUOTATIONS may be given, and they may be either well-known or the reverse; the chief point is that they must be quotations worth copying and worth remembering.

QUOTATIONS FROM FOREIGN AUTHORS, both ancient and modern, will count for as much as those from British writers, but they must in every case be translated.

IN EVERY QUOTATION the word it is intended to illustrate should appear, but it will not be reckoned a fault if the quotation does not include the exact word, but only one derived from the same root. Thus, *pious* and *piously* will do as well as *piety; revengeful* and *revengefulness* as well as *revenge;* and *vain* as well as *vanity*.

THE LENGTH OF EACH SEPARATE QUOTATION is left to the judgment of competitors, but they are reminded that the *shorter* and *pithier* a quotation is the better.

THE MEANING must in all cases be complete—that is to say, it must never be necessary for anyone reading the quotation to turn to the author to complete the sense.

THE NUMBER OF QUOTATIONS under each separate heading is also left to the judgment and industry of competitors.

ALL THE HEADINGS GIVEN BELOW need not be illustrated. Let competitors do just as much as they can, remembering, as we have said in connection with previous competitions, "that it is better to do a little well than a great deal carelessly."

AT THE END OF EVERY QUOTATION an exact reference must be given to the source from which the competitor obtained it. This reference must state the author, the work, the edition of the work, and the page, except in the case of the Scriptures, when the book, chapter, and verse will suffice. The edition is to be indicated by giving the date, or, if there is no date, the publisher's name, either of which facts may be obtained from the title-page. Thus: "MILTON, 'Paradise Lost,' London, 1857, p. 49;" or "BARNES, 'Notes on the Gospels;' Matthew and Mark. London: Knight and Son, p. 257."

IN THE CASE OF A SHORT POEM, the title of the poem should be given thus:—"COWPER, 'On Peace,' Poetical Works, 1854, vol. ii., p. 130."

TO GIVE A QUOTATION, followed merely by the author's name—as Shakespeare, Homer, Chaucer, Addison, &c.—will not count for much.

QUOTATION BOOKS—of which, as everyone knows, several have been published—may be made use of, but a reference to the page of a quotation book will not secure so many marks as a reference to the page of the original author. Books of selections from various authors may also be employed by competitors.

AS AN EXAMPLE of what is required, take the following:—

FAITH.

Faith and devotion naturally grow in the mind of every reasonable man, who sees the impressions of divine power and wisdom in every object on which he casts his eye.—ADDISON. *The Spectator: London*, 1812, vol. vi., p. 327.

Faith builds a bridge from this world to the next.—DR. YOUNG ("*Night*" *viii., Line* 717.) J. C. GROCOTT, *Familiar Quotations. Liverpool*, 1871, p. 139.

We walk by faith not by sight.—2 COR. v. 7.

This pretty bird, oh! how she flies and sings!
How could she do so if she had not wings?
Her wings bespeak my faith, her songs my peace,
When I believe and sing, my doubtings cease.

JOHN BUNYAN. "*Upon the Swallow*": *Divine Emblems. London, Bickers & Son, p.* 20.

HUMILITY.

Humility is a virtue all preach, none practise, and yet everybody is content to hear. The master thinks it good doctrine for his servant, the laity for the clergy, and the clergy for the laity.—JOHN SELDEN. *Table Talk. London*, 1868, p. 54.

Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much;
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.

COWPER, *The Task* ("*Winter Walk at Noon*"). DR. MACKAY, *Thousand and One Gems of English Poetry. London*, 1867, p. 217.

Humble we must be, if to Heaven we go;
High is the roof there; but the gate is low:
Whene'er thou speak'st, look with a lowly eye—
Grace is increased by humility.

HERRICK, "*Humility.*" *Complete Poems. London*, 1876, vol. iii. p. 156.

IN WRITING OUT THE QUOTATIONS, competitors must write on one side of the paper only, and before sending in their papers they must stitch the pages together at the left hand top corner.

EACH COLLECTION OF QUOTATIONS must bear on the back of the last page the full name, age, and address of the competitor, and underneath the following must be written by father, mother, minister, or teacher:—

"I hereby certify that this collection of quotations is the sole work and in the handwriting of (*competitor's full name is again to be written*), and that her age and address are correctly stated."

(*Signature and address of the parent, minister, or teacher.*)

THE LAST DAY FOR RECEIVING PAPERS connected with this competition will be Lady-day, March 25, 1886, and this date is named so as to afford an opportunity of competing to our foreign and colonial readers.

EACH COLLECTION OF QUOTATIONS must be sent by book post, without a letter, addressed to The Editor, THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, 56, Paternoster-row, London, E.C., and the words, "Quotation Competition," must be clearly written in the left-hand corner.

THE FIFTY HEADINGS under which the quotations are to be arranged are as under, and the alphabetical order here given must be followed by competitors:—

AFFECTATION	HYPOCRISY
AMBITION	IDLENESS
AMIABILITY	IGNORANCE
ANGER	INDEPENDENCE
BASHFULNESS	INNOCENCE
BENEVOLENCE	JEALOUSY
CHEERFULNESS	KINDNESS
CONCEIT	MODESTY
CONSISTENCY	PERSEVERANCE
CONTENTMENT	PIETY
COURAGE	PRIDE
COURTESY	PRUDENCE
COVETOUSNESS	PUNCTUALITY
CUNNING	PURITY
ECONOMY	REVENGE
EDUCATION	SELF-CONTROL
EGOTISM	SELF-KNOWLEDGE
ENVY	SELF-LOVE
FALSEHOOD	SELFISHNESS
FIDELITY	SIMPLICITY
FRIENDSHIP	SUSPICION
GENTLENESS	TRUTHFULNESS
GRATITUDE	VANITY
HONESTY	VIRTUE
HOPEFULNESS	WISDOM

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. VII.—NO. 302. OCTOBER 10, 1885. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

FAITH FRANCIS; OR, LONG PURPLES.

By M. C. PARTRIDGE.

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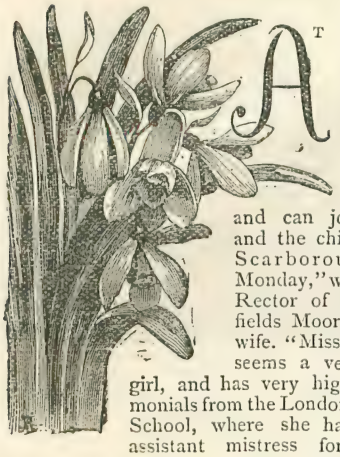
"'OH, HOW LOVELY IT IS!' EXCLAIMED FAITH."

CHAPTER I.

"Our content is our best having."
—*King Henry VIII.*



"At last I have found a mistress for the National School, and can join you and the children at Scarborough on Monday," wrote the Rector of Wheatfields Moors to his wife. "Miss Francis seems a very nice girl, and has very high testimonials from the London Board School, where she has been assistant mistress for some months. I find she is quite a lady, the daughter of a doctor who died a year or two ago, leaving two orphan girls almost without provision. Some friends sent the eldest to a training college, and obtained a situation as nursery governess for the youngest. As both girls are coming to Wheatfields I suppose the second has at present no engagement. I have arranged that they should lodge with Mrs. Mason, who will, I know, do all she can to make them comfortable. Further particulars when we meet, dearest wife.—Your affectionate

ARTHUR B. LISLE."

Harvest had just begun, when Faith and Laura Francis arrived at Mrs. Mason's house, on a fine, sunny, August afternoon. They were greeted with homely kindness by their landlady, who was the wife of a small farmer of the old school; a greeting which Faith received with friendly gratitude, and Laura with a touch of cold disdain.

Never were sisters more unlike than these two. Faith was very tall, thin, and lanky, "a yard of pump water" her sister sometimes called her; and a pair of fine, honest blue eyes were the only redeeming feature in a decidedly plain face. An unbecoming dress, of old-fashioned material, of an ugly red-purple shade, did not improve her appearance. Laura, on the contrary, who was nineteen, and two years younger than her sister, was a decidedly nice looking girl, possessing a pretty, plump figure, and abundant wavy hair. Yet there was a charm in the honest, sunny expression of Faith's face which was entirely wanting in the far prettier one of the younger sister—a something indescribable which instinctively inspired a feeling of trust and confidence.

"Oh, how lovely it is!" exclaimed Faith, as she stood at the window of the low irregular roofed bedroom, to which Mrs. Mason had conducted her girl lodgers, looking out over the farm-yard to the meadows and fields beyond, and inhaling long deep breaths of the sweet country air.

"Lovely, do you call it?" cried Laura, "I think it's perfectly horrid! What a low ceiling! I am sure you'll knock your head every time you go out of the door."

"'Duck your heads, chicks,' as the old hen said when she went through the barn door," laughed Faith. "That's a trifle."

"But it isn't a trifle," said Laura, "that the chest of drawers is so small that we cannot positively lay a gown inside them, or that Mrs. Mason is a regular old frump, no better than a servant, and that the shock-headed man who brought up our boxes is her son, and that we shall have to sit down to meals with them," she added, fretfully.

"I think Mrs. Mason is an old dear," said Faith. "Not a bit of pretension about her; and as to the son, I know Mr. Joseph is married, and he and his wife live in that cottage across the meadows. And I am sure you needn't mind about the drawers, Laura, for here's a splendid deep cupboard in the wall, deep enough to hold all yours, to say nothing of my gowns, besides this oak chest, which I'm certain a connoisseur would give a five pound note for, without a murmur. Do let us make the best of things."

"It's all very well for you" said Laura, discontentedly, "because you chose to come here. I wanted you to take a school (if school you must keep) in a town where we could have some society. Who is there here to know? Not a soul except farmers and hedgers and ditchers. I think it is very selfish of you, Faith, to choose a place where we shall never see anyone who is our equal, and never have a chance of settling in life."

"I am settled in life," replied Faith, gaily.

"Oh, it's all very well for you to say so," cried Laura, crossly. "Of course *you* can never expect to marry, you are much too plain."

Faith flushed a little. Her face grew dark, but she recovered herself after a momentary struggle, and said, quietly, "Those things are in God's hands, Laura dear. Don't let us quarrel. Remember you and I have only each other in the wide world."

Laura's face softened. "Yes, that is true; but still, Faith, I think you might have consulted me, and not been in such a hurry to close with Mr. Lisle's offer; and the salary is very small, too."

"But," said Faith, "you know the doctor told me I could not be strong enough for my work in London air; and, after all, if you don't like Wheatfields you can try for a situation yourself."

"You are very unkind," said Laura, plaintively; "you know I hate being a governess. It's all very well for you, you like teaching and I don't. Besides, I have as much right to our little income as you have. Thirty pounds a year between us is something, after all."

"And you have spent more than £15 of it on dress since January."

"You are always casting that up to me," said Laura, half crying. "I think you are very unkind, Faith. I can't go about a guy like you in Cousin Jane's old gowns. It is not to be expected. I don't think you would like to see it yourself."

"I don't think I should, Letty," replied Faith, penitently, for her heart told her it was not generous to reproach her sister with her dependence on herself. "Come, we must not quarrel," she said. "As I said before, we have no one else in the world but each other. I'll go down and see if tea is ready. You are tired, and need yours, dear."

So saying, Faith ran down into the clean, old-fashioned front kitchen, guided thither by the cheerful clatter of cups and saucers. "Can I help you, Mrs. Mason?" she asked, kindly.

"No, my dear," said the farmer's wife, a buxom dame of about fifty, with a white lace-bordered cap tied under her chin, a dark stuff dress, and a white apron. "No, my dear, tea is all but ready. I'm just going to boil you a couple of fresh eggs, for I am sure you must both be tired and hungry, after your ride in the train."

"I think my sister is rather tired," replied Faith, cheerfully, "but, as for me, I feel fresher than I have done for weeks. This lovely country air is so different from London."

"I've heard tell it is very close there," said Mrs. Mason, "but I've never been there myself. You'd hardly believe," she went on, "that I've never in all my life been further away from my home than West Claycombe, nine miles off."

"Then you were born here?" asked Faith.

"Born and bred, and lived all my days. Not but what I might have gone farther if I'd pleased. My master," Mrs. Mason continued, using the country expression for husband, "would be glad to take me to Oxford any week. He goes there every Friday with the cart."

"Is he a carrier?" inquired Faith.

"Bless you, child, not a carrier; he is a higgler. It pays almost better than farming nowadays, though he farms as well." As she saw Faith looked puzzled, she explained. "He takes eggs, and butter, and poultry to Oxford every week does the master. He supplies the biggest shops in the place. 'Tis a fine city, they tell me; and a nice ride there and back. Maybe you'd like to go some day."

All the time Mrs. Mason had been talking she had been busy preparing tea, and as it was now ready Faith went to call Laura. That young lady's disdain abated a little at the sight and taste of the excellent homely fare with which the table was spread. They had hardly finished their meal when there was a knock at the door, and Mrs. Mason, reconnoitring through the window, announced that it was Mr. Hawes, the schoolmaster, and she supposed "he wanted to see Miss Francis about something before he went for his holidays." Faith's face wore an amused, and Laura's a disgusted expression at the low voiced colloquy which they overheard before Mrs. Mason admitted the visitor.

"Is the new governess come, Mrs. Mason?"

"Yes, she is, Mr. Hawes. She seems a nice, still, kind-hearted sort of girl. Will you walk in and take a cup of tea? We ain't long sat down."

Faith rose on Mr. Hawes's entrance. He was a small, shabby-looking man, with a very seedy black suit, and semi-clerical hat. He looked at Faith rather shyly, and she shook hands with him courteously. When he offered his hand to Laura she drew back with affected dignity, and the little man grew crimson. Faith hastened to cover his confusion by thanking him politely for coming to see her so soon.

"I am come to ask you a favour, Miss Francis. I am going out to-morrow for two Sundays. Would you object to take my Sunday-school class during my absence?"

"Not at all," replied Faith. "I shall like it very much. When Mr. Lisle comes back, I hope he will give me one of my own."

"It's rather an undertaking for you, Mr. Hawes, to make so long a journey with three little ones," observed Mrs. Mason, as she passed the schoolmaster a cup of tea.

"It is rather; but Mrs. Hawes has only seen my father and mother once since we were married," he answered.

"Can I do anything else for you while you are away?" inquired Faith, kindly.

"I think not, thank you, Miss Francis. I am the organist, and I might perhaps have trespassed upon your kindness so far as to ask you to take my place, but the pupil teacher, Albert East, is very anxious to officiate at the organ."

"I am only a poor musician," said Faith, "so I am very glad you did not want me."

"And, Miss Francis," added Mr. Hawes as he rose to go, "should you require to know anything connected with the school, Albert East will glady inform you."

"Really, Faith!" cried Laura, when the two sisters had gone into the little parlour, and were taking possession of it, by putting their books on the shelves, and their work-baskets on the table, "really Faith, I have no patience with you—shaking hands with that dirty little man; and he expected me to do the same! It isn't ladylike."

"His hands were not dirty, if his coat was threadbare," said Faith, quietly, "and your ideas and mine as to what is ladylike differ, I fancy. I think a *true* gentlewoman will be always courteous to everyone, and take pains to avoid hurting the feelings of the meanest beggar. Besides, I am a schoolmistress, and he the master; professionally, I imagine, he is my superior. I am not ashamed of my calling; I believe it is one in which a lady may be of the greatest use to her generation, in refining and civilising her pupils."

"I can see how it will be," said Laura, half crying. "You will just get mixed up with a lot of low people, and be hail-fellow, well-met, with every hedger and ditcher in the place. As if it wasn't bad enough for one to have to sit down to meals with a vulgar old farmer's wife like Mrs. Mason, without your trying to lower yourself with all these common people."

"I'm sure Mrs. Mason isn't vulgar," said Faith, quickly. "She is homely, I grant, but I am certain you will never hear a coarse or low-minded expression from her lips, and I suspect that is more than can be said for many people who call themselves ladies."

"Of course you stand up for her," cried Laura, pettishly; "but, any way, I can't see why we should not have our meals in here by ourselves, or why you should actually promise that we should make our own bed and dust our rooms."

"I induced Mrs. Mason to take several shillings a week off our board in that way," replied Faith. "She said she could not afford to take us in on the terms I offered, if she were obliged to keep a servant to wait upon us. Now, dear Laura, don't look on the black side of things. You know my salary is not much for one, and still less, of course, for two. It is only with care we can make both ends meet." And to change the conversation, Faith begged Laura to come out to have a walk.

How Faith would have enjoyed the lovely evening, if her sister would only have allowed her to do so! But this discontented girl could see no beauty in the golden corn-fields, the green meadows, or the blue hills that bounded their view. When Faith exclaimed at the picturesque appearance of the gabled cottages, with their tiled and thatched roofs, and the tiny gardens gay with common flowers, Laura said she would rather have seen the ugliest villa residence, as there might then be a chance of some friends for her.

"I hope to make many a friend in these cottages," thought Faith, but she did not say so, knowing it would add to her sister's annoyance to hear her talk of work among the poor.

When they left the village behind them, they saw a handsome, partly modernised house standing among fine trees, with extensive farm buildings behind it. As they passed the front gate, they could see two ladies, and two young men playing tennis on the lawn.

"There's a nice house!" said Faith, "and some girls at tennis. I wonder if we shall know them some day?"

"Don't delude yourself into thinking that people in a house like that will call on a village schoolmistress," said Laura, tartly.

(To be continued.)

SPAIN AND SPANISH GIRLS.

To give a true picture of a Spanish girl's life it is necessary to speak of some of the customs of her country; introducing her here and there in connection with them, and while making exceptions, of course, with regard to individuals, to explain that, as a whole, the people are at least a century behind in civilisation compared with most nations of Europe. Spaniards who have travelled or been educated abroad appear to belong to a different order of beings from those who remain at home. Men, and especially women, who have never quitted their country, astonish you with the peculiarity of their prejudices, with their intrinsic want of refinement, and, alas! in many cases, with the coarseness of their habits and manners.

Constant revolutions, and frequent changes of government, together with the want of education of the clergy, the decay of religion, and consequent superstition, have no doubt impeded progress, but many obstacles are to be found in the people themselves, in their indolence and ignorance, and in their excessive national pride, which induces them to imagine they are superior to the inhabitants of the countries around them, while looking indulgently on their imperfections. So they continue year after year much in the same condition, only awaking from their lethargy on the occurrence of something more than usually startling, such as cholera and earthquakes. If it is hinted, for example, that many things might be ameliorated, such as the diffusion of education among women, the intercourse of the two sexes in society, the employment of young girls' time, household and domestic arrangements, food, cooking, cleanliness, &c., the reply is generally: "Why should we make any change? We are quite contented as we are. Being simple and natural, we have no troublesome wants; our climate is beautiful; with little or no labour our soil yields us everything we require, and our lovely sky makes us always in a bright and joyous mood."

True enough! but without religious enlightenment these very privileges tend to encourage indifference and self-satisfaction. The written laws of the country are said to be excellent, and admirably fitted for it, but they are not always well carried out, much bribery still prevailing; therefore persons sometimes prefer to endure injustice rather than have recourse to law. In minor regulations which have been lately framed for public convenience, it is curious to observe how wedded the people are to old customs, how they cling to them. Hence coachmen having been directed to pass down a fresh thoroughfare, or to keep to a certain side of the road, for particular reasons, can with difficulty be persuaded to adopt the new rule, and not always successfully. Of course, this is a slight instance of the idea intended to be given, but it is in these every-day trifles that there is yet so much to be desired.

Like all the inhabitants of southern climes, the Spaniards live much out of doors, even more than the Italians, for in the warm months they leave the upper rooms of their house, and, removing their furniture, even their pianos, to the principal patio or forecourt, seek coolness from the spray of its fountain, and fragrance from the orange trees, flowers, and shrubs which adorn it, and make it a charming scene for the passer by to behold, who may happen to gaze within from the street. A light colonnade encircles the principal patio, into which open the summer sleeping apartments, and over a portion of the roofless space of the court an awning is drawn during the hottest months, as a shelter from the heat, producing at the same time a soft and subdued light most agreeable to the eyes. To lessen the obscurity as the day wanes, Chinese lanterns are employed for illumination, as well as ornament, and then, when charming ladies and their guests are assembled, it is difficult to imagine anything more resembling the idea of fairyland. Besides the principal patio, some of the houses have two or three smaller patios or vestibules, which are separated from it and each other by lightly wrought gates, always tasteful and artistic in design. In the south, these patios are seen everywhere, and as the eye rests on the graceful architecture which distinguishes them, the mind is involuntarily carried back to the period of the Moorish sway, with all its poetry and all its luxurious indolence.

In Madrid, and further north still, on account of the harsher temperature, these forecourts are not usually devoted to the same purpose, nor are they constructed in the same way; nevertheless, even here life flows on more without than within doors. In a principal street of the capital, a person from a balcony will address a friend passing beneath, and asking for news in detail of mutual acquaintances, will speak freely on all subjects, even on matters of health. Living, therefore, almost in public, it may be said many things which occur in the family circle, and which only concern it, fall under the attention of the neighbours, and become food for gossip, which, unfortunately, the women love only too well, not knowing in most cases how to occupy their time, for it is only the members of the rising generation who are beginning to be really educated. Perhaps the particulars of a quarrel between herself and husband will be related by a lady, as she stands bidding adieu to a friend at the gate of the outer court, or something of an equally private nature will be discussed by her, and so loudly does she talk, that the people in the opposite house can distinctly hear what she says. Hence there is wonderful frankness of speech; things are called by their right names, and, with natural kindness and good humour, there is often an absence of delicacy, and a want of perception to realise that certain expressions must give pain if blurted forth undisguisedly. To designate a person by a physical defect, as El Cojo, the lame man, La Jorobada, the hunchbacked woman, El Viszco, the man who squints, is a common occurrence; equally so is it to speak of the good looks and qualities of a person to her face; which to a foreigner is both offensive and embarrassing. A Spanish lady, on the contrary, would imagine that she was ill-dressed, or that there was something amiss with her, if during her promenade persons of her own sex as well as gentlemen did not occasionally address a remark to her on her appearance.

As an illustration of this, a young lady on the point of marriage, whose trousseau had just arrived from Paris, begged her mother, unusual as it was before the wedding, to

permit her to put on one of the dresses, which she considered a *chef d'œuvre*; being anxious to display it in all the well-frequented paseos (promenades), that she might gather the general opinion of it. Her mother readily consented, and a servant was sent to accompany her on her round. Alas! at the end of an hour or two, the poor young lady returned in tears, declaring that there must be some serious defect in her toilet, as not a creature had noticed her, or spoken of its good taste.

Spanish ladies of the upper class are not in the habit of walking much; partly from custom, and partly from climate, though they may be seen sometimes in the street going to mass; but, being driven to a favourite paseo, and well-dressed for the occasion, they saunter up and down there, till they are fatigued, when they step again into their carriage, and return to their house; home is not the word to be used; its true meaning would not be understood in Spain, where this kind of life is not known. No fireside draws the family together on winter nights, a brasero (a copper-pan with charcoal) being the only means of obtaining warmth in the severest weather: and though the husband and wife may be on perfectly good terms, they are generally accustomed to seek their amusement apart. Parents pay very little regard to the training of their children's disposition; they pet and spoil them sadly, and they have the manners rather of grown people than of children. It is amusing, but not pleasing, to observe the airs they assume, for a little girl is as much occupied with her dress and fan as her mother, and is early taught to make coquettish speeches, and to say things which she does not nor ought to understand. From being constantly noticed and admired for them, she learns to pronounce them with a certain emphasis, as if she knew what they meant, and consequently with due effect. She has her novios (lovers or admirers), who are inquired after, as those of her elders, and joins in the amusements of her parents, accompanying them to the theatre and the bull-fight. The education of a child eight or nine years old is very slight, consisting in the knowledge of her catechism, her aves and paternosters, to which she adds a few accomplishments, such as dancing, and singing, and reciting couplets.

The slow national dances which are sometimes executed by little girls as well as their elders are very graceful and Moorish in their character; that is, the feet are much in repose, while the body waves to and fro, the right arm moving occasionally with the left leg, and again the left arm with the right leg, but so rhythmically and dreamily that every attitude breathes poetry. The bolero, the fandango, the cachuca, and other quick dances, accompanied with singing and castanets, are very spirited and full of meaning; children become acquainted with them from their cradle, and not only those of the refined classes, but of the poorer. The latter frequently show such ease and grace as to throw completely into the shade little English girls, well born and bred in Spain, who may try to compete with them. These last betray nothing but sharp angles in their different positions, while the native displays the most fascinating curves; the eyes speak, the turn of the head tells a tale. Another natural accomplishment to be observed in the Spanish girl is that of using her fan. It is herself; she expresses what she feels with it, and makes it convey her meaning, and in the summer it serves her as a sunshade. The fan is opened and closed with one hand, being lightly held near the base, and is shut with a sharp click, with which the third finger has much to do; a peculiar manner of twisting the wrist enables the bearer to spread out the fan and clasp it again in all directions, which has a pleasing and graceful effect. A Spanish lady would think herself awkward if during her walk her hands were unoccupied; so in the winter she substitutes a muff for her fan, and contrives to use it much in the same manner.

It is to be regretted that the fashion of wearing hats and bonnets is steadily creeping in, especially in Madrid and the north, though they are now becoming more common in the south and the interior. Millinery being at present in its infancy, form, colour, and ornament are barely in good taste. Spanish ladies, young and old, often appear vulgar when in this head-gear, while in the native mantilla (pronounced mantilya), which they adjust with singular grace, they are quite fascinating, and even the plainest look well under these circumstances. No two ladies wear it exactly in the same way, just as no two persons arrange their hair after the same mode, but the style which suits the face is chosen, and the hair of the Spanish girl is generally very long and beautiful, and is always perfectly and sometimes elaborately dressed. It has been the habit till quite lately to have it arranged every day by a coiffeuse (female hairdresser), but now young ladies are taught to perform this part of their toilet for themselves.

The mantilla is a general name for the various forms and sizes of this charming attire. Sometimes it is worn large, as a shawl, and flows over the shoulders and breast, being caught up in folds at the back of the comb, and on the left side; sometimes it consists of a smaller piece of lace, sewn to a long soft silk scarf, which is tightly drawn around the person, while the lace is looped up becomingly on the head; at others a toga, as it is called, is preferred—a smaller mantilla, entirely of lace, which is draped gracefully, and descends rather low on the neck. Poor girls of the respectable class wear a cotton handkerchief on their head, which is exchanged for one of bright silk on Sundays. At fiestas, bull fights, &c., white mantillas are frequently chosen, when flowers are always added, though for that matter they are seen on many other occasions. The poorest girls in the streets, with uncombed and untidy hair, surprise you with the tasteful manner in which they have placed a few roses or pinks in their dishevelled locks; and the maid at the hotel looks fresh in this natural ornament as she pays her first visit to the traveller in the morning. It must be confessed, however, that while you are pleased with this display of artistic taste, you are often disgusted with the more than suspicion you entertain of the dirt which is concealed beneath the surface.

In the celebrated cigar manufactory at Seville, where together between five and six thousand women and girls of the lowest class are employed, there is scarcely one of them without a nosegay in her hair, untidy and unkempt though it may be. Women with large baskets of bright flowers take their stand in different parts of the building, and earn many a copper coin from its inmates. In this wonderful establishment, consisting of several departments, built by Charles III. for the purpose, are to be seen girls of seven and eight years old, sitting closely packed together at rude wooden tables in rooms like cloisters. These little creatures make cigarettes, filling small tubes of paper with finely chopped tobacco by means of a funnel; the forewoman then weighs them quickly, and if the child has made a thousand, which is her average work in the day, she receives a peseta (10d.). In other portions of the building are older girls, who also sit at numerous tables and make the cigars, rapidly rolling up the tobacco leaves before them after wetting their fingers with gum water; this done, they take a sharp pair of scissors and clip the cigar on one side, when it is ready for smoking. Many cradles may be observed in this establishment, mothers taking their infants with them, and children of two, three, and four years old toddle down the aisles, unheeded, and uncared for, at the risk of being trampled upon by anyone passing quickly along.

The scene is a very animated one, for a Spanish girl must be very ill or very sad if she does not talk. She has always some ready reply for those who address her, being naturally quick at repartee, and possessing also a keen sense of humour, and with many a merry glance, and many a merry word, she contrives to detain the stranger on his way, and to make herself noticed in the busy throng. Young ladies who may not be furnished with much information or material for conversation, yet are richly endowed with this wit and sprightliness, which prevents the tediousness which would otherwise arise from the commonplace chat in which they indulge. Their *naïveté* in asking straightforward questions, in speaking quite openly and unrestrainedly of all they see and feel, has a kind of charm when they are quite young, which, of course, no longer exists as they grow older, when more dignified reticence would be preferable. They are child-like in remarking upon people's looks, upon their dress and jewellery, eager in asking questions upon their affairs; and if, wishing to be courteous, you admire something they have on, they immediately reply, "It is yours if you like." In thanking them, and, of course, refusing to avail yourself of their generosity, you must use tact in not permitting them to see that you do not believe in it, observing, perhaps, that the article in question would not be so well suited to your style as to theirs, with which it blends admirably, or saying anything which you can with truth. The most expensive things are sometimes offered, and a Spanish lady begging her guest, a lady, only a short time ago to accept a diamond and emerald ring, which the American admired on her finger, was taken at her word, much to her disgust, and was compelled to enter into negotiations with mutual acquaintances to obtain its restoration. A visitor going into a house for the first time, has the house, the furniture, and the servants placed at his or her disposal, and this is considered a mere common act of courtesy. But, besides these superficial forms of politeness, there is genuine cordiality, good nature, and unselfish kindness in the Spanish people, and they will put themselves to considerable inconvenience to help you, going out of their road to show you the way, accompanying you to your destination—if a lady, carrying your parcel for you; at any rate, they do this for a foreigner, and probably would perform the same good office for their compatriots.

With their own women, Spaniards converse very little in society. Of course, in saying this, it must be always understood that there are many exceptional instances where they may come in contact with unusual talent and cultivation. Nevertheless, as a rule, after uttering a few commonplace speeches, a few insipid compliments, men quit the women's side in a tertulia or tea-party, and joining their own sex, talk of politics, or whatever may happen to interest them the most. With young girls they converse only on one subject—love! Thus, it is impossible that women can have much influence for good at present, since in all serious matters they are left out of the account.

The last few years, however, are making a great difference in education; and though more frequently than not if a Spanish girl is asked whether she speaks a foreign language she will reply that she does not care for "las idiomas," she will add at the same time that the study of French, German, and especially English, is much on the increase, and that young people are now frequently sent to schools and convents in England, Germany, and France,

A SPANISH LADY.

that they may acquire these languages. Besides the Escuetas Normales (the model national schools) in which professors are trained, and the schools of art for both sexes, which are to be met with in all large cities, there are also now colleges for young ladies of the middle and upper classes. In Madrid at the present moment there are at least fifteen or sixteen with advanced plans of instruction. The effect of this much more liberal education must be, and is already, felt, in spite of the ignorance which is still rife and which in these days is almost incredible. In the south and in the interior there are many women—now and then duchesses—who cannot read, whose geography is so shaky that unless they have visited Paris they do not know that it is the capital of France; and the writer two or three months ago heard the Suez Canal placed by two gentlewomen next to New Granada.

The Spanish girl of the south is far behind in cultivation compared with her sisters of Madrid and the more northerly provinces; consequently she passes much of her time in frivolous pursuits. Beyond a little embroidery and ordinary needlework, some indifferent music and singing, and reading a few French novels if she happens to have learnt the language, she has little to occupy her time, housekeeping being indifferently attended to

in this country, so that she spends hours at the window, observing all that goes on out of doors. The balconies have lattices with curtains, which are readily withdrawn, and in the latter part of the day ladies sit and chat here, and young girls peep forth, coquettishly making observations on all they see. It is sometimes quite startling, while pursuing your way along the quiet narrow streets of Seville and other cities, and not meeting a creature, not even an ass, picturesquely laden with wine barrels, to have the profound silence abruptly broken by a ringing laugh and merry voices above you; and when raising your head to ascertain whence the sound comes, it is very difficult to overcome the shamefacedness which you feel on becoming aware that your personal appearance is under discussion, and is or is not admired.

(*To be concluded.*)

ONLY A GIRL-WIFE.

By RUTH LAMB, Author of "Her Own Choice," &c.

CHAPTER II.

VISCOUNT CARNELLY was by no means a rich man, and his wife's extravagant tastes made him a poor one. The arrival of his sister was, however, no disadvantage, for the interest of Ida's little fortune amply sufficed to cover all her expenses, and was really of service to her brother. It suited Lady Carnelly to give a different impression with regard to the girl's coming. She did not say in so many words that Ida was dependent on her brother, whose family, and, most of all, his wife, had to exercise self-denial in order to meet this additional claim. But she succeeded in conveying this impression to the minds of many of her acquaintances, partly by what she said, still more by what she left unsaid. No remark of the kind was made in Ida's presence, but the insinuations of her sister-in-law could not be persistently repeated, even under promise of secrecy, without at length coming to the girl's knowledge. Grieved and indignant, she scarcely knew what course to take. She felt inclined to deny that her residence under her brother's roof was at his cost, or that it necessitated self-denial on the part of Lady Carnelly.

"Lindsay has told me, more than once," thought she, "that my being here was rather a benefit than otherwise, and said that I almost spent too little on dress and other minor personal matters."

She was about to say this to the gossip who had made her acquainted with her sister-in-law's insinuations, when, catching sight of the eager, curious expression on her face, she restrained herself. With quiet dignity she said—

"I cannot understand why my private affairs should be discussed in such a manner, even by my brother's wife—if she has indeed spoken of them as you say. I think you must have misunderstood her; but, in order to remove the false impression, I will ask my brother—"

Ida could not finish her sentence, for her visitor warmly protested against Lord Carnelly being made acquainted with the matter at all.

"It would perhaps cause some unpleasantness, and one should never do that between husband and wife, my dear Miss Carnelly. Besides, Lady Carnelly did not exactly say you were dependent on your brother and it was hard on him and herself, but she gave me to understand as much. Perhaps I have gone too far. And, you know, I said you must not repeat what I was going to tell you. It was rather a breach of confidence on my part, but I felt for you, and thought you ought to know."

"I made no promise of secrecy," said Ida

"No; but you allowed me to go on, and so, I think, it was implied. I would not make mischief amongst members of the same family for the world."

"As if you had not done it already!" thought the girl; but she answered, coldly, "Since you took my silence as equivalent to a promise, I will say nothing either to my brother or his wife on the subject. You will excuse me now, please. I am a good deal troubled by what you have told me."

Glad enough to escape, the visitor departed, and Ida was left to grieve and chafe under the knowledge of Lady Carnelly's unkindness and want of straightforwardness without daring to appeal to her brother.

"Poor Lindsay!" thought she, "I will never be the one to disturb his domestic quiet by any act of mine. He is very fond of his wife, and it is right he should be. But it is hard for me. I was so reckoning on coming, after being so long without a real home, just staying on at school from year to year. I thought Beatrice would be as glad to have me as I should be to come, and that I should find a true sister in her. What can I have done to make her treat me so strangely? And to speak of me amongst these gossiping people as if I were a pensioner on Lindsay's bounty, and robbing his wife! It is too bad, and it is shamefully untrue. Ought I to sit down quietly and bear it?"

Such were Ida's mental cogitations, and as they were drawing to a close she caught sight of her brother and his handsome wife, he looking proud and pleased, she evidently amusing him with some lively talk, whilst two of the little ones played at their feet.

"I will bear as long as I can," was the girl's decision. "I am almost a stranger to Beatrice yet, and I daresay she does not care for having a third person—even Lindsay's sister—so much with them. I will study her likings, and be careful not to intrude too much upon the privacy of husband and wife. I dare say I shall win her affection in time, and when we understand each other better this matter which has troubled me will no doubt be easily cleared up."

Not for a moment did the girl guess that Lady Carnelly could be jealous of her. Ida had not been accustomed to flattery or compliments, living in the quiet atmosphere of a boarding-school, where only a dozen pupils were received. She thought very humbly of herself in comparison with her brilliant sister-in-law, who might have had in this innocent-minded girl a sweet companion and great admirer.

Perhaps, had Lady Carnelly understood the feelings of her young guest, she might have been flattered by Ida's admiration, which was equally simple and genuine. But she never troubled herself to study Ida's character. She judged it by her own, and long before the girl came from England, made up her mind that in her she would have a rival, whom it would be her business to humiliate. It would, however, be easy enough for her to hold her own against a mere school-girl, she thought, and from the very first, whilst preserving an appearance of smiling good humour, this clever woman of the world succeeded in trying Miss Carnelly's patience almost beyond endurance.

Sometimes Lady Carnelly would contrive to make Ida appear ridiculous; at others to sting her to the quick by some trifling remark, which had none the less been carefully studied though seemingly carelessly uttered.

Then, when the girl, whose temper was naturally quick, was driven to retort, or, while remaining silent, had hard work to restrain her tears, Lady Carnelly would profess to soothe her like a petted child. Or, if Ida left the apartment, she would lament the hasty temper which rendered her poor sister-in-law unable to bear the least bit of raillery without flying into a passion.

"I am positively afraid to speak to the child," she would say. "First she flies up in this absurd way, and then makes herself ill by fretting. I am pretty even-tempered myself, or I could not bear with Ida. Being Lord Carnelly's sister, I am naturally most anxious for her to be comfortable, and feel a great delicacy in dealing with her. If she were my own——" And then the speaker would shrug her shoulders, and leave her hearers to guess the rest.

Looking, as she did, indulgence and good humour personified, she always left the impression that she was the injured, worried individual, and Ida the one who was always meeting grievances half-way, and destroying the peace of the household by her childish petulance.

What could her hearers do but condole with her on having such a wilful charge? And then Lady Carnelly

would wax pitiful over herself, and sigh and bemoan her responsibility.

"If I were older it would be different, you know. But it is a very serious matter to have the guardianship of a sister-in-law so near one's own age, so ignorant of the ways of society, and yet so self-willed."

Somebody ventured to say, "I thought the colonel was his sister's guardian?"

"In the eye of the law, he is, of course. But who does not know that where a girl is in question, the lady who has charge of her is the real guardian on whom rests the great weight of responsibility?"

Lady Carnelly's hearers could hardly help assenting. Did she, however, deceive them? Probably she scarcely expected to do so. Certainly there was one who saw through her actions and divined her motive. This was Dr. Andrew Crawford, who, from the first, had deeply regretted that this innocent, tender young creature should have no more sympathetic female friend about her than Lady Carnelly.

"She can sway most of her immediate intimates," thought Dr. Crawford. "Her position as the wife of a man of title and colonel of the regiment gives her so much influence, of a sort. Both men and women are afraid of offending her, for she is clever into the bargain. I pity the girl, poor thing! Her brother will never see what is going on, and, if I judge Miss Carnelly rightly, she will not be the one to tell."

Lady Carnelly's plan succeeded perfectly, and Ida gradually withdrew herself more and more out of her sister's little world.

Happily for the girl she was fond of children. A loving nature must have some object on which to lavish its wealth. It cannot even be contented without some measure of self-sacrifice, so Ida made the nursery her frequent refuge. Her brother's two eldest children had been sent to England before she left it, but there were four still at home. In the little ones she found objects to occupy and interest her, and she was more really happy with them than when under the chaperonage of their mother.

Lord Carnelly often urged Ida to accept invitations, but the moment his wife professed to second him the girl would shrink away, and say with truth, that she preferred remaining at home. Then Lady Carnelly would laugh, and in a playful tone accuse her of obstinacy.

"She will have her own way, Lindsay," she would say. "If I ask Ida to do a thing, that is quite enough to make her choose the opposite course. You are apt to fancy that it is my fault your sister stays so much at home, but I hope you now see for yourself that such is not the case."

Before the sentence was finished Ida would be out of hearing.

On one of these occasions Lord Carnelly looked regretfully after her retreating figure, and said, "How much the child is altered! She used to be considered so very sweet-tempered. In fact, if anything, too easily swayed, particularly by those whom she loved or anyone who was kind to her. School life and discipline often alter girls, especially if those in authority do not study the dispositions of their pupils. Ida always seemed happy at school, and whilst she reckoned on being with us here, she left her teachers with great regret."

"Girls may be changed during their school-days, but I presume they are sent to school in order that they may alter for the better. You seem to insinuate that if Ida has changed, it must be for the worse, seeing she was so very amiable before," replied Lady Carnelly, with ill-concealed scorn.

"I did not mean to convey such an idea, Beatrice; I only tried to recall to mind what my sister was as a child, and to account for the great difference you seem to find in her. I am sorry, dear, that she should be a cause of annoyance and anxiety to you."

"I suppose it must be because I have not been kind enough to Ida, or else that I have not yet had time to make myself sufficiently acquainted with her disposition to manage her properly. But she is the first grown-up baby with whom I have had to do."

"Are you not rather hard on Ida?" asked Lord Carnelly, his face showing how much he was pained by his wife's words.

"Hard! I think few girls have so much freedom as your sister enjoys, and probably that is one reason why she appreciates her position so little. Coming here straight from school life, she cannot complain of undue restraint. She is invited wherever I am, and has the option of refusing or accepting, as she may think proper. She has the position of an independent woman, though only a girl; and, on the other hand, if the least thing puts her out, she acts like a perfect child. The fact is, she has too much indulgence, too many good things."

"I do not think she avails herself of her opportunities to any unreasonable extent. On the contrary, she refuses two out of every three invitations."

"Precisely so. Like a child again, Ida scarcely knows what she wants. Too many sweets spoil the appetite, and the provoking part is, that the girl refuses most of the invitations which anyone but herself would consider it a privilege to accept. She will offend the very people who are inclined for our sakes to show her special kindness. Ida never thinks of yielding to my advice in such matters. But it is only what might be expected. I always told you, Lindsay, that I was not old enough to take charge of a grown-up girl like Ida. It is a pity you did not place her in the hands of some family connection and let her remain in England."

There was no near relative to whom Ida could have been entrusted, and Lady Carnelly knew it. A loving woman would never have uttered such a suggestion when there were but the brother and sister near of kin, truly attached to each other, and wishing to be together.

Her husband, however, took a humorous view of these last words, and, with a hearty laugh, inquired whether she thought a residence with two ancient maiden great-aunts—the only persons whom he could call to mind at the moment—would have been quite to the taste of a girl like Ida.

"You always turn things into ridicule, Lindsay. How do I know what would have suited your sister? Perhaps the great-aunts might have known better what to do with her than I do. She is not satisfied here, where her circumstances are so different. However, I shall not make myself miserable about the whims of a girl who does not know when she is well off." Without waiting for a reply, the speaker left the apartment and her husband.

Lord Carnelly pondered, and hardly knew what to say or do. To him, Ida seemed only improved since those early days when she had been the pet and darling of her grown-up brother and their parents. To himself she was always most affectionate. When in his presence she readily agreed to any reasonable wish, and to the children she was at all times loving and tender. Indeed, her sweetness and patience towards the little people touched the heart of the loving father, and tightened the bond between him and his sister. Surely she could not be so very different when out of his sight!

Lord Carnelly, after much cogitation, came to the conclusion that it was often difficult for two ladies, however individually lovable, to agree together, and he trusted that time would smooth differences, and make his wife and sister better friends.

When Lady Carnelly re-entered the room he spoke soothingly to her, and tried to take the peacemaker's part. "I am sure," he said, "you are both kind and very indulgent to Ida. You wish to make her happy, but perhaps, owing to your surroundings and hers having long been so different, you scarcely understand each other. You will be patient with her for my sake as well as her own, will you not, Beatrice? I have wife and children as well as my sister. Ida has only her brother, until she learns that in you she has a sister also."

Lord Carnelly did not see the look of good-humoured contempt on his wife's face, for it was turned away, but at this moment the subject of the conversation entered.

"Have you decided to go with me, after all?" asked Lady Carnelly, who was in evening dress and prepared for a visit.

"No, thank you, Beatrice; I prefer remaining at home," replied Ida.

Lady Carnelly glanced significantly at her husband, as if to say, "You see for yourself;" then, answering Ida, she said, "Take your own way, my dear. I wished you to come, and wasted a great many words in trying to persuade you. But no one shall say that you make a martyr of yourself to please me."

Then with a light laugh the speaker would go off to keep her engagement.

(To be continued.)

"AND THEN OFF HE WENT AGAIN IN SPITE OF HIMSELF."

INSIDE PASSENGERS; OR, THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF LUKE AND BELINDA.

PREFACE.

I HAVE written out the following story from a rough MS. left in my consulting room a few weeks ago by a young man (who would not give his name) with a note (unsigned) vouching for its accuracy, and requesting me to do what I liked with it.

After consultation with the Editor of this journal, we agreed, that though many of its statements appeared wildly improbable, it contained so much that was good and useful that it was worth writing out in a narrative form.

In doing so I have carefully verified all that touches on physiology, and am surprised at its accuracy. Even the measurements (taking 100 yards = 1 inch) are correct. I am afraid as much cannot be said for the scientific part. Many of the inventions described are quite new to me, and I think go a good deal farther than science has as yet advanced. About half-a-dozen diagrams, drawn with some care, accompanied the MS., signed L.T.C.; besides an ostentatious "Belinda fecit," that looks as if the young lady claimed a share of their merits. These, after a little touching up, will be inserted.

In addition, a well-known artist has done his best to depict some of the extraordinary scenes the MS. describes.

The most remarkable part of the work to me is its curious ending, which throws some light on a metaphysical problem strangely brought out in that well-known work, "Called Back." To do more at present, however, than allude to this would obviously forestall much of the interest of the story. Further explanation I therefore reserve until its close.

I have suggested to the Editor that with a view to fixing the physiological facts (which are extremely useful) on the minds of my young friends, he would do well to offer a valuable prize for the best short original essay on each of the organs described, drawn from the facts here given. He will announce further particulars as the story progresses.

A LONDON PHYSICIAN.

Bayswater, August, 1885.

CHAPTER I.

THE CAVE AND THE CAVERN.

"SIT still, Pill" (Belinda always called her brother "Pill," his real name being Luke Theophilus Courteney. "Luke" she did not consider a "nice" name, so it was reserved for special occasions; "Theophilus" was too long, while "Pill" was not only short but very suggestive of Luke's profession), "and hold on tightly, or you are sure to slip."

"All right, Bozy" (here again we must explain that Miss Belinda Courteney, ever since she was a tiny child, was generally known to her brother as "Bozy," the derivation of which was, however, confessedly obscure), "but I must see the view. I got such a lovely glimpse of the Black Sea just now. If you will only steady me a bit I think I can make out the ship's name with my gla—a—ass."

The peculiar pronunciation of this last word was due to a violent vibratory movement of the surface on which Luke was sitting. Luke was a thin, dark young man, about eighteen, with what is called an intellectual face, graced by a small but carefully cherished moustache. His long legs, dangling down on each side of the buttress behind which he sat, promised if he stood up (other circumstances being normal, which they were not) a height of at least six feet.

His sister Belinda, a fine, dark-haired, dark-

eyed girl of fifteen, with a somewhat inquiring nose, and a general look of good humour and fun, was sitting behind him, both her arms clasping him tightly round the waist.

The pair were certainly in a strange place. It was a sort of little cave, formed wholly of ivory, with a large irregularly shaped entrance, in the middle of which rose the ivory buttress behind which Luke was sitting. The roof was of pure and unmistakable gold. From Luke's position it could be seen that the cave was but a recess high up in the side of a cavern of such huge dimensions that its further wall was only dimly visible.

From Luke's hat to the highest point of its arched roof was at least 100 yards, while from his boots to the nearest point of its floor beneath was about the same distance.

The whole roof, sides, and floor of the cavern consisted of a red material somewhat resembling granite, which was everywhere excessively moist, not to say extremely damp. The floor was in almost incessant tremulous motion.

Ranged on a level with the little cave across the front of the large cavern near its opening, and stretching along each side, was a huge semi-circular range of pendent ivory columns, each at least twenty yards in diameter and the same in length. They were sixteen in number, placed close together, and hanging down from the roof like huge stalactites; differing from these, however, by ending abruptly as if cut off from a similar series of pillars that rose to meet them in like formation from the far-off floor below. It was in a recess near the top of one of the last of these pendent columns that Luke and Belinda were ensconced.

The only entrance to the cavern was the aperture left between the four central pairs of pillars in front, which rose across the entrance like a wall from below, and descended like a stony curtain from above. The open space between these was bounded on each side by the red walls of the cavern, which extended some distance in front of the pillars.

To the rear the cavern gradually narrowed, and stretched away till lost in gloom. Such was the appearance of the vast vault in which our friends were found.

The view framed in the cavern's mouth, on which Luke was gazing from the little cave, was lovely.

The cavern was apparently situated near the summit of some lofty mountain, for from its entrance the sea could be seen, miles away below, sparkling in the sun. A large vessel was in sight, lying at anchor, on the bows of which was the name that Luke was trying in vain to read with a field-glass of somewhat peculiar construction.

"I can't quite make her out, Bozy; but——. Oh, dear! it's pitch dark!"

In an instant, without the slightest warning, the lower pillars had risen up with the whole floor of the cave until stopped by their fellows above, against which they struck with a clash that would have deafened poor Belinda had she not taken the precaution, warned by preceding adventures, of carefully filling her ears with cotton wool.

All daylight was at once excluded, save where a gleam shot between the surfaces, or at some angle of the opposing pillars, worn round by the sands of time.

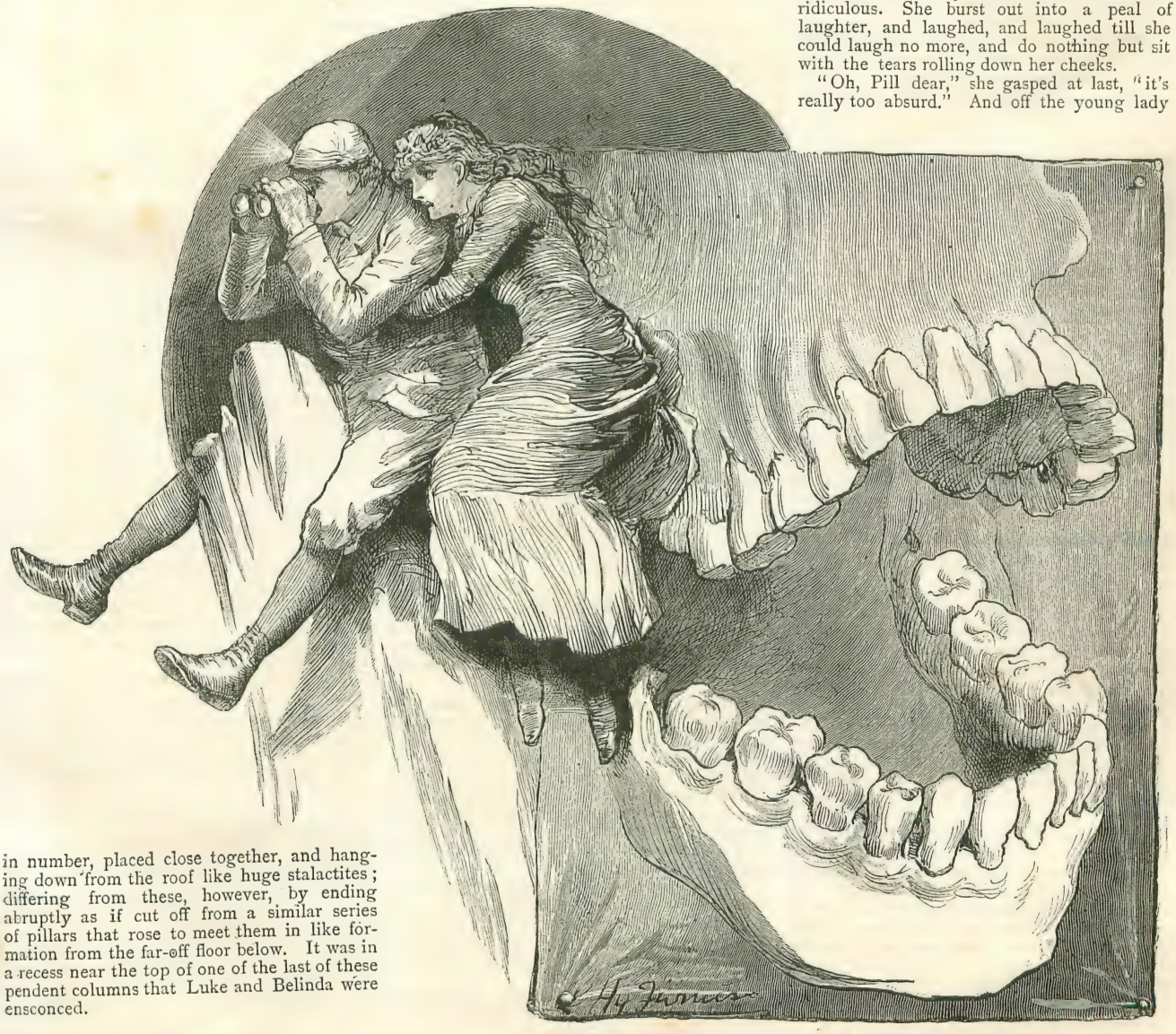
Deprived of his view, Luke put the glass back in its case, and at the same time touching a small wire that ascended from a curious pocket contrived in the shoulder of his coat to a hollow glass knob that he carried strapped on his forehead, caused the latter to shine with a soft radiance that illuminated the little cave like sunshine, showing all the beauty of its golden roof and ivory walls to perfection.

"This *is* a lovely place," said Belinda, with delight. "What a wonderful invention that electric light is! Who was it that you said found it out, Pill?"

"M. Trouvé," replied Luke. "I am not joking, Bozy," he added, as he perceived Belinda's smile, derived from her knowledge of French. "Trouvé is his real name, and it is he that invented this particular form of the electric light, which, I think, we shall find very useful in our present circumstances."

The thought of her "present circumstances" was too much for poor Belinda's sense of the ridiculous. She burst out into a peal of laughter, and laughed, and laughed till she could laugh no more, and do nothing but sit with the tears rolling down her cheeks.

"Oh, Pill dear," she gasped at last, "it's really too absurd." And off the young lady



"THE PAIR WERE CERTAINLY IN A STRANGE PLACE."

went into shrieks again. This time the laughter was so infectious that Luke began to take a bass accompaniment in a perfectly helpless way, trying in vain to stop the tears with his handkerchief from rolling down his cheeks. At last, in a lucid interval, he managed to gasp—

"This will *not* do, Bozy; you must stop at once." And then off he went again, in spite of himself.

"To think of my sitting *in a tooth*," said Belinda, in a shaky voice, and she relapsed. "I declare I'm getting quite weak."

"If you make such a row, Bel," said Luke, who had now recovered, "uncle will hear us through his Eustachian tube, and turn us out pretty quickly."

"Those long words are all nonsense, Pill; you know they are. How can he hear such mites as we are. Oh! dear, oh! dear, I never shall get over this, I know I shan't," said poor Belinda, beginning to shake again, while she constantly mopped her red eyes.

"Well, you *are* a girl, Bozy," said Luke. "Do stop, for pity's sake, and listen to reason. We cannot help being where we are, and we must make the best of it, so it's not the least use your going on in that idiotic manner."

"Proceed," said Belinda, dashing her cloth cap on the ground, and pushing her hair back; "I'm so hot, but I'm quite sober now."

"Well," continued Luke, "I believe that it is quite possible we may have living creatures inside *our* mouths, so you need not laugh so immoderately. I don't mean human beings," he added, reflectively, "but you know, Bozy—

'Little blanks have lesser blanks,
So on *ad infinitum*.'"

"You disgusting boy," said Belinda; "don't talk of such things in our mouths; besides, there couldn't be anything so small as to get inside us. I wonder, now, what size we really are. I should think you are about the fiftieth of an inch—with your boots on," she added.

"Boots or no boots," said Luke, "I'm jolly glad I all got small together. I used to think that was a fable about 'the tail that wagged a dog,' but it might have happened to us. I don't mean literally, Bozy" (observing her puzzled face), "but supposing—I say just supposing—that I had all got small excepting one boot or one thumb, or my nose, or even a single hair, would not that boot or thumb, or nose, or even hair have wagged me about like anything? Of course it would. Why, even if a single thing about us had remained large your brooch or my knife, for instance, we should each have been mere specks hanging on to them; as it is, we're all right."

"How absurdly you talk, Pill! not in the least like an M.R.C.S. I wish, though, I had got a shade smaller than my clothes, for this dress that Brown made still pinches me dreadfully under the arms. But, talking seriously, Luke" (observe the "Luke"), "what are we to do with ourselves? We cannot remain shut up in this hole for ever!"

"Don't speak so disrespectfully of Uncle Goodchild's tooth, Bozy; if he only heard his 'dear little Linda,' what would he say?"

"I don't know, and, what is more, I don't care," said Belinda, standing up and trying to touch the gold ceiling with her outstretched arms. "I wish you would find some way out of this."

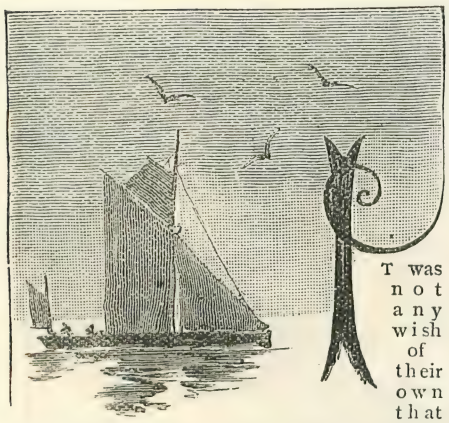
"Patience, Bel," said Luke; "you see I never was exactly in this position before, and I shall have to consider what is best to be done. A glorious thought, though, just strikes me; indeed, two glorious thoughts——"

While Luke is developing these, we will take the opportunity of finding out a little of his past history.

(To be continued.)

STAY-AT-HOME GIRLS.

By DORA HOPE.



'Twas not any wish of their own that they were such stay-at-home girls; they were just as eager to see the wide world as any other healthy active girls not long home from school, but circumstances were against them. Jeannette, their eldest sister, had left school two years ago, and had come home happy in the thought of being a help and comfort to their delicate mother, and very lovingly and well had she fulfilled her task. But six months ago, while driving her mother's pony carriage, she had met with an accident, and had received such injuries to her spine that their doctor had warned her that unless she wished to be an invalid for life, she must make up her mind to lie still for at least twelve months.

It was a bitter trial to Jeannette to give up her useful life of loving service, but she bore it bravely, and accepted the position of a helpless invalid uncomplainingly. In consequence of this change in the state of affairs at home, the twins, Nannie and Elsie, were brought home from school rather sooner than had been intended. They were delighted at the prospect of being set free from lessons and school discipline, but after a few months at home the novelty wore off, and they missed their lively companions, and felt the loss of regular occupations, and Jeannette, though confined to her sofa, still found plenty of employment in advising and cheering her younger sisters.

It was a chilly day in October; the rain had been falling steadily all the morning, and dripping disconsolately from the ivy, with which the house was almost covered. Nannie, who was fond of poetry, especially of a rather melancholy sort, began repeating Longfellow's lines—

"The day is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary."

"I wish I was back at school again. I never thought it would be so dull having nothing to do," chimed in Elsie, who was leaning disconsolately against the window-frame, watching the rain drops chase each other down the pane, and the shrubs bend before the gusty wind.

"Come here, girls, I have an idea," cried a cheerful voice from the sofa; and Jeannette closed the book she was reading, and settled herself down for a good talk with her sisters, who drew up their chairs eagerly to hear the "idea."

"Well, you know, girls," she began, "it has been in a way my fault that you have had such a dull summer, but as I could not help being tipped out of the carriage, and did not get laid up to please myself, I am not going to make any apologies. But Dr. Hartley says now that I am to give up invalid ways, and make myself useful."

"Oh, Jeannie, how delightful! Are you really to walk about again?"

"Not just yet, Nannie; you are going on rather too fast; but you know you have all waited on me like a baby, and I have done nothing but read and amuse myself, and, indeed, I am afraid I have been getting very selfish——"

The girls began to protest against this idea, for Jeannette's patience and gratitude for their care of her had filled them with admiration; but she interrupted them and went on—

"I know you don't grudge the care you have taken of me, and I shall have to depend on you still for almost everything, but the doctor says I am to work as hard as I can under the circumstances, so I want you to help me so that I shall be able to look back to this year on the sofa as the very happiest I ever spent in my life. Now what do you say to beginning with a winter's real hard work?"

"But what sort of work?" asked Elsie. "I am sure there is nothing I can do."

"Well, I have been thinking that our village has grown almost into a town, and there are scores of poor children in it who have very little pleasure in their lives, so I thought we might do something for them to begin with, and I want you to go round to all the missions in the place and find out what everybody else is doing for the poor, so that there will be no fear of our interfering with anyone else's plans; and then, as soon as you have got your report for me, we will talk the matter over, and see what we can do to help."

"That will be lovely," cried Elsie, jumping up; "I am sure it is going to clear up, Nannie; let us put on our ulsters and start; we should have time to go to ever so many places before dark."

"I would not go in the rain, if I were you, Elsie, as there is no particular hurry, and besides, I have another plan to talk about. I thought, before beginning our hard work, we might cheer ourselves up with a little dissipation. I have spoken to mother about it, and she has no objection."

Elsie promptly sat down again, and prepared to listen eagerly.

"Well, I have just remembered that it will soon be the 31st of October, 'Hallow E'en,' you know."

"Oh, Jeannie, how lovely! Do you mean a regular old-fashioned Hallow E'en party, like grandmamma used to talk about; with ducking for apples, and burning nuts, and all kinds of fortunes. Oh, how lovely!" And she threw her arms round Nannie in the exuberance of her joy, and gave her such a vigorous embrace, that she had hardly breath to gasp out—

"And a cake with things in it."

"Yes, exactly," responded Jeannette; "but we must begin at once to make preparations. Suppose you go and make the cake at once; it must be rather stale, so as to cut into even slices. I have spoken to Jane about it already. They do not know anything about Hallow E'en here, so we can have it all our own way."

The two sisters proceeded to the large old-fashioned kitchen, and put on large cooking aprons, and were soon ready for work. The old cook, Jane, moved about in rather a slow, melancholy way, shaking her head dismally over the supplies the young cooks demanded. Nannie saw that something must be done to bring her into a good humour, or the cake might suffer; and, as the surest way, she tried to make her talk about her old home in Wales, and her experiences there.

"Do you keep Hallow E'en at home, Jane?" brought only a gruff response of—

"What's that, Miss Nannie?"

"Oh, it is the last day of October; you know the fairies are supposed to be powerful then, and you can find out who you are going to marry, and what he will be like, and all kinds of things."

"I don't know about fairies," answered Jane, cautiously. "Here, Miss Elsie, I'll stone them raisins for you, and you can cut up the peel."

Nannie saw with glee that the bait was taken, and Jane continued—

"On the first of November we have the fires at night. All the boys and girls are saving and begging sticks and gorse for weeks, and they light fires on every hill, and all try to have their fire the biggest. Sometimes they steal each other's wood, and then there is a fight. When the night comes, you'll see a fire on every hill in the country, and all lighted at the same time. At least, it used to be so; I daresay things is all changed now." It was forty years since Jane had left Wales, and she had only been back for occasional visits since, but she was as staunch and true to her country and people as ever.

"We used to beg flour and make it into cakes that we baked in the fire and ate there, and we roasted apples and nuts in the ashes. When the fire began to go down we were like wild things, running round and round it and shouting and singing. Then we tried to jump over it, first the boys, and then the girls; we always did that. When we got home mother took the poker to us."

"Jane!" cried Elsie, in horror, "what for? What did she do with it?"

"Well, Miss Elsie, she never touched us with it, but she always said she would for burning our frocks in the fire. It was one night of the fires, the first night of winter we used to call it, that my mother saw my father."

"How was that, Jane?" asked Nannie. She knew the tale well, and it showed that Jane had thawed into the best of tempers.

"Once," she continued, "my mother and her great friend, Jane Jones, Hendoe (the two Shans, they were called), agreed to try their fortunes. They boiled an egg hard and cut it in two pieces, and made them into cakes with as much salt as there was egg. They didn't tell no one, and Jane Jones took one cake and my mother the other, and they ate them before they went to bed, and didn't have nothing to drink. In the middle of the night" (Jane lowered her voice mysteriously) "my mother woke parched with thirst, and sat up in bed. There she saw my father, John Williams. He had a cup of water in his hand, and he said, 'Shan, my girl, I have brought you a drink.' She put her hand out to take it, and he vanished away. In the morning she only laughed at it, because she was walking with another young man. He was a sailor, and the very next voyage his ship went down and he was drowned, and then my mother took up with John Williams, and they were married. And that's quite true, Miss Nannie."

At this point the preparation of the cake became all-absorbing. At last it was safely in the shape, and Nannie carefully pushed in the fortunes. They were a shilling for a rich wedding, a threepenny piece for a poor one, a ring for the first to be married, and a bone thimble for the old maid or bachelor.

The preparations went on blithely, and the three girls had very few idle moments before Hallow E'en arrived. With it came a merry company of boys and girls and a few elders, who all met with a hearty welcome to Mr. Heath's house. Each one on entering received a small envelope, on which was written, "Read this and keep it; it shall be a magic spell to advantage thee." Inside the envelope was an ornamental card with a line or proverb appropriate to the recipient. A fair haired girl found in hers Mortimer Collins's lines—

> "Lady, very fair are you,
> And your eyes are very blue."

And a lad, whose lip and chin were daily and anxiously examined by himself, was only half pleased to read Austin Dobson's words, "The beard of manhood still is faint upon your cheeks."

A would-be sailor was rather puzzled by the remark on his card, "'There was a ship,' quoth he," and one of the guests who had just finished her training as a nurse and was at home for a holiday, recognised in the words in her envelope, "Flit on, cheering angel," the anagram on Florence Nightingale's name. None of the guests understood these mysterious little messages, but they carefully preserved them till later in the evening.

After tea, which was of ordinary straightforward good things, they all repaired to the fine old kitchen, and the fun of the evening began. There were two tubs, half full of water, in which apples of all sizes floated. One of the tubs was for ducking, but the other Mrs. Heath had advised as an alternative; by it stood a tall-backed chair, and a two-pronged fork was provided. The operator, kneeling on the chair, dropped the fork over the back, trying to transfix an apple on its prongs. The other tub was decidedly the most popular with the boys, and shouts of laughter arose at the sight of their struggles as they knelt beside the tub with their hands behind their back and tried to seize the apples in their mouths.

From a hook in the ceiling there hung a bar of wood, balanced carefully. On one end an apple was fixed and at the other a candle. And a similar bar hanging from another hook held at its opposite ends an apple and a bag of marbles. The bar was swung round rather fast and the object was to catch the apple in the mouth as it passed, and not the candle nor the bag of marbles. This needed skill, for the hands must be kept behind the back, and the wrong end came round so quickly that it was difficult to avoid it.

The delight of the youngsters was great when Aunt Lizzie and Mr. Heath stood opposite, while the apple and candle bar was swung round between them. And it knew no bounds when Mr. Heath's teeth met in the candle, though his grimaces may have been a little exaggerated, as it was really only a sugar one.

While the younger ones employed themselves in these games, superintended by Mr. and Mrs. Heath, Aunt Lizzie, and Uncle Tom, Nannie and Elsie led the other girls to the quieter room where Jeannette lay, to try some of the many spells and divinations proper to the night.

They had intended to melt lead and pour it into water to tell their fortunes by the shapes it took, but Mrs. Heath was so nervous lest someone should be burnt or scalded that it was given up, and a milder form of the same spell tried. Elsie brought in several fresh eggs, and these the girls broke carefully, and each in turn poured a little of the white into water, watching the strange shapes for a prophecy of their future.

Jeannette acted as priestess, and evolved wonderful fortunes for the girls, all ending happily. After this they tried their fortunes with needles, laying them carefully on the water, when, to their surprise, they nearly all floated. Each needle was named, and the girls watched eagerly as they drew together or separated, while some sank to the bottom, drawing others with them.

Their next spell was worked with a wedding ring, borrowed from Mrs. Heath. In turns the girls tied a hair to it, and held it suspended just inside a tumbler. The wrist was not allowed to be rested, and the hand must be held as steady as possible. In a few seconds the ring began to move, and swung backwards and forwards till it rang against the glass, and then swung slower again till it stopped. They asked questions and received answers from the ring by counting its strokes on the glass, after the manner of table-rapping.

The noise was less now in the kitchen, and the girls returned there. They found the hemp-seed had been brought out, but no one would work this spell till Nannie offered to venture. She had to go out alone, and it should have been in secret, and sow a handful of hemp behind her, repeating a verse as she did so. It was said she would see the wraith of her future husband following her to mow the crop she had sown. The words of the rhyme differ, but Nannie repeated what she had learnt as a child. "Hemp-seed, I sow thee, hemp-seed, I sow thee, And he that will my true love be, Come after me and mow thee."

She came running back laughing in a few minutes, escorted by a big black dog, belonging to a neighbour. Jane, when she saw the black dog, threw up her hands and groaned at the omen of bad luck, but when the dog's master appeared to apologise for the trespasser, Nannie hardly seemed to look on it as serious.

The time was passing so quickly that many of the spells and charms the girls had collected or learnt had to be omitted. The next they agreed should be a social one. All taking hands, they walked together to the part of the garden representing the kail-yard, and each pulling up the first stalk their hands touched, they returned with them to the house. Here they were all examined amid great laughter and amusement, for these plants were supposed to be a forecast of the future husband or wife. The shape, short or tall, crooked or straight, representing the bodily appearance, the taste foretelling the temper, sweet or sour, bitter or mild, and the quantity of earth clinging to the roots showing the worldly goods of the future spouse. The plants were fastened up over the doorway, and the Christian name of the first person entering would be the name of the future husband or wife of the owner of the first stalk put up, and so on.

Most of the party were glad now to sit down round the fire to the comparatively quiet task of burning nuts together. Each took two nuts, one to represent themselves; to the other a name was secretly given, and they were placed side by side on the bar of the grate. As they burnt quietly together, or rolled, or jumped away from each other, the faithfulness or otherwise of the not impossible he or she was predicted.

For those who were still too lively for this,

three saucers were laid on the hearth, one being empty, the second containing clean water, and the third soiled water. The one to try his fortune was blindfolded, made to walk across the room, and dip his hand into one of the saucers. If he dipped his fingers into the clean water his future wife would not have been married before; the dirty water foretold a widow, and the empty saucer condemned him to a single life. While Uncle Tom, walking across the room, dipped his fingers into the empty saucer, his daughter Kate stole away to peel and eat an apple before a looking-glass, and watch for the face of a shadowy lover, who was to look over her shoulder while she did it. Long before the apple could have been eaten there was a sound of a scuffle in the room, and the door opening, Kate appeared with a wrathful face, followed by Willie Hesketh, rubbing his tingling cheek. He thought it such a pity, he explained, that Kate should be disappointed and see no one, that he had crept into the room after her, and peeped over her shoulder. This was all the thanks he got for a kind deed.

Happily, peace was restored by the announcement of supper, and they all gathered in the dining room. The supper was, as far as the three girls could make it, a continuation of the spells and charms of the evening. At one end of the table was an old punch-bowl, brimming with the appropriate "lambs' wool," Nannie had made from one of the several recipes in an old book. She had made milk hot and spiced it, and in it were floating roasted crab apples. Mr. Heath ladled the mixture into an ancient loving cup, and it was passed round with the proper honours. At the opposite end was the cake Nannie and Elsie had made.

Among other things was a dish of walnuts. These were last season's; they had been carefully opened, the kernels removed, and the shells refilled with a little forecast, a motto, or verse. The shells had then been neatly cemented together, and until the first was cracked no one had suspected them to be anything more than ordinary walnuts. In the centre of the table was a tall erection, supposed to be a cake; on the top of it stood an ivy-crowned figure, representing a Druid. One hand was raised, and held a torch, and from the other hung, what Uncle Tom called, "an elegant copy of verses," setting forth that there was but one present who could "rede his riddle aright." This was the youngest present, the maid that was born on Hallow E'en. She was to walk three times, sunwise, round the table, and then, seizing him boldly, was to raise him skyward, and to read aloud the mystic words that then appeared.

Maude Hesketh was the only one who answered to this description, and after walking solemnly three times round the table, she boldly took the Druid by his waist, and with a little help lifted him up. As she did so the cake on which he stood fell apart, and showed it was composed of the wedge-shaped boxes made for wedding cake. On each of these a line or two lines were written, and Maude, taking the one nearest her, read aloud,

"Lady, very fair are you,
And your eyes are very blue."

"Why, that is on my card," cried Kate, and the box was handed to her. She opened it eagerly, and exclaimed with delight at the little foreign silver ring with clasped hands on it. Under the ring was a card prettily painted, and having written on it—

"She to whom this token comes,
Knows its tale is true;
Work, and play, and health, and joy,
All I bring to you."

The next that Maude picked up had on it the words, "'There was a ship,' quoth he." It was claimed at once by the boy who had been studying his card at intervals through the evening. In it was a little anchor, out of which a pencil shot when the anchor was pulled at both ends. The card in the box bore sketches of ships in full sail, and the words—

"The finest ship in the Queen's Navee,
And the loveliest lass ashore,
They are standing by, my lad, for thee,
When the anchor is cast once more."

"Flit on, cheering angel," read out Maude, and the nurse was delighted to find in her box a clinical thermometer and the lines on her card—

"The bard could almost envy thee,
Thou bringest ease to the suffering pale,
And thou, beloved by all, shalt be
Like England's Florence Nightingale."

The Druid had forgotten no one, and great credit was due to his ingenuity in finding appropriate presents and prophecies for each. Even Jeannette, to her great surprise, received a wand in the shape of a stylographic pen, and a prophecy that before the year was out health and vigour would return to her, and that in the meantime wonders would be worked by this magic wand.

At length all was finished, and the merry party broke up, promising to meet again in a year's time to work fresh spells and to tell how many of these prophecies had been fulfilled.

THE FACE OF AN ANGEL.

THERE are many different types of beauty. There is the beauty of youth, which all enjoy for a season; there is the beauty of form and colour, which is the most attractive kind of beauty; there is the beauty of intellect, which sharpens and refines the most rugged features and redeems them from the charge of plainness; and, lastly, there is the highest beauty of all, the beauty of holiness, which comes from close and frequent intercourse with God and is the reflection of His glory. This is the beauty spoken of in the Acts of the Apostles when it is said that all that sat in the council, looking steadfastly on Stephen, a man full of faith and of power and of the Holy Ghost, "saw his face as it had been the face of an angel."

The beauty of youth is fleeting. Beautiful features are rare, and the most brilliant complexions fade. The beauty of intellect is rarer still, but the beauty of holiness is within reach of all; all may acquire that if they choose, and this is a beauty that never fades, but daily increases, though the outer man may wither and decay. We see it sometimes illuminating the faces of the poorest, the oldest, even of the deformed and afflicted, as well as of the young, whose natural beauty it heightens and adorns, and whenever we see it we may be sure that he or she who possesses it is in the habit of holding intercourse with God, a man or woman of prayer—for it is prayer and meditation on holy things which make the face as it were "the face of an angel."

It was after Moses had been for forty days and nights with the Lord, talking with Him, that the children of Israel saw that the skin of his face shone, shone with the reflected glory of God, though Moses himself wist not of it. Moses, like Stephen, was a man full of faith. He longed to see the Lord. "Show me Thy glory," was his prayer. To see God was his heart's desire, and the Lord made all His goodness and His glory to pass before him. God is always ready and willing to reveal Himself to each of us. It is the incapacity of the creature for beholding God, not His unwillingness to show Himself, which hinders us from seeing Him. "Thou canst not see My face," He said to Moses, not, "I will not show it thee," for He is far more willing to show Himself than we to gaze on Him. Even in those olden days, before God was made manifest in Christ, He revealed His glory to His servant Moses in answer to his prayer. Later on, to the first martyr Stephen at the hour of his trial, He granted a still more blessed vision, for we are told that "Stephen, being full of the Holy Ghost, looked up steadfastly into heaven and saw the glory of God and Jesus standing on the right hand of God." The first to die for Christ, Stephen was the first to behold the "King in His beauty."

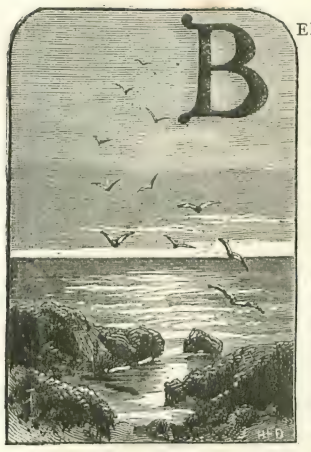
Oh, glorious sight! desire of all nations! vision that all who will may behold! may God open our eyes, that we too may see the heavens opened and Jesus standing on the right hand of God! May He fill each of us with the Holy Ghost, that we too may be full of faith and of power, that our highest pleasure may be to talk with God like Moses, to gaze up steadfastly into heaven like Stephen! Then even here shall our faces shine with the reflection of His glory, and hereafter, when we behold Jesus glorified, our faces too will be "like the face of an angel." Even here will God show Himself to us as we are able to bear the dazzling sight, and hereafter we too shall behold the King in His beauty, "the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley."

DARLEY DALE.

FORLORN, YET NOT FORSAKEN.

THE TRUE STORY OF A NURSERY GOVERNESS.

CHAPTER II.



BEFORE many days were passed, Margaret Fairfax and I had friends. I cannot explain the strange attraction she had for me. From the first moment that I saw her in the blaze of the setting sun, to the last hour we spent together on earth, it was always the same. I had been accustomed all my life to good and devoted people, but this woman was peculiarly high-souled. She rose above her surroundings in a marvellous manner, and everyone felt the power of her influence. We became very intimate, much to my Cousin Emily's surprise, who alternately laughed at or satirised my friendship with her nursery governess; but I did not mind her jokes. There was a bond between us, the closest of all bonds, for we found out we belonged to one family; we were both "daughters of the King." I know that I was often able to cheer her drooping energies, and her uncomplaining ways and high-spirited meekness—if you understand the expression—taught me many a lesson.

"You came to me in a dark hour," she once said. "I had had three days of such struggle with myself, and the enemy was so near victory. Just then my lot seemed too heavy to bear."

Another day we were talking, and she said, "You can hardly conceive of the loneliness to which a governess is exposed, especially one, like myself, in the nursery. Till you came up that day I had only twice conversed with a lady for four years."

"But that is terrible!" I exclaimed. "But why--why—" I broke off abruptly, fearing to give her pain by the question which hovered on my lips—"Why did you become a nursery governess?"

This had often puzzled me, for she spoke French and German excellently, and drew and painted remarkably well. From time to time she had told me bits of her family history; a sad history enough. Her mother died when she was an infant, and General Fairfax brought up his only child in affluent circumstances, surrounded with every luxury, but always abroad, travelling about from one place to another. When Margaret was seventeen he died, leaving her not only penniless, but so much in debt, that, when everything was sold and the creditors paid, there was nothing left for his daughter.

"Poor father," said Margaret, softly, when she told me this part of her life, "he could not help it. He gave away so much, and people took advantage of him."

She was singularly destitute of relations, but some rich and worldly connections of her mother's grudgingly offered her a home. At the end of two years they tried to force her into marrying a wealthy old ship-builder. Margaret refused point-blank, whereupon they cast her adrift with as little compunction as they would have turned a beggar from their door. She resolved now to be independent, and somebody helped her to get a situation as governess-companion to two young ladies, twin sisters. I knew the name when she told it me as belonging to people in the same set with the Corfus. Margaret stayed with these girls nearly a year, and then came to the Corfus.

Now, she had not told me why she left those sisters, nor had she said one word as to her life during the two years following her father's death. But I guessed there was a secret buried beneath the silence, by the marked way in which she avoided the subject; and her nervous horror and repulsion when she touched on the attempt to make her marry the ship-builder must have been caused by more than mere distaste. It was reserved to a later date for me to hear the tragedy of that young life.

"I know what you would say," said Margaret. "Why am I a nursery governess? Because—because in the nursery I am safe, shut away from everyone; no one speaks to me to interfere with me. I take the position very much of an upper servant."

"No," I interrupted, "you do not. I don't like to hear you say so."

"But, excuse me, I do. Why should I not say it? It is my own free choice. I take the position voluntarily."

"But why? It must be wrong to leave your proper station. And a governess is still in the position of a gentlewoman, if she be one really, and in any nice family would be treated as such. And who knows what may happen. You might marry, for example."

"I shall never marry," she answered, quietly, "I assure you I have well considered my step."

"But why—why?" I urged.

She seemed unwilling to answer, but at last, yielding to my repeated question, her words broke forth with an agitation all the greater for being so long repressed. We were sitting alone. Margaret rose from her chair, her hand pressed upon her throat as it throbbed to suffocation; her lips parted, her eyes grew dark with emotion. "Why did I do this?" she panted. "Why? Because here I am alone. When I was with Lady Helen and her sister, sweet and good as they were, they could not protect me from admiration which God knows I never sought. I am beautiful, you know," she said, with a proud frankness, "and to be beautiful is the worst thing that could have happened to me. For young ladies in their homes are fenced about with caution, but anyone is at liberty to insult a governess. It is all one—the semi-civil, semi-insolent attentions of the men, or the sleepy stare of the women—it all hurt and stung and tortured me alike. After spending an evening in the drawing-room, even though some of them might have been kind in their way, I generally went to bed quivering in every nerve; one half hour, numb and paralysed with a grey chill—the next, lashed into agony with the remembrance of what I had gone through. Yes, and not only what I had gone through, but what I must go through—as it seemed to me then—on the next day, and the next, year after year. I could not have gone on with it. And then the opportunity offered itself and I came here. It is peaceful and quiet here. At least it has been," and a sudden trouble came into Margaret's eyes, "Oh, I hope it will be so always." She turned away to the window, her hand pressed to her side. "Perhaps it will not be for long," she whispered; and a wan smile crept over her face.

I was deeply grieved and touched by this revelation, which opened the doors of many avenues of misery down which I had never before had a glimpse. Words are so poor when one is brought face to face with real heart-anguish. All I could do was to clasp my hands upon Margaret's arm, and assure her of my sympathy.

"Thank you, dear Miss Tudor," she said; "indeed, your kindness has cheered and strengthened me more than you think. But it is not only my own sufferings that make me at times so unutterably wretched, it is the thought of what those like myself have to endure. I am better off than many. You do not know—you cannot know—what becomes of many governesses in this country."

We said no more then, but her words rang in my ears. I was shocked and disturbed; more firmly than ever did I resolve that my mission should be to any who from stern necessity filled the position of governess.

(To be continued.)

VARIETIES.

OTHER PEOPLE.—From the lowest to the highest, all of us in our way spend money, and dress, and eat, and drink, and generally order our lives, on a scale we should not think of adopting, if it were not for "other people." The great bulk of our money troubles, and nearly all the cheating and lying and wickedness in the world connected with money, which has been described as the "root of all evil," may be traced to the love and desire of standing well in the estimation of "other people," of being thought richer than we are, and of being credited with the possession of property or resources which do not, as a matter of fact, belong to us.

CHARACTER IN EYES.

The character of a girl, according to the following couplets, is to be learned from the colour of her eyes—

"Brown eyes, beauty,
Do your mother's duty;
Blue eye—pick a pie,
Lie a-bed, and tell a lie.
Grey eyes—greediness,
Gobble all the world up."

The interpretation is that brown eyes indicate a gentle and dutiful disposition. Blue eyes show their guilty tendencies—to pick a pie, that is to steal; to lie a-bed, that is to be idle; and to tell a lie. As for grey eyes, their selfish greediness and ambition could not be contented with less than the whole world. No one but a woman could have composed this libel on the sex.—*Richard Jeffries.*

THE BONDS OF MATRIMONY.

An American justice of the peace, who is constantly trying criminal cases, was called on to marry a couple. After he had asked the usual question if they desired to be united in the bonds of matrimony, and they had replied in the affirmative, the justice said, solemnly—

"Having pleaded guilty of the charge, if there are in your opinion any mitigating circumstances, now is the time to state what they are."

THOUGHTLESS YOUTH.

When first our scanty years are told,
It seems like pastime to grow old;
And as youth counts the shining links
That time around him binds so fast,
Pleased with the task, she little thinks
How hard that chain will press at last.

A PRUDENT YOUNG MAN.

"Mary," said a mother to her daughter, "has Henry proposed yet?"

"Not yet, mamma, but I think he will before many days."

"What makes you think so?"

"Because he asked me if you expected to live with me if I married, and I told him no."

DISCONTENTED.—Do not mar your enjoyment of what you have by fretting for want of that which you have not.

THE ADVANTAGES OF EDUCATION.—Education is an ornament in prosperity, and a refuge in adversity.—*Aristotle.*

AIMING AT USEFULNESS.—It is the duty of every rational creature to devote whatever talents God has given her to useful purposes—to aim at the largest usefulness of which she is capable.

THE HISTORY OF THE PIANO.—The pianoforte is not much more than a century old. In a play-bill headed "Covent Garden, May 16, 1767," we find among other announcements the following: "Miss Brickler will sing a favourite song from *Judith*, accompanied by Mr. Dibdin on a new instrument called Piano Forte."

AN UNTRUTHFUL HOUSEKEEPER.—Beethoven once dismissed a housekeeper, who was in other respects an excellent servant, because she had told an untruth. A lady friend who had procured him this housekeeper was questioning him about this severity, when he replied, "Anyone who tells a lie has not a pure heart and cannot make pure soup."

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My trade I chiefly follow where
Youth, wealth, and beauty linger;
But really I must take great care
That I don't burn my finger.

Backwards, forwards, either way the same,
I always show respect to lady's name.

Thy namesake conquered kingdoms. Greater still thou art,
For thou, where'er thou goest, dost conquer every heart.

Possessed I am by man, and beast, and tree;
In travelling useful, both by land and sea.

I'm bright with sparkling spirits, but beware
Lest you too freely try in them to share.

I'm long to some, to others short, and strike
The former's foe the latter's friend alike.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

HYACINTH.—You are too young to be admitted for training as a hospital nurse, but you might ask to see the matron at St. Thomas's, Albert Embankment, Lambeth, S.W.

F. D. B.—We should not advise you to try to compete for the Civil Service examinations. You would require some interest to obtain a nomination first, and we fear you would meet with disappointment. Could you not find something else to do near you. Study gardening, and get employment in the open air. There is a "Guide to the Civil Service" by Ewald, which you might obtain secondhand.

LOTUS.—Certificates of competency in the usual branches of an English education would be those granted by the examinations of the College of Preceptors. Address the secretary, 42, Queen's-square, Bloomsbury, London, W. C. There is no limit as to age; the examinations are held half-yearly; the fee 10s. 2. You do not need a certificate to teach, but of course you would be wise in obtaining one if possible.

A CHESHIRE CHEESE.—You can procure any books in French and German from the foreign libraries in London, of which you will find the addresses in a London directory. They will supply a catalogue, and your father can select.

NEST.—Your being only eighteen years of age would prevent your going into any hospital. We are much obliged by your praises of our paper, but if you were a careful reader of it, you would have found out all about hospital training in its pages.

A. S. WOODS.—We have pleasure in naming your reading society amongst the others on our list, especially as many of our girls have brothers who might avail themselves of it, as yours is open to them also. For the benefit of our readers we direct them to address the secretary, Miss A. S. Woods, Merton, Thetford, Norfolk.

ROBINA.—See above-named reading society. We are very glad that our magazine has been of so much service to you.

DAIRY MAID.—A would-be gentleman cadet in the Royal Navy must pass a competitive examination before eligible for appointment to a training ship for young officers. A lad who wishes to be trained to go before the mast, with a view to being an able-bodied seaman in Her Majesty's service, should obtain all particulars from William Williams, Esq., 25, Great Queen-street, Holborn, W.C., with a view to being placed in the training ship Arethusa or the Chichester, which are moored off Greenhithe, on the Thames. Poor boys are fed and clothed, lodged, educated, and trained for service.

PRIMROSE.—Possibly you might be suitable for a clerkship in the telegraph office, but that point must be decided by a competitive examination, and you must apply for information at the office of the Civil Service Commissioners, Cannon-row, S.W.

DERBYSHIRE GIRL.—With reference to your wish to be trained as a nurse in St. Thomas's Hospital, Albert Embankment, Lambeth, S.W., you must apply by letter to Henry B. Carter, Esq., 91, Gloucester-terrace, Hyde Park, W., from whom you will obtain all necessary information. As a general rule candidates are required to be from twenty-five to thirty-five or forty years of age.

ART.

FLORET.—Designs for cards may be drawn or painted, but we do not encourage you to believe you will find a very ready sale, unless you have something very superior and original to show.

ATKINSON'S DARLING.—The following are the references you require. "Painting on Satin," No. 149, for November, vol. iv. "Leather Work," No. 108, January, vol. iii. "Christmas Card Table," No. 62, March, vol. ii.

DESIRER AFTER BETTER THINGS.—Give your deal table a coat of Judson's black (Berlin black), and when dry, paint on that foundation. We thank you for your pretty painted card. We see no harm in your doing what you name.

B. S.—See Nos. for January and March, vol. i., for our article on "The Girl's Own Sitting-room," and for May and July, vol. i., for "The Girl's Own Bedroom."

JOAN.—Your friend must take work to shops where pictures are exhibited, and endeavour to dispose of them, or leave them on view, and pay a percentage to the proprietor on their sale.

MOLLY.—We cannot say much for the original sketches you enclose. We should think you had been reading a ghost book, or had been studying photographs of spirits, so spectral do they appear. One crazy girl appears about to throw herself over a precipice, and her companion, a thread paper creature, looks like the maiden all forlorn, but you omitted the cow with the crumpled horn. 2. Waterproof cloaks may be had for a few shillings. We do not give addresses.

NANNIE TORY.—Your drawings evince much talent. We should advise you to go to some school of art, and study thoroughly.

THE NEW YORK AMATEUR ART CLUB.—We shall make a note of your wishes, but would it not be better to engage a good master for a series of lessons, and gather the club together in some large room, to obtain this benefit. An ounce of practice in this matter of oil-painting will be worth a pound of theory. Accept many thanks for your kind letter.

SCOTCH ROSE.—No; we know of nothing better than Chinese white, purchased from a first-class artists' colourman.

MARIA ROBERTS.—The Bethnal Green Museum, a branch of that at South Kensington, was opened by the Prince of Wales, 24th June, 1872. The gardens were opened in May, 1875.

M. E. P. B.—Rub the water-colour drawings with a little bread and india-rubber to clean them, but do it gently.

HYPATIA.—China painting is generally taught by special artists, who have devoted themselves to that branch of art. There are many in London.

MARGUERITE FITZGERALD.—All kinds of paper are used for water-colour painting, depending on the fancy of the artist, and his method of working—very rough, smooth-coloured, and white. They will show you all kinds at an artists' colourman's, and experience will guide you in your choice.

HOUSEKEEPING.

ALICE.—Washing at home is, of course, the cheapest plan; and, in addition, you have the comfort of not being stinted. For a small family of two or three persons, you should wash every fortnight or three weeks, having a washerwoman in. She would probably take two days only if your servants did the folding and hanging out and helped in the ironing. 2s. and 2s. 6d. is paid by the day, the latter for ironing. A washing machine and a wringer simplify matters, and save in soap and time. About a bar of good old soap, four pennyworth of soda, and a quarter of a pound of starch would be enough. The clothes should be put in soak over-night.

TROUBLED HOUSEKEEPER.—The handles of knives may be cleaned with a rather thick mixture of whitening and water, left to dry and then rubbed off, or with common salt well-rubbed on with a damp cloth. Wash off, and rub up with a leather. Salts of lemon is sometimes used also for stains.

BRIDE IN SEPTEMBER.—The refreshments for a wedding in the afternoon are arranged exactly as they would be for an afternoon "at home"—the wedding cake in the centre of the table, hot coffee and tea, iced coffee and lemonade, fruit, cakes, bread-and-butter, and ices, if you wish to have them.

E. H.—Berlin black, we are informed, should never be mixed with anything, but should be used to grates and fireplaces only. It makes no smell, and is the most satisfactory of all the blacks, we believe, for that purpose.

A. L. N.—To clean ormulu ornaments, sift some whitening very fine, wet with a little gin, and rub on with an old toothbrush and off with a clean brush and polish with a leather.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Bookworm.—The 14th Feb, 1872, was a Wednesday. Change of climate is sometimes the best cure for neuralgia.

Romanesque.—The word *nous* is Greek, and means "mind" (the inductive faculty). It is also used as meaning "gumption," or, in vulgar parlance, "he knows what's what." Mr. Mantalini is a character in Dickens's "Nicholas Nickleby."

Welsh Marguerite.—Write the date at the right-hand side of the top of the letter.

A Ramsgate Girl.—Rubbing the warts with the inside of the pod of the broad-bean is said to cure them. The 12th of October, 1867, was a Saturday.

E. M. W.—Your letter received. Accept our thanks.

Emma C.—Put some bran in the water used for washing. The water at seaside places is usually hard and brackish. We are glad you learned to ride from our instructions. Attend to your diet, keep regular hours, and do not eat a heavy meal when much fatigued. Take some trifling thing, and rest first of all; and, lastly, do not read or study for an hour after a meal; you will thus improve the state of your liver.

Tulip.—We do not give advertisements. Fish have hearts, generally consisting of two chambers—an auricle, which receives the venous blood from the body, and a ventricle, which propels it to the gills or branchiæ for purification. There are some fish which have a heart of three chambers, formed by the dilatation of the great blood-vessels of the gills, or bulbus arteriosus, as in sharks. The blood of fish is cold.

E. K. P.—Your father's first cousin is your first cousin "once removed," and the child of that first cousin "once removed" is your second cousin.

Jane, Margaret, and Nell.—See Eph. vi. 5; Col. iii. 22; Titus ii. 9; 1 Peter ii. 18. Certainly, obey your master and mistress in all things short of actual sin. Apart from religious duty, the law of the land gives them the right to dismiss you at a day's notice on your refusal to obey in any reasonable matter. Your writing is fairly good.

Carlotta inquires "why the cities of Milo and Pæstum were destroyed." Milo (or Melos) was an island in the Ægean Sea, and, resisting a second attempt by the Athenians to subjugate it, the latter besieged the principal towns and captured it, put all the men to death, enslaved the women and children, and sent 500 colonists into the island in place of the Lacedæmo population thus destroyed or dispersed. Pæstum was an ancient seaport of Lucania, in Southern Italy, and was sacked by the Saracens and abandoned by its inhabitants A.D. 871. Pæstum was originally founded by Greek colonists from Sybaris about 600 B.C. "Why destroyed" can only be explained by the greed of power and gain on the part of the conquering foe.

Dubbs should procure a small guide to the game of lawn tennis. We could not undertake to teach games in our correspondence columns. It is not unlady like to ride a tricycle. It is enough to say that Her Majesty the Queen has patronised it for her grand-daughters. But your dress may be unsuitable for it, and you may hold yourself ungracefully, and work the pedals in an ungainly way. If your elbows be spread out, your head much bent forward, and your dress be so ill-arranged as to show your stockings to a considerable extent, the general appearance behind will be decidedly inelegant and froglike.

Rose, Racquet, Ghou Bhang, One of Three, Mica Tullicum, One who Fears no Foe (All from Victoria, British Columbia).—We regret that your previous letters have not been answered. We have admired the envelope of your present "round robin" very much, and we think all the handwritings are legible and good. We are glad to learn that you derive so much pleasure from the G. O. P.

Rita.—The best way to avoid self-consciousness in singing is to be so absorbed in your art as not to think of yourself. But at your age, sixteen, you have no business to be singing in society. You are two years too young. As to your height, we think you should be thankful and glad to be tall. Do you remember Tennyson's line—

"A daughter of the gods—tall, and most divinely fair"?

Tall people are capable of showing great dignity and grace in every movement. Wear a black evening dress of lace over red.

M. B. (Newcastle).—We think the green would be very suitable for your wedding, and with a white straw bonnet will look very well. We wish you every happiness, and think you are beginning well in looking first for God's blessing in your future life.

Katie.—Dear friend Katie, do not be shocked when we tell you that the verses are rubbish—deficient in sense and even in rhyme. We doubt that your friend has ear enough for poetry.

Magnolia.—We could not give advice on investing money; but through the Post Office you may now place such small sums in Government security.

Hope.—None of the alphabet competition sentences containing twenty-seven letters gained prizes. We are sorry you are suffering from so trying a complaint. May you have comfort and a well-grounded "hope" to sustain you.

Theodosia.—There is no name spelt "Levinia," it is "Lavinia," pronounced as written; and "Regina" also, which is only the latin for "queen," and is the feminine of "Rex," meaning "king." Neither are real Christian names, such as "Reginald," which simply means a "strong ruler"—not necessarily a king.

Spider.—There is nothing vulgar in riding a tricycle. The highest authority in the land has sanctioned its use, but under certain rules. Do not go out alone on one, excepting in your own grounds, nor go far even with a companion of your own sex, especially in haymaking and harvest time. There are so many vagrants and roughs about, and they seem to have a special animosity to persons who employ such modes of conveyance. Your dress should resemble a short riding habit; there should be no flounces, over-skirt, nor trimmings, much less any train that would be likely to be caught in the wheels. Avoid busy thoroughfares and steep hills.

Whiskers.—We always decline pronouncing an opinion upon such matters as that which you name, upon which conscientious scruples are entertained by many adverse to it, and yet to which others equally religious see no reasonable objection. In such matters individual conviction or consideration for the wishes of your family must guide your conduct. You write well.

Carmen.—The fact that your brother has had glandular swellings, which have broken, as well as yourself, shows that the tooth is not the cause. Your tooth did not affect your brother's throat. These swellings are constitutional, and it is your general health that should be treated. External applications are insufficient to cure you. Cod-liver oil and sea air might do much for you.

Canty Bay.—You owe respect to the heads of the house under whose protection and chaperonage you live, so long as you are with them, and should do nothing clandestinely. Certainly you should not show so little self-respect as to go out to meet any man at night. If special circumstances render it unnecessary to ask the permission of the mistress of the house in which you reside, at least place yourself under the protection of some friends, confide all the particulars of your case to them, and ask permission to meet the person who is paying his addresses to you at their house; and should a walk be proposed, get some friends to accompany you.

Perplexed Parent (Lincolnshire).—We cannot but regard your statements as very considerably overdrawn. Indeed, we feel half disposed to regard your letter as a hoax from some little "wag." But if such a disgraceful state of things could exist, we should send the minors to boarding schools, into the private families of tutors, or apprentice them, and arrange that no holidays at home shall be permitted. The boy of twelve should be very severely punished if he dare to raise his hand against his father, before being permanently dismissed from home.

Nora F.—Read our article, vol. iii., pages 3 and 131, on riding. July 22nd, 1870, was a Friday. We congratulate you on having a printing press and being able to use it yourself.

Nightingale.—Singing does not make the hair coarse. You write well.

An Inquirer.—The anxiety you feel about your soul, and your willingness to seek peace with God, through the death and merits of your Divine Redeemer, your consciousness of sin, your availing yourself of the means of grace, your trying to realise the love of Christ, and to prepare to meet your God, are all so many proofs that His Holy Spirit is striving in your heart, leading you in the straight and narrow way, and that you have already, through His grace, taken so many steps heavenwards. See St. John vi. 37, and Hebrews vii. 25. Do you know the hymn?

"Just as I am," etc.

Use that and take courage.

Anxious One.—If you have wronged and injured anyone by word or deed, you should set the matter right, acknowledging the error, either to the person to whom you traduced them, so as to repair the injury, or else, if an act of injustice, you should make restitution to the person wronged. If you have spoken or acted in an undutiful way to a parent, of course you should acknowledge your fault, and if you have been unkind or spoken hastily to a brother or sister or friend, you should make them an apology.

Banished One.—We cannot always select a place of residence, nor our companions, and must wait God's time for obtaining what we desire, supposing it were for our advantage. Your aunt may be very unreasonable, but you have been placed under her care and authority, and your running away is out of the question. You have no business to correspond with young men, unless with your brothers, or your future husband (if engaged, and not clandestinely). In Canada you have far more liberty of action without tarnishing your good name, or bringing public censure upon you, than in England. Your qualifications do not appear to be such as to offer a good prospect of bringing you in a fortune if you left your appointed home, one accomplishment being that you can pour out tea. One inference we draw from your letter is, that your family have sent you to this aunt to be out of harm's way, being unmanageable at home, and that you need a tight hand over you to save you from yourself—your worst enemy.

R. H.—We do indeed forgive the style of your former letter, but sympathise with you in the harm done by wilfully reading an infidel book against your father's will. Remember that we have a wonderful mass of evidence and a cloud of witnesses supporting the truths of Christianity. What does the freethinker give you in the place of salvation, through our Divine Redeemer? He would cut away our anchor, and leave us to drift we know not where. Some excellent books called "Tracts for the Times" have been issued from our office, well worth your reading. May God confirm your faith, and grant you grace to fulfil your obligations as a daughter.

A. W.—You ask us to explain that great mystery, the nature of the Divine Godhead, the "Trinity in Unity and Unity in Trinity." Perhaps you think the finite can comprehend the infinite. Can you explain to us how there never was a beginning, or never will be an ending? How can the incomprehensible be rendered appreciable to a human understanding? Yet some revelation of His mysterious nature, His greatness, holiness, goodness, and power, has been vouchsafed to us in the Sacred Scriptures, and the beautiful simile, which we quoted at page 336, vol. vi., affords us the nearest possible approach to an elucidation of that which is above mortal comprehension. Fire and light are not one and the same, since light can exist without fire, but light is inseparable from it, where it exists. If, therefore, this simile be imperfect to explain the incomprehensible, it, at least, approaches as nearly to an elucidation as the human mind can explain or receive explanation. Read Job xi. 7; St. John i. 1, 2, 3, 14, and 15; v. 22, 23,; x. 30; xiv. 7, 8, 9; Hebrew i. 1, 2, 3, 8; Rev. i. 17, 18. Although you cannot deny the fact of your existence, you cannot understand your own nature; how, therefore, can you comprehend that of your Maker? We teach the great truths of the Christian religion, but our pages are not open to controversy.

Lilla Rawsley.—We should advise you to open an account with one of the banks in the town. Ask to see the manager, and he will tell you how to proceed. Write a note, saying you intend giving up the house at the end of your half-year.

A Flower of the Venetian Lagune.—There is no objection to your amusing yourself by translating any parts of our magazine you may like into Italian for the benefit of those of your family who do not read English—not for publication.

A. G. S. L.—Your lines are pretty, and show good feeling, but do not reach the high level of poetry.

James.—All the words formed out of *pleonastic* are not English, of course, and some letters must be used twice, we imagine.

A. S. A. G. and E. T. A. E. (A lover of Christ).—You have our sincere sympathy, and with it the expression of our fullest satisfaction in your religious state, and the assurance that you may justly find rest in your Saviour's forgiving love. But your nerves are terribly out of order, and if you persist in this perpetual analysing of your thoughts, and the action of your will in connection with them, your mind will become affected, and melancholy madness will probably be induced. Some of the holiest of men have been similarly tried by evil thoughts. The fact that you grieve over and desire deliverance from them is sufficient evidence that you have no cause for your anxieties. Occupy yourself in some active employment, useful to others; work in a garden, if you have one, mix in cheerful society, go to bed early, and banish all thought the moment you lie down, and always have an interesting book to take up when this morbid self-examination comes on. "E. T. A. E." has no reasonable cause for her misgivings.

Annabella, Carrie.—To destroy the red vermin common to birds, dissolve a pennyworth of white precipitate powder in half a teacupful of warm water, and with a camel's-hair brush paint the bird all over with the solution, excepting only the eyes and bill. Remember that it is a deadly poison. Then wash with warm water and soap, wrap it in flannel, and dry at the fire. When returned to the cage, place it before the fire, until the bird recovers from the effects of the treatment. The cage in which he suffered from the vermin should be well washed with a mixture composed of a gill of turpentine, a gill of spirits of wine, in which pieces of camphor and soda, each of the size of a horse-bean, have been dissolved. The bottle should be closely stoppered and well shaken when required, and applied copiously to the cage with a painter's brush. As the smell would injure the bird, he must not be returned to it for a few days. Benzine might be employed instead of the above mixture for the cage. Place a white cloth always over the latter at night, and any vermin will climb up into it, and thus be caught in the morning.

Coral.—If a minor, obtain your mother's leave, and in any case ask her advice, and take a friend with you. Do not walk alone with any man, unless actually engaged to him.

A Troubled One.—The dazzling of the eyes is a nervous affection. For the other ailment you ought long ago to have consulted a medical man. We could not give any opinion, as strangers to you and your circumstances of life.

Jack and Claud, Ruby T., and H. H.—Erysipelas and eczema are complaints of too grave a character to be treated otherwise than under medical supervision. Irritation at the roots of the hair is symptomatic of mischief, which might result in partial baldness, and a medical man (or skin doctor, if near you) should be consulted. The 29th of September, 1862, was a Monday.

LEAVING HOME.

To her first place poor Jenny goes,
Wondering what life may now disclose
Of sharp or sweet, of good or ill,
Mid faces strange, hearts stranger still.

She "like a woman" heard it said
She must go forth for daily bread;
Even heard it with some pride,
And strove all doubts and fears to hide.

She'd learn, aye, all that could be learned,
Send home to mother all she earned.
Bright hopes, thank heaven! give rainbow gleams
Even to poor plain Jenny's dreams.

So bustling talk and cheerful face
Bade brave good-bye; she'd not disgrace
Her fifteen years with sigh or tear,
Though leaving all to her most dear.

But the train moves, and now, alack!
The child's heart yearns. Would she were back!
The lessening view and farms upstart
Bigger to her—they fill her heart.

She "has her feelings." Who has not?
And tearful eyes strain for the cot
Where rough but happy youth was spent,
And nights were calm and days swift went.

Oh, "missuses," if Jennys come
Across the threshold of your home,
Adrift from theirs, give kindest heed
To ignorant faults, to ignorant need.

You have the 'vantage ground; you stand
'Twixt toiling Marthas and the Hand
That beckons nearer angel wings,
To raise you both to higher things.

L. G.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. VII.—No. 303. OCTOBER 17, 1885. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

ONLY A GIRL-WIFE.

By RUTH LAMB, Author of "Her Own Choice," etc.

CHAPTER III.

THERE were many who saw through Lady Carnelly's treatment of her young sister-in-law, and pitied the girl. But in her own circle the colonel's wife reigned supreme, and no one was better able than herself to appreciate and use the advantages she possessed.

"If there is anything wrong, the colonel is the proper person to put it right and to take care of his sister," was a common remark, but only a whispered one.

Those who made it did not profess to solve the difficulty in which a man may be placed between opposing parties, when one is represented by a wife to whom he is devotedly attached, and the other by a still younger and more beautiful sister, to whom he stands in the place of father.

The colonel, though a brave soldier, was one of the most peace-loving of men in domestic life. Finding that there were jarring elements under his roof, and unable to decide between them, he wisely said as little as possible, and trusted to time for a solution. In the meanwhile he was, if possible, doubly kind to both.

Of all the lookers-on there was perhaps only one person who thoroughly understood the state of affairs between the sisters-in-law. A keen observer of character, he had quickly formed a just estimate of Lady Carnelly's. He knew her greed of admiration, her jealousy of anything like rivalry, and her affectation of girlish ways. He judged that if Ida had been older and less attractive, she would have been much more

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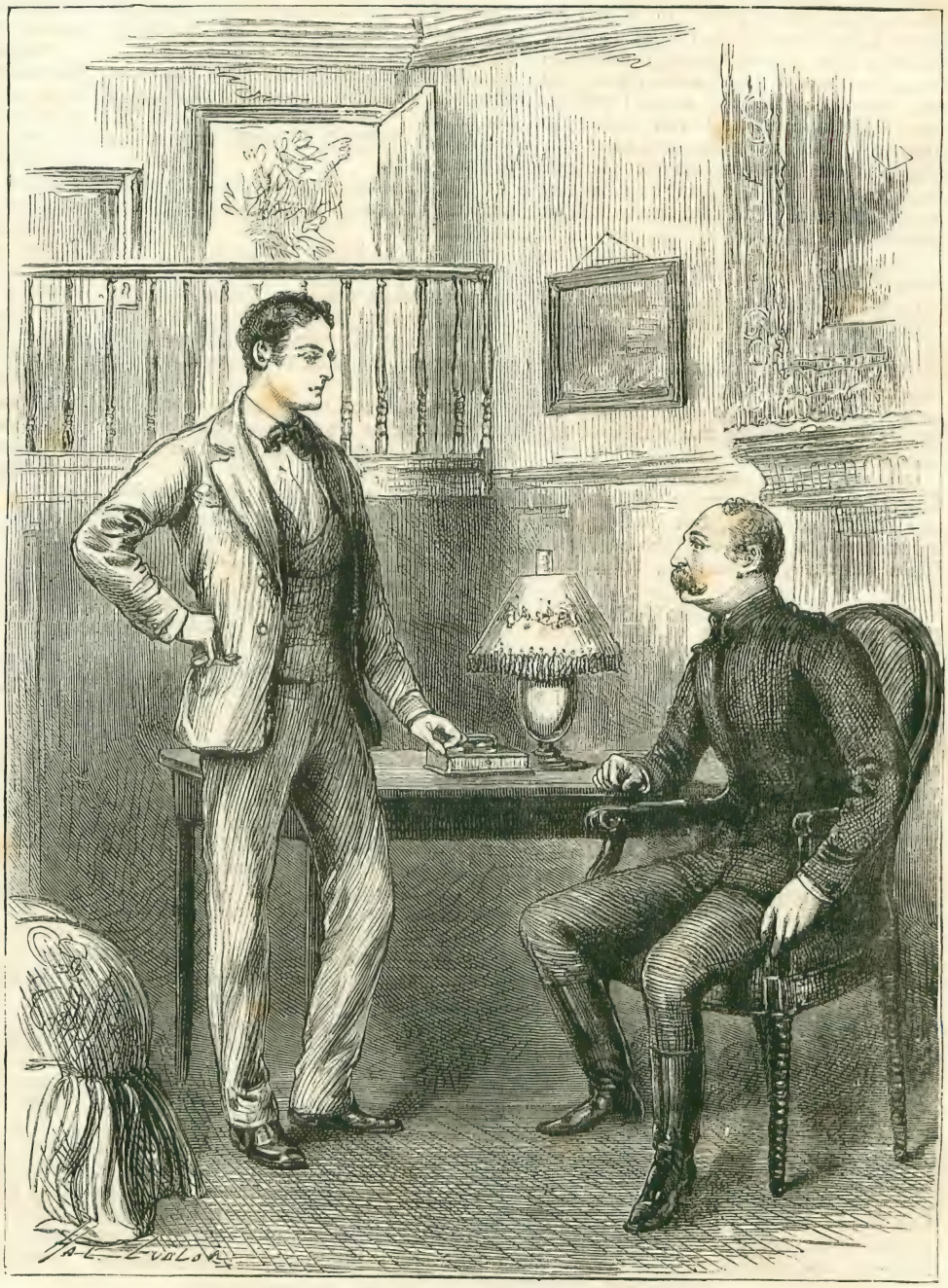


"'IT WILL BE BETTER TO SAY NOTHING TO OUTSIDERS.'"

acceptable to her brother's wife. The girl's youth and beauty were her offences, and her sensitive nature enabled Lady Carnelly to punish her for them.

It was Dr. Crawford who had arrived at this conclusion, and who chafed under the annoyances to which Ida was subjected even more than she did herself. From the very day of Miss Carnelly's arrival in India, the young doctor had been greatly attracted towards her, as a brave man's sympathies are sure to be in the direction of one who is fighting an unequal battle. He would have been sorry for any girl who was so much in Lady Carnelly's power, and Ida was not likely to rouse less indignation on her behalf because she was young and fair to look upon. His feelings reached a climax most unexpectedly.

One evening, Dr. Crawford was a guest at a dinner party, to which he knew Miss Carnelly had been invited. He was also aware, through an incidental remark of the hostess, that she was expected. Yet the colonel and his wife duly arrived and Ida failed to appear. The doctor inquired after her, and expressed his surprise that she had remained at home, when only a few hours before she had said she would be present.

"I hope Miss Carnelly is not ill," he remarked.

Lady Carnelly shrugged her shoulders. "Ill! certainly not. There was nothing to prevent her coming that I know of; she simply changed her mind. Would you know why? Ask the wind why it varies. It is quite as easy to account for its doings, as for the whims of my sister-in-law."

She passed on without giving Dr. Crawford an opportunity of making any further comment, but leaving him determined to find out the cause of Ida's absence, if possible, from herself.

Doctors are privileged people, and find it easy to make excuses for a temporary absence. After promising his hostess to return as quickly as possible, Crawford went to the colonel's house.

One of the children was ailing, and, on entering, the doctor quite intended to visit his small patient. But he did not reach the nursery, for, as he passed the door of a room which was almost in darkness, he heard a faint sob. He gave a slight tap, and Ida said "Come in," thinking it was a servant with lights.

The girl gave a little cry, half of shame, half of gladness, as the doctor entered. She was rejoiced at the sight of a friend's face, yet eager to wipe away the bitter tears which were streaming down her cheeks. She looked so sad and lonely in the dim light, that Dr. Crawford's heart beat fast from a combination of feelings. How could he help trying to comfort her? For what else, indeed, had he come? He could not honestly persuade himself that anxiety about the small patient in the nursery had induced him to leave the bright rooms and cheery companionship of many friends.

"I am afraid you are ill," he said. "What can I do for you?"

Won by the kindly sympathetic tone, Ida sobbed out her story. "I am not ill, but I am such a baby. I cannot help crying when I am grieved, and Beatrice knows it. She did not want me to go with her and Lindsay to-night, though she knew I had accepted the invitation, so she teased me about the party and—and—people who were going, and said what she knew would grieve me, only in a sort of jesting way. I could not tell you her words, and if I did, I daresay they would seem of little matter to you. Only they troubled me, and she went on in her provoking way for a long time."

"And then?" said the doctor, gently.

"Oh, then I broke down, and cried. I had tried very hard to keep up, but at last I could not bear up any longer. Of course my eyes became quite red; they always do when I cry much, so I could not go out with a face that would tell everybody what a baby I had been. I was dreadfully disappointed." And the poor girl's sobs came again, and stopped her tale.

"What did Lady Carnelly say? Was she sorry?"

"No, she laughed at me for being such a child as to cry about everything or nothing."

"Was your brother present?"

"Lindsay? Oh, yes; and he was very sorry to leave me, for I was actually dressed ready. But what could he do? He looked at his wife, as if he wondered whether she could be to blame about my crying."

"The colonel must have seen that Lady Carnelly was teasing and irritating you, though he might not think that she did it on purpose."

"I think not," said Ida, frankly, "Beatrice does her teasing in such a pretty way, at least it seems pretty to lookers-on. She laughed, and seemed as bright and pleasant-tempered as possible. She even kissed me and said she did hope I should soon get over this hysterical 'tendency, as it so sadly interfered with my enjoyment, and advised me to go straight to bed and have a long sleep. As if I could!" added the girl, indignantly, and her tears flowed afresh at the memory of her disappointment.

For a few moments Dr. Crawford was silent, not from lack of words, but lest he should express himself too strongly and be sorry for it afterwards.

He found himself in a very peculiar position. He was Lord Carnelly's friend, trusted beyond most, and privileged to come in and go out of his home, almost at will. He had been curious to know the real cause of Miss Carnelly's absence, and he came to the house with the ostensible purpose of seeing the sick child, and with the secret hope of finding that Ida had stayed at home to please the little one, and would be found in the nursery.

All the rest—the interview, the girl's tears and almost childlike confidence in her brother's friend, whom she was accustomed to see daily—had come in without any premeditation on his part, or intentional meddling with family affairs. He could not help expressing his sympathy for Ida and his indignation at Lady Carnelly's conduct, even while he felt it was hardly loyal to the colonel to interfere.

"Have you ever spoken to your brother about these annoyances?" he asked.

"To Lindsay about his wife? No, I could not. He is always good to me, and really, if I were to try and repeat what Beatrice has said, I could not. The words seem mere nothings, though they grieve me, and they would sound almost ridiculous to other people. Sometimes I think I must be very small minded to notice them, and that Beatrice does not know the effect of her words and manner upon me."

"Does she not?" muttered Andrew Crawford, between his teeth. "Does the cat know when the mouse is trembling between her paws, before the claws have actually drawn blood?"

"Sometimes I fancy she does find a pleasure in giving me pain, but even if it is so, I must do nothing to cause unpleasantness between my brother and his wife. Better anything than be a mischiefmaker. Besides, I have no positive right to be here. It was kind of Beatrice to agree to my coming, for sisters-in-law may be in the way sometimes, you know. I try not to be. Any way, it would be dreadful for me to make a disturbance about—I can hardly tell what. I wish I could have a little house or live in some very quiet place, with older people than Lindsay and Beatrice. I seem to want a mother very badly."

"You do, indeed," said the doctor to himself, "and how glad would many a mother be to gather you in her tender arms and comfort you."

But he did not say this; he wanted to turn the girl's thoughts from her present trouble, so he smiled and asked if she knew that he had two mothers?

"No, of course not. How can you have two?"

Then he told her how he had been brought from Scotland to Steynes-Cote, and how his real mother still lived at the manse and his adopted one at Shelverton.

Ida listened with interest, and as he finished, said, "How could you leave Dr. and Mrs. Fereday alone? Are you quite sure you did right in coming out to India?"

"What could I do when the regiment was ordered out?" he replied.

"I do not mean that. It was the leaving them at all, when they had taken you to be a son, even though you say they were willing to part with you for a time. But I cannot judge, and I have no right to say this, only, I suppose, people often say words of consent, not because they like to do, but to please those they love better than themselves, I think."

Ida little guessed how her random shaft went home, and that she had set Andrew Crawford looking back on his own doings, and viewing them in a new light. He said no more of his own affairs, but returned to those of Miss Carnelly.

"You are not likely to leave your brother, I suppose?"

"No. I shall stay with Lindsay and his wife until I am of age, and bear as well as I can. Beatrice and I may grow into great friends before then, perhaps. I am not often so much grieved and disappointed about missing a party, as I have felt to-night. You see I had reckoned on going, and I thought it was too bad of Beatrice. I do not care so much now," added she, determinedly, wiping her eyes, and thrusting her handkerchief into her pocket, as if resolved to find no more use for it.

A change had come over the girl. She was no longer lonely. She had been able to unburden her heart to one of whom everybody spoke with respect. She had found a friend and sympathiser who did not think her foolish or babyish, on account of those too-ready tears. The world was not such a gloomy place, after all, though it held Lady Carnelly. So putting aside unpleasant memories, and remembering that even her world held a great many kind and pleasant people, the most prominent figure among whom was Dr. Andrew Crawford, Miss Carnelly smiled once more.

Then the said doctor absolutely lost his head. He had lost his heart before, but had determined to keep that fact a secret until——Well! he hardly knew to what date that last word might eventually refer. Ever since Andrew Crawford had been in receipt of a professional income, he had not proved unmindful of the claims of his real parents. The manse had been enriched by many comforts which he had purchased. The younger boys had been helped, the mother's daily tasks lightened through the assistance rendered by the son who served under tropical skies, but did not forget those to whom he owed his existence.

The commandment, "Honour thy father and thy mother," was no dead letter to Andrew Crawford. He cheerfully obeyed it, and enjoyed the very self-denial which multiplied comforts in the old home, though he had left it and his parents when he was little more than a child.

Dr. Crawford had twice been home to Steynes-Cote, and would leave the army ere long. Ida's words, by reminding him of what he owed to his adopted parents, had made him feel anxious to hasten the date of his return to England. It was understood that he would become Dr. Fereday's partner and ultimate successor. His uncle was still hale and hearty, too fond of his profession to give it up entirely, and, indeed, Andrew hoped he would be well enough to practice for many a year to come.

In the meanwhile, what could he offer to this young beauty, who had already taken possession of the best he had to give? What would Lord Carnelly think of him, were he to ask his sister, the Honourable Ida Carnelly, to become, at some future period unknown, the wife of a country doctor?

"It would never do," was Crawford's mental answer, and he had hidden his secret along with the image of Ida Carnelly herself, in the innermost chamber of his heart, until the night when he found her lonely, and in tears and trouble. Then it escaped, against his judgment.

It was really Ida's fault that he so far forgot his wise resolutions, but when she said, "I do not care so much now," and having wiped away her tears, smiled back in his face, the whole tale came out in a torrent of tender words, and the doctor's secret was one no longer. He shared it with Ida, or rather, it must be told, that an exchange was effected. Though the girl's share escaped from quivering lips, and her sweet eyes were again humid and downcast, Andrew Crawford gladly counted it more than a sufficient equivalent for his own.

Need it be said that the hostess looked in vain for the return of her truant guest, whose continued absence from the party caused some comments, many regrets, and a little apprehension.

"One is always apt to feel uneasy when a doctor does not come back at the time expected," said the hostess, who was sorry at losing a favourite guest; "but we must excuse medical men, who are compelled to attend to professional calls at whatever cost of self-denial."

Lady Carnelly might, perhaps, have solved the mystery of the doctor's continued absence, had she cared enough about her sister-in-law's movements to inquire respecting them on her return home. But she had gained her end by keeping Ida there, and the girl was sleeping peacefully long before her brother and his wife came back. Not now disturbed by the memory of taunting speeches or disappointed hopes, it may be she was dreaming of the new happiness which had come to her in such an unexpected manner, or seeing in a vision the beautiful country home which Dr. Crawford had tried to describe to her, because she wanted to picture his boyish surroundings at Steynes-Cote.

As to the doctor, he was in a mental whirl. His feelings were, by turns, those of delight at the knowledge that his affection for Ida was returned, and wonder as to what he should say to her brother.

He and Lord Carnelly had been such friends, but would their friendship stand the test which he was about to apply to it? That it must be tested without delay, he knew, and Andrew Crawford was far too brave and too honest to put off anything which ought to be done at once, whether the task were agreeable or otherwise. Accordingly he lost no time in seeing Lord Carnelly, and, greatly to the astonishment of that gentleman, told him of his affection for his sister, and that Ida reciprocated it.

Dr. Crawford was very frank in regard to his position and prospects, and owned that these had for a time kept him silent.

"Perhaps," he added, "you will say I ought not to have spoken to your sister without having acquainted you with my intentions, especially as we have been such friends. I own it, but I can only say that I was last night surprised into speaking. I can hardly tell you how it came about, but you will believe that when I entered your house I never dreamed of opening my heart to Miss Carnelly, still less did I venture to hope that my affection was returned."

"I can do nothing but believe what you tell me, Crawford. I know you are quite incapable of doing anything in an underhand fashion, and your being here to tell your tale so soon, proves it. You know how I like and respect you, but I wish you were——"

The colonel hesitated, and Dr. Crawford suggested, "A richer man."

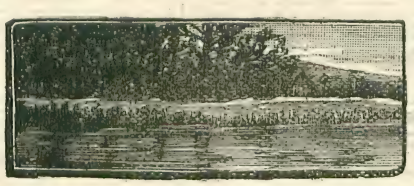
"Well, yes, that is really what I mean. In yourself, you are all that I could wish, but Ida is well-born, attractive, and, I suppose, all things considered, ought to make what the world calls a good match. At present she is very ignorant of the world, and hardly conscious of her advantages. Before consenting to a definite engagement which might prove of an indefinite length, I want to be sure that she knows her own mind."

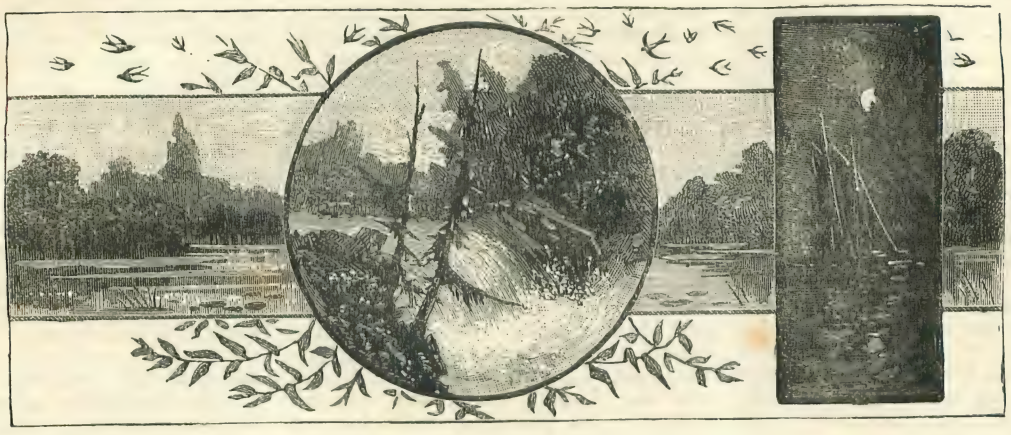
"I have said all this to myself," replied the doctor. "Ida is fit to be the wife of a far better and richer man than I am, but in true affection, and an earnest desire to shield her from all harm, and care for her tenderly, I yield to none."

"Crawford, believe me there need be no question of a better man, only of a man better off. You know my guardianship will be at an end when Ida is of age. If her affection should stand the test of the intervening time, I could not stand in the way of your marriage, and I would not if I could. In the meanwhile, it will be better to say nothing to outsiders."

Doctor Crawford was abundantly contented with this assurance, and, with warm thanks and a hearty hand shake, he left the colonel to his thoughts. His own were all rosy-hued, and he could find room for nothing but bright hopes for the future.

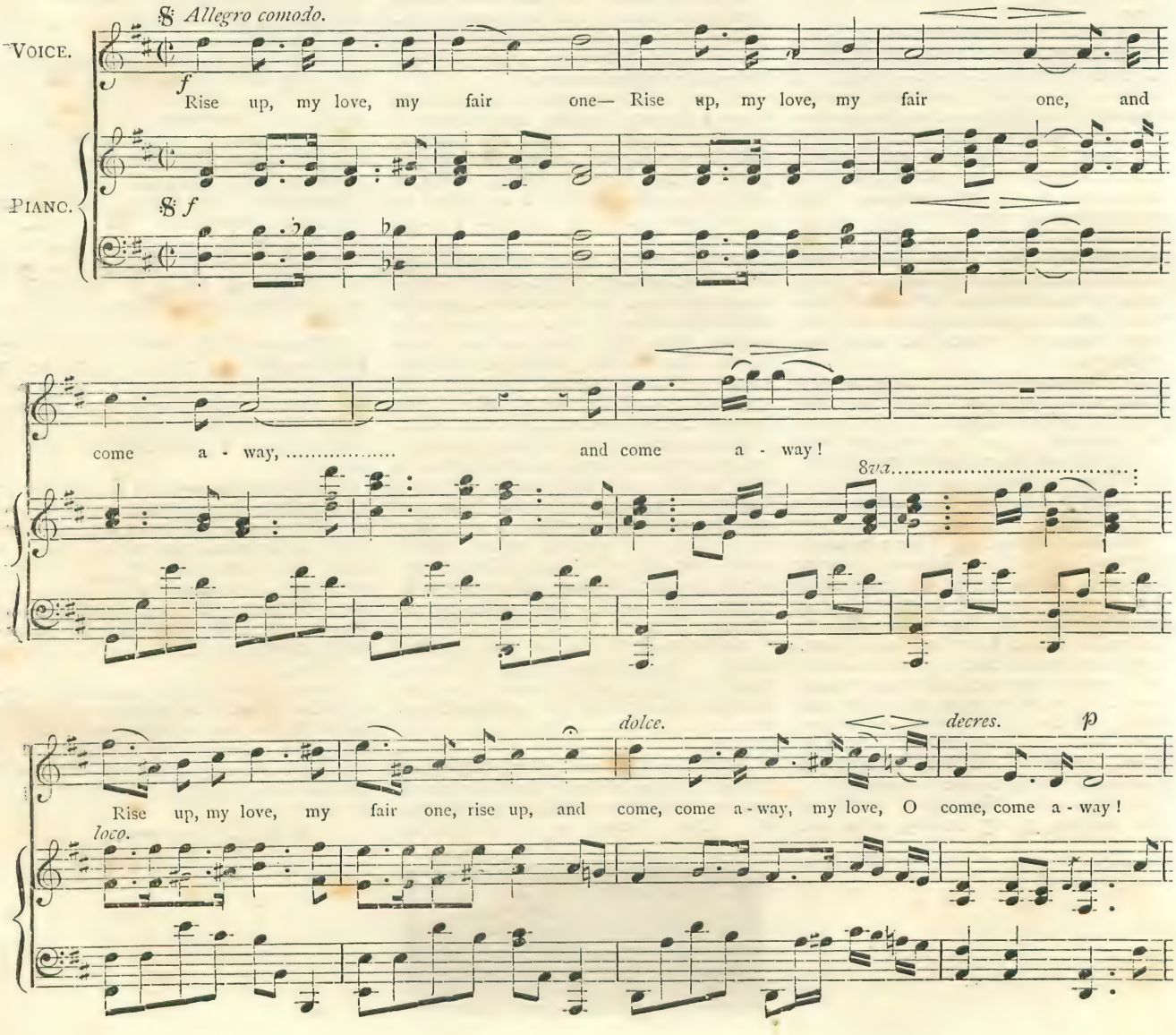
(To be continued.)

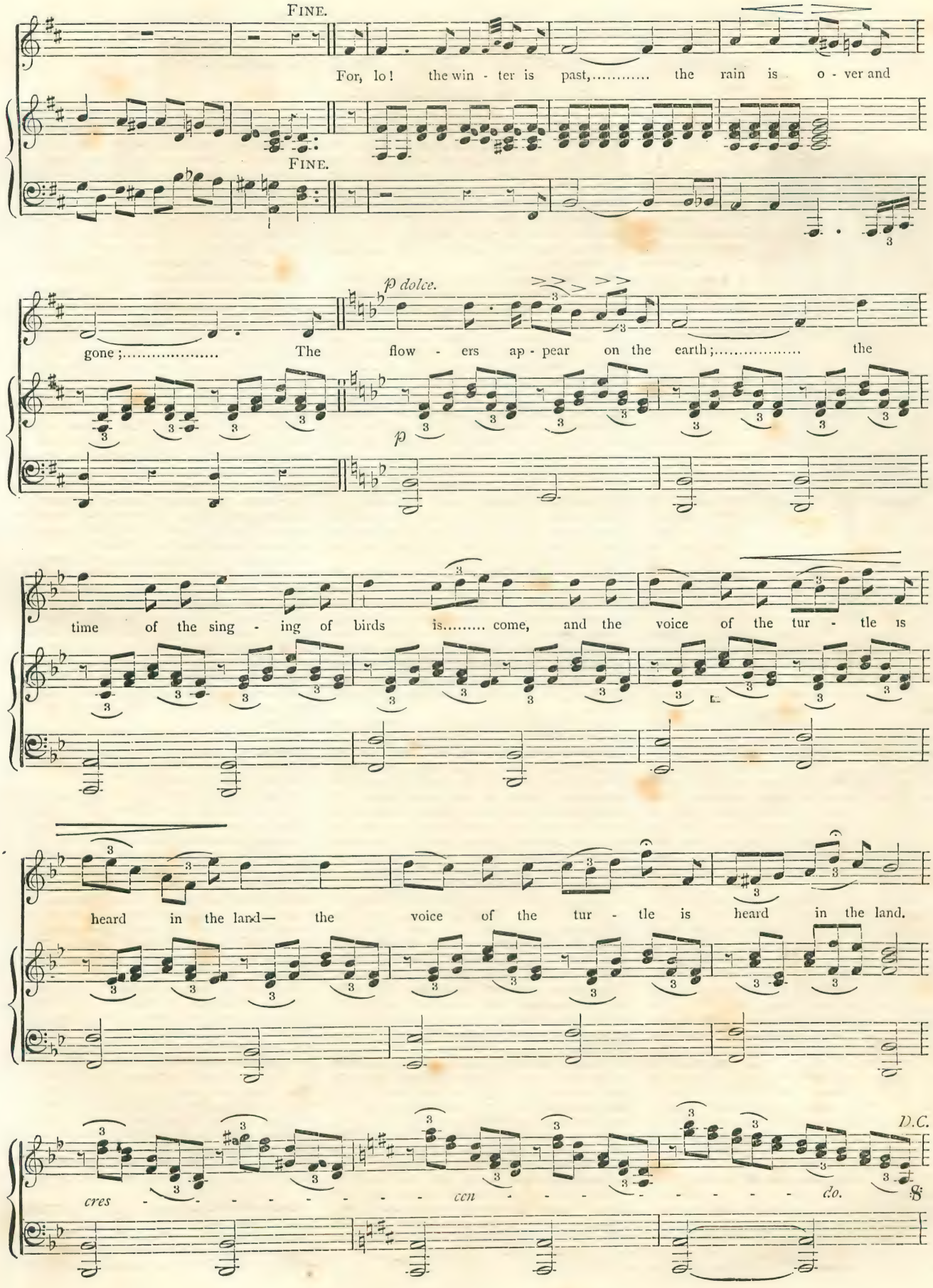




"RISE UP, MY LOVE!"

Words from "THE SONG OF SOLOMON." *Music by* THE COUNTESS OF MUNSTER.




FINE.
For, lo! the win - ter is past,..... the rain is o - ver and
FINE.
p dolce.
gone;..... The flow - ers ap - pear on the earth;..... the
p
time of the sing - ing of birds is..... come, and the voice of the tur - tle is
heard in the land— the voice of the tur - tle is heard in the land.
D.C.
cres - - - - - - - - - - con - - - - - - - - - - do.

A GIRL'S RAMBLES THROUGH HAUNTED LONDON;

OR,

ANECDOTES OF THE STREETS OF THE GREAT METROPOLIS.

By JAMES and NANETTE MASON.

I.—In the Strand.

The two were talking of the ghosts of the past by whom London is haunted, and one of us said, "Let us write a series of articles, and tell in them all we have read or can recollect about the famous women who have visited or have had a home in the great metropolis."

The idea seemed a good one, so we thought it out. Clearly there was no scarcity of material. Almost every street invited attention, and promised such a store of characters and incidents, that it was evident that to get our series within proper limits we should have often to do violence to our feelings by practising the art of rejection on a large scale.

There appeared no lack of variety either. We saw we should have to treat of famous friendships and famous enmities, of marriages, adventures, oddities, and extravagances; to pass in review queens and princesses, artists and authoresses, players and singers, upstarts and adventuresses; to take note sometimes of the tenderness and heroism and self-sacrifice of women, and sometimes of their selfishness and pride. The glorious fortunes of some, and the sad reverses of others, and how some have grown famous, and others have sunk into obscurity, are topics which suggested endless novelty; whilst we observed that many an incident which filled us with joy and thankfulness happened only a door or two away from another that could not be told without a tear.

It was a subject, too, that promised to be of interest for everybody. London is the heart of the world, and a familiar city even to those who have never trod its pavements. There is no corner, however remote or uncivilised, in which its famous associations fail to charm. We may love best some provincial town or village, or even some Sleepy Hollow, as the burgher of Peebles did who, after visiting the capital, gave it as his opinion that "London, a' things considered, is a wonderful place, but still, Peebles for pleasure." But, when all is said, London—which is every one's property—is the only city in the kingdom about which it is possible to rouse a universal enthusiasm. To live in it may not agree with our health, or suit our convenience, but those who know it best are most convinced that "those who are tired of London are tired of existence."

We saw, besides, that the subject would be worth our pains in other ways. It would do us good by making us take an interest in other people, and withdrawing our attention from the littleness of ourselves. Then, in considering the incidents that befell others, we might read many a useful lesson, seeing how success was gained by great industry and good character, and how, when any came to a low ebb of fortune it was, as a general rule, their own fault. We would see too the wealth and originality of human nature, enlarge our ideas of the vastness of the world, and gain acquaintance with people of other times and with other manners than our own. Having considered all these things, we decided to put our idea in execution at once.

It makes a good beginning for a ramble through "haunted London" to start at Charing Cross. From that well-known centre one can conveniently go north, south, east, or west. We chose then to go east, and joined the stream of human life that flows along the Strand. Our first outing thus took us from Charing Cross to Temple Bar.

Charing Cross recalls the memory of one who was a king's daughter, and had a king for a husband; and who, far better than that, was a loving wife and virtuous woman. A cross that once stood here was erected (1291—1294) by Edward I. to mark the last stage at which the body of Eleanor, his queen, rested on its way from Lincolnshire, where she died, to Westminster Abbey, where she was buried. There were eight other crosses set up at different places on the road, but this was the finest of them all.

Some say that Charing is a corruption of *chère reine* (dear queen), and even if that is not the case, the derivation is a pleasant one to keep in mind. To Edward she was, indeed, a dear queen. Every one has heard of her accompanying him when he went on a crusade to the Holy Land, and of her risking her own life there that she might save his, by sucking a wound which he had received from a poisoned arrow.

As a devoted self-sacrificing woman she certainly deserved to be kept in mind; but in Cromwell's time the Long Parliament pulled the cross down—it was in 1647, two years before Charles I. had his head taken off at Whitehall. Some of the stones went for paving-stones, other were polished and made into knife-handles. A handsome copy of the cross was, however, erected in 1863, opposite the Charing Cross railway station, and justice was thus again done to Eleanor's memory.

Northumberland House, the town residence of the Duke of Northumberland, stood close to Charing Cross till 1874, when it was demolished to make room for a new thoroughfare to the Embankment. This mansion was once owned by Lady Elizabeth Percy, a celebrated heiress, who was married three times before she was seventeen years old. Her first husband died a natural death, her second was barbarously murdered, her third—he was the "proud" Duke of Somerset—survived her.

The duke and she lived here in "great state and magnificence." After her death, in 1722, his grace married again, and his second wife does not seem to have been so fond as her predecessor of the formality of high life. One day the duke had just arrived at Northumberland House in his coach and six, from his country seat at Petworth, in Sussex. The duchess entered the room, and was about to welcome him with a kiss, but his grace drew himself up, and severely reprimanded her, casting in her teeth, that even his first wife, the noble heiress of the Percies, would never have dreamt of taking such a liberty.

Just where the bank of Coutts & Co. stands, on the south side of the Strand, there used to be a favourite ladies' haunt known as the New Exchange. It was a sort of bazaar, lined with little shops, where all kinds of fancy articles—gloves, fans, perfumery, and suchlike—were sold. The best days of the New Exchange were at the time of the Restoration, when Covent Garden, only a few streets away, had become the fashionable quarter of the town. After that period customers gradually fell off, and it was taken down in 1737.

Here, in the early part of the seventeenth century, a woman whose maiden name was Anne Clarges had a shop in a small way. She sold wash-balls, powder, and gloves, and taught girls plain needlework. She was married to a man called Ratford, but in 1649 she and her husband "fell out and parted." Her father was a blacksmith, a few minutes' walk nearer Temple Bar, and her mother took in washing.

Anne used to carry linen, after it had been washed by her mother and mended by herself, to General Monk when that famous English general was imprisoned in the Tower. Monk took a fancy to her, and married her—some say during her first husband's lifetime—and Nan Clarges, the washerwoman's daughter, rose at last by her husband's elevation to be Duchess of Albemarle.

She had considerable ability, and knew how to manage Monk, who was rather afraid of her, but she remained a vulgar person all her days. She was no beauty either. Pepys, in his "Diary," calls her "a plain, homely dowdy," and in another place speaks of her as "a very ill-looking woman." On the 4th of April, 1667, he dined with the Duke of Albemarle, and wrote down when he returned home:—"Dirty dishes, and a nasty wife at table, and bad meat, of which I made but an ill dinner."

Clarendon, the historian, gives an equally unfavourable account. He describes the duchess as a person "of the lowest extraction, without either wit or beauty."

Some go up in the world, but quite as many go down, and the New Exchange furnishes a contrast to the elevation of Anne Clarges, so striking, that one might think it had been invented on purpose. At the Revolution, in 1668, a lady took her place at a stall here, and maintained herself by the sale of trifling articles of haberdashery. She sat dressed all in white, and wearing a white mask, which she never took off, and the name given to her by the frequenters of the Exchange, who naturally enough looked at her with interest and curiosity, was "the White Widow."

She was no less a person in rank than Frances Jennings, Duchess of Tyrconnel, whose husband had been Lord Deputy of Ireland under James II. In early life she had been celebrated as "La Belle Jennings," and universally allowed to be one of the loveliest figures in the gay court of Charles II. For a time she was the mistress of Dublin Castle, and the first lady in Ireland, but the changes of the Revolution reduced her to absolute poverty. Fortunately, friends soon came to the rescue, and she left the New Exchange, but existence was henceforth a struggle, and she died at last in Dublin, in the Convent of the Poor Clares.

The bank of Coutts and Co., which occupies part of the site of the New Exchange, is interesting for its connection with the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, a lady who has used her wealth and employed her extensive influence

for the benefit of her less fortunate fellow-creatures. Till recently, she had a considerable interest in the business carried on here.

It was in the time of her grandfather, Mr. Thomas Coutts, an enterprising Scotchman, that the bank first came to the Strand. Mr. Thomas Coutts was an original and independent character, as may be seen from his dealings in the matrimonial market. His first wife was a domestic servant, named Elizabeth Starkey, the daughter of a small Lancashire farmer. In spite of their difference in station, the union proved a source of great happiness.

The first wife died, and in his old age, to the consternation of his family and expectant friends, Mr. Coutts gave his hand to an actress, Miss Harriet Mellon. This marriage gave rise to a great deal of talk, and proved a fertile subject for wit, sarcasm, and malice. All sorts of tales were told: among other absurdities it was rumoured that "Mrs. Coutts was forced to maintain two stout men well armed, who slept in an adjoining room, to protect her from the enmity of Mr. Coutts's family."

This ridicule, however, remarks Mr. Frederick Martin, in his "Stories of Banks and Bankers," had no other effect than that of strengthening the confidence of the husband in the wife. This confidence was displayed in a remarkable manner in the will made by Mr. Coutts before his death. By this will he left the whole of his fortune, amounting to about £900,000, to his widow, for her sole use and benefit, and at her absolute disposal, without the deduction of a single legacy to any other person.

Mrs. Coutts married again, her second choice being the Duke of St. Albans, but under her marriage settlement she wisely reserved to herself the control of the immense fortune left to her by Mr. Coutts. She died in 1837, leaving a will by which all the property passed to the favourite grandchild of her first husband — Angelina Georgina Burdett — a daughter of one of the daughters of his first wife. Miss Burdett assumed the name of Coutts by Royal Licence; and was raised to the peerage, under the title of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, of Highgate and Brookfield, in 1871.

In Adelphi Terrace, to be reached by walking down Adam Street, Mrs. Garrick lived, the wife of the famous actor. She had removed there with her husband seven years before his death.

Boswell has told us of a delightful day spent with Johnson and others at this house, the first time Mrs. Garrick reopened it after Garrick's death. "She looked well," he says, "talked of her husband with complacency, and, while she cast her eyes at his portrait, which hung over the chimney-piece, said that 'death was now the most agreeable object to her.'"

"It was no dishonour to her," says the kindly Leigh Hunt, referring to this passage, "that her constitution was too good for her melancholy. She spoke enthusiastically of her husband to the last, and used to decide on theatrical subjects by right of being his representative."

Mrs. Garrick had been a dancer in her youth; she died a venerable old lady at over ninety years of age.

Returning to the Strand, we proceed a little farther east and then go to the right, to see the Chapel of the Savoy. Here Anne Killigrew lies buried, who died in 1685, in her twenty-fifth year, "a Grace for beauty, and a Muse for wit." She was the daughter of Dr. Henry Killigrew, one of the masters of the Savoy, and was maid of honour to the Duchess of York. She was an accomplished scholar, an excellent painter, and the author of a number of poetical compositions, but she is best known as the subject of a celebrated ode by Dryden.

The following lines, however, prove that this young lady did not rest her expectations on other people, but hoped for immortality through the medium of her own poetry. It is an epitaph written by herself:

"When I am dead, few friends attend my hearse,
And for a monument I leave my verse."

Somerset House, on the south side of the Strand, occupies the site of a princely mansion which was successively in the possession of Queen Elizabeth and of the queens of James I., Charles I., and Charles II.

When it was occupied by James's Queen, Anne of Denmark, a constant masquerade, we are told, went on here, the queen and her ladies, "like so many sea-nymphs or nereids," appearing in various dresses "to the ravishment of the beholders."

Pepys, a great gossip, tells us of his being one day in the presence-chamber in this house, and seeing there the widowed queen of Charles I. and the queen of Charles II. It was not long after the Restoration. He had never seen the young queen before. "Though she be not very charming," he says, "yet she hath a good, modest and innocent look which is pleasing."

When Pepys first saw the youthful Catharine of Braganza, all promised well for her future happiness. But the liking which the king then entertained for her soon died out, and for whole twenty-three years she lived the most miserable woman in all her Court. Charles realised, too late, how ill he had used her. When he was on his death-bed, the queen, whose grief drove her to distraction, sent to ask his pardon, if by any chance she had ever offended him.

"Alas! poor woman," he exclaimed, "she beg my pardon! I beg hers with all my heart."

Catharine survived the Revolution and lived in Somerset House till she returned to Portugal in the reign of William III.

The present church of St. Mary-le-Strand covers the spot where there used to be a famous May-pole. It was a permanent erection, overlooking the Strand every day of the year, and round about it the lads and lasses, milkmaids and chimney-sweeps, used to dance to welcome in the spring. It was originally set up in 1661 by John Clarges, the blacksmith, whom we have already mentioned as the father of Anne, who became Duchess of Albemarle, and most likely he erected it out of joy at the surprising elevation of his daughter. It stood till 1713, when a new pole was erected opposite Somerset House; but the days of May-poles were about over then, and it was removed in 1718.

The sites of what are now Arundel, Norfolk, Surrey, and Howard-streets, between the Strand and the river, were once occupied by a house and grounds owned by several great families. Whilst tenanted by the Howards, Earls of Arundel, it was the scene (according to some authorities) of the death of a Countess of Nottingham—it was the Countess Catherine, she who is said to have kept back from Queen Elizabeth a ring forwarded to her by the Earl of Essex shortly before he perished on the scaffold.

It seems—and the story though romantic is not impossible—that in the days when Essex stood high in her favour, the Queen gave him a ring, with the promise that it would secure protection for him if he only sent it to her when he was in any trouble. He did send it, but the ring was carried by mistake to the Countess of Nottingham. She showed it to her husband, who was an enemy of the Earl of Essex, and he insisted on his wife locking it up in her own jewel case.

When lying dying in Arundel House, the countess wrote to the queen asking to see her "that she might reveal something to her Majesty without the discovery of which she could not die in peace."

Elizabeth came, and the countess told about her intercepting the ring. She then begged for forgiveness. "God may forgive you," answered her Majesty, "but I never can," and she left the room with deep emotion. From that time, we are told, till the day of her death—which happened only three days after the funeral of the countess—Elizabeth never went to bed, but lay on the floor with cushions about her, and absorbed in the deepest melancholy. It has been held that "her chief reason for suffering the earl to be executed was his supposed obstinacy in not applying to her for mercy."

In Howard-street Mrs. Bracegirdle, the actress—who was born in 1663, and died in 1748—lived in the house of a Mrs. Dorothy Brown. This fascinating woman made a great sensation in her day, and won as much praise for her good deeds as for her good looks. She is described as "of a lovely height, with dark brown hair and eyebrows, black, sparkling eyes, and a fresh, blushing complexion." Her charitable disposition often led her to Clare Market, on the north side of the Strand, to distribute money among the poor basket-women there who were out of employment.

At the south-west corner of Norfolk-street, Dr. Birch, a painstaking literary antiquary of the first half of the eighteenth century, lived at one time. We mention his name that we may introduce what Leigh Hunt describes as "a charming billet, written to him by his first wife, almost in the article of death." Mrs. Birch died within a year after their marriage.

"This day I return you, my dearest life, my sincere hearty thanks for every favour bestowed on your most faithful and obedient wife, "HANNAH BIRCH."

"July 31st, 1729."

An inn known as the "Angel," at the Strand end of Wych-street, appears in 1769 in an advertisement which recalls a traffic now happily one of the nightmares of the past:—"To be sold a Black Girl, eleven years of age; extremely handy; works at her needle tolerably, and speaks English well. Inquire of Mr. Owen at the 'Angel' Inn, behind St. Clement's Church in the Strand."

We quote this from the *Public Advertiser* of March 28th, 1769. Three years later—on the 22nd of June, 1772—by a decision of the Court of King's Bench, it was established that slavery could not exist in Great Britain.

Essex-street, on the south side of the Strand, has derived its name from the Earl of Essex, Queen Elizabeth's favourite—he who sent the ring to her, as we have just told. His town house stood here and was often visited by Queen Elizabeth in the days when he and she were friends.

"The late Lord Cholmondeley, who died in 1770, and who was not unknown as an antiquary," Mr. Edward Walford records, "used to say that one day when visiting a house in Essex-street, he found scratched, to all appearance with a diamond, on a weather-stained piece of glass the following letters: 'I. C. U. S. X. & E. R.,' which he interpreted, 'I see you Essex and Elizabeth Regina.' If he was right in his interpretation, it would seem probable that some inquisitive occupant of this room overlooking Essex House had seen the queen, when visiting the earl, and, like Captain Cuttle, had on the spot 'made a note of it.'"

The Earl's temper was none of the sweetest, and neither was the Queen's. On one occasion—perhaps when walking up and down the garden of this very house—they had a dispute about an assistant in the affairs of Ireland to which Essex was going as lord-

deputy. The Earl at last turned his back on the Queen, and she, as a striking addition to her argument, gave him a box on the ear, with the encouraging words: "Go and be hanged."

Essex laid his hand on his sword and swore that he would not have put up with the insult from her father. It is thought that he never forgave it, and the incident may be reckoned as the beginning of his fall.

Flora Macdonald—so well known for her devotion to Prince Charlie during his wanderings in the Highlands after the battle of Culloden—has given additional romance to Essex-street. The Scottish heroine found a temporary home here after her release from the mild imprisonment to which she had been subjected by the government.

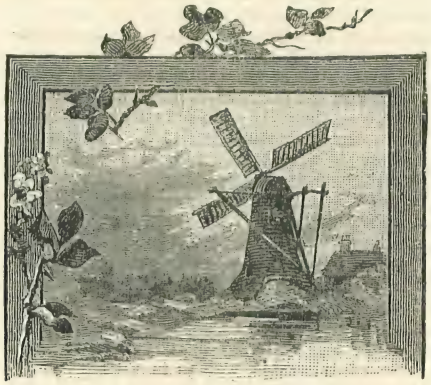
Flora seems to have been a simple, modest, and unassuming girl, whose merit arose from her having courage and fidelity to defend her fugitive prince when he was in distress and danger. Boswell, who saw her when he visited Skye in 1773, in company with Dr. Johnson, describes her as "a little woman, of a genteel appearance, and uncommonly mild and well bred."

She stayed in Essex-street at the house of Lady Primrose, a distinguished Jacobite, and was much made of by all whose sympathies lay with the House of Stuart. The presents she got were overwhelming, and the flattering attention paid to her might have turned the heads of ninety-nine out of a hundred young ladies. But, we are told, "she conducted herself with admirable propriety, never failing to express surprise at the curiosity which had been excited regarding her conduct—conduct which, she used to say, never appeared extraordinary to herself, till she saw the notice taken of it by the rest of the world."

After returning to Skye, she married a Mr. MacDonald, of Kingsburgh. She went with her husband to America, but came back to Skye, and died there at a good old age, a firm Jacobite to the last.

Now we have arrived at Temple Bar Memorial, with its comical griffin—from which anyone may see that humour has not yet taken flight from the City. And here we shall rest for the present.

(To be continued.)



SAUNTERS IN A GARDEN.

BOOKS and gardens are man's silent friends and companions, and he loves them in proportion to his acquaintance with them. The more intimate we are with our gardens and our books, the more we love them, for, like all true friends, they only open out to their intimates; they are dull and lifeless to strangers. The few pots of geraniums that grace the window-sill of some room in a Whitechapel court are to their owner more than the whole collection of plants at Kew, and that for two reasons—they are his, he feels the pride of possession, and he knows them, and therefore they are his friends. He could give you their history, their biography; since they were puny cuttings he has watched each leaf unfold itself, each flower-stem raise itself above the leaves, each bud swell until the red tip at the end shows that not many hours will elapse before a flower will light up the plant, and, if it be the first flower, what an ecstasy of delight! what a thrill of pleasure will he feel as he looks upon the red disc! That poor sickly geranium is to its owner as dear as the costliest orchid that ever graced the conservatory of a millionaire—ay, dearer and nearer; for has he not tended the geranium himself, while the owner of the orchid perchance knows nothing about it save that it is one of his collection. Rich men often do not enjoy their gardens, notwithstanding their extent, wealth of bloom and costliness, nearly as much as a poor man who has only a few yards to cultivate and only his pair of hands to do everything. But there's the rub. Doing everything for himself makes him acquainted with every leaf and flower in the garden. I recollect as a boy growing some convolvuli in pots outside my bedroom window. How anxiously I waited for the seeds to show themselves above ground, and then when the time came for them to be strung, how I looked at them every morning to see how much higher they had twined around the string; and when the buds began to show themselves, how anxiously I looked every morning to see if any had burst into flower; and then when the flowers came, each morning it was quite an excitement counting them. Ay, I believe those pots of convolvuli yielded me more enjoyment than looking at the choicest collection of plants belonging to another. And well do I recollect the grief I was thrown into when a kitten sprang on to the sill one day, and began playing with the string, as kittens will, and finally pulled up two of my best plants; and the next morning, when I looked out to see my flowers, I saw the lifeless plants dangling in the air; for they had grown to the top of the window, where they had a piece of string stretched across whereon to climb before they met with their degrading end. Well for that kitten that I did not see it at that moment. It was surprising how my convolvuli (I was going to write convolvuluses) used to thrive and blossom right in the heart of London. At least, as I see them again in the mind's eye after the lapse of some years, they still seem to me to be as fine as any I have since seen, but it may be that

> The past does win
> A glory by its being far;
> And orb into the perfect star,
> Which we saw not when we moved therein.

One must work in a garden to get an interest in it, and an interest is the sure precursor of love. One cannot love a garden without being on very intimate terms with it. A mere casual acquaintance is not enough. One must have ample leisure in a garden to discover its beauties, and the best way to get this leisure is to work in it. Even if the garden does not belong to you, you will be surprised how your interest is awakened in it if you spend a few days in planting, weeding, pruning, and otherwise assisting in the actual gardening work. You get much more knowledge and real enjoyment out of a garden, small though it be, in which you have worked than a walk through the most magnificent grounds filled with the choicest flowers. The beauties of a garden must have time to impress themselves upon us before we get the real enjoyment out of it; and, therefore, a walk through a garden is frequently rather wearying than refreshing. The beauties succeed each other too quickly for the eye to take in or the mind retain the effect of the various groups of plants, and the subtle combinations of colours and glorious contrasts only to be seen successfully in flowers; and when we come away we cannot recall one individual flower or plant, but only a confused sense of magnificence too vague to be long retained in the mind. It is like walking through a gallery

AN AMATEUR GARDENER.

of pictures for the first time. The first impression is too confused to be pleasurable; only after many visits can we retain individual impressions of certain pictures. And as we work in a garden we can every now and then look up or saunter round and enjoy the product of the labours of the past, for when we have gone through months of hard work, how keen is the enjoyment of looking at the plants in bloom!

We never grow tired of admiring the results of our labours; and the more we work in a garden the keener is the enjoyment, for we feel we have a perfect right to enjoy the labour of our own hands. The flowers are our bairns, for had we not tended them in the critical periods of their growth we know we would have nothing now to look at and enjoy. Therefore I say to the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, try to do as much as you possibly can to your garden yourself; and for this reason it will be well to have a portion allotted to you in which you are free to do whatever you like. Those who have the advantage of living surrounded by a large garden should not be content to enjoy the work of others only, but have a piece of ground set aside, and garden it exclusively with their own hands, and in due season they will find their labours amply repaid by the pride they will feel in showing their friends the plants they have reared. Let everything in it be grown by yourself, that you may enjoy the results of your labours with the proud consciousness of being entitled to whatsoever praise your flowers merit at the hands of your friends.

I have sometimes heard people in the country complaining that time hangs heavy on their hands, but surely this can only be when one has no settled occupation. One of the duties the daughters of a house might take upon themselves would be to help in the flower garden. I don't mean, to help in a desultory fashion, just when the fit seizes upon one, but systematic work, beginning with the year and carried right through the seasons, so that you may watch the plants in all stages of their growth. You will find quite a friendship springing up between yourself and the plants, especially those that are "ongain," as they say in Norfolk—those that are puny and do not flourish, and require all your care and attention to enable them to fight the battle of life. Your strong, healthy plant that nothing can affect, that withstands the attacks of insects, the inclemency of the weather, and other untoward causes, is apt to receive hardly the attention it deserves. Its very robustness stands in the way of your sympathy towards it; but your sickly, delicate plant, that absolutely has to be coaxed into life, will grow dear to you, and if in the end you succeed in making it flourish and blossom, proud indeed will you then be, a pride that you must experience to realise at its full.

Perhaps some readers will say that they do not like to interfere with the garden because of some very particular and jealous gardener. Well, I admit that your efforts in the beginning may be rather coldly received by the authorities that be, but you must use all gently. You must be content to wait and learn, and do the menial offices in a garden, weeding, picking off dead flowers and leaves, and other small but highly necessary duties. And, above all, get a small piece of ground to yourself, just a single bed in some unobtrusive corner, and if you can succeed in producing a wealth of bloom in due season, and show what you can do, you will soon find your services will be recognised, and another year you may get a larger bit of ground to yourself, and thus from small things you will pass on to greater, and even your cross-grained gardener may testify to usefulness.

Truly, a gardener must learn to labour and to wait. For months, perchance, his labours do not show, but when at length he is rewarded with signs of bloom, and finally when his plants burst into flower, the dreary months of waiting are forgotten in a moment, and for a brief season let him be, like the butterfly, contented only to enjoy.

I have not here attempted to give any definite instruction in gardening, as the articles to follow will take up the several aspects of the question at some length; but it may not be out of place here to give a few practical notes on two plants that my readers will find may be advantageously added to their list if they do not already possess them. A great deal more can be done with these two plants than many amateur gardeners are aware.

As an annual the sweet pea (*Lathyrus*) has few rivals. Sown at the back of a border, either in front of a hedge, or forming a hedge itself, it is always a striking feature in a garden. A trench should be dug from a foot to eighteen inches deep, the lighter the soil the deeper the trench, as the pea tribe are all deep feeders, and mix the soil with well-rotted manure from a cucumber or other frame, incorporating the manure with soil out of bottom of trench. Fill up trench with the mixture, treading it well down, as it is most important having the bed firm in which seeds are to be grown. If the soil is light, walk over it, and then just fork up the surface. Don't sow too thickly, and cover the seeds with an inch of soil. Be careful to see that mice and sparrows don't take the seeds, and pea protectors made of wire are very essential to keep away winged enemies. As soon as the peas are up, stake early, but not too thickly, and do not cross the stakes, but put them in perfectly upright, so as to allow the air to circulate freely round the plants. When in flower be careful to take off seed pods, as nothing weakens a plant so much as to allow it to seed. People would have double and treble the bloom if they were careful to nip off all seed pods, unless they are being saved for some special reason.

Lathyrus sativus is a beautiful blue pea.

Lathyrus grandiflorus is the finest of the Perennial peas, and bears large, bright, crimson-scarlet flowers. Another exceedingly useful and beautiful plant is the Belgian or German pansy, largely cultivated the last year or two. As they can be had in flower from very early spring till late autumn, it is a most welcome addition to the borders. It is better to sow the seeds in a frame, and prick the plants out in the spring, as by this means you get blooms two months earlier. Flowers sown in autumn flower in early spring, and those sown in spring in the autumn, and it is therefore necessary to have two crops if a constant succession of flowers is to be maintained. By pegging the shoots of your plants down so that they strike is an excellent plan for forming large clumps to fill out a bed. By seeding a few blooms later on in the year some good varieties may be raised. Pansies are easily raised from cuttings. Strike them in a frame, and plant out when well rooted.

FRED MILLER.

FORLORN, YET NOT FORSAKEN.

THE TRUE STORY OF A NURSERY GOVERNESS.

CHAPTER III.

"Rules of society are nothing; one's conscience is the umpire."

—*Mme. Dudevant.*

MARGARET FAIRFAX must have been an uncommon person, you say, not like most governesses. Well, I grant you that perhaps hers was an unusual story; she herself was very attractive. I do not say that I have not come across many unpleasant specimens; I have had to do with very disagreeable governesses, touchy, grasping, unchristian women; and so I have had to do with women every whit as disagreeable, and considerably more so, who would be horribly disgusted at being included in the same catalogue. It is fortunate, my love, for some of us, that Burke does not inquire into vices and virtues. I never could see the reasonableness of expecting a woman, simply because she teaches, to be a marvel of amiability, cheerfulness, self-annihilation, and all the rest of it. I often feel inclined to tell people not to demand one single virtue which they, at least, do not possess themselves.

But, after all, that does not affect the real question as to a governess's right and lawful position in our homes, and the light in which she should be regarded. One cannot lay down rules, as each household differs in its arrangements. But there is the golden rule which will fit one and all. Depend upon it, my Magdalen, there are pearls of women, who go unsought and unloved, while their inferiors in every respect are caressed, petted, and extolled. Why is this? Simply from circumstances. Had my friend been an independent woman, she would have moved among us as a queen. Oh, I have often pondered over the strangeness of what some call the accident of birth. Thank God, to Him it is no

accident, who knows when a "sparrow falleth." But all the more it behoves the higher ones of the earth to keep in remembrance the fact that superior birth and position is but a passing thing—a probationary condition. Surely this recollection would often check the satirical smile, the contemptuous shrug, at the speech or manners of those moving in lower circles. What if they do not pronounce their words in the approved style, or carry into the thousand and one things of dress, conversation, expression, that grace and ease to which you are accustomed? Suppose they do speak too loudly, move awkwardly, show themselves unused to the *bienséances* of life? These things, dear child, are externals, and too often are veneer, not polish. Do not misunderstand me. All this and much more is necessary and desirable, but it has failed in its aim if the acquisition of approved style and habit only makes us ready, with raised eyebrow and covert sneer, to crush any who commit some *faux pas*.

Has it ever struck you, that in the kingdom of heaven a humble scullion may take precedence of his royal master or mistress? I fancy blue blood will sustain many a shock—if such a thing be possible—when we see, perhaps, our gardener, or our laundress, or some whom we have called vulgar and underbred, preferred before us. Not a pleasant idea? No, love, the flesh and the proud heart shrink from and repel such a probability, yet God's word assures us of it. It ought to keep us humble. There is something horribly mean in the different ways people have of treating different persons. I have seen a young lady ignore and slight another, quite as young, as pretty, and considerably more interesting than herself, just because she happened to be the governess and a nobody. One expects this kind of thing from mere worldlings, but, indeed, this respect of persons prevails very largely amongst those of a far higher spiritual culture. Earnest Christian workers are laughed at, sometimes unmercifully quizzed, because their ways and manners are not up to the mark. Of what use is it, after taking them off amid peals of laughter, to say, with charming generosity, "Oh, but then they are so good, you know!" The mischief is done, the stone is launched, the circles are eddying, and upon the young ones, at any rate, a lasting impression of absurdity regarding the subject of joke has been produced. They are not likely, after that, to profit much by such an one. I am sorry to say I cannot plead entire innocence on this point myself. I have yielded to the almost irresistible temptation to make fun of good people's weaknesses; for it is quite true that good people's weaknesses are so very weak. Perhaps if they were not, the saints would make room too quickly for the sinners. But on such occasions my conscience always smote me with a warning that the propensity must be struggled against. I assure you, Magdalen, many from among the ranks of seekers after pleasure have taught me lessons in tact and kind consideration, altogether apart from patronage, towards those lower in the social grade. Now, whatever be the motive which influences them, there is no doubt as to the principle which should actuate Christians in this respect. Such moral obligations are really binding on all, but doubly, trebly, on those making an open profession of advanced spiritual life.

More than a year slipped by after that visit to Brighton. Margaret and I corresponded regularly, and her letters were an index to her mind. For some weeks the tone of them had become very depressed, then almost wild, and I began to grow very anxious about her. My mother knew all I knew about my friend, and liked to hear parts of her letters. Her sympathising heart went out to the lonely girl, and we often discussed the possibility of having her to stay with us. Your great-grandmother had less of the "caste" spirit than anyone else I ever knew. I never heard her disparage, however faintly, an individual because he or she was not within that magic border-line which separates the somebodies from the nobodies. Goodness was ever the passport to her wide, genial nature, and her manner was equally courteous to all, at all times, marked only by degrees of intimacy.

"We must try to arrange it, dear," she said one afternoon. "Of course, it must not clash in any way with Emily Corfu; that would not be right. It is rather a difficult thing to move in. We will just leave it for a few days, love. If we are to help the poor young thing, the way will be opened."

The very next morning, at breakfast, a messenger brought a letter from my cousin. Just at the end a postscript was added—

"I am wofully harassed by an eleventh plague—my children's governess. She is ill, and if she quite breaks down I shall go mad. The doctor prescribes the remedy now in vogue—change. But where to send her? She has no friends. Pity me! Was ever mortal woman so plagued as I?"

My mother smiled at me across the table, and within twenty-four hours Margaret Fairfax was in our house. With one of the spurts of careless kindness which characterised Emily Corfu, she had sent Margaret in her own carriage, and the servant handed her out with a respect to which his mistress's attention had given the cue.

Remember, Magdalen, servants always take the same line as their employers in these things. Lady—— once said to me, "I told my servants that every one of them might leave me if they chose; and the first one who dared to address Mlle. Ploermel improperly, that day he or she should go. And from that day," concluded her ladyship, triumphantly, "they all behaved to her with the greatest respect. They saw I meant it."

Margaret was outwardly calm, but her features might have been cut in marble, they were so cold and rigid, while her hands were like fire. I took her straight upstairs to the room prepared for her next mine, made her lie down on the sofa and drink some tea. Before an hour had passed the colour returned to her face, and she was laughing with me over a funny story of my father's.

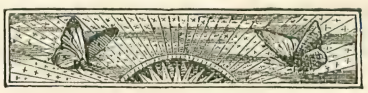
My mother was in her own *sitting*-room, and as we entered she came to meet us, and taking Margaret's hand between both hers, pressed it kindly, saying a few gracious words of welcome. She had an immense command over her features, yet even she could not restrain the light of admiration from shining in her eyes as Emily Corfu's nursery governess appeared before her. I remember Margaret was dressed in some dark material, which fitted close to her superb figure, and fell in heavy folds from the waist downwards. She wore white muslin collar and cuffs, turning back from the throat and wrists, her only ornament a handsome gold watch-chain twisted several times round her neck and reaching to the girdle. I can see her now, with her gleaming, curly hair, her blue eyes with their dark lashes and heavy lids raised half-languidly, half-beseechingly to my mother, as the latter greeted her so warmly.

Ere many days my Margaret was at home with us all. Aunt Caroline was staying with us. You have heard of her large heart, her ready sympathy, her genial tact which was never at a loss, and made everybody comfortable and happy. The discovery that she had been acquainted with Mrs. Fairfax as a girl established at once an interest in her daughter. I can hear her now, in her full, deep voice, saying, with such an irresistibly sunny smile, "Dear child! Come here, love, and let us have a talk together. Come!"

Aunt Carry had that wonderful way of making a person feel that his or her affairs were of the most absorbing interest; and it was no sham with her. She really took everyone's concerns, their cares and pleasures, into that great loving heart of hers. I believe one secret of her success in winning confidence lay in the fact of her never wishing to humiliate anyone—never making man, woman, or child feel "small." People's best qualities were drawn out by contact with Aunt Carry, whose inherent sweetness diffused around her so pure an atmosphere, that the mean, the unworthy, the selfish, slunk into the background.

There are natures which attract from us all that is vilest, and stifle our better, higher selves. Often those who should know us best really know us least, and repel us most. I see fathers, mothers, children, brothers and sisters, never understanding one another; incessantly spurring, stabbing, goading the tempers, the failings, the weak points, of first this one, then that; and until sickness, separation, or death come, home, instead of being a bright, sacred place, is the scene of bickering, jealousies, sarcasms—its inmates masked, as it were, from each other in sullen unamiability, yet all the while craving for affection and sympathy.

(*To be continued.*)



"'UPSET YOUR APPLE-CART, I SEE, LIZZIE FORSTER,' HE CONTINUED."

FAITH FRANCIS; OR, LONG PURPLES.

By M. C. PARTRIDGE.

CHAPTER II.

"A heart at leisure from itself
To soothe and sympathise."

VERY early next morning Faith woke from a more refreshing sleep than she had enjoyed for many a night. She had been overworked in London, and it was necessary she should have country air, consequently she and Laura had come to Wheatfields during the holidays. She opened the window softly, so as not to disturb her still sleeping sister, and looked out. The cows were coming into the yard to be milked, and "Mr. Joseph" was giving orders to the men; while his mother was clattering about in pattens outside her dairy with a great tin-pail in her hand. Faith dressed quickly, and after earnest prayers and quiet reading of her Bible, she went downstairs. Finding Mrs. Mason would not accept any assistance in her work, she begged a draught of sweet new milk and a slice of bread from one of the crusty home-baked loaves, and went out for a walk in the fresh morning air. She amused herself by gathering sprays of the beautiful blackberry flowers and wild clematis in the hedges, and directly after the early farmhouse breakfast was over, set to work to draw and try to paint them. She succeeded so well that it was with a feeling of reluctance that she quitted her work to prepare for the next day's Sunday class. Finding Mr. Hawes had forgotten to tell her one or two things she wanted to know, she determined to go and ask Albert East, the pupil teacher. She went into the kitchen, where Mrs. Mason was busy making a black currant pudding, to inquire where he lived.

"In the white house, the other side of the church," was the answer; "but he won't be at home, my dear. He's reaping for Mr. Terrick. Where's Bert East at work, Joe?" she continued, addressing her son, who was just leaving the back kitchen with a huge stone beer jug in each hand.

"Down in Mr. Terrick's nine acres," replied Joseph, turning round, and nodding an awkward greeting to Faith. "Did you want him? His drift is next the road, and you can't mistake him, he's got a red hat on. I'd go along with you, but I'm bound to be up in the middle furlong, or the men will be calling out for their tevers" (beer).

"Where is this nine acres?" asked Faith, when Joseph had conveyed himself and his stone bottles out of sight.

"Not far," said Mrs. Mason, as she carefully rolled out her paste. "You must go past the church and schools till you come to a gate at the head of the baulk."

"What's that?" asked Faith, looking puzzled.

"A headland—a green lane on one side of a field. You can't miss it; 'tis the first stile you come to on the right hand. Then you must go through one meadow, and you will see the wheat field before you. Bert's sure to be there. He's a good hard-working chap, and his schooling hasn't set him up above being glad to earn him a little by reaping."

Laura did not care to accompany Faith; she was engaged in the engrossing occupation of renovating her Sunday bonnet. The door of the Masons' house opened on to the village street. All the farm buildings were at the back, and only a tiny strip of garden separated the front from the road. As Faith walked along she was struck with the deserted air of the houses. Every door was tightly closed, over nearly every window the blinds were drawn, showing the inhabitants were out. Not a single grown person was to be seen. A few tiny children and three or four hot, thirsty-looking dogs played in the dusty road together, or lay panting in the shade of a large horse chestnut tree. Everybody in Wheatfields was at harvest work. Even the village shop was deserted, though it was Saturday; the hard-working labourers' wives would toil all day long in the fields, and it would only be at night that they would spare the time to do their humble marketing. Faith sauntered along past the church and past the schools which were soon to be the scene of her labours, enjoying to the full the charm of the country after so many months of the toil and tumult of London life, all the more that Laura was not there to quench her pleasure, or throw cold water on her admiration of all around. When the village with its picturesque cottages was finally left behind, Faith overtook a little girl wheeling with one hand a wicker perambulator, containing a heavy baby, while with the other she was carrying with great care a can of cold tea. The pudding basin, tied in a blue checked handkerchief, lying at the baby's feet, made it evident the child was taking dinner to her parents in the harvest fields.

"What a heavy load you have, my dear," began Faith. As she spoke the child turned to her, and the ricketty little vehicle went over some rough stones; off came the wheel, and the fat baby was suddenly deposited on the

dusty road, amid cries of fright and anger. Faith hastened to pick up the infant, and the little girl, carefully putting down her can, pursued the pudding basin into the ditch, exclaiming in a terrified tone, "Oh, pray! what be I to do?"

"Never mind, my dear," said Faith, kindly; "the dinner is none the worse, and the baby is only frightened."

As she spoke a young gentleman came cantering along the turf. The little girl curtseyed to him, and as he passed he reined in his horse, and in a good-natured tone asked what was the matter. "Upset your apple-cart, I see, Lizzie Forster," he continued, answering his own question. "There, don't cry about it. Wheel come off, is it? Blacksmith will mend it for you. There"—throwing her a shilling—"go and get it done, and mother won't scold." Lizzie curtseyed again and again as she picked up the coin, and wiped her eyes cheerfully on her pinafore. "You have a friend here, I see," continued the young gentleman, looking at Faith, who stood holding the baby in her arms, "who can help you better than I can." So saying, he raised his hat to Faith and rode off.

"Who is it?" inquired the young schoolmistress, when the baby was quieted, and Lizzie, having explained she was going to the nine acre field with the dinners, had promised to show the way thither.

"Mr. William Terrick, our young master. He's a very kind gentleman. He lives along of his father in that big house with the trees round it. Can you carry baby, Miss? A'n't he too heavy for you? He is a lump."

"I think my arms are as strong as yours," said Faith. "What shall we do with the perambulator?"

"Set it upside down in the ditch," said Lizzy, promptly. "Nobody will meddle with it. I don't so much mind telling mother 'tis broke, now I've got that shilling. Master Ward will put the wheel on again for less than that, I think."

The baby was very heavy, and Faith's arms soon ached with his weight; but Lizzie amused her by chattering freely about her brothers and sisters; and when she heard that her new friend was to be her future teacher, she brightened up, and said she knew she should like to come to school to her.

"There's Bert East," volunteered the child, as they entered the cornfield, "and there's mother coming to meet me. She'll scold 'cause I'm late."

Faith did not wait to hear Lizzy's explanations of her adventure, but giving the baby into its mother's arms, went up to the young pupil-teacher. He was a tall, slight young fellow, bronzed and freckled by the sun, and looking very picturesque in his white shirt and red tennis hat.

"I am sorry to interrupt your work," she said, politely, "but I am Miss Francis, the new mistress, and as I am going to take Mr. Hawes's class at Sunday-school to-morrow, I want to ask you something about the lessons."

Albert East gave the required information, and when she had learnt all she wanted to know, he raised his hat to her and returned to his work.

The cornfield was a pleasant sight. Being only a small one, the work was being all done by hand, and a very pretty picture the reapers made. Men and women in their different dresses, the large hats of the girls crowning the slender figures, which often took attitudes of unconscious grace, amid the shocks and sheaves of golden corn.

"How I wish I could draw them!" thought Faith, and then she came to the prettiest picture of all. There lay the fat, chubby baby she had carried, fast asleep on a wheat-sheaf, other shocks being built over him like a cradle to shield him from the sun. The rest of his family—Mrs. Forster and her husband, and a big boy—were all at work cutting the wheat; while Lizzie and an older girl were on their knees making bands for the sheaves. The mother raised her head to nod her thanks to Faith as she passed for carrying the baby; while from Lizzie, Faith got a smile and a curtsey.

(*To be continued.*)

THE CHEESE COURSE.

By PHILLIS BROWNE, Author of "The Girl's Own Cookery Book."

In these degenerate days cheese is not considered the indispensable requisite for a dinner which it used to be, although there are still a good many people who would not consider they had dined properly if they were not permitted to conclude the meal with a small piece of well kept Stilton, or a slice of Cheshire cheese. Fortunately we live in a free country, and people are allowed to do as they like in matters of diet, so that cheese has never been entirely banished from the best tables. This is to a certain extent a good thing, for those who have studied foods from a scientific standpoint tell us that, though when taken by itself cheese is difficult to digest, yet when taken after other food it seems to facilitate digestion, because it starts a change in the food. It is very nutritious too, and hard-working people who labour in the open air from day to day would find it more profitable to buy cheese than meat, because cheese contains nearly twice the quantity of nutritive matter that we get from cooked meat. People who live indoors, however, and do not take a large amount of outdoor exercise, would most likely become unwell if they took cheese in large quantities, and therefore they would be wise to regard it as an adjunct to food rather than as a regular article of diet.

Cheese has been used by mankind from very early times. It is mentioned in Homer's "Iliad," "The fig's pressed juice, infused in cream, to curds coagulates the finest cream." Reference is made to it also, I have been told, in the works of Aristotle, Euripides, and Theocritus. The Hebrews knew of it 3,000 years ago, for in the First Book of Samuel xvii. 18 we read that David was told by his father Jesse to carry ten cheeses to the captain of his brethren. Josephus, too, tells us that a valley in the neighbourhood of Jerusalem was called the valley of the cheesemongers. In our own country cheese has been known for centuries. In Fuller's "Worthies," we read "Poor men eat cheese for hunger, rich for digestion. It seems that the ancient British had no skill in the making thereof till taught by the Romans, and now the Romans may even learn of us more exactness therein." Dr. Thomas Fuller, who wrote the "History of the Worthies of England," from which these words are taken, died in 1661. So it would appear that even at this early period the nutritive value of cheese was fully appreciated.

As everyone knows, cheese is simply the curd of milk pressed into solid masses of varying size and weight, and usually either salted, dried, coloured, or flavoured. Its quality depends upon the kind of milk used, and the mode of preparation adopted. The milk of cows is generally chosen, though occasionally ewes' milk and also goats' milk are employed, and in the Arabian deserts it is made from the milk of camels and mares. Of modern nations we English appear to have the highest appreciation of it, for not only do we consume large quantities made at home, but we import large quantities from abroad, and especially from America. At the present time foreign cheeses, known as fancy cheeses, are largely used by the upper classes, and some of them are very delicious. Roquefort is one of the best known. It is a French cheese, and is made from sheeps' and goats' milk. In taste it resembles Stilton cheese. Its quality is said to depend entirely upon the place in which it is kept whilst it is ripening. Baron Liebig says that these cheeses are kept in cellars communicating with mountain grottoes or caverns, which are kept constantly cool by currents of air from clefts in the mountains. The value of these cellars as storehouses varies with their coolness. There was one cellar which cost originally only £480, and which was sold for £8,600, because it was to be uniformly of the right temperature. Parmesan is another celebrated cheese; it keeps very well, and is much used in cookery, as is also Gruyere, a solid dry cheese with a very strong flavour. Camembert and Gorgonzola, too, are very favourite cheeses. Cream cheese is also deservedly popular.

Nowadays it is not at all unusual to serve one or two varieties of cheese at the same time, cutting these up into small pieces of a size suitable for serving, and then handing the dish round that each guest may help himself. Butter made up into small neat shapes with Scotch hands, and garnished with parsley, biscuits, or pulled bread, watercress, salad, or celery, should always be supplied as accompaniments. If the cheese is well chosen, and a little pains is given to its arrangement, the cheese course may be made quite a noticeable conclusion to the meal. There are now to be bought cheese dishes with two or three compartments for the reception of the various details, and these are very convenient for handing the biscuits, butter, and watercress with the cheese. The Scotch hands, as I suppose most people know, are long flat pieces of wood fluted inside, and used for rolling the butter into small shapes. They should be soaked in cold water some time before being used.

Pulled Bread is made by taking a new loaf, one which is underbaked if it can be obtained, pulling it apart into rather small pieces, and putting these in a shallow pan in a slow oven till they are crisp and brown.

It is not, however, of the ordinary way of serving cheese that I wish specially to speak now, but rather to give recipes and describe the mode of preparation of certain favourite delicacies into the composition of which cheese enters and is the principal ingredient. Excellent as cheese is when it is well chosen

and well served, it does not suffice for everyone. There are people who like variety occasionally, and they prefer to have cheese cooked in different ways, and they manage to convert it into very toothsome morsels.

The most celebrated of the cheese dishes is what is called a fondu, or cheese soufflée. Some time ago I gave in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER a recipe for this dish, so I need not repeat the details. I may perhaps be allowed to say that I hope that if the girls who tried to make this dish were not at once successful, they will not be discouraged, but that they will try again. All soufflées are difficult to make. The girl who managed one properly the first time she made the attempt would be a very talented person, with a real genius for cookery, I should say. The trying part of a soufflée is that it spoils so quickly. If you do not take exactly the correct proportion of the ingredients, if you do not cook the panada very thoroughly, if you do not whip the egg whites very stiffly, if you put them in too early, if you do not mix them in perfectly, or if you mix them in too vigorously, if the oven is not hot enough, or if you get too anxious and take a peep too soon, to see how the fondu is getting on; if you slam the oven-door, after looking in, instead of shutting it gently, and so let in a current of cold air; if you leave the fondu in the oven a little too long, or do not serve it as quickly as possible after it is taken out—all these accidents, any one of which may very easily happen, will be likely to spoil the fondu. Therefore, girls should undertake the work at a time when they can give their whole attention to the business, and they should make up their minds to try, try, try again till they succeed.

Cheese Straws are very delicious little trifles, and are just the things to nibble at the close of dinner. Some cooks have an idea that all you need to do in making them is to mix a little grated cheese with ordinary pastry and then cut the preparation into strips and bake them; but this is a very feeble imitation of the real article, which should be made as follows:—Take two ounces of Vienna flour. (Vienna flour, it will be understood, is the finest flour used for superior pastry. It is dearer than ordinary household flour, and has been passed through silk sieves; but it is very white, and makes very light pastry. I believe it is so very fine that there is not much nourishment left in it; but then people do not take cheese straws for nourishment, but enjoyment, or, rather, they have got as much nourishment as they require before the cheese straws are brought on.) Put the Vienna flour upon a board and mix in a little pepper and salt and a very little cayenne. (Cayenne enters into all cheese dishes.) Rub in two ounces of butter, as if you were going to make short paste, and when the butter and flour are like fine oatmeal add two ounces of grated Parmesan, or, if this is not to be had, grated cheese of some dry, strong sort. Parmesan is, however, really the cheese which answers best for purposes of this kind, because its flavour is so pronounced, and it is so dry. A soft cheese could not be grated properly—it would stick together, but a dry cheese grates quite easily. Work the mixture to a smooth paste with the yolk of an egg; unless the egg is a good-sized one, it is quite possible that there will not be enough moisture to make up the paste. In this case part of another yolk must be taken, and a few drops of lemon juice are even permissible, but water is not allowed—it will destroy the characteristic crispness of the pastry. Knead the paste till it is smooth and stiff, and roll it out five inches wide and one-eighth of an inch thick. Dip a sharp knife in flour and cut the pastry into strips a quarter of an inch wide; take them up on the point of a knife and put them on a greased baking sheet; roll out the scraps of pastry and stamp it out in rings with a round pastry cutter. Lay these also on the baking-sheet and bake in a cool oven till the straws are a pale brown colour. For serving, put a few straws in each ring and serve on a napkin.

Cheese d'Artois.—Scraps of puff paste, or of any good light crust, may be used for this purpose. Put an ounce of butter into a basin and beat it with a spoon till it looks like cream. Add two yolks of eggs and one white, two ounces of grated cheese, a little pepper, salt, and cayenne; roll out the pastry very thinly and divide it into two equal parts; lay one of these on a greased baking-sheet, spread the cheese mixture upon it, and cover with the other piece. Mark with the back of a knife at suitable distances, to show where it is to be divided when it is baked, and bake in a quick oven for about ten minutes. Serve on a dish covered with a folded napkin.

Aigrettes of Parmesan—Take two ounces of fine bread-crumbs. Pour on half a pint of cold milk and soak the bread, then add one ounce of butter, two yolks of eggs, two ounces of grated Parmesan, half a gill of cream, and a little salt and cayenne. Last of all add the whites of the eggs, which have been whipped to a firm froth. Let the mixture get cold, then form it into small heaps, each one about the size of a marble. Make some fat hot in a saucepan, egg and bread the *aigrettes*, put them in a frying basket and fry them to a pale brown colour. Have ready cut some strips of cheese to stick into them, and garnish with fried parsley.

Cheese Cronstades.—Cut away the crust from some slices of bread an inch and a half thick, taken from a square-shaped, stale, crummy loaf. With a plain round cutter, an inch and a half in diameter, stamp out ten or a dozen circular pieces, and with a smaller cutter make an incision at one end of each piece to within a quarter of an inch of the edge. Make some fat hot in a stewpan, fry the bread to a light brown, and drain it on kitchen fat. After frying, remove the incised disc and the crumb from the interior and put the cronstades in the oven to keep hot. Put an ounce of butter and a dessert-spoonful of water into a small saucepan. Set this on the fire, and when the water boils stir in browned bread-crumbs to make a stiff paste, then add the well-beaten yolk of an egg, a little pepper, salt, and cayenne, and a small teacupful of grated Parmesan. Fill the cronstades with the mixture, put fried parsley on the top, and serve quite hot.

Cheese Patés.—Line some patty pans with good pastry which has been rolled out very thin. Grate two ounces of Parmesan and put it into a basin with one ounce of warmed butter, two yolks of eggs, and one white (if the eggs are small use three), and a little salt and cayenne. Fill the patties with the mixture and bake in a moderately heated oven till it is set and the pastry is slightly coloured. Sprinkle a little grated cheese on the top and serve hot.

Cheese Canapées.—Cut some thin slices of stale bread. Stamp these out with a plain tin cutter of round or oval shape and fry them till they are lightly browned. Let them drain on kitchen paper, and put on each one a little grated Parmesan which has been mixed with mustard and pepper. Set them in a brisk oven or before a clear fire, and serve very hot as soon as the cheese is dissolved.

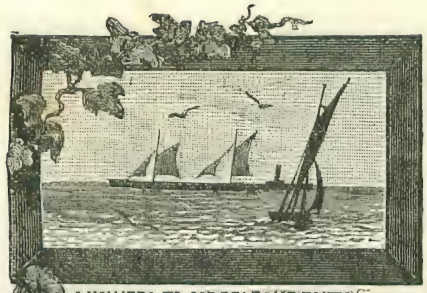
Ramakins.—Melt an ounce of butter in a small stewpan over the fire and add a teaspoonful of mignonette pepper, which is simply white peppercorns coarsely bruised. After frying for a minute or two strain the butter into another stewpan away from the pepper, and beat into it an ounce of flour. Add a saltspoonful of salt and as much cayenne as would barely cover a threepenny-piece (or rather less, if hot things are not approved). Work in a gill of milk and keep stirring the panada till it boils and thickens. Mix in off the fire, and one at a time, the yolks of three eggs, and afterwards three ounces of grated Parmesan. Beat the whites of four eggs, stir them into the mixture without breaking down the froth, half fill some ramakin papers (that is, small paper cases which may be bought at the fancy stationer's and which cost about ninepence per dozen), and put these into a quick oven until the preparation is firm in the centre. Ten minutes will be about the time required. Serve immediately in the paper cases. If ramakin papers are not to be had, small tin moulds may be used instead, but the paper cases will look the prettier.

Crèmes de Fromage.—Scraps of puff pastry may be used for these delicate trifles. Roll the pastry out very thinly and cut it into rounds. Take a stewpan with two ounces of cream and two ounces of grated Parmesan. Mix and add salt and cayenne. Put a good depth of fat into a stewpan and set it on the fire to get hot; put a little of the mixture into each round of pastry, moisten the edges and turn the pastry over, pressing the edges to make them adhere. Egg the turnovers, roll them in bread-crumbs, and fry them in the hot fat. When lightly browned they are done. Drain them on kitchen paper, arrange them in a circle in a dish covered with a napkin, and garnish with fried parsley.

Among the homely, easily managed ways of cooking cheese may be mentioned cheese pudding and stewed cheese, or Welsh rabbit, with the recipes for which I will conclude.

Cheese Pudding.—Take equal quantities of grated cheese and fine bread-crumbs; mix thoroughly and pour on as much boiling milk as the preparation will absorb. Add beaten eggs, one egg for each half-pint of milk; put the mixture in a stewpan and stir it occasionally till the cheese is melted, then put it into a greased piedish and bake it till set. Serve immediately.

Stewed Cheese.—Cut some good Cheshire cheese into thin slices, put them into a stewpan and cover them with ale. Keep stirring till the cheese melts, then add a spoonful of mustard and one beaten egg for each quarter of a pound of cheese. Stir again for a minute over the fire, have ready some thin toasted sippets cut into triangular pieces. Put the cheese into a hot dish, stick the toasted sippets into it here and there, and serve very hot.



EDUCATIONAL.

One Desirous to Learn.—It would be ungrammatical to say "If I was." "If" is a conjunction, and conjunctions that are designed to express uncertainty (as if, unless, though, however, lest, until, whenever, and wherever), govern the subjunctive mood. See St. John xi. 25. "Though he were dead, yet shall he live." Again, it would be equally ungrammatical to say "If you are wise," or, "If thy heart is wise"; you should say "If you be." See St. John xii. 32; "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth." etc.

Cleopatra.—The address of the South Kensington Schools of Needlework, Cookery, etc., is Exhibition road, South Kensington, S.W. Apply for all information in person, or write direct for the prospectus of each. We do not recommend the first-named nor the science schools as a means of gaining a living. The cookery classes might prove more likely to provide you with a good situation.

Steady Reader of G. O. P., L. C. M., and Primrose.—Possibly telegraph work might be suitable for Primrose, but of this we could not form an opinion. Apply at the office in Cannon-row, S.W., of the Civil Service Commissioners. You will have to pass a competitive examination. Read "Work for All," in vol. v. G. O. P.

Rosa Mystica.—Such employment can only be obtained through diligent personal search and application. Law-copying business is scarce. Read "Work for All," in vol. v. G. O. P. To know a little of any accomplishment is of no value as a money making article of trade. You must know much. There are but few ways and means open for a girl who must remain at home. Could you go out by the day to take care of small children?

Jessamine.—You will not prevent nor cure a stoop by bracing back the shoulders only. Get a wooden backboard with pegs, and many holes in the handles, so that the place for the hands may be accommodated to the width of the child's shoulders, and then put a face-board (shaped like a racket) into the waistband. This will effectually serve to keep her head up and her chin back, and throw the body into a right position. She should wear them an hour in the morning, and another in the afternoon, while reading, learning, and saying lessons. But natural exercise is more effective than all artificial implements.

COOKERY.

S. T.—We thank you for your communication respecting the work of the institution for organising "food reform;" also for kindly telling us that a copy of the society's economical cookery book, with further information on the question, will be sent free to anyone enclosing a stamped and directed envelope for the same to the hon. secretary, F. P. Doremers, Esq., Finsbury-square-buildings, Chiswell-street, E.C.

Synton.—There is poetic feeling and some prettiness in the lines to a lady on a mutual friend. With reference to a sweet omelette, it is usually made like an ordinary omelette, and when done and put on the dish some kind of jam is placed between the two ends.

A Poll Parrott's cookery book is evidently too old to be of any service to her. The names are obsolete, and the recipes probably too extravagant to be of use in these days of dear eggs and butter. Better purchase some of the many shilling and sixpenny cookery books. Cuttle-bone is the bone of the cuttlefish, which is used for polishing and for tooth-powder. Root of gorse means the root of the furze, gorse or whin, formerly used to make a lye for washing linen.

A Friendly Girl, Lady Bessie, and Others.—Many thanks for the recipes. We regret we cannot make use of them; they are most of them to be found in any ordinary cookery book.

The Giraffe.—To make Swiss or jam roll, beat up the yolks of four eggs with half a pound of finely-sifted sugar until you have a thick batter; then stir in lightly six ounces of dry sifted flour, then the whites of the eggs, beaten to a very strong froth. Butter a Yorkshire pudding-tin, sift over it as much castor sugar as will lie on it, shaking off all that is loose. Pour in the mixture, and bake in a quick oven. At the end of ten minutes draw the cake to the front of the oven, sift fine sugar over the top, using all possible expedition; close the door and bake for five minutes longer, when the cake will be done. Turn it out then on a clean sheet of paper, the sugared side down; spread the uppermost side with a layer of any kind of preserve, and roll up the cake.

An Amateur Cook.—To make Devonshire cream, put the milk into a tin milkpan as soon as it comes from the cow; place on a stove, let it stand there for twelve hours; then heat the stove without moving the milk, as the cream should not be broken. Let the milk heat gradually until quite scalding, when a thick scum called clotted cream is thrown up; but it must not be allowed to boil. The fire must then be carefully extinguished, and the cream allowed to stand on the stove twelve hours longer, when it may be skimmed for use, taking up as little milk with it as possible.

A Sweet Eater.—The inside of chocolate cream is made of sugar, water, and cream of tartar. We have given the recipe in a former number of the G. O. P. Engravings were formerly used for crystoleum painting, but the process is now found to be more effective when used on photographs.

A. W.—Wholemeal, or brown bread, is made in exactly the same way as bread made with white flour. Any good recipe for biscuits made with white flour will answer equally well for wholemeal.

White Geranium.—To fillet mackerel, raise the flesh from both sides of the bone. It is by no means a difficult operation, and with practice you will probably become perfect.

Peggy Tackleton and Subscriber.—Scotch Buttermilk Scones.—Mix well together in a basin one pound of flour, one teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and a large pinch of salt; then add half a pint of buttermilk or sour milk, and make into a paste. Turn it out on a baking board, well covered with flour; work a little with the hand to make it smooth, dust the paste with flour, and roll out to the thickness of a quarter of an inch. Cut the paste into shapes, which lay on a hot stove, and as soon as a little done on one side turn to the other, and bake until the raised parts be slightly brown. When the scones are done, serve; or, if required hot, place them in a cloth, which will soften them, and let them lie till cold.

Maude West.—Cocoanut Paste.—Take half a pound of freshly-grated cocoanut, add it to half a pound of loaf-sugar, boiled in a gill of the milk of the cocoanut until it begins to return in solid sugar; add the white of an egg well whisked, and mix thoroughly together. Spread the mixture an inch thick in a greased pudding-tin, and place in a cool oven with the door open to dry. Cut it in neat squares, and put away when cold in a dry place.

MUSIC.

Lieder Ohne Worte.—The course of instruction at the Conservatoire of Music at Leipsic appears to begin at Easter, and the course and rules are advertised in the *Times*. The prospectus can be obtained of most book and music sellers at home and on the Continent, or from the Directors, Royal Conservatoire of Music, Leipsic, Saxony.

Bessie.—The tunes you send are fairly correct, but they are nothing more than might have been written for exercises.

A Grateful Reader.—Write to the secretary of the Royal College of Music direct.

A Lover of the G. O. P.—It is not advisable as a general rule to permit familiar conversation during lessons of any kind, as it prevents proper attention being given to the lesson. You will do well to arrange to have some elder person present during the time; and at seventeen years of age you and the young violin master should not be alone. Flirtations are very detrimental to the quiet and peace of mind of a young girl.

Grace Massy.—We are sorry to hear that any of our readers are so ill-bred as to send letters of inquiry without enclosing a stamped envelope for an answer. But, alas! you are not the only complainer, and we hope some of the offenders may see this answer, and reform their manners. We are glad our recommendation was useful to you.

Soldier's Daughter.—You might learn to play such an instrument as the piano without having a correct ear for tune, though not without a correct ear for time. But for any instrument on which the notes have to be made by the player, such as the violin, violoncello, and some of the wind instruments, in any case no one having an incorrect ear could make a good musician, even if they attained to considerable mechanical power. Your spelling has been neglected. You spell "right," "wright," "cannot," "canot," and "truly," "truely."

Sirius.—The author of "Jerusalem, my happy home," is F. Baker.

An Anxious One.—Leave your voice alone. At your age you have enough to do to grow. When you are stronger your voice will probably return.

Green Leaves will find no difficulty in obtaining from any good music shop a book of easy organ voluntaries. They are published at very moderate prices.

Hyacinth.—A good piano tuner would examine your piano, and tell you what it wanted. Why not employ one?

Fugue.—We should think your hands would grow larger, but rubbing with oil will render them more supple.

Eldonia.—Herr Edward Strauss, who was at the "Inventories," is the youngest of the three sons of the celebrated Strauss. He was born in 1835, and is himself a composer and celebrated musician.

Dolores.—The best wools you could use for under vests would be merino, "Lady Betty," or a fine fleecy. You will find a pattern in any of the shilling manuals to be found at the fancy work shops.

Annie.—1. Names of materials are quite arbitrary, of course. If made for use in India, as you say it is near you, why should it not be called Indian muslin. Indian muslins may be fine as cobwebs, or as coarse as cheesecloth. 2. Flannel patches require no turnings-in, but should be laid on the wrong side of the garment, and both raw edges herring-boned down. The right and wrong side must be considered, and the way of the nap. A print patch should be matched in pattern, one sewing only is used, the seam on the right side of the material, on the under side the raw edges are laid out flat, and overcast.

A Shell Gatherer.—To pierce holes in shells, take a red-hot darning needle, holding it with a pair of pliers, and drill steadily and carefully.

Scarbro' cannot do better than make inquiries where she resides, as there are many good shops at so well known a watering-place. Good prices are not the rule where women's work is concerned. Personal exertion, we so often say to our readers, is the only way to obtain employment. There is nothing to be ashamed of in the desire to find honest work.

HOUSEKEEPING.

P. A. W. must read "Duties of Servants," at pages 534 and 646, vol. ii. She should always go to the left side in waiting at table. Water-bottles are usually placed on the table, and people help themselves. Ale and wine are no longer poured out into glasses on a salver or tray, the wine being poured into the glass as it stands beside the plate. Take the meat round, and then follow with the vegetables.

Medicus should use equal parts of lemon-juice and glycerine to her face.

Iris.—A coloured tablecloth might be washed successfully with the aid of an ox-gall, which the butcher would save for you. Use about a wineglassful in three gallons of water.

Country Girl will also find ox-gall of service for her tennis suits.

Moonlight must apply ox-gall to her carpet with a clean flannel, and, after rubbing it gently, use a little clean ox-gall and water to wash over.

C. J. S.—White lace may be stiffened with a little white sugar-water. To wash lace on a bottle, the latter must be first covered with flannel, after which the lace is very carefully spread over it, wound round, and tacked down securely.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Topsey.—There is a hydropathic establishment at Hastings; apply to the secretary. At this institution they claim to make moderate charges; but these establishments are generally rather expensive. We do not consider it desirable that any young unmarried girl should stay at such a house without a companion or chaperon.

Princess Maud.—We are much obliged for the poem, but it is not suitable for our columns. John o' Groat was a Dutchman who settled in the most northernly part of Scotland, in the reign of James IV. He is best known by the way in which he settled an open dispute among his nine sons, respecting precedency. He had nine doors made to his cottage, one for each son, and they all sat at a round table in John o' Groat's house.

Sea Gull.—Many thanks for the rosebuds and the heather.

Harebell.—We suppose you must be a new subscriber, as we have said repeatedly that the phrase, "Pouring oil on troubled waters," is not a proverb, but a fact, and known to the ancients, which has been verified lately many times, and utilised in one of our northern harbours.

Regulus.—Mr. Robert Browning says that the poem, "How they brought the good news from Ghent to Aix," speaks of a purely imaginary event, founded on no fact whatsoever; there was no "good news," and nobody brought it, in consequence, except in imagination. The red dragon is the Welsh symbol.

A Widow.—Marriage destroys the effect of previous wills; they become useless, and a new one should be made after marriage. A woman married after 1st January, 1883, can dispose by will of all property belonging to her at the time of her marriage, and of all property acquired afterwards, and act in all respects as if she were an unmarried woman. If you have children by your first marriage, and the money come from their father, you would be wise to settle what you have on them ultimately, before re-marriage.

Martha Paull.—"*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*," means, "Of the dead speak nothing but good." Neither the writing paper nor method of your letter is suitable nor well bred.

An Inquirer.—You should make inquiries of those about you as to the usual prices paid for needlework where you reside. We could not say.

SERIOUS.

FLO.—The 8th of March, 1841, was a Monday; the 8th of March, 1861, was a Friday. You have written the third figure badly, and we do not know for what number it is meant. 2. We thank you for your recipe for cleaning white straw hats. Take three-halfpenny worth of salts of sorrel, mix it in just sufficient cold water to dissolve it, and rub the straw with it, using a piece of rag. When dry, clean it off with a little warm water, and wipe it dry again. After this treatment the hat will look like new.

PUNCH and JUDY.—The cactus may be grown in a window, as well as in either a sitting or bed room. But they rarely produce blossoms, because not kept dry. Keep them without water from November till March, and do not mind their having a brown and shrivelled appearance. When March comes, place them in the full sunshine and water them. As soon as the leaves begin to grow and swell, pour a small kettleful of boiling water into the pot; not on the plant, on the mould only, to soften the ball. Repeat this once a fortnight, till the buds appear, and then give liquid manure, say half an ounce of guano to a gallon of rain water, once a week, giving plenty of clean water during these manurings. The drainage of the pots should be very perfect. We thank you for the beautiful flowers.

DOROTHY DUMPS.—Do not fret over having nothing to do. Every day brings its little opportunities, over and above the regular home duties, opportunities for saying a kind word, if not doing a kind, unselfish deed, or restraining a hasty temper. It seems that you let your opportunities for good slip by, while you are dreaming or uselessly moralising. You remind us of the child who was asked by her father why she did not put her sixpence into the almsplate. "Because, papa, I did not wish my right hand to know what my left hand did, nor my left know what my right hand did, so while I was thinking the plate passed by."

C. H. F.—Give your jackdaw grubs, snails, or very small scraps of meat. He also requires fine gravel, and bits of stick, and small pieces of paper to play with, and occupy him in a way less injurious to himself than plucking out his feathers. Perhaps he may be suffering from small insects. If so, you will have to follow the directions which were recently given with reference to the vermin in canaries. Your bird should have a bath in which to bathe himself. On no account cut his tongue to make him talk. How would you talk if yours were cut?

SENSITIVE.—Go to the person employed to let the seats, and say that you would prefer one which was not altogether occupied by men, and no doubt he would change it for you. Do not listen to the rude ridicule to which your church-going exposes you, and never answer unless asked a question. Try to keep your temper towards your mother and brothers, and say nothing that will provoke them to mock at religion in its professors. It is your cross, and you should pray for tact and patience towards those who trouble you. It is the Holy Spirit that has turned your heart and desires towards the love and service of your Divine Master. Be of good courage.

A NICE NOM DE PLUME.—1. Both you and your father ought to wear spectacles when reading, writing, or working. One eye has a different focus to the other, if not dimmer in sight, and it must be over-strained in the endeavour to see objects at the same distance, and of the same dimensions, as the other. This inequality of the two eyes is a common defect, and there should be a difference between the two glasses employed: for the defective eye, one which suits it; for the strongest, a plain glass or crystal, which does not magnify. Neglect of this very necessary measure will result in permanent injury. 2. We do not know under what name your mother wrote to us. She may have been answered by this time.

TRUTH SEEKER.—Your friends are much to be pitied for having had their education (at least in astronomy) so sadly neglected. Perhaps they think the moon is made of cream cheese? Recommend them to get a book called "The Heavens and the Earth," by Milner, revised by Dunkin (56, Paternoster-row, E.C.), and direct their attention specially to chap. v., from page 92 to 105. They will therein be taught that the earth travels through space with a swiftness to which that of a cannon-ball is insignificant.

E. W.—We must refer you to *Silver Sails*, our extra Summer Number for 1883, for the article on "Crystoleum Painting. The latter art is identical with what is spoken of as chromo-photography.

E. M. ALLEN.—1. The word "Cabbala" is the Hebrew for "traditions," and is applied to the mystical interpretations of their Scriptures by the Jews, otherwise the Oral Law, handed down by father to son. Some Rabbins aver that it has an angelic origin, and that of far more ancient date than the time of Moses—that the angel Raziel instructed Adam in it, the angel of Japhiel taught Shem, and the angel Zedekiel, Abraham, etc. According to the Jews the cabbala is a sublime science, leading to a knowledge of the profoundest truths. The Gnostics, and other unorthodox sects in the early Christian Church, accepted the curious and visionary traditions of the cabbala. The first cabbalistic author known in history was Simon, the son of Joachai, who wrote some time previously to the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus. 2. The word "Maranatha" (1 Cor. xvi. 22) is the Hebrew for "The Lord is come." The apostle, in denouncing the deniers of the Messiah, in the person of our Saviour, winds up with this emphatic declaration. There should be a full stop after the word "anathema."

MAY ELWIN.—You should pour a couple of pailfuls of water, containing a quarter of a pint of carbolic acid (or else chloride of lime) into all drains, whether inside or outside your house, say, every week during dry seasons, and at longer intervals when the rains flood them. Whitlows and styes in the eyes are the results of impure air, as well as low diet.

LOUISA STUART.—There is a Clergy Seaside Rest (for the wives also) at Margate; address, Mrs. Stanley, 7, Union-crescent, Margate.

SENTIMENTAL.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. VII.—NO. 304. OCTOBER 24, 1885. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

FAITH FRANCIS; OR, LONG PURPLES.

BY M. C. PARTRIDGE.

CHAPTER III.

"Jest not at another's expense."

THE large house which Faith and Laura saw on the outskirts of Wheatfields belonged to Mr. Terrick, a gentleman farmer. On Sunday afternoon his only daughter Margaret was sitting on the lawn with her two brothers, William and John, and Eva Terrick, her second brother's pretty young wife. Margaret was a nice looking girl, but her expression was not a happy one. The petted daughter of a widowed father, no wonder she was rather spoilt.

"Did you notice the new schoolmistress in church, Eva?" asked Margaret, leaning back lazily in her garden chair. "Isn't she a plain girl?"

"I think I took a fancy to her face," said Mrs. John Terrick. "I was comparing it with her sister's, as they sat opposite to us, and thought the plain one had the advantage in expression."

"I can't say much for either," replied Margaret. "Did you ever see anything so ugly as the elder one's dress? With that tall lanky figure in the purple gown, she made me think of one of those Loosestrife plants which grow by the water-side, and which the village children call 'Long Purples.' I shall name her so from henceforth," added Miss Terrick, laughing heartily at her own joke.

"'ARE NOT THESE PRETTY?' SAID EVA."

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"Perhaps they are very poor," said Eva, compassionately. "It looked like an old gown someone had given her. It is a shame to laugh at her."

"It is very bad form to make game of people's clothes, I can assure you," put in William Terrick, speaking rather sharply. "You're far too fond of doing it, Madge. As for Miss Francis, I saw her do a kind act, yesterday, which I don't think you would have done in her place."

Madge pouted. "I can't fancy myself in her place," she said, disdainfully.

"What was it?" inquired Eva, wishing to prevent anything like a quarrel between Madge and William.

"She carried that great, heavy baby of Mrs. Forster's more than half a mile in the broiling sun, to help little Lizzie, who was taking her father's dinner into the fields."

"If you expect me to carry dirty babies," said Madge, "you are mistaken."

"Bill seems smitten by the lady in the purple gown," observed John Terrick, mischievously. "If he was not starting for America to-morrow, Madge, you might have——"

"Be quiet, Jack," interrupted William, throwing a little green horse chestnut at his brother as he lay on the grass at Eva's feet. "Hullo! here's tea, and the governor."

The appearance of Mr. Terrick, a handsome, robust man of about sixty, introduced a new element into the conversation, but did not change it.

"Madge, dear," he began, turning to his daughter, "I promised Mr. Lisle that you should be kind to the new schoolmistress and her sister. They are ladies, though poor. Their father left them almost penniless at his death, owing to an unfortunate speculation. Miss Francis's salary is not large, and her sister has at present no situation. We must be kind to them. Go and call on them to-morrow, dear, and ask them to come to luncheon shortly."

Madge's brow grew black. "I don't want to know them at all, papa," she said, in her spoilt child tone. "They can't be real ladies. No one with any taste would wear such a gown as Miss Francis had on. I call her 'Long Purples,'" she added, looking mischievously at William.

"I knew Mr. Francis, father," interrupted her elder brother. "You remember the doctor who was so kind to me when I had that accident in the hunting field years ago. He had me taken to his house, and his wife nursed me like her own son."

"And Miss Long Purples assisted her, I imagine," said Madge.

"Miss Francis was then a child of twelve years old," replied William.

"This makes it all the more necessary to be kind to the girls," said Mr. Terrick. "You, Madge, can go with Eva to call on them to-morrow."

Madge shrugged her shoulders, but did not dispute her father's wishes; but from that time the spoilt girl took a dislike to Faith Francis, and made up her mind that she would be no friend to her, even though forced to notice her and visit her formally.

William Terrick was on the eve of departure for a visit to Colorado. His uncle had lately died and left him an estate in that country, and William was going out to see it, intending, unless he liked the country and life very much, to sell the place, and return home in a few months. This eldest brother was Madge's favourite, and she felt it an additional grievance against Faith Francis that he should have seemed to take a fancy to her, and defend her against her joke. But even Madge did not dare disobey her father's commands, and next day when William had gone, and John had started to accompany him as far as Liverpool, Madge and Eva went to call on the Francis girls.

But for Eva's tact and friendliness the visit would have been almost a disagreeable one. Madge was as cold and stiff as possible, and hardly vouchsafed a word to Faith, talking chiefly to Laura.

Faith had been drawing some flowers from Nature when the visitors were announced. "How very nice these are," said Eva, in her kind, gentle tone. "Don't think me impertinent if I ask if you mean to give lessons in drawing, Miss Francis?"

"I should be only too glad," said Faith, shyly.

"Then perhaps when I come down here again we may manage it," said Eva.

"Don't you live here, Mrs. Terrick?" asked Faith.

"No, my husband's business obliges us to live close to London, and we are only here on a visit."

"I am so sorry," replied Faith, feeling drawn towards the kind young matron. "I wish you were living here."

"Are not these pretty?" said Eva, turning to Madge, and showing a drawing. "Miss Francis says she would give lessons; and I remember you said you wished to learn——"

"When I take instruction in painting," interrupted Madge, gravely, "I shall have a thoroughly good mistress, not a mere dabbler in art."

Faith flushed crimson, while Eva tried to cover the unkindness of the speech by saying she would tell Mrs. Lisle of Miss Francis's wish to teach drawing.

Before she left, Madge, according to her father's desire, invited the two sisters to come to luncheon on the following day. Faith felt so much hurt at Miss Terrick's manner that she would have made an excuse to decline but for Laura's sake.

"How dreadfully stiff she is!" exclaimed Faith when the visitors were gone; "I almost feel as if Miss Terrick had taken a dislike to me."

"She is the great lady of the village, I suppose," said Laura, "and you must expect a little patronage, if you *will* be a village governess, and take what you can get."

"I don't think it is ladylike behaviour," mused Faith, "and certainly not Christian; but there—I must not judge."

John Terrick and his wife contrived to make the afternoon pass off very pleasantly for Laura and Faith, notwithstanding the haughty stiffness of Madge's manner. Mr. Terrick, also, was very kind to them both.

"I hear my brother William has the advantage of a prior acquaintance with you, Miss Terrick," said John, with a mischievous glance at his sister, while the party were at luncheon.

"I did not know it," said Faith.

"He tells me he he was nursed for three weeks in your father's house after a fall while hunting."

"Oh, then, I know; he must be the gentleman who put out his ankle, and used to lie on the sofa in the parlour. It was a long while ago, but I remember him quite well. Laura and I taught him to play cat's-cradle, and he used to ask us riddles. I was quite a little girl," she added, simply.

"Do you include cat's-cradle in your course of instruction now, Miss Francis?" inquired John, laughing.

"Not exactly," returned Faith. "I teach the '*three R's*,' instead."

After John and his wife had gone back to London, the Francis girls saw little of Madge Terrick. She would bow coldly if she passed them in the village, and was stiffness and formality itself when they met her at the Rectory. One Saturday in September, after school had begun, and Faith had settled down into her work, she and Laura were asked to lunch with Mrs. Lisle to meet Madge Terrick, and Miss Mary Lisle, the rector's niece, a girl of Faith's own age. A blackberrying expedition was arranged for the afternoon's amusement. The berries were fine and plentiful that season, and the girls soon gathered a quantity.

As Faith was busy picking on the side of the hedge, where the others could not see her, she heard Mary Lisle say, "Oh, Miss Terrick, you and I must really work harder. Miss Francis has a lot more berries than we have."

"No wonder," said Madge, shortly. "She is so tall and lanky she can reach further than I can; besides *she* needn't trouble to take care of her dress; if it got torn past wearing it would be a mercy. That hideous purple gown is not worth saving. Do you know what I have called her?" continued Madge, laughing: "'Long Purples.' She is just like one in that old frock!"

"Hush! hush! she may hear you," cried Mary. "It is a shame to laugh at her; she is such a nice girl."

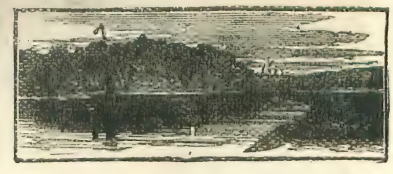
Madge laughed again; but tears of vexation and mortification came into poor Faith's eyes, as she heard every word on the other side of the thick hedge. It did seem very hard that her dress should stand in her way with girls of her own age, and cause her to be made game of. It was the more bitter to her, because Faith wore that very gown with great reluctance, and had chosen it out of stingy Cousin Jane's box of cast off clothes, because Laura would not hear of wearing it. She felt she could have run straight home and hidden herself; and very likely she would have made some excuse to leave the party, but for Laura's sake, who must never know what she had overheard, or she would not be able to conceal her anger and annoyance. And her self-control brought her the reward of feeling that Mary Lisle was doubly kind to her during the rest of the walk, as if she wished to make up for Madge's slighting manners.

Yet one more mortification Faith was to suffer at Margaret Terrick's hands, and perhaps she felt this more keenly than the other. The three girls were helping Mrs. Lisle to decorate the church for the Harvest Thanksgiving. Faith was new to the work, and she was quite aware her wreaths were not so well made as those of the others; but it did seem hard that Madge should remark to Anne Blake, the pert disagreeable monitor who Madge knew gave Faith a great deal of trouble, "Miss Francis's wreath doesn't look like one of the Wheatfields wreaths, does it? I expect it will tumble to pieces before service is over to-morrow."

"It isn't like yours certainly, miss," returned Anne, as she supplied the young lady with bunches of corn, and berries. "I expect teacher hasn't had much experience in church decorations. Perhaps they didn't have any where she comes from."

This was quite true, but Faith felt it was very unkind and unladylike of Madge to discuss her work in her hearing with her subordinate. It really did need all Faith's Christian principle to struggle against her anger. All she could do was to pray earnestly to be kept from allowing her thoughts to dwell on Madge Terrick at all.

(To be concluded.)



ARCHITECTURE; OR, THE ART AND HISTORY OF BUILDINGS.

By H. W. BREWER.

PART I.

Ancient Architecture.

Of all the arts, there is none that appears to offer so little that is interesting to the girl student as architecture. She cannot help associating the idea of it with what she sees going on around her every day. Roads blocked up, hideous ladders sprawling over the pavement; brickbats and rubbish thrown down, mortar splashing about; dust, din, and a general sense of grittiness everywhere. She very naturally dislikes having her neatly-braided hair powdered with the dry lime falling from some ill-constructed "stage" of the scaffolding. She most decidedly objects to the fine sand being blown into her eyes by every eddy or current of wind, and it does certainly not add to her contentment or peace of mind to find her neat dress spotted with whitewash, while she will recoil with horror at discovering that she has stepped with her elegant little boots into one of those puddles of good "fat mortar" which delight the eye of the builder. Then the workmen who are all over the place are so rough and uninteresting, and they have such an unpleasant way of shouting and bawling at one another in order that their voices may be heard above the general din of hammering, sawing, filing, planing, cutting bricks, wrenching iron, chiselling stone, and "ramming" timber, that her "poor head ached."

Now all this is what one of our girls will probably experience if she venture to accompany her father or brother (who happens to be an architect) to look over some building which he has in course of construction, and she will not unnaturally contrast it with the nice visit which she recently paid to the "studio" of some friend who is a painter, where the very disorder of everything was so picturesque and pleasing: the bit of old Norwich tapestry on the wall, the armour scattered about here and there, the delicate Venetian glass, the old china, and all the other accessories of an artist's room. Then, too, the work which is going on is so very interesting, and looks so easy; and the very attitudes of the painter are graceful; he is such a charming fellow, and has such an agreeable and musical voice, &c.

It is not to be wondered at that our girls prefer painting to architecture when they see the two arts being practised. We fear, too, that a visit to the architect's office will not greatly mend matters. A look at the "plans," "elevations," and "sections" will fail to interest them. "Plans," as a rule, are not pretty, and we never yet met a lady who could master the perplexities of "a section." Once we thought we had, but, alas! after some very intelligent observations on the part of our fair visitant our hopes were shattered by her suddenly asking whether it represented "the outside or the inside of the building!" Although women have excelled in almost every other branch of art—and we could give a long list of female painters, sculptors, and musicians—we do not know of a well-authenticated case of a woman architect. It is true that there are traditions that Erwin von Steinbach, the architect of Strasbourg Cathedral, was assisted by his daughter, and Sir Christopher Wren's daughter has been accredited with the design for St. Dunstan's spire, but there appears to be little foundation for the report; and if Wren's daughter did really build St. Dunstan's spire, she must, at best, have been a very indifferent architect, as it is the weakest and poorest of all the works of Wren's scholars.

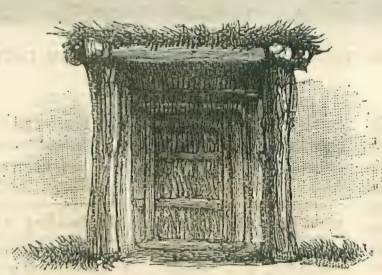
But it is not with any desire of persuading our girls to take up architecture as a profession that these papers are written, because we may say at once that we cannot look upon architecture as a profession for ladies. They might possibly act in the capacity of office clerks or draughtsmen; but even this is a career which we should not recommend to any of our girls, because, in order to become a thoroughly efficient architectural draughtsman, and to arrive at any standing in this branch of the profession, it is essential to measure actual and existing buildings, which necessitates clambering about scaffolding and running up ladders, otherwise it will be impossible to know what will be the effect of a capital or cornice when placed some thirty or fifty feet above the eye, and one must not only know how to draw a piece of detail, but how it will look when executed.

Our object is rather to interest our girls in those glorious relics of the past which, in marble, stone, brick, or timber, are spread over the whole civilised world, to show them what these grand works can tell us of the religion, history, manners, and customs of those who have long passed away, to point out the noble aim, the delicate and graceful thought, the refined and exquisite taste, the patient and painstaking toil expended upon these buildings. That every work of man's hand must perish is a sentence passed upon it by the Divine Creator, but some buildings erected in past times are so solidly and durably constructed that we can scarcely realise the fact that they are not eternal! And others are so ancient and speak of days so far removed from our own, that we cannot imagine, when we look at those crumbling columns or towers, that there was a time when they were not!

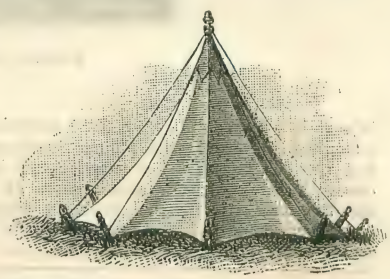
The history of buildings, in fact, is the history of the civilised world; there was probably no time when men did not build or fashion some kind of habitation. Where natural caves existed, the primeval man possibly used them, and cave architecture, tunnels, underground structures, vaults, and crypts have always formed an important branch of the building art, and do so at the present time. It is a very singular thing that the cave seems still to have a weird and extraordinary fascination for human beings. The mind dwells upon the idea of an unexplored cavern or subterraneous passage with an intense desire, not unmixed with dread, to explore it, and probably the very first thing that a boy does when going to school is to try "to dig a cave," as if the earliest habits of the race still exhibited themselves in extreme youth, and it would seem that this feeling asserted itself strongly in mediæval Gothic buildings. The arched roofs, called "vaulting," from its assuming the form of a vault, or cave, seems to be a recollection, often greatly refined, of man's earliest dwelling, the caves of the rocks. Those who have seen St. Mark's, Venice, and many of the Byzantine and Romanesque churches, must have been struck with their cavernous aspect. Even in the lofty and beautiful Gothic churches of later date, the cavernous aspect still, to a certain extent, is noticeable in the stone vaulting. Possibly the hut or bower constructed of wood and branches of trees was as early as the times of our first parents. Man must always have erected some kind of shelter to protect himself from the heat of the sun or the inclemency of the weather.

Sacred Scriptures tell us that Cain "builded a city and called the city after the name of his son Enoch." Now here we have certainly brought before us the idea of building. Possibly the city was a mere collection of wooden huts or bowers. A little further on we are told, "And Adah bare Jabal: he was the father of such as dwell in tents and of such as have cattle." Now here we have another kind of dwelling mentioned, "the tent," and from the fact that Jabal is spoken of as "the father of such as have cattle," we may presume that the tent was the common habitation of herdsmen, who would, of course,

The Cave. Prototype of Christian Architecture—Romanesque, Byzantine, and Gothic.



The Wooden Hut or Shed. Prototype of Trabeated Architecture—Egypt, Greece, India.



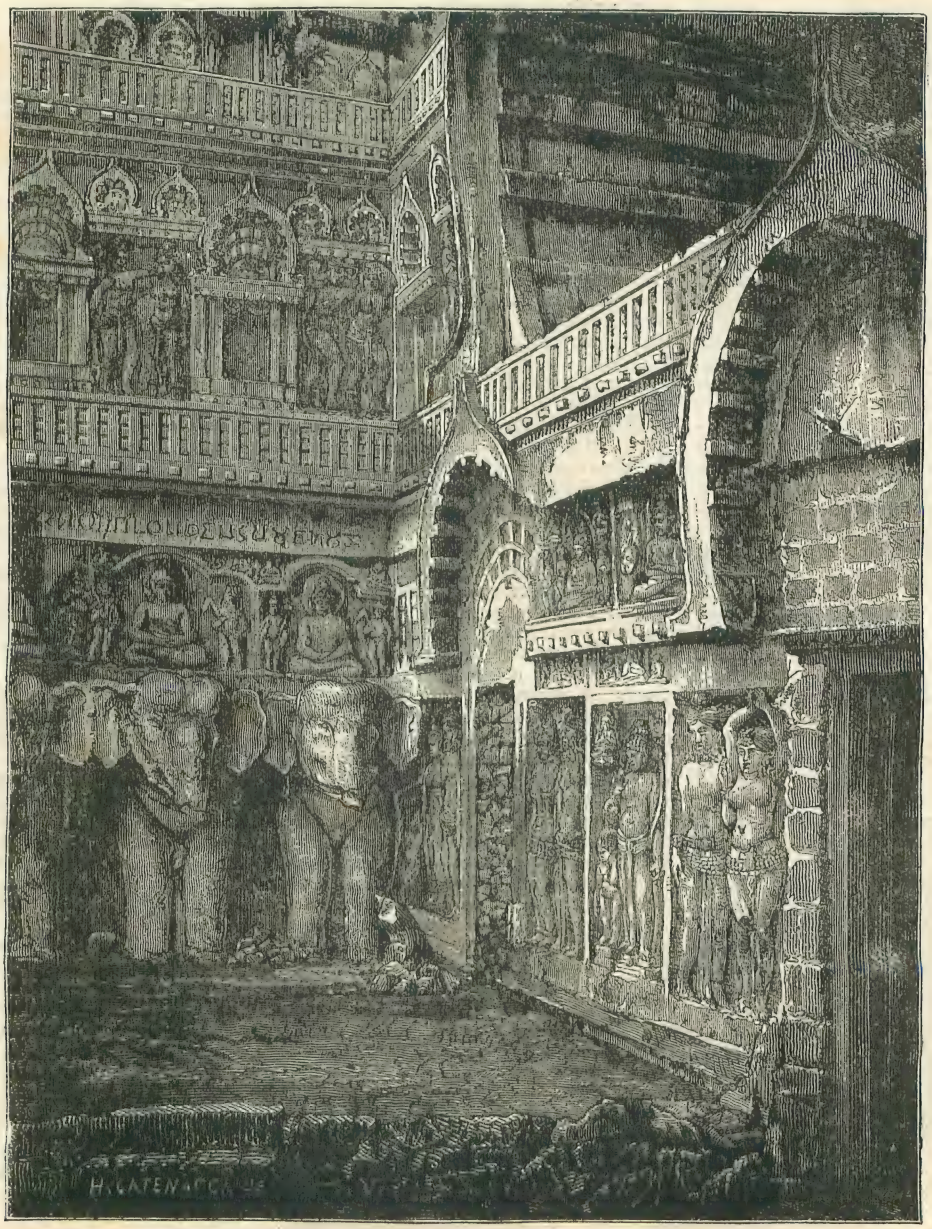
The Tent. Prototype of Pagoda Architecture—China, Persia, Japan, and Indian Pagoda.

THE THREE SOURCES OF ALL ARCHITECTURE.

being more or less of a nomadic race, require a form of dwelling easily movable. It will be observed that both of these early references in Scripture to building refer to Cain and his descendants. Of the homes erected by the other descendants of Adam, even of Seth, we have no notice. Possibly they lived in caves, and this would account for the Scriptures saying nothing about the dwellings they inhabited.

Now, if this was the case, and the probability is certainly in its favour, a most remarkable thing has happened, which is no less than the fact that Christianity has perpetuated in its church architecture the recollection of the dwellings inhabited by Abel and Seth. Whereas every form of Paganism all over the world has by its "trabeated,"* or beam covered, and its pagoda architecture, in all its temples, perpetuated one or other of the forms of structure invented by the descendants of Cain!

Thus we find in Egypt, Greece and Rome, and India the trabeated or beam-roofed architecture; in China, Japan, Persia, Mexico, the tent-shaped form of temple. In India, it is true, we have cave temples of a very early date, such as Elephanta, Bang, and Karli; but nothing could prove more distinctly that their notions of architecture were borrowed from wood construction than the fact that the whole of the internal decorations of these cave temples are carved with representation of woodwork. We find not only are the ceilings made to represent beams, but the very pegs, nails, laths, and shavings are laboriously imitated in stone, and form a singular kind of decoration. And although at Karli the roof, probably from following the line of the natural cavern, is arched in form, yet it is covered with ribs, like the interior of the hull of a ship turned upside down, and the ends of the ribs do not rest upon pillars or cornice, but are unsupported, and stick out just like beams sawn off and nailed to the roof.



INDIAN CAVE TEMPLE AT KARLI. CARVED IN IMITATION OF WOODWORK.

One of the most interesting examples of very early trabeated architecture exists in our country in that remarkable monument known as Stonehenge. It is impossible even to give a guess at its date, though it is probably one of the very earliest buildings in the world. It is usually described as a Druidical work, though there is no proof that it was erected by the Druids, and there is evidence (of a negative character, it is true) which throws considerable doubt upon the fact. If Stone-

* The term "trabeated" is derived from the Latin "trabs," a beam. All architecture is called "trabeated" when the space from pillar to pillar is spanned by a flat piece of stone, resembling a beam. When this space is spanned by an arch, the building is said to be "arcuated." In more elaborate classical architecture, the word "entablature" is given to this "trabs," or trabeation. The "entablature" includes the "cornice," the "frieze" (which is generally adorned with sculpture), and the architrave. All these, however, are only ornamental features added to the external face of the "trabs," or "trabeation."

henge were a Druidical structure, it is scarcely possible that it could have escaped the notice of Cæsar, Tacitus, and all other early writers, without we suppose it to have been long abandoned even in Cæsar's time. Then, again, Stonehenge is so very different from any other Druidical structure in existence. Judging from all other works which the Druids have left, their notions of building were most primitive and barbarous, but Stonehenge, on the other hand, exhibits a considerable knowledge of the science of construction, and the stones of which it is built are "hewn," or squared, and jointed together, which is not the case in other Druidical structures with which we are acquainted, and therefore it is not improbable that Stonehenge may have come down to us from some very ancient state of civilisation in this country of which it is the sole existing monument and the one solitary witness.

Now we come to that most important question, where and what was the first arch? We answer unhesitatingly, the first arch was that God set in the heavens. "I do set my bow in the cloud, and it shall be a token for a covenant between me and the earth: And it shall come to pass when I bring a cloud over the earth that the bow shall be seen in the cloud: And I will remember my covenant which is between me and you and every living creature of all flesh." That bow or arch was the sign of the coming Redemption, which should enclose within it all who live rightly upon the earth, just as a great arch or vault stretches from wall to wall and embraces all the space between. This was the first great arch, and when the Redemption (of which it was the sign) came upon earth that form was copied from heaven, and became the fundamental principle and leading feature of the architecture of all Christian people, and distinguished their buildings from the beamroofed structures of heathen people and pagan nations.

After the flood we find the Scriptures again speaking of the building of great cities. "And the beginning of his [Nimrod's] kingdom was Babel and Erech, and Accad, and Calneh, in the land of Shinar. Out of that land went forth Asshur, and builded Nineveh, and the city Rehoboth, and Calah, and Resen between Nineveh and Calah; the same is a great city: . . . . And they said, one to another, Go to, let us make brick and burn them throughly. And they had brick for stone, and slime* had they for mortar: And they said, Go to, let us build us a city and a tower, whose top may reach unto heaven."

Now this is extremely interesting, because we have in it an account of regular building operation being systematically carried out with brick and stone, and that at a period usually supposed to date back as far as 2234 years before the Christian era. What is, however, most remarkable is the fact that these and all other building operations, after the flood, recorded in the sacred Scriptures refer entirely to the works of the descendants of Ham!

Of buildings or cities erected by the children of Shem and Japhet, we have no notice whatever, except the Tabernacle, which, as a mere movable wooden structure, covered with draperies and skins, cannot be included under the terms architecture or building.

Thus it would seem that before the flood building and architecture were arts practised alone by the descendants of Cain, so after the flood, down almost to the period of the Babylonish captivity, they were practised alone by the sons of Ham. The Scriptures say, "God shall enlarge Japhet, and he shall dwell in the tents of Shem," which seems to show us that both the descendants of Shem and Japhet were dwellers in tents; whereas, as we know, the descendants of Ham lived in cities, and it is most improbable that, notwithstanding the curse of Canaan, the followers of Ham were more civilised, more refined, and far more prosperous for many centuries than those of either Shem or Japhet; just as the descendants of Cain were more refined, more civilised, and more advanced in arts and manufactures than those of Seth.

We wish especially to call attention to this, because, in the first place, it shows us that mere commercial prosperity and advancement in the practice and use of the industrial arts is not always to be regarded as a mark of God's special favour; and, secondly, because it is one of several proofs that, until the advent of Christianity, the true religion was without any distinctive kind of architecture.

That the Jews were without an architecture, and were not well versed in the building arts, is proved by the account given in the Scriptures of the erection of Solomon's temple and palace. We read in the second book of Chronicles that when Solomon commenced to erect the temple he sent to Huram or Hiram, King of Tyre, begging him to send to Jerusalem "a man cunning to work in gold, and in silver, and in brass, and in iron, and in purple, and in crimson, and blue, and that can skill to grave with the cunning men that are with me in Judah and in Jerusalem." Now from Solomon requiring a man versed in so many arts at once, it is evident that this gifted individual was to act as director of the "cunning men that are with me in Judah." Hiram sends the kind of person required by Solomon; and answers him thus: "And now I have sent a cunning man, endued with understanding, of Huram my fathers, the son of a woman of the daughters of Dan, and his father 'was' a man of Tyre, skilful to work in gold and in silver, in brass, in iron, in stone, and in timber, in purple, in blue, and in fine linen, and in crimson; also to grave any manner of graving, and to find out every device which shall be put to him."

Now if we simply omit the word "was," which is interpolated in the English version, we shall see at once that Hiram, King of Tyre, sent over to Solomon *two* men of the name of Hiram to work upon the temple, and that they were father and son. This seems the only way of accounting for what would otherwise be a singular contradiction in the Scripture narrative. In 2 Chronicle ii. 14, we are told that Hiram's mother was of the tribe of Dan, but in 1 Kings vii. 14, we read, "He was a widow's son of the tribe of Naphtali."

A "was" has in this verse been also interpolated, which seems to spoil its sense. Thus it would appear that the two Tyrian Hirams had Jewish mothers. Solomon employed all the "strangers" that were in the land to help build the temple, and the six hundred overseers were drawn from amongst these strangers, or foreigners (see 2 Chronicles ii. 17 and 18). Now, we have previously pointed out the fact that all very early architecture is either of wood, wooden in construction, or made to

THE TEMPLE AND PALACE OF KARNAC, THEBES. TRABEATED ARCHITECTURE.

‡ Probably clay or mud.

imitate woodwork. In Solomon's temple, stone seems to have been merely used for the foundation and the external walls, and it is always spoken of as being "hewed," not "carved" or "wrought." The interior was entirely lined with wood to *conceal* the stone-work, and even the external carvings were of wood, covered with metal. The only columns mentioned, the celebrated Jachin and Boaz, with their "chapiters" (capitals) of "lilly work" and pomegranates, were not of stone but of brass. The great "lavers" and "seas," and the altar of sacrifice, all of which were external, were also of metal.

All this points to the fact that stone was regarded as a material which was useful for strength, but was only capable of being used when wood was not attainable, or was liable to become injured. The idea that it possessed any kind of beauty, or was capable of developing a noble style of architecture, never suggested itself to the builders of Solomon's temple, or any other builder of this early period, and, singularly enough, it is recorded, evidently in praise of the temple, that internally "all was cedar: there was no stone seen." (1 Kings vi. 18.)

It is much to be doubted whether, if Solomon's temple now existed, we should regard it as a handsome place of worship; it was evidently a moderate sized chapel, somewhat narrow, very dark, with a flat ceiling, and covered all over with thin plates of gold or gilding. It must have been greatly inferior to the temples of either Egypt or Greece, because its exterior, instead of having the magnificent porticoes and columns, had the houses of the priests built up against its walls. Of course the decorations and furniture of the temple were most magnificent, the hangings of purple and rich vessels of gold were undoubtedly superb, but there could not have been anything about it which would, according to our ideas, be considered magnificent or dignified architecture.

So much has been written about the architecture of Egypt and Nubia, that we will not detain our readers by any extensive description of its peculiarities. The Pyramids, the Temples of Thebes, Luxor, the Memnoniom, the rock cut temples of Abu Symbal, carry us back to very remote ages, but as a rule the Egyptian temples are far less ancient than people generally suppose. The superb temple of Denderah, for instance, is proved from its inscriptions to date only from the reign of Tiberius Cæsar, and the graceful temples and buildings of Philae were for the most part erected during the reigns of Augustus, Tiberius, Domitian, Nero, and Trajan. The temples of Kalabashee and Dendoor in Nubia appear also to date from the time of Augustus. Although a great deal has been written to prove that the architecture of the world was all more or less derived from Egypt, yet it seems more probable that the architecture of Egypt taught little that was not known before, and that little seems to have been a development of art, under circumstances which are singularly repulsive and detestable, because they point to acts of the most outrageous tyranny and oppression on the part of the wealthy and powerful, and a condition of the most abject and degrading slavery on the part of the lower classes. What can be more hateful to the eyes of a Christian man than to see bas reliefs representing a tyrannical overseer with a long whip driving teams of human beings yoked together like oxen? And there are other matters connected with Egyptian architecture, which speak of the immoral and repulsive form of worship practised by this remarkable people. Egyptian architecture shows us at once how a nation may be most thoroughly prosperous, most highly civilised, full of learning and educated in all worldly knowledge, and yet at the same time degraded beneath the level of the lowest savage in religion and morals.

In Egyptian architecture we still find the trabeated or beam construction, though the introduction of the capital above the columns is an advance towards a more consistent treatment of stone as a building material. The real significance of the capital, however, is lost sight of by the intrusion of a square mass of stone, looking like a log of wood between the capital and the "entablature," or combination of beam and cornice, which it supports.

One cannot leave Egyptian architecture without saying something of those two remarkable features, the obelisk and pyramid. It is somewhat strange that these, perhaps the two most prominent objects in Egyptian architecture, possess no special use. There are one or two remarkable facts concerning the obelisk and pyramid which have not, as far as we know, been previously noticed, or at any rate are not generally known to students of architecture; they are, firstly, that the obelisks are always erected in pairs, and are found only on the east bank of the Nile, whereas the pyramids are generally in groups, and are universally, without a single exception, found on the west bank. The obelisk represents life, and was on the bank nearest to the rising sun; the pyramid, which represents death, and was sometimes used as a tomb, was on the side nearest to the setting sun. The great Pyramid of Cheops is simply a monument of most outrageous vanity, and it is a piece of poetical justice that the hateful tyrant who erected it as his sepulchre was never buried in it.

(*To be continued.*)

FORLORN, YET NOT FORSAKEN.

THE TRUE STORY OF A NURSERY GOVERNESS.

CHAPTER IV.

"If good people would but make their goodness agreeable, and smile instead of frowning in their virtue, how many would they win to the good cause."—*Usher*.

No one could resist the peculiar charm of Margaret's manner, which had so captivated me. Released, too, from the pressure of a position which took her out of her natural sphere, she quickly lost the first stiffness of being among strangers, and surprised even me by the graceful wit and ease with which she joined in conversation. She fell into all our ways naturally and readily, and was evidently her real self. It is often so. The very one who is stiff, angular, and touchy where she feels herself unloved and unwanted, perhaps only tolerated as a necessary bore, becomes a totally different being among those who love, esteem, and make much of her. How constantly one hears it observed, "Oh, she is so dreadfully ready to take offence!" Is it not that there has been some open slight, some social rudeness, which would neither have been offered to, or tolerated by, an equal? It is the offence of wounded affections, of mortified feelings.

Margaret was not touchy, but she was extremely sensitive. I have seen her flush crimson and then turn deadly pale at a servant's insolent manner, or the equally ill-bred hauteur of a "grande dame," on the same level of ignorance, in only recognising a paid dependent in Lady Corfu's nursery governess. I do not see how it could be otherwise in a finely-strung nature. I have often asked myself the question—In a similar position, what should I feel? I am certain that even for my daily bread I could not submit to the indifference, the light esteem, the occasional, careless kindness of my employers. You may laugh, Magdalen, but I remember well, dreaming one night that I was the governess at a house I visited frequently, where that lady was supposed to receive exceptional consideration and courtesy. So she did in some respects; but oh! Magdalen, after passing through a scene I had once witnessed, I awoke in such an agony of tears, and such a heart-breaking loneliness, that it was long ere I could comfort myself with the recovered sense of my own identity.

Stiffness and touchiness are excrescences of character, called into life, or kept in abeyance by our surroundings. Yet disease may become chronic by incessant irritation, though no one denies that disease is properly an abnormal condition of the system. If our surroundings are uncongenial, the chances are we shall become "stiff"—that is to say, unnatural. If the majority of the company we mix in as social equals are yet inferior in refinement of ways and thought; if they are ignorant of the people and topics of conversation most familiar and interesting to us, the effect is most freezing. They will probably dub us at once as "stiff and formal." The fact is that such company produces the phenomenon which frost does upon water. No change takes place in its component parts, but they shrink together and become hard and unbending. Immediately one mingles again with congenial companions speaking one's own tongue, and seeing with the same eyes, one becomes again one's bright, sparkling, happy self. The same effect is produced when the company are really socially superior, and deem themselves so in every respect. No matter how

refined, how intellectual, how cultured, the outsider may be, the blue-blood monomaniacs are essentially people of one idea; the sky-line of their little hillocks is to them the horizon of this world, and, I was going to say, the next. The modifying of this sentiment is one of the first and most powerfully convincing effects of true Christianity on such modern heathenism. It compels, or rather constrains, this disproportionate "class esteem" to shrink to its proper dimensions and assume its proper place. For it has its proper place. I would be the last to say that social rank counts nothing to the Christian. The Lord has put each of us in his own niche, and nothing that He has given — rank, wealth, position, influence — but is a gift from Him, a trust property, for which to thank His goodness and use to His glory. To fling it away and loudly call it worthless, savours more of pride than lowliness. It is more difficult to use a thing aright than not to use it at all. In many true believers this overweening pride is never wholly eradicated. I really think it is born in some—that haughty spirit which only unbends when conferring a favour or putting others under an obligation.

Now, my dear friend's sensitiveness arose inevitably from the slights she received in her false position. By "false," I mean unnatural to her, born and bred as she had been. True, she had chosen it, wisely or unwisely for herself. But though that free choice kept her in it, it could not make her proof against the pricks and wounds inseparable from that position. But with us she felt herself again among people who cared for, appreciated, wanted her. For, after all, Magdalen, is not that the keynote of our happiness here—to be 'wanted'? Somebody wants you; somebody waits for you; somebody desires you. Earthly illustrations of the heavenly original of the Bridegroom's love to the Church. Ah! how many are satisfied with this world's bliss, and fail to read on the page of their earthly affections the love-letter of Him who loves above all others!

Margaret felt at one with us, and so the full, ripe charm of beauty of person and character worked with undeterred power, winning golden opinions from all. My father was especially pleased with her. Though she was not small, there was something about her at once confiding and appealing, which goes straight to a good man's heart. I was only too delighted to see Margaret expanding like a lovely flower in the sunshine of tender care. Her colour returned; dull thoughts were chased away, and my mother was perfectly satisfied with the success of her treatment.

She had been with us about a fortnight, when one afternoon we were sitting with my mother and visitors were announced. The first arrivals were a Mrs. Derwent-Kayes and her brother. The former was one of my pet aversions. She was a daughter of Lord Collingford's, thoroughly worldly and ultra-fashionable, and had married a very rich and very wicked old man. Major Thurlowe seemed a decent sort of creature—not much in him, I decided at one glance. Mrs. Derwent-Kayes introduced him with considerable effusion to her "dear" Lady Ann, and my mother in her turn, rather against the grain I fancied, was compelled to name Margaret and myself, there being no one else to entertain him. He seemed unable to take his eyes off Margaret, and I did not wonder, for she was looking lovely that afternoon. She wore a gown of a kind of rich claret cloth, rather open at the throat and sleeves, and relieved by some fine old lace, relic of past days. Her beautifully modelled neck and arms were thus left partly bare, after the then prevailing fashion, and I think Mrs. Derwent-Kayes, whose proportions were lean, must have been dying with envy of the rounded outlines and fair skin. Though apparently absorbed in conversation with my mother, she kept putting up her glass every moment to inspect my friend, and was evidently quite aware of the effect produced on her brother. My mother perceived her growing uneasiness, and I saw a twinkle of amusement in her eye as she calmly talked on. At last the poor woman could bear it no longer, and simultaneously dropping her voice to a whisper, and her head to one side, said, "I don't think I know the young lady, and yet her face seems familiar. 'Fairfax' did you say, my dear Lady Ann?"

"Yes," answered my mother, laconically. Mrs. Derwent-Kayes either could not or would not observe the coolness which met her sudden interest in Margaret. I overheard the next clause in her catechism; the inevitable, "Who is she?" That crucial test of the claims of every pretender to society—the passport to be *visé* before the stranger can be admitted into the circle of aristocratic cliquedom—was to be applied to and demanded from the fair unknown. Mrs. Derwent-Kayes pronounced the formula with just that amount of expression which could either wake into vivacious friendliness if the answer proved satisfactory, or fade into indifference upon the reverse. "Who is she?" But my mother was not one whom it was easy, as boys say, to "draw," and she was equal to the occasion. Assuming a delicious want of comprehension which must have been most provoking to her determined interrogator, she replied with nonchalance, "Miss Fairfax? Oh, a young friend of my daughter's. She is on a visit to us." I almost pitied Mrs. Derwent-Kayes' under lip the severe punishment inflicted upon it; yet there was a malicious sparkle in her light grey eye which boded mischief, and made me inwardly resolve to keep my friend out of her way.

The room was filling with afternoon callers. Once or twice my mother signed to Margaret and introduced her to people of an appreciative turn of mind, who could enjoy a chat with a gifted young woman, whoever she might be. My aunt had joined the little group, and was taking part in the lively and witty conversation. She drew Margaret's hand through her own arm with an affectionate gesture, and with her sunny smile and sonorous voice, was not only talking herself, but drawing out everyone else, and Margaret in particular, to their best advantage. I was standing at the moment behind Mrs. Derwent-Kayes, who had stayed an inordinate length of time, for the very good reason that she could not get hold of her brother, and did not choose to leave him to the Lorelei who had evidently bewitched him. The puzzled expression again crossed her face as she turned from a close scrutiny of Margaret to her next neighbour.

"Miss Melrose, can you tell me who that girl is? That one there in a red gown. See, Lady Caroline Dynevor has just taken her arm! I cannot imagine who she is, and yet I seem to know her face. Can you enlighten me?"

But Miss Melrose could not, so they fell to discussing and criticising Margaret's general style. Georgie Melrose was not ill-natured, though excessively blunt, and, I must say, she was as severe upon herself as upon anyone else.

"She is too large for my taste," she said; "but I suppose people admire her. It looks like it."

"Ye—es, I suppose they do," assented her companion, unwillingly. "For my part, I vastly prefer a more delicate style. Large women always make such a demand upon people."

"Don't always get attended to though," replied Georgie, brusquely. "Look at me! My nose would do for a Roman emperor, my eyes would carry off the prize as gooseberries, and my mouth would not bring discredit to a respectable chimpanzee. But nobody looks at me. I suppose I'm too large; they can't take me in."

It was so quaintly said that I restrained myself with difficulty from laughing aloud. At this juncture the door was again thrown open, and Emily Corfu with her two elder children appeared on the scene.

I don't know why, I had a sudden anticipatory sensation of discomfort. There was no reason for it, as I was not in the least afraid of my cousin acting in any way to mortify Margaret. You understand, my dear, that though there was nothing really to be ashamed of, I dreaded the effect upon ignoble minds with small sympathies. It is one of those undefinable prejudices which have taken too deep root for people to begin to combat their existence.

The children spied out Margaret directly, and were for rushing off to her at once before making their bow and curtsey to my mother. This done, however, the unwilling captives flew upon their quondam governess.

"Fairfie! Fairfie! when are you coming back to us?" they cried, simultaneously.

"Look here, Fairfie," protested Dunraven, "I won't stand the nursery alone any more. It's simply *aborrible!*"

A dead silence fell on the group upon the children's unceremonious entrance, and most of the faces wore a puzzled or inquiring expression. Aunt Carry alone

maintained her air of serenity, yet her eyes showed me that she took in the whole situation. Margaret stooped over the children and quietly kissed them; then, as they still clung to her hands reiterating their demands, she answered gently—

"Yes, Dunnie, I am coming back soon. I hope you are both good—you and Violet?"

The pair exchanged silently eloquent looks, when just at that moment, in a general lull of conversation, Major Thurlowe's evil genius prompted him to make an audible aside—

"Is Miss Fairfax their aunt?"

The quick flush rose to my friend's cheek as she bent again over the children. It seemed as if some resolution rapidly formed itself in her mind, for she as quickly raised her head, and though the receding wave of colour left her cheek like marble, her eyes were bright, her voice carelessly steady.

"No, Major Thurlowe, not their aunt—their governess."

She looked straight at him, and said the words as casually as one remarks on the weather; there was even a flickering smile round the corners of her mouth, as though she could enjoy the humour in spite of the pain, for there was something most ludicrous in the sudden fall of the gallant soldier's features, and his crest-fallen air at this most unexpected revelation. But it was sad as well.

Why should that confession depress the mercury in the thermometer of everybody's feelings? Margaret's proud sensitiveness gathered into one focus of stinging pain the full force of this change in the social atmosphere. Not that the faintest sneer or disdainful glance was discernible; but an unmistakable breath of astonishment and pity swept over that little knot of people. A governess! Is it possible? How horrible! Poor girl! she deserves something better! Do not tell me that at such a moment a woman could feel anything but a crushing sense of isolation, a smarting rebellion against circumstances which prevented her from taking her position among those who, in everything but rank and wealth, were her inferiors. But beyond that momentary flush, she gave no sign of any suffering. Aunt Caroline remained quite composed, and she now broke the silence by remarking, in her pleasant, equable voice, as she beamed upon the unlucky causes of this dilemma—

"And very fortunate little people you are to belong to Miss Fairfax. Eh? Don't you think so, darlings?"

Violet assented by a vigorous nodding of her head and a closer clinging to Margaret, while her brother looked up with his grave, peculiar smile, and answered—

"Yes, we do think ourselves very fort'nit; and we want Fairfie back *suspectly!*"

His funny little speech created the diversion clever Aunt Carry intended, and she again slipped her hand through Margaret's arm.

"But suppose we want her?" she said. "Suppose we think she's too precious to be handed over to imps like you?"

Poor Violet's face lengthened, though she was only dimly conscious of the dreadful import of my aunt's words; but Dunraven stepped back, surveying her from head to foot, with an evident determination to carry off his friend by force if this vexatious Lady Caroline would not relinquish her peacefully. His features began to work with excitement, as he tossed back his head, and, with sparkling, defiant eyes, gazed at Aunt Carry.

Suddenly his manliness broke down; the sparkle was quenched in a rush of tears, and turning to Margaret he hid his face against her, utterly forgetting his boyish shame at being so "babyish." "Fairfie, you will come back! You won't go away, will you, dear, dear Fairfie?"

Margaret bent over the sobbing child and stroked the round head reassuringly, while Aunt Carry's bright eyes became unaccountably dim. "The love of a little child," she said, looking round at us almost solemnly.

At this juncture, up came Emily Corfu in her quick, animated way. "Why, what is the matter? My little folks seem to be the centre of attraction. Ah, Miss Fairfax, how do?" Without pausing for a reply, her ladyship rattled on. "Come, I am charmed to see you looking so well. I particularly wanted to see you. Can you spare me five minutes? Very well, then, we will just take life easy, and make ourselves comfortable on this sofa."

Had not Margaret herself and the children disclosed the fact, no one could have guessed, from my cousin's tone and manner, that any relation, beyond that of friends, existed between them. Emily's natural tact and good breeding kept her from falling into the snare which entraps many with more heart but inferior taste. While my cousin never dreamed of exerting herself to soften the hard outlines of Margaret's position in her house—finding her in society, as an equal matter of course she met her like anyone else. Nothing would have induced Emily Corfu to have spoken of her in our reception rooms as "my children's governess," and yet Margaret was really nothing more than this to her employer. However, the instinctive tact which Emily displayed on this occasion might well be imitated by many who make a great show of consideration for those placed like Margaret. I have often felt ashamed for people whom I have heard complacently pluming themselves on their courtesy and attention to the governess. Why should it be a subject for self-gratulation? It is inconceivable.

(To be continued.)

CLOSE OF AUTUMN.

THE melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds and naked woods and meadows brown and sere.
Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the withered leaves lie dead,
They rustle to the eddying gust and to the rabbit's tread;
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrubs the jay,
And from the wood top calls the crow, through all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately sprung and stood
In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood?
Alas! they all are in their graves—the gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and good of ours:
The rain is falling where they lie—but the cold November rain
Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely ones again.

And now when comes the calm mild day—as still such days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter home:
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the trees are still,
And twinkle in the hazy light the waters of the rill,
The south wind searches for the flowers whose fragrance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no more.

And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty died,
The fair meek blossom that grew up and faded by my side.
In the cold moist earth we laid her, when the forest cast the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely should have a lot so brief;
Yet not unmeet it was, that one, like that young friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers.

BRYANT.

"THE MELANCHOLY DAYS ARE COME, THE SADDEST OF THE YEAR."

PHOTOGRAPHY FOR GIRLS.

SURROUNDED as we are in these days by the charming productions of photography as a fine art, we are perhaps in danger of overlooking the services rendered by the camera to science, and only occasionally recall the fact that photographs are now used for the furtherance of justice and for the record of microscopical observations, while some of its most recent triumphs have been won in the fields of spectroscopy and astronomy.

Photography being, then, established among the useful arts of modern life, we ought to take an interest in its history; and some of our readers may be surprised to learn how far back we must go in order to find the first gleam of a discovery which now effects such great things. About the middle of the sixteenth century it was noticed that a certain complex substance—then called "horn-silver"—became black when exposed to the action of the sun's rays. But this discovery perhaps appeared insignificant enough to the worthy alchemists of those long-ago times; at any rate no use was made of it till the year 1802, when Wedgwood endeavoured to obtain pictures by placing any object of which he desired a representation upon paper or leather, which had been previously coated with a preparation of horn-silver; the sun's rays acting upon this preparation turned it dark, and on removing the object its image was seen in white upon a dark ground, making in fact what we know as a "negative."

To retain these images was another matter, and one which proved beyond the power of either Wedgwood or Davy, for as yet no one had discovered how to prevent the white part from speedily becoming as black as the background, under the influence of light. Indeed, a good many years passed before the process of "fixing," as it is called, was discovered almost at the same time and probably with equal delight by three people — Mr. Fox Talbot and two Frenchmen, named Niépce and Daguerre. The latter has given his name to the beautiful process, of which few specimens are now to be seen, although it certainly inaugurated the practice of photography on the Continent. Daguerreotype pictures were taken on plates of copper thinly coated on one side with silver; while iodine, bromine, mercury, and hyposulphite of soda were also required for the completion of the process.

Mr. Talbot's method, called Calotype or Talbotype, was patented in 1841. Silver was again employed, but the pictures were taken on paper, and great difficulty was experienced in finding any suitable, the oldest paper having generally answered the best.

The process of preparing this paper was a long and intricate one, and not much less so the after processes of "developing" and "fixing" the photographs when taken. Sometimes waxed paper was used, involving elaborate preparation but producing most beautiful and artistic results; and in another modification of Talbotype albumenised glass was employed.

Next in order came the collodion process, which for many years, in fact up to quite a recent date, was universally adopted by professional photographers. This process consisted in coating glass-plates with a solution of gun-cotton in ether, called collodion, which was then rendered sensitive to light by being immersed in a solution of nitrate of silver. The photograph having been taken on a glass-plate thus prepared was then withdrawn from the camera, and was "developed" (or rendered visible) by having poured over it a solution of sulphate of iron, while the silver salt which remained unaffected by the light was dissolved out in a solution of cyanide of potassium or one of hyposulphite of soda.

These plates either formed the negatives from which the ordinary paper photographs were reproduced, or else they were backed with a black varnish, and themselves formed the glass pictures of the past—such as are still taken by the itinerant photographers of our heaths and race-courses.

In those bygone times of many chemicals no one can wonder if photography was regarded almost as a species of "Black Art," the practice of which was supposed to involve blackened fingers and stained clothes as an almost necessary result. But "we have changed all that," and a revolution—especially in out-door photography — has been effected by the invention of gelatine plates and ready-sensitised paper.

Yet, even in its dark days, ladies were not entirely absent from the ranks of the few amateurs who exercised this interesting art-science, while now that the process can with ease and cleanliness be carried out to most beautiful results, the number of lady photographers has very greatly increased, and, what is more, the work done by some of them is of the very best quality, as may be seen on visiting one of the annual Pall Mall Photographic Exhibitions.

We have no doubt there are still many other ladies who would take up this interesting pursuit did they realise how simple the process now is, and did they also know how to set about choosing the requisite apparatus. To remove imaginary obstacles which may discourage beginners, as well as to lessen the real difficulties which lie in their path, will therefore be the aim of this series of articles.

Let us first consider what size of apparatus will best suit our requirements. The smallest size in general use is the quarter-plate; this will take negatives measuring four and a quarter by three and a quarter inches, the photographs when finished and trimmed being of the size known as carte-de-visite. This apparatus will be found to be very light and portable, so as to be easily carried in a light hand-bag, but for taking views it is of course rather small. Another size is known as half-plate, taking negatives of four and three-quarter inches by six and a half inches in size, the finished photograph being cabinet size. This is the largest apparatus we should recommend for a lady's use; but perhaps the most suitable for general purposes would be the size known as five by four inches. This last-mentioned apparatus is large enough to give a satisfactory picture, without being cumbersome or unwieldy.

Now to consider in turn the parts of which our apparatus is to be composed:

The Lens.—We strongly recommend our readers to buy the best lens they can afford. If their pockets are deep they will do well to procure a Dallmeyer or Ross lens, but if limited as to price, they must be content with one of the cheaper makes. The most usual form of single lens is the meniscus, which is concave on one side and convex on the other; such a lens in a sliding mount should cost about 5s. for the quarter-plate size, and 10s. for half-plate. The latter size must be bought if the camera is to be a five by four inch one. Superior lenses of the same description in rackwork mounts cost about 7s. 6d. and 15s. respectively, the advantage of the rackwork being that it enables the focussing to be more accurately and quickly done. For instantaneous work a quick-acting lens, fitted with instantaneous shutter, known as the instantograph lens, is to be had at 21s. for a quarter-plate, and 30s. for a half-plate camera.

These lenses will take views or portraits and groups in the open air; they are, however, unsuitable for photographing architecture, the straight lines in which are apt to be distorted and curved towards the edge of the picture by these cheap lenses. For general work and excellence of results as regards clearness of definition, &c., we recommend the following lenses, which, as well as those before-mentioned, may be obtained from almost any dealer in photographic apparatus.

1. Ross's portable symmetrical No. 1, £2 14s.
2. ,, ,, ,, No. 3, £3 3s.
1. Ross's rapid symmetrical four-and-a-half-inch focus, £3 12s.
2. Ross's rapid symmetrical seven-and-a-half-inch focus, £4 14s. 6d.
1. Dallmeyer's rapid rectilinear six-inch focus, £4 5s. 6d.
2. Dallmeyer's rapid rectilinear eight-and-a-quarter-inch focus, £5 8s.

The first named in each case is suitable for a quarter-plate, the second for a half-plate apparatus.

The Camera.—The two essential requirements in the camera or dark-box in which the photograph is to be taken, are that it shall be perfectly light-tight, and that when the plate is put into its place in the dark-slide, it shall occupy exactly the same position as that filled just before by the ground glass focussing screen.

For outdoor work, and especially for ladies' use, the camera should also be light and portable.

These last-named requisites are well fulfilled by the camera known as "Le Méritoire;" one of these, quarter-plate size, weighs only ten ounces, and costs 21s., including one dark-slide. Of course light cameras are not so strong as heavier ones, and require careful usage, but with gentle handling they will last for years. Other rather heavier and more substantial cameras may be bought at about the following prices:

A five-by-four camera, including one dark-slide and tripod-stand, at £2 18s. 6d., or the camera only at £1 8s.; and a six-and-a-half by four-and-three-quarter camera at £2 to £2 10s., according to the manner in which it is finished and fitted up.

In order to explain the uses of the different parts of a camera, we will take Lancaster's "Le Méritoire" as a typical one, that being the cheapest camera within our knowledge in which a variety of movements is obtainable.

To set up this camera, the back is attached to the base-board by the half-hinges screwed to each part. It will be seen that the body of the camera is provided with hinges on two sides, so that it may be attached to the base-board either in a vertical or a horizontal position, to suit the picture we are about to take. The front is then attached to the base by means of the two large screws, and the whole is kept rigid by the strip of brass seen at E, Fig 1. C, Fig. 1, is the focussing-screen of ground-glass, and when this is swung back upon its hinges, space is left for the dark-slide, Fig. 2, to be slipped into its place at the back of the camera.

In the front of the camera, the centre piece is the sliding front; this allows the lens, which is screwed into it, a slight horizontal movement, and it can be fixed in any desired position by means of the slot and thumb-screw B. This sliding-front is supported by another piece, called the rising-front, which in the same way allows the lens to be slightly raised, the thumb-screw by which it is fixed being shown at A. The first of these two pieces enables us to cut out any undesirable object to the right or left of the scene we wish to photograph, while the second enables us to cut away some of the foreground without tilting the camera, in cases where the foreground would otherwise bear too large a proportion to the whole of the picture.

By means of the thumb-screw at D, the back of the camera may be fixed either in a

vertical position, or it may be inclined backwards or forwards. For example, when the camera itself is level, the back should be exactly vertical; that is, it should be at right-angles with the base-board of the camera; but suppose we are taking a view of a lofty building, or suppose that the point at which our camera is placed compels us to tilt it up or down in order to get the desired picture on the focussing-glass and afterwards on the plate, then to keep the back vertical would distort the picture, the subject of which would appear to be either falling towards us, or leaning backwards, as the case may be. Therefore, in order to avoid so undesirable an effect, we tilt the back of the camera until the picture, as seen on the focussing-screen, appears in due proportion.

By means of the large screws which fasten the front to the base-board, it will be seen that this part may be fixed either parallel to the back or at an angle to it, and although the former is its usual position, it will sometimes be found useful to place it at an angle, as when taking one side of a street or long buildings in which the perspective would otherwise be much exaggerated.

Fig. 2 shows the dark-slide, which consists of a small flat case, opening in the middle for the reception of the plates. One plate must be placed on one side of the slide, with the prepared side downwards, one or two layers of black paper must be placed on the plate, then comes a second plate with the prepared side upwards, and the slide is closed. The dark-slide, in addition to opening as shown in the figure, has a sliding-shutter, A, on each side of it. In the figure, one of these shutters may be seen pulled out.

Of stands there are also many different kinds. One very convenient stand folds up into so small a space that it may be put into an ordinary umbrella-cover and used as a walking-stick. Perhaps, on the whole, the best and most practical stand is one having three legs, each of which is composed of three pieces of wood, the middle piece sliding between the other two, so that each leg may be adjusted to any required length. This stand is known as the Kennett. While on the subject of stands, I must caution my readers not to buy too small a one. The legs should be of such a length that the centre of the focussing-screen of the camera may be at least raised to the level of the operator's eyes, otherwise it is necessary to focus in a stooping position, which is very fatiguing.

A focussing cloth of black velvet about one yard square, and a lantern with a ruby-coloured glass for changing the plates and developing, will complete the apparatus required for the actual taking of the negative; and we will now proceed to consider the apparatus and chemicals necessary for the development of the picture and for the printing of the paper positives.

Two or three dishes of porcelain or ebonite will be required for developing, and these must be about half-an-inch larger than the plates we intend to use, costing, for five-by-four plates, from 8d. to 1s. each.

The chemicals at first required will be half a pound of oxalate of potash at about 1s. 6d. per pound, one pound of sulphate of iron at 3d. per pound, one pound of alum at 2d. per pound, and two pounds of hyposulphite of soda at 2d. per pound. It must be remembered that the oxalate of potash and many of the other chemicals used in photography are powerful poisons; they must therefore be used with caution, and kept under lock and key.

For printing, we must have two or three printing-frames of a size to suit that chosen for the plates; and the only additional chemicals required for this process will be two ounces of acetate of soda, at 1d. per ounce, and a 15-grain tube of chloride of gold, costing 2s.

The other materials required will be, a tolerable supply (say one dozen) of prepared plates, and three sheets of sensitised paper at about 8d. per sheet.

There is a great variety of prepared plates in the market, varying much both in price and quality, but we may mention, without recommending any particular maker, that good plates of five-by-four size are to be had at 2s. 6d. per dozen. They must be very carefully kept from white light, the faintest ray of which is sufficient to spoil them, and therefore they must only be opened and placed in the dark-slide in a deep ruby light. The paper, also, should be exposed to light as little as possible.

J. POCOCK.

VARIETIES.

UNLUCKY MONTHS FOR MARRIAGES.—"May is said to be an unlucky month for marriages." An old bachelor says that, according to the testimony of his friends who have slipped their heads into the matrimonial noose, the other unlucky months are June, July, August, September, October, November, December, January, February, March, and April.

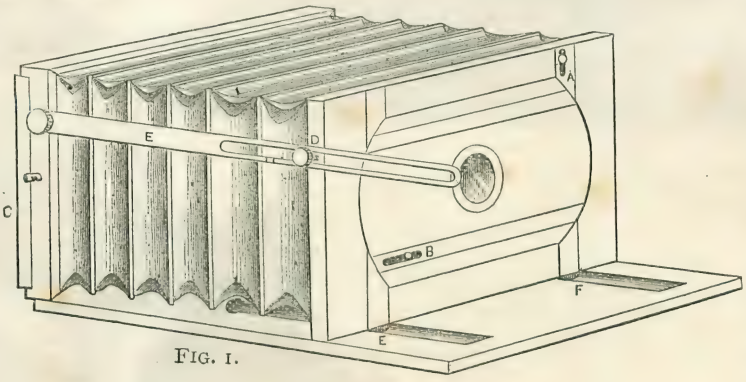


FIG. 1.

A TALE ON ITS TRAVELS.

How a simple statement may be twisted, turned, and magnified by the tongues of talebearers is well illustrated by the following, which is said to have actually occurred:—

"The servant of No. 1 told the servant of No. 2 that her master expected his old friends the Bayleys to pay him a visit shortly; and No. 2 told No. 3 that No. 1 expected to have the Baileys in the house every day; and No. 3 told No. 4 that it was all up with No. 1, for they couldn't keep the bailiffs out; whereupon No. 4 told No. 5 that the officers were after No. 1, and that it was as much as he could do to prevent himself being taken in execution, and that it was nearly killing his poor dear wife; and so it went on increasing and increasing until it got to No. 32, who confidently assured the last, No. 33, that the Bow-street officers had taken up the gentleman who lived at No. 1 for killing his poor, dear wife with arsenic, and that it was confidently hoped and expected that he would be executed!"

A GIRL'S EPITAPH.

The following epitaph on a girl aged sixteen is in the cemetery at Tunbridge Wells:—

"Behold this flower, so young and fair,
Called hence by early doom,
Come forth to show how sweet a flower
In Paradise might bloom."

COLDNESS OVERCOME.—Be not chilled by the coldness of those about you: the perseverance of love and patience together bring about great results.

MAN AND WOMAN.—There is not one quality that is truly amiable in a man which is not equally so in woman; and there is not one vice or folly which ought not to be equally detestable in both.

A PROFITABLE CROP.—The roots of education are bitter, but the fruit is sweet.—*Aristotle.*

THE DOUBLE-TONGUED TALKER.

"What darling little cherubs your twins are," said Mrs. Jones to Mrs. Brown, in an afternoon gathering of ladies at the house of the latter. "I really should be proud of them if they were mine: such lovely eyes, such rosy cheeks," &c., adding, "Dear darlings! come and kiss me."

Mrs. Brown smiled complacently in return, and shortly after retired from the room, when the two "little cherubs" approached their prodigious admirer with a view to make friends and impress upon her the solicited kiss. Instantly, however, she put them at arm's length from her, saying to the lady who sat next her, "What pests these little things are, treading on my dress and forcing themselves on me like this! I *do* wish Mrs. Brown had taken them out of the room with her."

ON CONVERSATION.—Be swift to hear but cautious of your tongue, lest you betray your ignorance.—*Watts.*

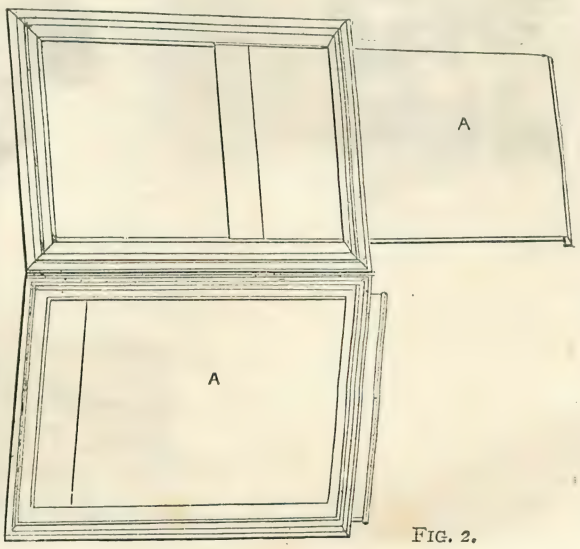


FIG. 2.

A COURTYARD IN SPAIN.

SPAIN AND SPANISH GIRLS.

YOUNG girls of the upper and middle class are always accompanied in their walks by their mother or some elderly relative, governess, or servant. They are kept under such strict surveillance that their honour and better feelings are seldom called forth. They do not, therefore, possess that innate self-respect, that natural intuition of what is fitting, which belong to our women as well as to those of many other countries. Poor girls can go alone in the street with a shawl over their head, but if dressed in a mantle or with flowers they must have their mother with them that they may be considered respectable. It is usual for the mother to act as attendant to her daughters in the street, and in the theatre they always take the principal places.

The Spanish mother does not seem to put any confidence in her daughter's virtue, yet she takes no pains in training her morality; the chief idea is evidently to prevent impropriety by external precautions. Even in the humblest condition, she prides herself on her child's purity and correct conduct, but as soon as the girl is married, she troubles herself no further about her. Before this event, the mother denies herself many things that she may buy gold earrings or a pretty dress at the feria (fair) for the girl. She takes great care that her daughter should not be overworked, or carry heavy weights lest she should spoil her figure, or complexion. This does not prevent the two from having violent quarrels occasionally, but these are soon over, and all is sunshine again. In spite of young ladies being so closely watched, they find ample opportunities for seeing a favoured admirer either during the promenade or from the balcony. Parents look on indulgently; they may, or they may not, be aware of the circumstance; if the young man be approved of, they await a definite proposal from him; if he be objected to, the fact of their daughter speaking to him from the balcony does not place the matter in a serious light, and they are at liberty to refuse him when he comes to the point.

A very ludicrous affair occurred a few months ago in Seville, which caused this kind of intercourse to assume a compromising aspect. A young lady had for some time received in this way the attentions of a gentleman, upon whom her parents did not look very favourably, probably with good reasons, for marriages of inclination are the general rule in Spain. As they retired early to rest, she found many opportunities for conversing with him from the balcony. All went smoothly, but after some weeks the lover was compelled to pay a visit to Granada on business, much to his chagrin, and before his departure he naturally wished to have a last interview with the lady, and sought her house accordingly. After the two young people had indulged in a prolonged chat, the sad moment for saying good-bye arrived; the gentleman sprang over the balcony to embrace the young lady, and she, while he was descending, wishing to return his adieu, put her head hastily through the railings for this purpose, but in attempting to withdraw it, she found it impossible to do so. Then what screams, what shrieks, rang through the street! All the saints she could remember were invoked, and the whole neighbourhood was aroused, while the father and mother, white with terror, flew to the rescue. With considerable difficulty her head was extricated by her lover, and in consequence of the publicity of the affair, the parents were only too ready to take him for a son-in-law. The young lady, on the contrary, would have nothing more to do with him; so sensible was she of the ridiculous position in which she had been placed, so hurt was her *amour propre*, that she at once dismissed him.

Talking from the balcony is not so general as it used to be; in many families it would not be permitted; but it is still to be seen everywhere more or less, especially in the south; and the writer has also remarked it at Barcelona. It is sometimes quite laughable in walking down a street to listen to one or two young ladies on the balcony of an upper story prattling to their admirers below, who shout forth compliments from the pavement beneath, uttering the most sentimental speeches at the highest pitch of their voice, to which the young ladies reply in an equally loud key.

These acquaintances generally begin by the gentleman seeing the young girl in one of the paseos, when on the first occasion he follows her at a respectful distance on her way home, he returns another day to the public walk, when he accompanies her still further, and finally he succeeds in reaching her door. The next proceeding is to present her with a *billet-doux* by the hands of her waiting-maid, and as all these notes are couched more or less in the same strain, should the love affair not prosper the effusions will serve again for a similar purpose. Two girls, friends, often discover that the identical phrases have been addressed to both of them, yet remain good friends, the chief feeling being, with a Spanish girl, that the language should be sufficiently florid with which her novio woos her.

There is a law in Spain that if a youth and maiden are attached to each other, and the parents will not consent to their marriage, that the young man may apply to the Alcalde or Mayor, furnishing him with a paper of the particulars, and requesting him to sign it. The Mayor then makes out an order, which gives the lad the power of enter-

STREET MUSICIANS.

BULL-FIGHTERS.

ing the young girl's house and carrying her off in a few days. From this moment, however, he is obliged to support her, and if he turns out to be a worthless fellow, which probably the parents may have foreseen, the law steps in and insists on his maintaining her. Spanish law is very strict on these points, as quite rightly it should be. The girls of the poorer class marry very early indeed, and they seem almost children themselves when they are holding one of their own in their arms. Young ladies do not, as a rule, quit their parents' side till they are older. Black is worn by brides in Spain, but as marriages in the upper class usually take place in the house, there is not much display of dress or carriages. For full dress black is not used any more than it would be in England, but in church always.

Some of the funeral customs are curious, but that of leaving the dead body exposed at the window is gradually dying out. Now it is placed in an inner room, but it is always dressed in its best clothes and jewellery, and women and young girls are painted and powdered. Long candles are kept burning at the feet, the room being adorned with flowers. Of these Spanish ladies are very fond, and like tending them, and strolling in a garden, and though they do not care for the country, many small places, not otherwise inhabited, are rented for this recreation in the vicinity of cities. Young ladies prefer town life with its amusements, its paseos, bull-fights, theatres, and tertulias. At these latter sometimes only a glass of water is offered, though occasionally a little coffee or chocolate and cakes are handed.

There are many opportunities of seeing a Spanish girl to advantage; one is in church, kneeling in a crouching attitude on the bare stone, her mantilla closely folded around her, her dark eyes drooping over her book; her features, midst the pervading obscurity, illuminated by a ray of light from a richly stained window; her position one of repose and rapt attention. Then, perhaps, she forms one of the most charming pictures for the indulgence of a painter's fancy. Again, she must be observed on the paseo, where she distinguishes herself by her graceful and erect carriage, by her smooth and easy walking. She waves her fan to and fro perpetually, turning her head occasionally to gaze upon someone passing near her, making a remark upon them half aloud, which would not be considered in good taste, but in Spain seems to be the most natural thing in the world. Then she has pretty hands and feet, the latter perhaps a trifle too short; but she is always *bien chausée*, and if her boots and shoes be too slight and elegant for our cold and variable climate, they are exactly fitted for hers; even among the poor there is great coquetry in their endeavour to be well shod.

But that she may be seen in her real element, a visit must be paid to a bull-fight, to which she looks forward with the keenest enjoyment. Happily there are a great many persons who are beginning to think it too cruel and barbarous to witness, and great efforts are being made for putting a stop to that portion of the combat which causes death and injury to men and animals, and to have it conducted as in Lisbon and the south of France, as yet with little success. At present, however, many young ladies still take pleasure in all the details of the bull-fight. In justice to them it must be said that they are attracted by the courage and agility of the combatants rather than by the repulsive features of the sport. The poorest girl will save up a few pesetas for a seat on a stone bench, that she may go once or twice during the season.

The Plaza de Toros, or bull ring, is of a circular form, like the amphitheatres of ancient times. Around the upper part of the building runs a covered promenade, which has no seats and consequently is cheaper; next come the paleos or boxes, also under shelter, which are more or less expensive, according as they are on the shady or sunny side; after them come the less costly seats, and finally the stone benches near the barrier. The arena has only the blue sky for its roof, as also the cheaper places. The principal amphitheatres hold between ten and twelve thousand people, and experienced bull-fighters like Frascuelo and Massentini, the celebrated espadas or matadors of this season, make something like six thousand pounds a year, independently of the handsome presents which are showered down upon them. The average number of bull-fights is sixty during the season, which is the summer.

The combat lasts about two hours, but long before it commences persons seek their seats which are all numbered, and the building is soon filled from top to bottom, so that late comers find it difficult to push their way to their place. The motley crowd, the brilliant fans, flowers, and dresses form a scene so unique that any attempt to describe it would be impossible. Vendors of cool spring water in classic-shaped earthern jars, with cakes of light, frothy batter, called "Spanish wind," pass along in all directions crying "Agua, agua, Buenuelos." Spaniards being very abstemious are easily contented, but they like sweets, and eat many bonbons. Now there begins to be a general buzz, peals of laughter, jokes and proverbs greet the ear on all sides; and at the end of half-an-hour the audience begins to grow weary of suspense. Pretty girls in white mantillas, with lovely red and yellow roses entwined with them, wave their fans restlessly to and fro in their impatience that the signal should be given for the entrance of the procession into the arena.

Suddenly the sound of the trumpet in the midst of some air played by the band makes them bend forward eagerly to catch the first glimpse of the two mounted alguacils, who, dressed in the old Spanish style, are followed by the picadors in short jackets and long leathern trousers, padded thickly to protect them from the bull's horns. They wear a broad-brimmed hat, and carry a strong wooden spear with a sharp point at the end, varying according to the age of the bulls. After them come the matadors, and then the chulos or cloak players and the banderilleros (arrow planters), and the whole of the cuadrilla. The espada or matador is more richly attired than the rest, but these last have alike short silk jackets or spencers, thickly embroidered with gold, slashed sleeves, heavy shoulder-knots, and silk knee-breeches of bright colour, blue, pink, or red: over their shoulder is swung a cloak, also richly embroidered in gold, which they soon exchange for one of common red, already much torn in many a combat. They have in addition broad, handsome sashes, shoes with buckles, and very bright pink silk stockings. Their hair is drawn back from the face into a small net terminating in a pigtail, by which a torero may always be recognised. The mules employed to drag out the dead bulls and horses are decorated with gay trappings, feathers, and bells, and bring up the rear of the procession, heightening the general effect. While the men are arranging themselves in order, the mules are driven out again through one of the four gates of the partition. The espadas and cuadrilla then approach the president's box, which is opposite that of the royal family, and go through the ceremony of asking for the key of the torril or stall in which the bull is temporarily kept. The key, which is ornamented with ribbon, is thrown to one of them; if he catches it dexterously in his hat he is applauded, but if he allows it to fall on the ground he is hissed vociferously. A boy takes the key, and the trumpet sounds again. Scarcely has it ceased when the gates fly open and the bull rushes forth. With one or two leaps he reaches the centre of the arena. He does not move then, but seems awed with the multitude of spectators, and as if he were defying them. The cuadrilla now begin playing with their cloaks, and by degrees they try to attract him towards the picadors, who play the principal part in the commencement. The bull does not always charge the horse directly, and the picador has time to use his spear and to plunge it in the animal's shoulder.

The bull may be kept off at first, but he attacks again, and finally the poor horse is thrown up into the air, falling on his rider, who cannot rise on account of his heavily lined boots and trousers; but if he is not much hurt he springs again into the saddle, and is ready for another tilt. After several horses have been killed, and several picadors thrown, the trumpet sounds anew, the horsemen move off, and the banderilleros come upon the scene. They carry two wooden arrows with sharp points, which it is their business to plant in the bull's shoulder, and only in his shoulder. To do this while the animal is in full charge requires the greatest skill and agility. A light spring to one side enables the banderillero to escape the horns. After several pairs of arrows have been planted, the bull becomes infuriated, and dashing madly here and there tries to toss one of the toreros, being only prevented from doing this by the clever manner in which a chulo smothers him in the cloak, falling at the same time into the most artistic attitudes. These men are finely formed, reminding the spectator of the classic beauty of the antique statue.

When one of them is too hotly pursued by the bull, he takes refuge behind a screen, of which several are placed before certain openings in the partition for that purpose. Happily, men are very seldom killed in these combats.

The bull, repeatedly wounded, begins to flag; he can struggle on no longer. Then the

espada or matador, with head erect and proud step, approaches the president's box and asks permission to kill the bull. Over his left arm he jauntily swings his red cloak, and in his right hand he has a sharp blade. The enthusiasm of the audience has by this time risen to the highest pitch; the amphitheatre vibrates with the shouts and cries and the stamping of feet; young and pretty girls waft kisses to him, calling him "angel" and "hero." "Bless you," they say, applying all kinds of tender epithets to him. Meantime the cuadrilla continue to irritate the bull by waving their cloaks, displaying marvellous agility. The espada gradually approaches him, flinging his capa (cloak) before him, and when the bull dashes against it in all his fury everybody shudders, and it seems as if nothing short of a miracle could save him from the bull's horns and from certain death; but with a light spring he avoids him. Suddenly the animal stops short and faces his antagonist, planting himself in good position before the matador; in his rage he tears up the ground with his feet, and the air is filled with clouds of dust.

The last scene is now at hand.

The infuriated animal dashes with all his might at the cloak, and people in their eagerness half rise that they may be able to see more distinctly and judge whether the mortal stroke be given according to the strict rules which are laid down by the law. Impossible not to perceive in the general enthusiasm that this spectacle enters into the very life of a Spaniard, and that girls of gentle and kindly disposition are as much absorbed by it as men; admiring the courage of the combatants, and not recognising what is cruel in the sport. Meantime the espada remains cool and self-possessed, as if he did not know the meaning of fear; but there is scarcely a moment to note all this, when like lightning his knife flashes aloft, and before there is time to draw breath it is plunged into the spine of the animal just where it joins the nape of the neck. The air resounds with applause, the people are wild with excitement; but amidst it all the espada remains unmoved. Though he bows repeatedly to the thousands who are gazing upon him, he receives this homage as if he were a conqueror, and it were only his due. Women wave their handkerchiefs and throw flowers to him, men toss their hats into the arena, which he gracefully flings back again, keeping only the cigars and other presents which may have fallen at his feet. If any member of a royal family or a foreign potentate be present, it is the custom for them to bestow a well-filled purse on the fortunate espada.

The mules are driven in again, and soon carry off the dead bull and horses, and another bull is brought in. A fresh onslaught begins, another espada exercises his skill, and so on till six or eight bulls have fought and been killed. When the corrida is over, the tumult comparatively ceases, and the people retire in good order, discussing the main features of the bull-fight.

Tradition says that the sport was handed down to the Spaniards by the Moors, who did genuine battle with bulls in the large space where the Ayuntamiento or Town Hall stands in Granada; it relates also that the Cid was the first knight who made his appearance in the arena in Spain, killing the bull with his lance while on horseback. However this may be, the taste for the bull-fight is so deeply implanted in the Spanish nation that it seems impossible to eradicate it, unless, indeed, the religious character of the people could be raised to a much higher standard.

Good work here and there is being done, but Protestantism has not taken much root at present in the country. Republicans are sometimes called Protestants to distinguish them from their political opponents; but it is merely the name which is bestowed, and there is no real feeling in the matter. Two English ladies with whom the writer became acquainted, who have lived for fifteen or sixteen years in Seville, are rendering valuable service to the poor around them, having formed a school for instructing young girls in the principles of the Reformed religion. At first they met with a great deal of opposition, and do still occasionally, but with constant kindness to the parents and children, and steady perseverance, they are gradually overcoming it. Besides the important subject to which they give their special attention, they teach them reading, writing, and arithmetic, as well as plain needlework and delicate embroidery, and, not the least excellent thing, the necessity of neatness and cleanliness. Their lessons are made pleasant to them in the form of games, resembling the Kindergarten system, and they readily learn, but it is very difficult to improve their morals, to make them reverence truth, from which they deviate on the slightest occasion, this being considered of no consequence among the lower orders especially.

Spanish girls of the higher class do not seem to possess any very distinct features till they are married. Till then, though much indulged, they have no opportunity of forming aims of their own, but they are generally quick and intelligent, and among their many charming qualities is one which forbids them from professing an affection of any kind which they do not feel. In all matters of the heart they are very genuine; the vulgar idea which flirtation suggests would not be comprehended by them, for their coquetry is natural, and born with them. A wider education and more intercourse with the people of other countries would have a happy effect on them, though their individuality must always be picturesque.

ANNIE BENTLEY.

EDUCATIONAL.

A LOVER OF HISTORY.—You will find a very good description of Queen Elizabeth's personal appearance at page 229, vol. i. "The Childhood of Queen Elizabeth," written by the Venetian ambassador to the Senate of Venice in February, 1557, the year she was twenty-four, and the year before she came to the throne. Her complexion is described as "fine, though rather sallow. Her eyes are of superior beauty, and so are her hands."

RUSHLIGHT.—Write to the editor of the *Cambridge Examiner* for divinity classes by correspondence, 405, Oxford-street, London, W.

CICOLA BRIGG.—We are very much obliged to you for your kind letter and the useful information it contains. We are glad to be enabled to recommend to the students of Italian literature the work named—viz., the "Antologia della prosa Italiana," by Puccianti Firenze. This collection of extracts from the writings of the most celebrated modern Italian authors—biographies, historical and critical essays, etc.—represent the most beautiful passages of the works quoted, and we accept your recommendation with thanks.

MADGE.—Perhaps your cheapest plan would be to study with your school master or mistress with a view to passing the Cambridge or Oxford examinations. Otherwise you might avail yourself of instruction by correspondence, afforded by the Newnham College authorities. Address Mrs. Peile, Trumpington, Cambridge.

"TOO ANXIOUS GIRLS."—One of these addresses us as "Dere Mister Editor," tells us she wishes to "ern a living," and begs we will "plese to advise her, becos she is hopping to be a teacher in a skool of riting and dictation." She adds that she likes our paper, "espeshnlly the dressmaking," which "helps her verry much." She appears to think herself "perhaps to yung to teach," but is utterly unconscious of incapacity in the matter of grammar, spelling, or penmanship. Her uncle would do well to send her and her sister to school at once, especially if he be so "verry proud!" We think if he saw this letter his pride would have a fall.

COOKERY.

AURORA (Venice).—Thank you for your kind letter and recipe, which we have much pleasure in giving, hoping it may be useful to our Italian as well as English girl readers. Risotto.—Peel and slice some onions and fry brown with butter in a stewpan, which must be large enough to admit of the rice swelling to double its size. Half a pound of uncooked rice is then put in, and must be continually moistened with broth and stirred with a large wooden spoon, taking care that it does not burn nor stick to the bottom of the pan. The rice will take a quarter or half an hour in cooking, so a good quantity of broth will be required. When it is half done, throw in a pinch of saffron and two large spoonfuls of Parmesan cheese, and some more cheese should be grated and put in a plate to be eaten with the risotto. Chickens' livers or mushrooms may be added to make it richer; but it is very good without, and is eaten in Italy instead of soup, or with cutlets. Add salt according to taste.

WILD ROSE.—Lemon sponge is made as follows:—Soak half an ounce of gelatine in a quarter of a pint of cold water; add to this a quarter of a pint of boiling water, a quarter of a pound of loaf sugar, and the peel of half a lemon. Simmer for half an hour, strain, and allow it to cool, but not to set; then add the juice of the lemon and whisk till it be white and thick. Put the mixture into a mould which has been previously wetted, and let it stand till next day, when you may turn it out in the usual way. Thank you for the recipe. The price of the set of pictures, title, and index given with the monthly parts of vol. i. is 9d.; of the other vols. 1s. each.

FEUILLETAGE A SIX TOURS.—We cannot speak with certainty as to the reason of your pastry not being light, as we have not tried the recipe; but we observe that directions are given to roll the paste up and down. In making puff paste this is never done. Puff paste to be light and flaky must always be rolled one way—not up and down.

SUBSCRIBER.—For baking pastry the oven must be very hot, or it is spoilt; if getting too brown, cover it with a buttered paper. Cakes also require a hot oven when first put in, but not so hot as for pastry; and they should never be moved in the oven or they will be heavy.

NELLIE FLETCHER.—To turn jelly out of a mould, first loosen it from the edges of the latter, then place the mould in hot water for less than a minute, wipe the outside, put a dish on the top, and turn it over quickly. You applied far too much heat, which was the cause of your jelly melting. In making a *riz à l'Impératrice*, be careful that the currant jelly in the mould be quite cold before you add the rice, which must be well boiled and perfectly cold before being put into the mould. To turn out, proceed as with the jelly, placing the mould for a very short time in the hot water.

MISCELLANEOUS.

AN ANXIOUS MOTHER (Devon).—There are two societies which provide clothing, etc., to the families of poor clergy, viz., the P.P.C. Society, address, Miss Breay, Battenhall-place, London-road, Worcester, and the A.F.D. Society, conducted by Miss Hinton, 4, York-place, Clifton (near Bristol). In reference to the age of a boy eligible for Christ's Hospital (Bluecoat School) boys of from 8 to 9 years, must be able to read any elementry book, write legibly, and say the multiplication tables; from 9 to 10, must spell fairly from dictation, and work four rules of arithmetic. Presentation must be sought from an individual Governor. A general list, giving the names of all governors, price 2s. 6d., and a list of governors in turn to bestow presentations, is published about the middle of March each year, price 1s. Admissions take place every month. Certificates of the parents' marriage, and of the boy's birth and baptism, are required.

FADED ROSE'S tale in verse is very prettily told, and with much feeling. Persevere.

EDITH.—This is the Nineteenth Century; 1900 will really be the Twentieth Century.

BETA.—We can only advise you to write to the secretary of the society, and hold him responsible for your MS., as he advised you to try the periodical in question.

EDITHA.—"Anthophobia" looks as if some one had tried to make a new word; the meaning we supposed intended being "flower-hater." "Shan't" and "can't" are both inelegant in writing.

A LANCASHIRE LASS.—We can only advise you to bleach the dress white; being of cotton, it is not worth re-dyeing.

ANNIE CUTLER.—(What a dreadful hand you write!) The numbers in which the "Princesses of Wales" have appeared are January, May, August, and October, 1884. Only monthly numbers can be obtained at the office, and we should advise your purchasing the whole volume for 1884, vol. vi.

S. T.—The duties of a daily nursery governess depend on the arrangements made with her by her employer. They would differ in every household, according to the other nursery arrangements, the number of nurses kept, etc. If there were no upper nurse, she would walk out with the children, in addition to teaching and playing with them.

A. M. OGILVIE.—We do not quite see how you could have accepted a civility from anyone without thanking them for their kindness. Of course it depends on yourself how far you go in your civility. Consult a doctor for the other matter.

A WAIHAKEKE SCHOOLGIRL.—The subject of the surnames of sovereigns is a very foolish one. They belong to certain great houses, Guelph, Brandenburg, Hapsburg, etc., and that is quite enough to know.

THE MOST STUPID GIRL ALIVE.—If your assumed name be appropriately chosen, we are not surprised at the melancholy result of having been, as you say, "bottled up so long," yet one forms a different idea of what constitutes "so long" after attaining to years of maturity, and the whole life of a girl in her teens seems only too short in its retrospect. Of course you could not require a profound intellect, brilliant talents, nor sparkling wit; but to be "awkward, self-conscious, touchy, and suspicious, impatient, discontented, and very exacting with reference to your little scholars," is to be chargeable with grave faults, of which the blame lies on your own conscience, and the cure in your own hands. Read "Duties of Governesses," pages 630 and 770, vol. v., and pray for God's grace to control the temper that you say "grows worse and worse." Meditate on all the blessings, each and all, which you enjoy, make a list of them, and thank Him daily for every one in particular, instead of brooding and grumbling over those little crosses with which He has seen fit to try you.

SNOWDROP.—1. We wonder at your asking such a question. The religious character of the book must answer for itself. 2. Go to a chemist and obtain what he recommends for the toothache. If inefficient, try something else. Perhaps your tooth requires to be stopped, or, possibly, you have caught cold in it.

HEARTS OF OAK.—The National Debt of this country originated in the year 1672, when the banker's deposits were seized in the Exchequer, amounting to £1,328,526, interest being promised to the owners at the rate of 6 per cent. But this engagement was not carried out till the reign of William III., who made a composition by which 3 per cent. was secured to the lenders of money to the Government for public use, with the option of repayment of half of the capital so funded. This reduced the debt of the Government in that year (1699) to £664,263. But it increased again, owing to pressure on the hands of the Government through war, and other matters, during that and three subsequent reigns; till the greater part of the debt was incurred in that of George III. Of course the American, French, and Crimean wars necessarily augmented it, and vast additions were negotiated in stocks and consolidated annuities at from 3 to 5 per cent., as well as in long and terminating annuities. At present there are the Funded and Unfunded Debt, and Terminable Annuities. The term Consols means Consolidated 3 per cent. annuities (or 3½), which form more than half of the whole debt. Were any Government able to pay off all the lenders of this money, it would prove disastrous to thousands; inasmuch as multitudes of them would be at a loss to find safe investment for it, and would lose considerably in the transfer. Thus, good comes out of the National Difficulties and Debt; and if the Government had not got this loan for public works, and multifarious demands (some coming so unexpectedly), the taxes would have to be increased to an enormous and ruinous extent.

JEANIE.—The *mimulus* or musk-plant is one of the window-plants. It prefers a little shade to strong sunshine, and a western, or even north aspect, is more suitable for it than a south one. Give it plenty of water, and when a young plant (in a three or four inch pot) has grown two inches in height, nip off the tops and every lateral shoot, until a full plant be formed. The young roots should, in the first instance, be planted in February or March. 2. Procure hardy ferns, such as the scale fern, *ceterach officinarum*. Place them in a west or north-west window. The soil suitable for the latter is a mixture of maiden loam, sand and old mortar in equal parts, and the drainage should extend fully half way up the box. It will endure anything but a warm place, and will live many years in the same soil and box. Ferns and other plants kept indoors should be removed to another room when gas is lit.

MERRY MAGPIE.—Sponge the leather-work frames after dusting them with a brush if still soiled, and re-varnish them. 2. Read our series of articles on "Good Breeding," and the "Habits of Polite Society." When ladies are introduced to each other, or gentlemen to ladies, they should merely bow, excepting under special circumstances, as relatives, or old and intimate family friends.

ZANTHO.—The first and third lines in each section of your poem are of insufficient length. They halt for want of a foot. "Wander" does not rhyme with "whisper," nor "colours" with "flowers," nor "wander" with "water," nor "works" with "worth." Read Longfellow's poems, and Mrs. Barrett Browning's (though do not take her as an example for rhymes), and when you write beat out the time, the number of feet, and the emphasis always on the corresponding word to that on which it was laid before. If it do not fall correctly on that corresponding word or syllable, the line must be altered so that it shall do so. Your verses have some merit, nevertheless, and the feeling expressed is good. You also write a pretty hand.

MOTHER'S DARLING wishes us to suggest "a lady-like way for her to get her living." She adds that she "could not spend her life behind a counter." At her age, "not quite sixteen," we are at a loss to know what she is competent to do, especially as illness has interrupted her studies. If a good needlewoman, she might learn dressmaking, millinery, and hair-dressing, and so qualify herself for going out in two or three years' time as a lady's maid. If she must begin to earn now, she might find a situation as mother's help. But then she should find time for studying, and should be able to make children's clothes.

SALLY BRASS.—We believe that the pianist you name is still living.

ANNIS and REEDSDALE.—You should have had a signature of parent, teacher, or clergyman attached to your respective poems, "The Lark's Song" and "Grandmother Dear," together with your ages—forgotten by "Reedsdale." If you send them (or a note from the certifiers) confirming the fact of their originality, you will have conformed to our rules, and the question of their insertion in the amateur page will be considered. We liked, and were interested in "Reedsdale's" letter.

BLACK SHEEP.—Refer to our indexes for advice in reference to the complexion, and likewise in regard to manners for our series of articles on the subject of "Good Breeding," as shown under every circumstance. 2. You could not find a better grammar than that by Dr. Angus, "The Handbook of the English Tongue" (56, Paternoster-row, E.C.).

ROMP (Texas).—When suffering from the bite of a snake or of a mad dog, tie a band or cord tightly round the arm or leg above the wound, to prevent the entrance of the poison into the system; then wash thoroughly with salt and water to make it bleed well, and cauterise with lunar caustic, or give a touch with a hot iron. Lastly, administer a dose of raw spirits at once. As a medicine—and especially in a case of life or death—even "a tetotaler" must submit to the medial treatment essential to the case. Whiskey is consider the best if to be had at the moment. Your letter did you credit. We regret that it was so long mislaid.

GLADYS AILEEN.—We should bury the dog's skull in an ant hill, which little animals will eat every atom of flesh upon it, and we should then wash it well with the red Condy's Fluid, and then put it outside your window to bleach. It was rather unnecessary to inform us that your dog was not living. We could scarcely imagine his trotting about having neither fur nor flesh upon his head, although we have heard of spectral brethren of his reputed to be headless altogether. When your deceased dog's skull has been well bleached, varnish it with white transparent artists' varnish to keep it clean and preserve it. 2. If your hair be very long and thick, it may be desirable to wear a bathing cap, as it is difficult to dry it thoroughly.

WESTON-BY-WELLAND.—Our little friend at the address which we have substituted for a name, forgot two things in her letter; first, she forgot to sign it, and secondly she did not name her age when she asked whether she was old enough to wear long dresses. Girls' frocks are gradually lengthened as they grow older, and lengthened sometimes at an earlier age than would otherwise be considered necessary, if very tall for their age. At about ten they should wear a slightly-lengthened dress. Our little friend adds, "Could you tell me what to do to be as clever as you?" Alas! we know of no recipe for cleverness, but we advise her to be diligent in learning her lessons, and in filling her head with all the useful information she can get, but at the same time ever remembering that to be good is better than to be clever. We thank her for her kind wishes.

SAD, BUT HOPEFUL.—Perhaps a course of Belloe's charcoal would suit you. Try brown bread also; drink weak tea, and weaker coffee, and do not eat after seven o'clock at night. You had better consult a doctor, we think.

DOROTHY STUART.—Pampas grass can be dyed any colour with Judson's dyes.

ANEMONE.—The only way to put flowers on windows to make them stay permanently, is to use very strong gum, and then to cover them with a second sheet of glass. Unless you protect them in this way they are too fragile, of course, to last.

EVA.—The meaning of the French phrase, "*Toujours perdrix*," is "Always partridges," meaning, "Always the same thing over and over again."

LONICERA.—We much fear that if there be no natural taste for the arrangement of flowers, all the books in the world would do little to teach the art. 2. The name "fir" is old English "furh," and is one given generally to many species of trees belonging to the natural order *Coniferæ*. It may be botanically restricted to the species of the genus *Abies*, which also includes the spruce, but many pines are called firs, of which the Scotch fir (*Pinus sylvestris*) is a familiar example. This is the only pine now native in Britain, and furnishes the wood known as yellow deal. Tar is distilled from it, and pitch is the residuum which remains after the liquid tar is distilled.

NYMPH OF THE SEA.—The Colossus of Rhodes, built by Charës about B.C. 290, is supposed by some writers to have answered the purpose of a lighthouse. These edifices received the name of Pharos, from the lighthouse erected on the island of Pharos, which was commenced by Sostratus of Cnidus, B.C. 298, and completed in the reign of Ptolemy Philadelphus B.C. 283. It was built for the purpose of lighting the harbour of Alexandria. The first modern lighthouse was the "Tour de Corduan," founded at the mouth of the Garonne in 1584, and completed in 1610.

ESSENCE OF PINEAPPLE JUICE.—Quinine and iron are very usually given as tonics for neuralgia, also cod-liver oil. Change of air to an entirely different climate is also good. You had better consult your father and mother if your own right feeling does not guide you in the matter.

TWO SISTERS can only dispose of their fancy work by their personal exertions. Most people do their own, and there is very little demand for it. 2. Clean wire hair brushes with bran or flour.

HEATHER BELL.—Try a gargle of strong salt and water, and consult a doctor. Your general health is probably at fault. A wet compress, *i.e.*, a cloth wrung out of cold water, wrapped round the throat, covered with a dry cloth, and worn at night, is sometimes of great service.

A. E. F.—A letter from you, dated August 20th, has interested and gratified us much. We enter thoroughly into your feelings, and are indeed thankful that you have found help and consolation in our magazine. We trust that your cross may be lightened before long, and that you may find a loving and congenial friend to be a companion to you.

MARIAN.—Amongst the most interesting places at the sea-side for collectors of geological specimens, Lyme-Regis is decidedly pre-eminent. But you should be careful, as the falls of soft blue lias from the cliffs, sometimes coming down in large slate-shaped masses, are often very dangerous. The least sound of a few fragments showering down should give you warning to remove to a distance. Valuable pebbles and crystals are to be found at Llandudno, N.W., and on the South Coast at Weymouth, Sidmouth, Budleigh-Salterton, Teignmouth, and elsewhere. The beach at Budleigh-Salterton has a beautiful appearance from the mass of variegated sandstones. You should get a working lapidary or some assistant to make search expeditions, and teach you to distinguish the various stones of any value or beauty by their rough exterior.

ROBINA CRUSOE.—The substitution of the word "throughly" for "thoroughly" is easily accounted for. It was a word in use when the translation was made long ago.

S. E. G.—We do not make promises to follow out the suggestions of our readers. Your handwriting is not yet formed, but is legible and promises well.

ARRAH-NA-POGUE.—There is a drama of the name which you have assumed, by Boucicault. All girls, at home and abroad, we regard as "Our girls," whether correspondents or not.

THEODORA.—Cross every "t" through it, and unite all the letters respectively contained in each distinct word.

HUELA writes, "My ma says my style of writing is aristocratic," yet one of the rules of good-breeding is to write a legible and graceful hand. The letter of "Huela," or whatever name she tries to write, is illegible, even to one practised in deciphering thousands of hands of every description. We can, at least, see that our young friend likes our paper, and we are glad that we have so far succeeded in pleasing her, and thank her for kindly telling us so.

ONE IN DISTRESS.—Your squint should have been attended to when you were an infant. For several hours daily you should have a thin gauze bandage placed over the good eye that works properly, and confine yourself to the use of the eye that does not. You may then gradually bring it into order. Better to try this plan for a year or two patiently, than to risk an operation which has caused blindness in many cases from the great inflammation that it may induce.

CONSTANT READER.—Read all that we have said to multitudes of other girls, complaining as you do, of extreme nervousness, and if unavailing in your case, consult a doctor.

SWEET (OR SOUR?) LIZZIE.—Have you no mother, nor aunt, that you inquire of us (and that after all the advice we have given on the same subject) whether you are to conclude there is any meaning in what this young man does, who walks home so often with you unknown to your parents, and he not even a visitor of theirs? Have you no parents at all, and no guardian? If not, your inquiring of us would be quite right, if we had not already stated our very strong objection to girls walking with men, who have not been introduced to them as suitable companions, and not even then without a companion.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. VII.—NO. 305.] OCTOBER 31, 1885. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

LOOKING BEYOND.

BY JESSIE M. E. SAXBY.

THEY were young sisters, and they softly played
A tender strain of music, and I sate
Within the shadow, while my fancy strayed
To meet the Future, and to ask of Fate
What he had yet in store for each fair maid.

The halo of a light-illumined past
Shone round their brows, and told me, as I dreamed,
That life's wild storms had never overcast
The cloudless skies that all their youth-time beamed
With quiet gladness. Will that sunshine last?

Will life glide on a soft harmonious strain,
Like those soft sounds the sister-fingers wake?
Will no discordant note of bitter pain
Upon the melody all jarring break?—
God only knows—I seek to know in vain!

Yes, He who orders life alone can tell
What lot, or grave or gay, may come to them.
But this I know, "He doeth all things well,"
And be it cross they wear, or diadem,
Or life or death, He with His own doth dwell.

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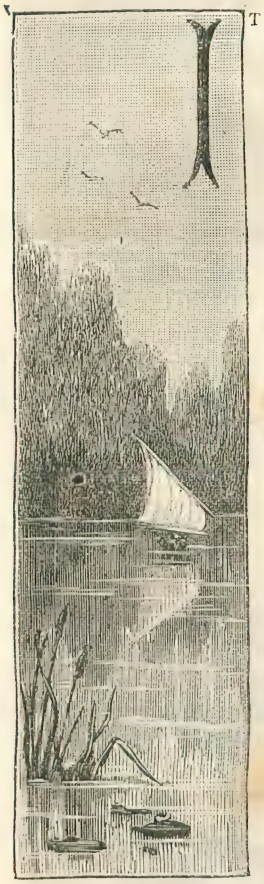
ONLY A GIRL-WIFE.

By RUTH LAMB, Author of "Her Own Choice," &c.

CHAPTER IV.



It is doubtful whether Lord Carnelly felt equally happy with his friend when, Andrew Crawford having departed, he began to think over the subject of their conversation. He was divided between his wish for Ida to marry well, his anxiety for her happiness, his regard for Dr. Crawford, and his doubts as to what Lady Carnelly would say when she heard the news. He had an uncomfortable notion that, while his wife would not be sorry to get rid of her sister-in-law, she would be dissatisfied with the means which were to bring about such a result.

Doubtless Lady Carnelly's pride would rebel against the thought of Ida's marriage with Dr. Crawford, and yet, had there been a prospect of the girl's making a brilliant match in the opinion of the world, she would probably have been no better pleased.

The colonel pondered, and at last caught himself exclaiming aloud, "I will tell her nothing about it. There is to be no positive engagement, so what is there to tell? Ida is only a little over nineteen; many things happen in a couple of years, and this marriage may never come off."

With so many doubts on his mind as to the wisdom of sanctioning the connection between Dr. Crawford and his sister, Lord Carnelly may be pardoned if he already began to calculate probabilities. Just as before he had pushed aside the thought of jarring elements between his wife and sister, and trusted to time for making them better friends, so he now looked to the future to solve whatever he found difficult in the new state of affairs.

It was, however, hardly likely that what had passed would long remain a secret from Lady Carnelly. She was too sharp-sighted, and her husband too easy-going and too much accustomed to consult her about everything, for this to be the case; but, before there was time for the matter to furnish food for gossip to outsiders, or disagreements under the colonel's roof, Andrew Crawford received a communication from home which altered all his plans.

A few hours after his interview with Lord Carnelly, a letter arrived from Dr. Fereday, who wrote in the deepest distress. His wife had met with an accident whilst out driving, and after three days of great suffering it had ended fatally.

"Get leave and come home at once, if possible, and arrange to quit the army. I am alone, and I want you terribly, Andrew, my dear boy. I have only you on earth to look to for support and comfort now I have lost Grace," wrote the old doctor. "You will not fail me in my hour of great trouble."

The news was a terrible shock to Andrew Crawford. Mrs. Fereday had been as a mother to him, and amongst the things he had specially named to Ida had been this, "You will have one of the best and kindest of friends in my aunt, who is all that any girl could desire in a mother."

Now she was gone and his uncle alone with his great sorrow, whilst he was questioning himself whether he had not been ungrateful in ever leaving those who had taken him in his early days to their hearts and home. There was no time for regrets, and there could be no question as to present duty. He must obey the summons, return at once to England, and—here came the trial—leave Ida to the tender mercies of her sister-in-law.

To Miss Carnelly the news proved a rude awakening from a brief dream of happiness. The thought of Andrew's affection and presence had made her feel so strong to bear for the future the petty annoyances to which she was daily subjected. Without him they would be harder to endure than ever, yet Ida was the first to bid him hasten his departure, and Lord Carnelly arranged for his immediate leave of absence, mentally rejoicing that nothing had been said to link his sister's name with that of Dr. Crawford.

"Better still that the thing should be kept quiet as you have to go, though I am dreadfully sorry to lose you, Crawford, and specially under such trying circumstances," said the colonel.

And the speaker meant it, though he added to himself, "It is really wonderful how things have turned out. Most likely his going will prove to be all for the best, as he cannot again return to his duties in the regiment."

Andrew Crawford knew this as well as the colonel. The leave of absence was only preparatory to giving up his post. There could be no doubt as to his sphere of work and duty in the future.

The colonel did not, however, know that this trouble had also a bright side for Dr. Crawford. The former was rather congratulating himself on the turn affairs had taken, whilst full of sympathy for his friend's trouble.

The doctor, on the other hand, whilst deeply lamenting the death of his aunt, knew that it had greatly increased the chances in favour of his own early marriage. What more likely than that Dr. Fereday would wish his nephew to bring a wife to the beautiful home rendered desolate by so sad and sudden a mischance.

The regiment would be recalled to England within a year, and this would bring back the Carnellys. Ida would still be under age, and they might have to wait her guardian's pleasure. There was every chance that he would be able, in the meanwhile, to arrange all for the fitting reception of his young wife at Shelverton.

All these probabilities Dr. Crawford managed to whisper into Ida's ear before he said the last farewell, and they cheered the girl greatly. She managed to keep a calm face and to hide from outsiders what the parting cost her.

The colonel made his adieus and took off his wife in most diplomatic fashion, and at some considerable pecuniary sacrifice, to select an article of jewellery for her birthday present. The doctor's farewells were uninterrupted, and he started on his homeward way, not without some qualms, when he thought of the indefinite nature of the bond between him and Miss Carnelly. Would she remain steadfast should some other suitor appear who possessed greater worldly advantages, especially if her present home were rendered less endurable by the persecutions of her sister-in-law?

So much might happen in a year, he thought, and the rosy tint faded from his mental visions. For once, Andrew Crawford began to speculate on probabilities, after the fashion of his friend the colonel. But, whereas the latter generally did it in the hope of extrication from difficulties, the doctor, contrary to his custom, found himself looking at the dark side of the prospect before him.

Lady Carnelly was soon to have a new experience. She became sensible of a change in Ida, for which she could not account, and which was rather to be felt than defined. Some subtle influence was at work in the girl's mind, which served as a shield against all her usual weapons. She tried in vain to discover what it was, and only came to the one conclusion—that her power over her sister-in-law was at an end.

Where once Ida would have given way to a childish fit of weeping, she was now either indifferent or would smile quietly, as if at some happy thought which acted as an antidote to the taunting words. Where formerly she might have been provoked into a fit of temper as childlike as her tears, she would preserve an almost contemptuous silence; or, if she spoke at all, she would retort in a good

humoured way, and yet with sufficient point to prove that in a wordy war Lady Carnelly must no longer count on coming off conqueror.

At the same time Ida showed no increased desire for gay society, no wish to outshine her sister-in-law, but was, if anything, more retiring than before. What could all these things mean?

Never before had Lady Carnelly been so puzzled. Not for a moment did she associate Dr. Crawford with the change in Ida. His sudden departure prevented her from seeing them together after the mutual revelations of that last evening.

Only two were in the secret, and the lips of both were sealed.

Correspondence was not forbidden, but the doctor's letters were to come enclosed to Lord Carnelly.

"Let us keep the whole affair to ourselves. If you want to talk about Crawford, talk to me," said the colonel, and the girl, who had made no feminine confidant, was satisfied with this arrangement. Had the doctor remained on the spot, Ida's innocent happiness would have told the tale if nothing else had. Under present circumstances, silence was not only possible but preferable.

One good resulted from Ida's changed manner. Lady Carnelly, who was just the person to despise and play upon a too yielding nature, was at first puzzled by the new manifestation in her sister-in-law's character, and then learned in some degree to respect her for it.

Consequently, the two became better friends, and, despite Andrew's departure, Ida was much happier than she had been during her first year in India. Her present life was brighter, and she looked forward to a still more blessed future.

Dr. Crawford lost no time on the road, being eager to give his uncle all the support and comfort in his power. He was, however, quite unprepared for the change which had taken place in his relative.

When he left Shelverton, Dr. Fereday was a fine-looking hale man, in the very prime of life, who seemed to have many of his best years still before him. Andrew Crawford now saw him bowed in figure and broken down in health, and learned for the first time that when his aunt received the fatal injury her husband had also been seriously hurt. The effects of the accident, joined to grief for his wife's loss, had aged him before his time.

"Thank God you are back, dear boy," said Dr. Fereday, as he clasped his nephew's hand, and looked at the young man's face, bronzed beneath a tropical sun. "You are just in time, Andrew; I shall see you well settled in the old nest before I have to leave it. You will stay with me now. You have gained experience enough, and Shelverton folk will be proud of their travelled doctor. The old one will have to hide his head when the young one comes."

"I ought never to have left you, uncle," replied Andrew. "I hope to work under and with you for the future, and for many years to come."

"You wish it, lad, I know, but you will not long hope for it. But time enough to talk of this." And the old man began to speak of changes in the place and neighbourhood, and to receive in turn accounts of his nephew's doings.

"You must look round for a wife, Andrew. We have plenty of bonny lasses, and good ones too, here in Shelverton."

A look on Andrew's face stopped him, and he added, "I believe the lad has left his heart behind him."

"I shall be twenty-nine next birthday, uncle, but always a lad to you in duty and affection. Under God, I owe all to you. I wish to have no secrets from you, or plans in which I cannot ask for your sanction and blessing. You are right in thinking that my affections are given and returned. The affair was but a few hours old when I was summoned home, so I could not write, but I should have made you acquainted with it before I slept." Then Dr. Crawford told his tale, to which his uncle listened with quiet attention.

"My dear Andrew, can you be in earnest?" he asked, when Dr. Crawford paused. "Or have you been quite candid with the young lady and her friends? Does she understand what will be her position as your wife? It seems out of all course for such a girl as you describe, the sister of a viscount, and with a sort of handle to her name, to become the mate of a country doctor."

"I have done my best to make everything plain, both to Ida and her brother."

"But you say she is coming to England next year, and she will be introduced to society, presented at Court, no doubt, and will see life under very different aspects from anything she is now acquainted with. Possessed of so many attractions, she will be admired and sought by people in her own rank. Will she be contented to give up all these so-called advantages for your sake?"

The young man's face fell as he listened to his uncle's common-sense way of putting things.

"I said all this to myself hundreds of times, and as often came to the conclusion that I would not speak, whatever silence might cost me. You know how it happened that I broke my resolution, and now I do not regret it. I am sure Ida loves and trusts me. She has not been very happily placed, and as to fortune, many of our bonny Shelverton lasses have portions far larger than will come to Ida Carnelly. Her tastes are simple, she cares little for gaieties, and I honestly believe would be happy as my wife. God helping me," he reverently added, "I will give her all the love and care that a true heart can bestow, and which she so well deserves. And, uncle, my Aunt Grace was an example that a country doctor's wife may have every charm that could fittingly adorn the highest position. No duchess in the land was ever a truer gentlewoman, or shed a sweeter, purer influence around her, than she did, who was mistress of your home, and a mother to me."

Andrew Crawford's voice trembled, and his uncle was greatly moved.

"You are right, my boy," he said. "If my Grace were not too good, your Ida cannot be. I have nothing to say against her if you and she have made up your minds. I hope I may be spared to see you married, and with the prospect of living 'happy ever after.' This old house will not be a bad place to bring a wife to, when you have modernised some lesser matters, and put in new knick-knacks. Your aunt has left you the contents of her 'stocking,' Andrew, and I have not been the doctor of Shelverton all these years without putting something by for my adopted son. So far as pounds, shillings, and pence go, you will be more than a match for the Honourable Ida Carnelly, and with a good prospect of keeping her in comfort."

There was a glad look on the kind though worn face of the speaker. From such a warm, unselfish heart as that of Dr. Fereday there might well come a glow to his benevolent countenance, as he promptly unfolded his plans for Andrew's welfare.

What could Dr. Crawford do but press the kind hand extended as if to ratify the bargain, and thank his uncle with all his heart? From Dr. Fereday's words he understood that his aunt had saved a sum which was by no means insignificant from her ample income, and that, eventually, his uncle's professional gains and private means, together with the practice, would devolve upon him.

Dr. Fereday stopped the thanks which Andrew tried to utter, and told him that he hoped to get more than an equivalent.

"You must persuade Miss Carnelly to come to us soon, my boy. I shall want her to sit here in the mornings, and look after the old man when the young doctor is off on his rounds. If she is like what you describe, she will be gentle and patient, and not grudge an hour's company to me when she has no better. You remember how your aunt used to sit, just because it pleased me, while I lingered over my breakfast and my paper, Andrew. Nobody can be like Grace, but your wife may bring much sunshine back to Steynes-Cote. I hope I may be spared to see it for a little while."

(To be continued.)

INSIDE PASSENGERS; OR, THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF LUKE AND BELINDA.

By A LONDON PHYSICIAN.

CHAPTER II

BEGINS WELL BUT ENDS BADLY.

UKE and his sister were orphans. Their father had died when they were both young, and on the subsequent death of their mother (four years before this narrative opens) at the small farmhouse near Exeter where their young lives had been spent, their nearest relative, Uncle Goodchild, a captain in the merchant service, had carried them off to his home in Deptford.

Discovering no seafaring bent in young Luke, he determined to make a surgeon of him, and entered his name forthwith at a London hospital. The four years of study went by smoothly enough, Belinda meanwhile being sent to a neighbouring "high" school, where, as we have seen, French was not neglected.

One memorable day neither Luke nor Belinda will ever forget. It was the last day of the final examination at the College of Surgeons. Penned with a number of other students in a small room, which they paced like caged lions, Luke awaited his fate, but not calmly. The door opened, and a porter slowly called out some twelve names, but, to Luke's agony, his own was not amongst them. He had stationed himself near the door, and tried hard to catch the porter's eye (as if that was any good), but all in vain.

Strange to say, he knew that some of the fellows whose names had been called out had not done well (to say the least). Only five minutes before a hospital friend in spectacles had confidentially informed him that when asked the dose of prussic acid, he had answered confidently that *he usually gave a small piece the size of a mole*, having, as he averred, lost his head solely through one with which his examiner's cheek was decorated, and on which he was glaring in a kind of stupor. He had also said that when the examiner sharply woke him up, by telling him "not to be cheeky, sir," accompanied with a withering look, that for all the degrees in the three kingdoms he could not repress a smile.

As the last of the dozen filed out, Luke screwed up his courage.

"Are you sure my name is not in the list—Luke Theophilus Courteney?"

"'Tisn't everyone as is as anxious to get on the black list, sir; these is the gentlemen what's plucked. Your turn'll come presently, sir," added the porter, with a grin, as he shut the door. When it was opened again, and Luke Theophilus Courteney was at last called out, all swam before the successful student's eyes.

As in a dream, he followed the others into a large hall, listened to a long exordium from one of a row of gentlemen in easy chairs (the only one he noticed being the dreaded owner of the mole), received a large sheet of parchment to which he mechanically attached his name, and not until he regained the street did his feelings find expression, and the newborn M.R.C.S. gave vent privately to a series of unearthly yells as soon as he got alone, after having had every particle of dust beaten out of his coat by the vigorous arm of the prussic acid man in his unselfish joy at his friend's success, whom he had patiently waited to congratulate for more than two hours. Luke then, somewhat relieved, set out for home.

Now came Belinda's turn. At eleven, having sat up till she was worn out, she went to bed, and dropped off to sleep. Suddenly she felt herself seized by both hands, dragged out on to the floor, and whirled in a sort of war dance round the room, while Captain Goodchild stood at the door laughing.

"Oh, Pill, darling; are you really a P.R.A.S.? Do tell me!" poor Belinda gasped. The only answer she got was to be tossed back into bed, while Luke sat down hot, excited, and triumphant on the edge.

"I am an M.R.C.S.Eng., Bozy. Please remember the right letters, or you'll make yourself perfectly ridiculous."

"Come, now," said the Captain; "it's my turn. To-day is Tuesday, and on Thursday I start for the Black Sea. You, Luke, must have a holiday, and you, Linda, want some roses on your cheeks, so I'll give you to-morrow to pack up your traps and come off with me for a voyage. You will have lots of fun, and I'll make good sailors of you both."

At breakfast next morning Luke "fought his battles o'er again," to the delight of Belinda and the Captain. The "mole and prussic acid" episode, however, touched a tender chord in the sailor's heart. "That chap must be a good sort, Luke," he observed; "did you say he was a friend of yours?"

"Yes, poor fellow!" said Luke. "I am dreadfully cut up about him. It's too bad to be spun through a mole. For my part I'd like to stay at home and cheer him up a bit."

"I've a better plan than that, Luke; we'll take him with us, and soon knock all the moles out of his head. I can rig him up a berth somewhere."

Luke's delight at this was unbounded. He pulled his small moustache, and said "uncle was too good altogether," and, as soon as convenient, rushed off to Sutton's lodgings, where the matter was speedily settled.

The two friends spent the rest of the day in laying in stores. Always eager after new inventions, Luke determined to gratify his tastes to the full extent of £20, which he had gradually hoarded up, and dragged Sutton off at once to a large scientific novelty shop. The electric lamp was soon decided on, and so was the new telomicro-binocular,* in shape like a large opera-glass, but possessing, in addition to the powers of a strong field-glass (by looking through the reverse end), the magnifying properties of a powerful microscope.

A few other still more startling novelties (to be described in due course) completed the list. With a prudent foresight, Luke rendered himself practically independent of all ordinary means of eating and drinking. For eating he simply bought two boxes of the H.F.D. (hospital full diet) pills* (an article that will, when fully known, do more to raise the working classes than anything else, by enabling them to save nearly all the money at present lavished on food). Each pill contains the essentials of the full daily hospital allowance for an adult.

The arrangement for drinking was quite as simple. A C.C.W. (chemically combined water) flask* at once furnished him with a supply practically inexhaustible. Strongly made in two compartments, opening by a pinhole aperature into a common tube near the neck, and filled respectively with pure compressed oxygen and hydrogen, all that was needed was gently to press a brass stud which, allowing the gases to combine as they issued from their apertures in the proportion of two parts of hydrogen to one of oxygen, formed at once H_2O, or pure water. The flask was said to hold the equivalent of 1,000 gallons of water. This, again, is another article that cannot be too widely made known in the interests of the temperance cause.

On Thursday they all started from the Albert Docks, and on that day fortnight, in the afternoon, cast anchor in the Black Sea, off the port of Trebizonde, in Asia Minor. They all four landed in the ship's boat, and went to an inn, and, after the manner of the English, at once ordered a good dinner, to which they did ample justice. The Captain then left the house for a few hours on business, intending on his return to proceed back to the ship. He cautioned Luke not to take Belinda out into the streets of the strange and semi-civilised city, and not to go out himself; which latter caution Luke (six feet in his boots, and the owner of a respectable moustache) somewhat resented.

When the door was shut, Belinda drew her easy chair near the window, and, under the pretext of watching the passers by, took a quiet forty winks. Sutton was soon similarly engaged on the sofa, just by her side; and Luke, comfortably seated on the other side of his sister, began spelling through a French newspaper. Soon, however, the paper was dropped, as Luke too succumbed to the influences of the heat and a good dinner. A bluebottle on his nose, however, disturbed his slumbers, and, starting up, he was suddenly seized with the demon of curiosity, and, satisfying his conscience by the subterfuge that he would not go about the streets, only into the bazaar by the inn, he roused up Belinda, who, yielding to temptation, sallied forth, persuading Sutton to come with them. Such a trio were certainly not often seen in Trebizonde. Luke was got up more for use than appearance, in a felt hat and tourist knickerbocker suit, covered with innumerable pockets, perched in out of the way parts, and filled to repletion; Belinda, the picture of a bouncing English school-girl, was attractively bound in a thin grey cloth dress, crowned with a hat of the same, both being plentifully decorated with great splashes of crimson ribbon; while Sutton was gaily attired in a large check suit, his genial face and spectacles being surmounted by a white felt hat.

Turning into the bazaar, they had nearly explored it, when at the further end Belinda stumbled over an old woman sitting on the ground, and hardly visible in the fast fading daylight.

To their surprise she immediately began to abuse them in very good French.

"Nous sommes hontes," replied the culprit, blushing, in an awestruck voice, and holding out a coin as a peace offering.

The woman clutched it, and then began to explain volubly that she was a dealer in Eastern curiosities. Producing a small black box, she promptly displayed a variety of antique ornaments of curious shape and quaint device, also sundry small gilt bottles of attar of roses and other rare perfumes. Luke was, however, proof against temptation (when not too strong), and was just turning to go away in safety when the woman, as a last resouree, asked him if he had ever seen any of the

* I have carefully inquired for these novelties, but cannot hear of them anywhere. It is just possible something like them may be invented some day, but I think in these matters our friend Luke draws rather "a long bow" at times.

"SCARCELY HAD SHE SAID THIS HALF-A-DOZEN TIMES, WHEN——"

famous "gateaux evanouissants" from Bagdad, whence she had just arrived.

Even now all would probably have gone well but for the presence of unlucky "Mr. Mole," who pricked up his ears and diffidently asked, "Quoi sont ils appelés?"

"Gat-eaux ev-an-ou-is-sants," repeated the woman, slowly.

"Why, Luke, we are in luck," said the unlucky one. "I believe those are the very things Captain What's-his-name speaks about in that book of his."

"Avez-vous *some?*" he asked the woman.

The "avez-vous" and inquiring look through the spectacles was quite enough for the pedlar, and she promptly produced from a hidden compartment half a dozen small packets, neatly wrapped in tinfoil, somewhat resembling small squares of Everton toffee. "Sont-ils bien?" asked Luke in his turn (he meant "bon").

With a cunning look at her three victims, the woman assured them they were "ravissants," and a great many more things besides, with the addition that very few ever had the courage to taste them, as they derived their name from the disagreeable power they pos-

sessed as they vanished in the mouth to cause their consumer to vanish with them.

"Come, come," said Luke, "that will do for the dark ages, but we do not quite believe all that is in the 'Arabian Nights.' Nowadays matter does not disappear like that."

"You wouldn't say it *isn't* matter (I mean it *didn't* matter) if it did," said Belinda, who loved a small joke.

"Never mind, Bozy; we'll try them. I daresay we shall survive. The old hag daren't poison us."

"Donnez-nous tous," he said, turning to the woman. "Combien?"

After some haggling, the six packets were handed over in exchange for ten English shillings, and Luke triumphantly gave two to each of his companions.

Unwrapping his own, he disclosed a square of what was apparently nothing more nor less than the well-known "Turkish delight."

In reality it consisted of a material, the composition of which has never been analysed, and is entirely unknown, and which is so rarely met with that many travellers have journeyed through the length and breadth of Asia Minor without seeing a single specimen of it.

Belinda was, alas! a greedy girl, and could not resist tasting hers, which she found so good that she popped the rest into her mouth at once. Hardly had she done so, when the hag rose and began to repeat with great emphasis to her, and to the other two who had also swallowed theirs, the following wretched doggerel—

"Les cheveux blancs
Entre vos dents
Vous fera grands."

Scarcely had she said this half a dozen times when—(see next chapter).

(*To be continued.*)

THE ART OF TRAVELLING.

HAT very respectable authority upon human nature, its aims, its longings, and its developments, the late Mr. William Shakespeare, of New-place, Stratford-upon-Avon, has given it as his opinion that "Home-keeping youths have ever homely wits." By which I think he meant that if we wish our wits to be brightened, if they are to be polished into shape, so to speak, we must try and move about a little; get away from the ingleside and out into the big world which lies beyond.

By "homely" I should say he meant localised, provincial wits, which cannot grasp any great ideas or liberal thoughts either of men or manners, and did not mean to disparage for a moment anything of the brightness or happiness which we so rightly associate with the word home—a word which has hardly an equivalent in any other language.

The afore-named gentleman did not fail to put in practice what he preached, for, as we know, he, when a young man, set out on what was a great journey in those days, came up to London, and in the end "built himself an everlasting name."

In this and other papers I purpose to say something on the art of travelling, how it may be learned and practised, and also to give general hints and outlines of tours, which may be useful to my readers.

Nowadays travelling has become almost a science. It has its students; it has its literature; it has its experiments (costly ones some of them are); it has its laws; it has its professors. I do not pretend to be one of the latter, or to speak *ex cathedrâ* in these papers, or as a Sir Oracle, but merely as an amateur—as one of the crowd, one of the many who, year after year, are happily able to get away for a holiday—one of those who seek to avoid "homely wits" by intercourse with people who are different in speech, different in manners, and often in religion, from ourselves.

All this is a thing of modern growth. It is true there have always been travellers since the world began; Cain seems to have been the first. Travellers in remote antiquity were more or less a rarity, and were regarded by their fellow-citizens with great respect.

Travelling among the nations of Western Europe began, we might say, about the time of the Crusades. We pass over those inroads of semi-barbarous races upon the declining Roman Empire as instances of travelling—that was rather the migration of nations for the purpose of becoming possessors of the more fertile and civilised parts of Europe.

But the pilgrimages and crusades of the Middle Ages were the undoubted forefathers of the modern tours. In one sense, the Crusades were "personally conducted" tours on a large scale, though, doubtless, Peter the Hermit and his *confrères* were by no means as safe and reliable guides as Messrs. Cook or Gaze. Yet there were points of resemblance. With many they were a genuine holiday; the dreary monotony of life in a feudal castle was agreeably broken by the call to arms; it was an "outing" in which the pleasure, variety of new lands, and piety were appropriately mingled. The wily Greeks and openly hostile Saracens were the representatives in those days of the many pitfalls which may now beset unwary travellers in the shape of extortionate and grasping hotel-keepers and officials; and who will refuse to see in the pilgrim's wallet the modern knapsack, and in his staff the alpenstock?

After those days had passed away, we begin to find here and there the names of men who had travelled over Europe and Asia with more of the spirit of modern travellers. The real progenitor of English travellers was the famous Sir John de Mandeville, a native, it is said, of St. Albans, who was born about the year 1300, and who died at Liège in 1372. When quite a young man he started on his travels, visited Egypt and the Holy Land, and then a great part of Central Asia, penetrating even as far as distant Cathay or China—a marvellous feat in those days. His history of his travels was one of the very earliest books printed in England, and was for many years most popular reading.

After his time, the next great impetus to travelling was given by the discovery of a new world at the close of the 15th century. It was the age of the great navigators—of Columbus, Magalhaens, and Vasco di Gama, and our English sea heroes, Drake, Hawkins, Frobisher, &c. Yet these men were not travellers in the modern sense of the word. They were discoverers, who united a good deal of privateering with the development of geographical science. Their day came and went, and time goes on until, at the close of the last century and the beginning of our own, we come to travellers like to those we meet at the present day, men and women who travelled far and wide, and gave to the world their impressions in bulky, and often soon-forgotten, tomes. Travelling became the fashion. It was the correct thing to do the Grand Tour of Europe for all persons of rank and social position. They set out on a regular and methodical visit to the European capitals, and returned duly grateful at having seen the "lions" of Europe, and content for the most part to remain at home for the rest of their natural lives. This of course was a task which until recently was nearly impossible, except to persons of large means and ample leisure; the slow travelling and length of time occupied made it impossible for the masses, who had to content themselves with a brief visit to some sea-side or country place near home, or who most likely never moved at all.

But railways changed all this. Steamers, too, helped in no small way. When once Europe was overspread with a network of iron roads, immediately the isolation which marked nations and districts was in a fair way, if not to disappear, at least to be vastly modified, and so it has turned out. Places which were merely geographical names to our forefathers are well-known holiday resorts now. Cities, the glories of which they had read about in books of travel, are familiar spots in which we feel almost at home. It is as easy to get to Italy now—nay, far easier—than it was, not so long ago, to get to Scotland; and each year as it passes increases the facilities for travelling. Mountains over which the diligence slowly lumbered are being pierced by tunnels, through which a swift train may run; and powerful steamers bring America itself as near as many parts of Ireland were to England about forty years ago. This being so, can we wonder that many look upon their Continental trip, or distant home excursion, as almost a necessity of life?

"But," I can imagine many of my readers saying, "this is all very well for those who have plenty of money to spend every year, and can afford such luxuries as foreign tours, or indeed any kind of tour; and you only tantalise us when you speak of all these facilities of travelling, and tell us of the glories of the great cathedrals and palaces of the Continent, of its picture galleries, its castles, its mighty rivers, lakes and mountains."

Well, it is true, travelling does require some expenditure of money as well as time, and, unfortunately, no beneficent individual or paternal government has as yet seen fit to provide the needful for this for everyone, or even for the deserving. But it is not, perhaps, such a tremendous undertaking as many think. A summer holiday need not cost a small fortune. The readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, and their name is Legion, will doubtless remember a series of excellent papers in the last volume entitled "How I Keep House on £250 a Year," and yet, if I mistake not, out of this most modest allowance there was provided an "outing," not, indeed, to the Continent, but to Buxton, at a very moderate expenditure; and I have very little doubt that a trip on the Continent, say to France,

Belgium, or Holland, could be made from London or the south of England at about the same rate.

Of course, if people want to travel *au grand seigneur*, they must have a *grand seigneur's* purse, but I am not writing for such people, but for ordinary mortals who are content to be comfortable and are willing to dispense with grandeur.

Well, let us now give some attention to the subject of the expense of travelling considered generally, as I think it is a most important preliminary consideration. Proverbial philosophy (not Mr. Tupper's) instructs us, we must first catch our hare before proceeding to cook it, and so, before we can decide on where to go, or what to do, we must first of all sit down and count the cost.

First, then, as to cost of locomotion. It is seldom in England necessary to travel otherwise than third class, except on long night journeys, and even then for those who are strong and don't mind extra fatigue, the saving of so travelling often outbalances the possible discomfort. Then on all the chief railway lines, such as the London and North Western, Great Northern, Midland, &c., the carriages are now so comfortable that it is often a waste of money to go by any other class, especially if there be a party travelling together. The only drawback is the chance of rough company, but it is generally possible to avoid this, and, if a lady is travelling alone, most of these lines have carriages reserved specially for ladies, so that at least they will have but the company of their own sex.

On the Continent, where long journeys have so often to be taken by night, it is best to travel second, especially as the fast trains have seldom third class, sometimes only first, and then you have no choice but to go first. But this objectionable practice is seldom met with outside France. It is said that only princes and fools travel first class abroad. I do not wonder at this, as the second class carriages on most of the continental lines are equal in comfort to many of our English first class carriages, and are, I think, preferable in summer to the first. I have seen first class carriages abroad which on a hot summer's day simply made you hot to look at them, being upholstered in flaming red Utrecht velvet, while the second class were done in a cool-looking grey cloth. One most objectionable habit continental guards frequently have, especially in France—that is, to fill up each carriage and compartment to the full number it is capable of holding before they will open any more carriage doors. To be the eighth or tenth passenger in a compartment on a hot summer's day or night, when all the others object to an open window, and desire perhaps to smoke very bad cigars, is a fate so horrible that one cannot help feeling sorry that Dante had not travelled in such a way. It would have given him a new idea for one portion, at least, of his immortal work. The guards are not so tiresome in this respect in Germany as in France, and there seems, unfortunately, no way of avoiding it except it be by a judicious "tip."

But we have wandered a little from the consideration of expenditure. To lay down any exact sum is simply impossible. In Great Britain, hotels are, I should say, dearer than abroad. To get accommodation and food equal to what you will get in many first-rate hotels abroad, you must pay at least one-third, or probably half as much again; but, against this, you must remember that in this country you have not the great distances to travel, and you will consequently save in that way.

Of the actual expense incurred in getting to any particular place in the United Kingdom, it is quite unnecessary to speak here, because anyone who wishes to know can do so by merely consulting the time tables of any of our large companies. The cost of reaching foreign places I shall have occasion to advert to in other papers, when I come to deal specially with foreign tours.

Now, as to the cost of living. I daresay we might, as a rule, in this country fix hotel expenses at from 12s. to 16s. a day, not including extras, such as wine, etc.; but this would not necessarily apply to fashionable watering-places during the season, or to Highland hotels, which have only a few months in the year to make money, and where they naturally try to make as much as possible in their brief harvests. Of course, at home it is not necessary to stop at hotels in places where lodgings can be had, and where you purpose to remain for some time; with a family party it would of course entail very large expenditure. Lodgings in Scotland and Wales generally average from £1 a week for a sitting room, and 10s. for each bedroom; but this, of course, is subject to variation both of time, and place, and length of stay.

On the Continent (where, except in a few places, and for those well acquainted with the language, I would not recommend apartments) hotel expenses (subject to exceptions mentioned above) will probably average, in Germany, say, ten marks (one mark, 1s.); in Belgium, France, Switzerland, and Italy, about ten francs; in Austria, about five to eight florins; in Scandinavia, five to eight krona (one krona, 1s. 1¼d.).

It is, however, as I have said, quite impossible to lay down any exact standard; so much depends on the person or persons travelling. It is easy to spend less, much easier to spend more, according to circumstances, than the sums I have indicated. What I have given is the result of my own experience, travelling sometimes alone or with gentlemen, and sometimes with my wife, and always stopping at the best hotels, which I firmly believe to be the cheapest in the end. By best hotels, I mean not necessarily the most expensive hotel, such as in a great city like Paris or Berlin, but a hotel of the first-class, where you will be sure of good food and accommodation.

There is no doubt you can travel in many parts of the Continent for nearly half of what I have mentioned as likely sums, but I have given what I think it will cost in the towns and most frequented places. It must also be remembered that in Switzerland and many other parts of the Continent, if you stay a week, or even less, you will be taken *en pension*, which will reduce your expenditure very considerably. There are plenty of charming hotels and *pensions* where you can stay for from five to seven francs a day, and where you can be comfortable and need not fear starvation. It is well, then, if you decide where you are going to stay to write beforehand and make arrangements with the hotel proprietor, stating your wants and asking for how much a day you will be taken; also, it is desirable, if you think his figure too high, to make him an offer. I have often known the terms considerably reduced in that way, and the hotel keepers seldom refuse a reasonable offer, especially in a place where there is a healthy competition.

For those who wish to be certain of the extent of their expenses in the matter of hotel bills, the coupon system has many charms. They are issued extensively by Messrs. Cook or Gaze. Many people like them, and they are undoubtedly convenient. You get your little book of tickets. One for your room, another for your dinner, and a third for your breakfasts. With these you know when you go to your hotel what you are going to pay for those three important items in your daily hotel life. They are generally issued at from eight to nine shillings a day. I have used them, but not extensively, as I think if one is moving about much, and making daily excursions, it is often possible to live more cheaply than with them.

Some people think that the holders of coupons are not so well treated as those without them, but I have never found it the case. Nor do I think, considering the numbers of those who use them every year, it would pay landlords to do so. If there were any serious or well grounded complaints, it would probably lead to the hotel keeper losing the custom of the extensive tourists' agency firms, and this, I imagine, would not be wished by those who reap a good harvest from them every year.

To conclude the subject of expense in travelling, I think we might estimate it all round—travelling and hotel expenses—somewhat as follows:—For a tour in the nearer parts of the Continent, viz.: North of France, Belgium, Holland, the Rheinland and parts of Switzerland, you may allow about 15s. a day; for Eastern Germany, Bohemia, Tyrol and Italy, about £1; for Scandinavia about 18s. Again, I must repeat that these estimates must depend in a large measure on the individual traveller, but I am certain, from a pretty extensive personal knowledge, that it can be done comfortably for what I have given above, and in many cases considerably below the figures named.

So far, then, for the question of travelling expenses—a very necessary point for our consideration at the commencement of these papers. We must subsequently consider the no less important questions—where to go, when to go, how to go. It may seem to some inappropriate to investigate these things at this time of year, but I think it is always pleasant to go over holiday questions long before, to decide, as far as possible, what line we shall take when next we leave on our holiday; to fill our mental store-house with facts and figures, which may be useful to us in our journeyings to and fro, both at home and abroad.

THOMAS B. WILLSON.

(To be continued.)

NEW MUSIC.

WHITE BROTHERS.

As pants the hart (Spohr).

Gloria in Excelsis, from the *Twelfth Mass* (Mozart).

See the conquering hero comes, from *Judas Maccabæus* (Handel).

These well-known favourites are arranged in a pleasing and easy style by Karl Muscat, and may be deservedly recommended.

W. MORLEY AND CO.

Pilgrim Lane. Words by G. C. Bingham. Music by Berthold Tours.—Another welcome production of this favourite composer. The harmony is charmingly sympathetic with the words. We especially direct the attention of our young friends to the pianoforte part, which requires precision in the gradual rising to the *grandioso.*

Fairy Tales. Words by Marion Haigh. Music by A. H. Behrend.—A melodious theme, delicately accompanied and thoroughly vocal.

The Little Model. Words by Mary Mark Lemon. Music by Emily Phillips.—A fairly-written composition in the conventional style.

W. J. WILLCOCKS AND CO.

Look in my face, dear. Words and music by the Right Hon. the Countess of Munster.—A simple song presenting no difficulties; suitable for contralto voice.

Cavatina. For violin, with pianoforte accompaniment. By George F. Vincent.—An extremely pleasing and melodious drawing-room piece.

AUTUMN WALKING AND GARDEN PARTY COSTUMES.

DRESS: IN SEASON AND IN REASON.

By A LADY DRESSMAKER.

WINTER and its coldness is evidently carefully considered in the new styles of the moment. The strong tendency towards woollen garments of all kinds shows it, though I hope it is partly owing to the constant hygienic and sanitary lectures which we have had delivered to us over and over again. Indeed, it seems to me that for our cold, damp, and changeable climate, "Woollen is your only wear," to paraphrase our immortal Bard of Avon.

"Tailor-made gowns," as they are called in England, are more popular this autumn than ever. The skirts are round and full, and of the same shape that was issued as a paper pattern a month or two ago. The foundation is usually of silk, as that renders them lighter to carry, and a heavy woollen dress spoils all our pleasure in walking about in either the country or the town. It is often a wise plan to have an old light silk dyed black, to form an underskirt; and, as a rule, dyed silks, unless of the very best quality, are not good for much else, for they always look dyed, do what one will. The tunic of these "tailor-made" gowns is always unpretending-looking now; and I have taken particular pains to illustrate all the new kinds and shapes in the engravings of the present month in order that my girls may be prepared for winter.

Before I begin upon the serious subject of bonnets and hats this month, I must give my readers the benefit of a cutting from one of the newspapers, which they may not have seen.

"It is an odd thing for a savant to devote attention to the modistes, yet M. Chevreul did not deem the subject of the bonnet beneath his powerful grasp and profound study. The veteran chemist of the *Academy of Sciences*, who will attain his hundredth year within a few days, made, as is well known, the harmony of colours one of his special studies, and applied his theories to women's wearing apparel. His observations on the headdress are curious. He says, a black bonnet with white, pink, or red feathers or flowers, suits a fair complexion. It does not go badly with brunettes, although the effect is not so good, but they may add orange or yellow flowers or feathers. A dead white hat is only suitable for florid complexions, whether blondes or brunettes. Gauze, crape,

FISHWIFE OR "CALLER HERRIN'" TUNIC FOR SERGE, TWEED, AND CLOTH DRESSES.

or tulle bonnets suit all complexions. A white bonnet for a blonde should have white or pink flowers; blue is still better. Brunettes should avoid blue and rather choose red, pink, or orange. Light blue bonnets are especially suitable for fair persons. They may be trimmed with white flowers, or even yellow or orange, but not pink or violet. For dark persons who venture to wear a blue bonnet, yellow or orange is indispensable. A green bonnet sets off a pale or slightly coloured complexion. It may be trimmed with white, red, or pink flowers. A pink bonnet should not be too near the face, but should be separated by the hair or by a white or green inside trimming, the latter colour especially. White flowers, with an abundance of leaves, produce a good effect on pink. A dark red bonnet is only suitable for persons with a highly coloured complexion. Avoid yellow or orange bonnets. Violet is not to be recommended unless separated from the face, not only by the hair, but by yellow accessories also. The same precaution should be taken for yellow bonnets, which can only be worn by brunettes, with blue or violet trimmings."

The popularity of black bonnets with coloured feathers seems explained by these remarks; and I hope all my readers will observe the advice about red bonnets. I do not know whether the name "violet" will include mauve and peach; but the latter two are unquestionably very becoming to old people, and to some young ones too.

One of the newest things in bonnets at the present moment is the bright-red crape ones, with no strings to them, and a cluster of black cocks' feathers as their only decoration. The greatest drawback, however, to all the bonnets and hats now worn is their extreme height. They seem becoming to no one. Tall people look like moving mountains of millinery—that is, a mountain with a very sharp peak, of course; and to short people they are a dreadful drawback, for they look all hat, with hardly any face at all under it. I think, however, that the fashion is on the wane, and like many other styles that we get from France, it will be better laid aside and forgotten. The shades of green, too, that were so much worn this spring were really becoming to a very few people; yet all the women, great and small, hastened to adopt them, and many good-looking people became frightful in consequence.

All kinds of pretty felt hats are to be worn, and they are really suitable and becoming for the country, and are to be obtained cheaply too. They look well with the simple woollen dresses; better than a much-trimmed fanciful hat. It seems likely that black bonnets will be used as much as ever, and the rage for jetted trimmings in every form is quite unabated. I think, for young people, that the bonnets without strings will be much worn, and, except for their being rather small and perhaps more elegant, they might be mistaken for hats. At the seaside, and at such places where yachts do congregate, a great variety of queer shapes and styles of head-dresses are seen, their special advantage seeming to be that they do not blow off the head in a gale of wind. Some have a peak like a man's, and are made in cloth serge and checked linen; but I do not think them becoming to the wearers.

The illustrations with this month's dress article may be regarded as foreshadowings for the coming cold season; and, in my opinion, little change may be looked for. Many new materials will probably come out, but shapes and styles will not materially change. On the half-page engraving I have illustrated the "Fishwife Tunic," turned up at both sides to show a striped lining. No pattern, as I have said before, is needed for this, the shape being straight and plain. Small gores are taken out, to fit it to the waist. The jacket which accompanies it is called by many names—"Shell" or "Rifle jacket," "School-boy jacket," etc.—but under any name it makes a pretty dress-bodice for a girl. The figure standing in the centre, with her back to us, wears one of the new dresses which may be called semi-princess, *i.e.*, the bodice and skirt made in one in front. There is an underskirt, which is trimmed behind. I shall illustrate the front of this next month, I hope. The figure in the out-of-door dress wears a costume trimmed with circles of gold braid on blue serge.

The full-page engraving illustrates the newest shapes of bodices and out-of-door jackets and mantles. The small jacket, of which back and front are shown, is the latest addition to our out-of-door garments, and will be a style used during the whole season. We have selected one of these jackets as our November paper pattern, and we think our girls can make them at home with the aid of a sewing-machine. The pattern of a Norfolk jacket has been already issued, and seems increasingly fashionable. The centre figure in this out-of-door scene gives a variation of the "fishwife," which is called by some people the "milk-maid" tunic, with the Zouave jacket and pointed bodice. This is a charming method of making a walking dress. I am always pleased to see any part of a national costume, or peasant's dress, adopted as the fashion, for such things are usually correct in taste and pretty in outline, in addition to their showing signs of real usefulness in the way in which they are tucked up and worn. This is eminently the case with the "fishwife" and the "milkmaid," and also with the Zouave jacket, which seems to me to be really more like the Gitana jacket of Spain. At any rate, it will prove invaluable to the possessors of half-worn bodices, for it can be added to any bodice with little trouble.

I have spoken about the popularity of woollen gowns, and navy serge is one of those materials that never go out of fashion; while every year some good fairy amongst our ladies' tailors or dressmakers invents an entirely new method of trimming it that makes a change sufficient to render it acceptable to everyone. Sometimes it is a waistcoat, sometimes a skirt of a different kind; but whatever it may be, we go back to the old friend thankfully.

This year the fancy for both black and blue serges for the seaside and for travelling has been greater than ever. The serges used are the best West of England kinds, and the dye seems excellent. They are trimmed with white woollen braid, rather narrow, the width not exceeding a quarter or half an inch. In France they are now using the metallic braids which we wore here last winter; but we have dismissed them in favour of the more suitable and prettier white braid. Black serges are likewise much worn, and they, too, are trimmed with white. The blue serge is the true dark "Navy," and is very fine; but the black serges are rough, like a coarse coating, or a house-flannel, and we are promised this effect in all the new materials of the winter.

I daresay this article will find many of my readers busy with the alteration and renovation of their old dresses of last winter, or it may be of the past summer. The present style of combining different materials and colours together decreases the difficulty, for the draperies may be changed in many ways—plain materials may be mixed with striped, embroidered, *broché*, and plaid; light and dark colours may be made up together, both in silk and wool, or in silk and wool together. Transparent fabrics can be made up over thick ones, and what with sashes, new tabliers, scarves, and plastrons, some change may be made in every dress. The bodices are made in all kinds of styles: waistcoats, yokes, collars, *revers*, jackets, and pointed plastrons, back and front; and they are also gathered or plain. A skirt may be easily changed into a tunic, or an overskirt into a bodice; and there are always remnants of some sort to be purchased cheaply to supply the materials for a new trimming for a half-worn gown.

The high collars are worn as much as ever to all dresses. In some cases, where the wearers have short necks, they must prove as great a punishment as the very high stock did in the old days to our soldiers, and until somebody proved that it had killed hundreds on long marches by producing apoplexy, the wise authorities who take care of the soldier did not abolish its use. I do not think that the high collar produces apoplexy, but it must be unmitigated torture. Many ladies do not wear anything with it at the neck to soften the hard and plain edge, nor any lace, either black or white. With some young people this is not unbecoming, but with others it seems very trying. The embroidered and jetted neck-bands and the velvet dog-collars are just as much worn as ever, and will continue to be so during the winter.

As I mentioned in the earlier part of this paper, I have selected one of the new double-breasted jackets as the paper pattern for this month. This may be made of ribbed cloth, tweed, corduroy, or velveteen. It is double-breasted, and the sides may be turned back so as to show a coloured lining to the breast, and buttoned back on either side so as to transform the jacket into a single-breasted one, with a fastening only at the throat. The fronts are loose fitting, but the back fits tightly, and is quite plain, without lapels or other ornaments. The pattern is in seven pieces—front, back, side-piece, upper and lower sleeve, collar, and pocket. The amount of material required is five yards single width, or two and a-half yards double width. Two rows of large pearl buttons are put upon each side of the front, and button-holes made for them. Hooks and eyes are added down the centre, to turn it into a single-breasted jacket when the double fronts are buttoned back. Velvet or plush can be used for the collar, cuffs, and linings to the fronts. This pattern can be obtained from "The Lady Dressmaker," care of Mr. H. G. Davis, 73, Ludgate-hill, E.C., by letter, inclosing a postal note for 1s.

The patterns issued already can always be procured, as *The Lady Dressmaker* constantly shows, in her article, how they can be used. Each one can be had for one shilling, postal order, from *The Lady Dressmaker*, care of Mr. H. G. Davis, 73, Ludgate-hill, E.C. The following is the list of those already issued:—April, braided outdoor loose-fronted jacket; May, velvet bodice; June, Swiss bodice; July, mantle; August, pleated or Norfolk jacket; September, plain skirt; October, combination garment (underlinen).

FAITH FRANCIS; OR, LONG PURPLES.

By M. C. PARTRIDGE.

CHAPTER IV.

Raise thine eyes to heaven
When thy spirits fail;
When, by tempests driven,
Heart and courage fail.

THE month of September passed by, and Faith worked hard at her school, and employed as much of her spare time as possible in visiting her little scholars in their own homes when sickness or any other trouble made her feel her coming would be welcomed. But for Laura, she would have spent more time in the blessed occupation of visiting the poor. She felt, however, that she could not leave her sister too much alone, as Laura would never go with her to the cottages. She hardly did anything all day long but alter and mend her clothes, or read some of the most amusing of the books which Mr. Lisle provided for the girls. She was dreadfully dull, and moped, but would not employ herself in any way suggested to her. Mr. Lisle asked her to go and read the Scriptures regularly to two bedridden women, but she refused; nor would she even help Faith at the knitting classes in the national school. Faith wanted her to seek for another situation, but she only cried, and said her sister grudged her the bread she ate, and that she wanted to get rid of her. Consequently, when one morning a letter came from Cousin Jane telling Laura that, as her maid had just married, she intended going into lodgings at Brighton for the winter, and would take Laura to be her companion, and to help her dress and wait upon her, Faith felt, though the offer was not a magnificent one, that Laura had better accept it. True, Cousin Jane would only give her at the rate of £10 per annum—half her maid's wages; still, as Laura, weary of the dulness of Wheatfields, was wild to go, Faith gave her all the money she could possibly spare for clothes to facilitate her departure.

When she was gone, Faith missed her sister dreadfully. Mrs. Lisle happened to be from home nursing her mother, and the want of companionship of anyone in her own class was trying in the long, dull November days. Kind old Mrs. Mason and her husband could not be the same to Faith as if they had been educated people; and in the winter evenings they went to bed at eight o'clock, leaving Faith, if she wanted to sit up, all alone in the rambling old farmhouse.

But for the interest she took in the poor, her life would have been far more trying; but she had now made many a humble friend, and was welcome in many a cottage. True, she had no money to give away, but she often managed to make some trifling gift to please an invalid child or bedridden person, and she was always ready with the best offering of all—a true and ready sympathy. Towards the end of November, when the roads were dirtiest and the days gloomiest, scarlet fever broke out in the village. Mr. Lisle requested Faith not to go into the houses where there was fever, on account of her scholars, and he sent his own children away to join his wife at their grandmother's.

One afternoon Mr. Lisle came into the schoolhouse and announced that the sanitary inspector and doctor had ordered the schools to be closed. "So, Miss Francis, you will have a month or six weeks' holiday, for we shall certainly not re-open till after Christmas. By the way," he went on, "of course you know poor Madge Terrick has the fever. She is very ill, and the worst of it is all the servants except the kitchen-maid are ill too."

"Has she no one to nurse her?" asked Faith, thinking to herself, "I ought to offer to go, but I *cannot*."

"Mrs. Barker, the best nurse in West Claycombe, is there, but she has far more than she can manage with three sick people on her hands. They have also a woman out of the village, but she is quite inexperienced. I telegraphed to a fever hospital for a nurse, but shall not be able to get one for two or three days. It is very unfortunate; poor Madge has no relation who can come to her, for the doctor will not let Eva think of nursing her sister-in-law. Poor Mr. Terrick is in dreadful trouble, and hardly leaves his daughter's bedside. Good-bye, Miss Francis," added the rector, "I must go up to hear the last news." So saying, he closed the school-door behind him, and went out into a wild storm of wind and rain.

"How delightful it will be to get a holiday!" thought Faith. She had quite made up her mind she would accept an invitation from a friend to go and stay in London. It would be so pleasant to get a change, and society of girls of her own standing.

"Comfort every sufferer,
Watching late in pain,"

sang the children in their closing hymn, and Faith thought again of poor Madge Terrick. "I ought to offer to go and nurse her," she thought to herself. "I would if she had been kind to me, if she had treated me well; but she did not, so she has no claim upon me." Turning her thoughts steadily to her proposed visit, and determining to hurry home and write to her friend to fix a day, before post, Faith dismissed her pupils and left the school.

The rain was coming down in torrents, and a regular gale of wind was blowing. Faith had about half a mile to walk to her lodgings, and before she had gone a hundred yards, the wind blew her umbrella inside out. She felt she must take shelter, or she would be wet through. There was no house very near, but the church was open, for she could hear Albert East practising on the organ; so she turned aside and ran quickly up the churchyard path, in through the arched doorways, and sat down in one of the seats near the door. If Albert East heard her come in, he heeded not, but went on with his playing. The storm had made him think of his sailor brother, and the hymn for those at sea,

"Eternal Father, strong to save,"

rose above the howling of the wind, and the fierce rattle of the rain on the windows. Faith sat and listened. The solemn strains seemed to bring holy thoughts to her mind. Her duty seemed very plainly set before her. Here she was, set at liberty from school work; it came almost like a call that she should offer to go and help to nurse Madge Terrick.

"She hates me; she cannot bear me," thought Faith again. Then came the remembrance of those words, "Sick and ye visited me not," and thrilling above the organ chords and the roaring wind, the thought of Him who uttered them, who said upon the cross, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

"I do not want to go to her! Oh! I cannot go," cried Faith to herself, twisting her hands together. "I want to have a little change after my hard work, a little kindness from my friends to make up for all Margaret Terrick's slights and unkindness."

But Faith slipped down on her knees in the pew, and prayed that prayer which is never uttered in vain, for help to do God's will. When she rose from her knees the struggle was over, the victory won, and the singer's voice rose in the triumphant doxology of the old evening hymn, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow," as if he all unconsciously was celebrating the triumph of good over evil, of duty over selfishness.

Faith passed out of the church into the dim twilight of the November evening. The storm was hushed for a while, and the crescent moon shone out between dark hurrying clouds. In a few minutes she stood in Mr. Lisle's study. "May I go and nurse Madge Terrick?" she said, simply.

"Are you not afraid of infection?" asked the rector.

"No, I have had the fever, and since then I nursed my little brother, who died of it."

"You will be very welcome at the Grange, I am sure," said Mr. Lisle. "Poor Madge is very ill, and only great care and attention can save her life. Have you quite made up your mind to undertake this work? Then may God bless you in it, my dear."

Madge was indeed very ill, and for days lay between life and death. For a long time she did not know Faith, but she seemed to be calmed by her presence, and specially by her voice in singing or reading, if she was very restless.

"Who was singing to me last night, papa?" asked Madge one morning, when a decided turn for the better had taken place in her illness.

"Miss Francis," replied her father. "She has been nursing you most tenderly, and has saved your life by her care."

"Faith Francis!" said Madge faintly, and she lay back on her pillows, and did not speak again till Faith came into the room, when she begged her to "sing once more."

One day when she was getting much better, and able to lie on a sofa in her room, Madge said suddenly to Faith, "I used not to like you—but I love you now; you have been so good to me. Can you forgive me? Do you know I used to laugh at your dress, and call you 'long purples,' and now I love the very sight of its violet folds. When I used to watch you move about the room in the dim lamplight, it seemed to bring me such a feeling of restfulness and peace."

"You'll not see it much longer," said Faith, laughing. "The poor old *thing* is quite done for now; to-morrow I shall discard it entirely."

"You have forgiven me," went on Madge, humbly. "I have been very selfish, and very unkind to you. When I was so ill I saw it all, and I was so afraid to die. I want to be good, Faith. Will you be my friend and help me?"

"God will help you, dear, if you ask Him," said Faith, very low and with tears in her eyes, "but I will always be your friend, if you will let me, and I will always love you."

* * * * *

Faith never went back to lodge at Mrs. Mason's, but lived at the Grange, and went to teach her school from thence. Laura stayed on at Brighton as half maid, half companion to Cousin Jane. One day she had a great surprise in a letter from Faith, telling her that she was engaged to be married to Mr. William Terrick; and, "Do you know, dear Laura," she added, "Madge tells me she is very glad to have me for a sister."

[THE END.]

BRONZE PAINTING.

FOR decorative work that aims at producing effect with the least amount of labour and effort, bronze painting, or painting with metallic colours, is excellent. It is a system of painting solely intended for ornamental purposes, and from the nature of the pigments used it is not designed for closely imitating the exact colouring of natural objects; but its brilliant colouring, sparkling with gold and silver, and with greens, blues, and purples of metallic lustre, brightens the objects so decorated, without throwing them into glaring prominence.

The present age is one that decorates every object that comes before the eyes—ceilings, friezes, wall-papers, door-panels, and mantelboards are turned into works of art; and with objects so ornamented it is almost necessary to carry out the same idea in the smaller details of furniture and to give these a distinct decorative character—but a character that neither clashes nor is out of harmony with the larger works. For delicate ornament upon cabinet doors, bracket-hangings, portières, and fire-screens, bronze painting colours are well adapted, as they are best seen when applied upon such handsome textiles as plush and velveteen of the dark rich colouring and good qualities that are required for the above purposes.

The subjects, or rather designs, required for the work are naturally somewhat conventionalised, and the suggestive designs of fruit, flowers, and birds that come from Japan are more suitable to the purpose than drawings from nature.

These Japanese designs are to be met with in the books of patterns used by the native Japanese to embroider from, and now sold in London. These traced out and transferred, either by pricking holes in the tracing-cloth and pouncing white chalk through to the material, or with the aid of carbonised cloth, will be found to give a clear and characteristic outline. Upon some velvets and plushes it is, however, almost impossible to obtain an outline by these means, and for these nothing is more suitable than the transfer designs known as Lardeur's patent. These patterns are less crowded than many, and the natural flowers, although conventionally treated, are well drawn, and follow the curves of the design without distortion. Amongst them we noticed, for fire-screens, a beautiful group of arum lilies, growing upwards from a single root, and a purple clematis arranged to fall as trailing branches down and across the screen from the upper side. To decorate the small squares of cabinets Lardeur's designs are drawn so that they branch out from two of the sides, and by so doing are more effective. A flag blossom, with grass-heads and buttercups, a spray of quince blossom, and a well-arranged group of daffodils are all suitable for the purpose. For mantel borders and bracket valances, continuous sprays of the large white or lavender clematis, wide open poppies, showing their black and green centres, and arrangements of yellow daisies, are all attractive. For portières, if only the border of them is painted, or the design is taken across them in straight bands, a straight but bold arrangement of fruit looks best, such as plums, oranges, apples, lemons in their green stage, or grapes, all growing upon their boughs and surrounded by their own foliage.

The treatment of this foliage is of the utmost importance in fruit designs—a simple mass of green would at once spoil the effect. Shades of orange yellow, tawny brown, red brown, and crimson are all necessary to introduce when a large prominent bordering is required. If the portière is to be covered with a design, a conventional arabesque, enclosed in an arabesque bordering, is generally selected; but should flowers be preferred, they are chosen of the stiff and upright kind, and either arranged in panels up the curtain at set distances, or sprays of them thrown upon the material like the powderings in church embroidery. Arums, hollyhocks, and gladiole are used for panel decoration, and the small single sunflower, the large blossomed clematis, poppies, pomegranates, and sprays of virginia creeper for the detached groups.

The materials used in bronze painting are the colours, medium, turpentine, slab with saucer-like holes, drawing-board, brushes of hog and camel's hair, and the textile. The colours are silver, green gold, bright gold, deep gold, copper, deep copper, crimson, steel blue, purple, deep violet, green, light green, mineral green, bronze black, and bright blue. The best textiles are the close velveteens, sold as gamekeeper's velveteen, and close made velvets, but satin sheeting, linen, and ribbed silk can be employed, although they do not produce so raised a painting as those first mentioned.

To work: If the pattern is a transfer design, stretch the material with drawing pins on to the board, and iron the pattern, placed face downwards upon it, with a warm, but not hot, iron. Lardeur's patterns are transferred by being rubbed over with spirits of wine, and not with the action of heat. Remove the pattern, and if the pile of the velvet or velveteen has become flattened and rubbed, it must be raised again before being painted. To do this, take a hot iron, a thin handkerchief, and some cold water. Hold the iron in the hand with its flatside uppermost, damp and wring out the handkerchief, and lay it flat on the iron, and while the steam is rising from the contact of cold and heat, rub the back of the velvet over the iron. As soon as the handkerchief dries, wet it again, and continue to rub the back of the material over the iron until the pile on the face rises. While the velvet is still moist from the steam passing through it, re-stretch it. To take off an impression from a pricked pattern, stretch the velvet and pin the pattern over it, then rub through the holes the powdered chalk, which keep in a small muslin bag. Remove the pattern so as not to disturb the little spots of chalk on the material, and obtain the design by making lines with their help. Fill a brush with white paint and gum water for a dark background, with Indian ink for a light material, and fill in the spaces between the dots, and make a firm, clean outline.

To paint in the colours: Shake some of the powder into the saucer and mix it with the brush with the medium. If the painting is on a velveteen or other rough surface, mix as much colour as will cover a sixpence with half a tea-spoonful of medium; if it is on satin or linen, mix half the colour with the same amount of the medium. As the colour is much heavier than the medium, it requires constant stirring while in use, while not more than enough for the morning's painting should be mixed, as it dries quickly and is not in good condition when dry. In using the medium and mixing the colours remember that too little of the former will give a gritty, uneven surface to the painting, and too much will look poor, the medium sinking into the background and leaving but stray specks of colour, instead of a brilliant surface of paint of an even consistency. One of the faults to be avoided is painting in streaks of colour, another is in laying too much colour, or shades of colour, on one spot, and a third is the mixing of colours improperly. Gold and blue will not make green in bronze colours, but steel blue, silver, and green gold, when either of them are mixed with green, will give a new shade; violet mixed with green will make a suitable shade for stems, and is used for them with deep copper. Small touches of mineral green with light green are used for bright light or veins only. Violet

to soften the shade is mixed with silver. Purple is shaded, not mixed, with gold. Gold and crimson mixed form good shades of cinnamon and deep red, and all shades of gold are used when painting a gold-coloured flower, but are laid on singly and not over each other. When painting upon dark velveteen, velvet, or satin sheeting, small hog's-hair brushes are used, and the shadows painted so thinly that the material shows through them and appears like the shadow; upon light materials this effect cannot be obtained, and the shadows must be painted like the rest of the work—that is to say, the leaf outlined with the selected shade, and the ground at once added. Leaves are never painted all of one shade, unless they are very small, a light shade is either taken down one side and separated from a darker by the centre vein (made by leaving a vacant space), or the tip of the leaf on both sides is painted lighter than the upper part, and the centre vein left unpainted, or put in afterwards in a different colour, and with a sable brush charged with a thinner mixture of colour than that used on the body of the leaf.

The laying of a colour over one already dry requires a good deal of care, and is only attempted as a few touches, not as a full colouring, except when using purple or blue, these colours requiring a background of silver to throw them up. Thus, flowers or fruit grounded with silver can have their highest lights brought out with streaks of white silver, or can have blue or purple shadows given them by being touched up with those colours. Flowers and fruits grounded with golds of any shade are shaded into crimson by the use of that colour over them; but all these after touches require judgment, and are only applied in small quantities. All large varieties of shade are made either by painting in separate and single colours close together, or by mixing the tint in the saucer and putting it on at once. To take a wrong colour out and paint the right colour over it, put a few drops of medium and a few of turpentine into the dry bronze colour, mix them up, and paint over the fault. If the mixed colours dry on the palette before they are used up, add to them a little turpentine, and also clean off any dirty marks on the material made by spilling colour with turpentine; but avoid its use in a general way except for cleaning brushes and palette.

Use small hog's-hair brushes for the rough materials and most of the work, and fine camel's-hair for the stems, branches, tendrils, etc., and minute parts of the painting. To stop the sinking in of colour upon satin sheeting, satin, etc., lay a coat of size, made by melting gelatine, over the chief flowers and leaves of the design. This coat will make the material more solid where it is laid on, and will save the constant recolouring that these textiles require if treated in the ordinary manner.

To paint the designs given in our illustration; the largest one is a trail of the crimson Taxonia, only to be met with in English hothouses. It is a very handsome flower, and looks well painted upon deep ruby, russet-brown, or deep purple velveteen, or upon cream or lemon-coloured satin sheeting. Use for this crimson and deep gold, mix each colour separately, and then mix some crimson and gold together as a third tint. Commence by painting in the high lights with the pure gold, the shade next to them with the pure crimson, and the deep shadows with the mixture; put on sufficient colour at once, blend together while working, and leave the painting for an hour to clear, as the mixed shade does not assume its right colour for some time; then retouch where necessary, and lay on a little pale gold as the very brightest light. Paint the stamens with light green and their little balls with light gold, the calyx with light gold and green. In painting the buds, use the same colours as for the flower, but make the small ones quite crimson, with no gold high lights, and the larger ones with deep gold high lights, not retouched with light gold; for the stem of the spray, use green shaded with purple. The leaves are very varied: the most prominent one paint as follows:—Mix together bright blue and green, and paint the side drawn light with this, avoiding the large vein shown; work in the shadow side with the darkest green and also avoid the vein. Mix some silver with green and paint the veins with this, and touch the turned-back parts of the leaf with purple and green mixed together. Paint the tiny leaves with different shades of green, either plain or mixed with blue; some of the smallest work in with bronze and slightly touch with crimson. Shade one of the big leaves that show their under side with bronze and dark green, the other with dark blue and greens, and with crimson veinings.

In bronze painting, endeavour to break up the colour as much as possible and use shades that would not be found in natural leaves as long as they are in harmony with each other and will produce good combinations of colouring. As the work can never be natural, this taking of the colouring out of the hands of nature is quite allowable, the object being to produce decorative and not realistic colouring.

The spray of crimson Taxonia illustrated is intended for the decoration of a blotting-book, work-bag, or small door-panel.

The little tailpiece is a Japanese design, and is very suitable for bronze painting. Painted the size given, it is used either to decorate a Bradshaw cover or an ornamental wall pocket; enlarged, it looks well when fitted into a square panel of a corner cupboard or overmantel. To colour the birds, paint the most prominent with silver, shading to blue. Paint on the silver over the breast, neck, head, and wings of the bird. Touch these places over with blue to imitate feathers, and work in blue over the back of the bird, and mark out the wing feathers with the blue for the upper part, but with the dark green where they are drawn dark. Finish the bird with bronze beak and legs. Paint the other bird with gold of various tints, and shade these with crimson about the wings and top of head. Work in the beak with bronze, the legs with crimson. Colour the ground green; shade with purple and silver lines.

Clean the brushes during the painting by dipping them in turpentine and wiping on a rag whenever they are to be charged with a new colour. Before putting them away, clean with turpentine, and then wash out the turpentine by rubbing them on the palm of the hand and in soap suds. The medium that is used to liquify the powder colours is of a sticky nature, and soils the hands, and renders them unfit to touch the brushes if it sticks to them. To prevent this, either roll strips of calico round the bottle holding the medium, so that whatever falls from the bottle is soaked up before it comes in contact with the painter's fingers, or push a quill through a hole made in the cork and pour out the medium drop by drop through this quill.

When painting, be careful not to touch the textile with the hands, which are frequently soiled with colouring matter; use a mahl stick to rest the hand against for large work, and a china painter's rest for small pieces.

Prismatine painting is often alluded to as a separate colouring; it is, however, only a variety of bronze painting, the same colours, mediums, and brushes being employed. The difference between it and bronze painting is the textile ornamented, which is stamped velvet or plush well raised from its surface, and not the plain flat materials required for the more artistic work. The designs stamped on the velvet are brought out by the parts not raised being coloured with rich but unshaded tints, and the sole art consists in selecting a suitable stamped out design, and colouring it judiciously. No drawing of outline, transferring design, or artistic quality is called into requisition in this painting; it is only necessary to select a good pattern, and there are plenty of fruit, flower, and bird designs that have been stamped for embroidery that are suitable for this kind of decoration.

The depressed parts of the stamped design are the parts upon which the colour is applied; these colours are not much shaded, and are laid on as brilliant but light washes. The work is simple, as the artist merely indicates by colour the various leaves and flowers already stamped out; in fact, the work is easily accomplished, and differs only from bronze painting by being more quickly done, that it needs no description, and no extra knowledge of painting.

Bronze painting is far superior to it in all decorative and artistic point, as it is capable of being worked up to a high standard of merit, and allows of individual ideas and tastes being carried out, while prismatine must only follow a pattern that is repeated upon a hundred articles, and cannot therefore be influenced by the mind of the painter. B. C. SAWARD.

THE GIRLS OF THE WORLD.

FACTS AND FIGURES.

By EMMA BREWER.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION.

A peculiar feature of statistics is its power to teach us to distinguish effects from causes, so as not to confound them.

BECAUSE I love the science of statistics, and know a little of its power of teaching, and of the interesting manner in which it can give its lessons, I am very glad to have been asked to put before you a few facts which this wonderful science reveals concerning girl life throughout the world.

If what I have to say should prove what girls call "dry," I shall be very sorry; it has no right to be so, and I shall know that I have failed to present my favourite study in a manner worthy of it.

The science of statistics is a daring, yet a trusting, science; it turns the bright flash of its lantern into the most secret places of a life, whether it be of an individual or of a nation, revealing at once the dark unhealthy corners hidden within each, their cause and consequence, and having done this it firmly believes that the disease and remedy both being made clear, improvement, light, and health must of necessity result.

As a matter of course, girls and women have not escaped its scrutiny, and the object of these articles will be to place before you the revelations of its microscopic studies concerning womankind.

The work of statistics is by no means confined to exposing the evils of humanity; it brings out in equally strong colours its virtue, morality, and capability for good, and these it makes so weighty in blessings that it is wonderful girl-nature should choose any but the good and virtuous.

The science of statistics is also very clever in drawing comparisons, which it does with so strong a pencil that it will be easy for us to see the physical condition, religion, morals, health, and occupation of girls and women all over the world, and to see how we in England, with all our privileges, stand when placed side by side with these.

It has been said with truth that the most precious possession of a country is its population, and that it has no capital so valuable as the individuals who form that population. It should be our business to look into this, seeing that girls and women form more than half of this precious possession in every part of the world.

If this be so, and I shall prove it by the aid of statistics, then girls and women ought to be the chief object of the State's solicitude—they are part of its capital, and a source of its prosperity. This bond of loving union being recognised gives to each girl and woman a certain self-respect and responsibility. She must put no wilful obstacle in the way of her physical and mental improvement, there must be no waste of intelligence and strength, otherwise she will be guilty of squandering her country's wealth. And this is not all: every advance made by girls and women of a country in morality, in profitable and healthy employment, and in useful and religious knowledge, helps considerably to increase the wealth of their country, and to bring both it and them nearer to perfect happiness.

There is one point never lost sight of by statistics, which is, that without freedom and liberty there can be no healthy progress. It is so in a country, it is so in a family, and specially is it so with regard to girls. Statistics never make assertions which they cannot prove, and they will be able to make clear that when girls are bound by laws too rigid and despotic their health and morals suffer, and that which is most noble in the character of woman is crushed. They prove that freedom is as necessary to the development of the higher and nobler part of our nature as light is to the life of our bodies, and that there is more security in the highways than in the byways.

We have already stated that the population of a country is its most valuable capital and a sign of its prosperity, while a decrease of population is a sign of a country's decay and a deterioration in the condition of its people. It is a subject of great importance and of unbounded interest to us, and I do not think it will be lost time if we go into the matter a little. There will be many things to consider under the head of population:—1st, the number of births in the world within a given time; what proportion the girls bear to the boys; how the comparison stands at the end of the first year, at the end of five years; what causes the anomaly; how the laws of a country act upon girl-life with respect to marriage; and in what way occupations affect the duration of life among girls and women. To see also which have the best chance of long life, those who are compelled to live an active life of labour, or those who live an indolent luxurious life. Statistics will help us to do this with an almost marvellous exactitude; they will also teach us how to guard these lives of ours, and how to avoid the evils which weaken and demoralise them.

CHAPTER II.

POPULATION.

Statistics dissipate prejudices and enlarge the field of human thought.

IF we wanted to learn something of the structure and composition of the earth, we should devote time to geology; if we desired instruction concerning the structure and life of plants, we should study botany. In like manner must we appeal to statistics for help if we feel a need of reliable information concerning human society of which we women and girls form so important a part.

The knowledge they can supply is so immense that we shall be overwhelmed and puzzled beyond endurance with the amount, unless we first arrange in our minds what it is specially that we desire to learn concerning human society generally, and ourselves in particular, and then hear what statistics have to say upon these special points.

I do not think we shall be making a false start if we take population as the subject for this chapter, for in this word is embodied all the great landmarks in our journey through life. The population of a country is very like to Nature herself—ever moving, ever changing; never standing still, never the same; it is being born, it is marrying, it is dying, it changes its abode, it mixes its classes—indeed, so indelibly is change and activity marked upon everything connected with population, that it is almost impossible to get a correct census of a country, as in the very act of taking it many are born, many marry, many die, many change their occupations and places of abode.

Not a day or minute passes but babes are born into the world to gladden hearts and homes, to awaken hopes for the future and to call out the unselfish, the gentle, and the protecting qualities of the human heart.

How many little babies do you think are born in the world annually? Will you be surprised to hear that there are 43 millions?—that is, about 117,808 every day and 80 a minute. These numbers are very large, and require thinking over to be realised.

Then, as you know, each day as it goes by bears witness to a large number of both sexes leaving their old homes and associations for new ones, entering upon other duties, forming fresh circles, and carrying with them the results of their early training to make or mar the happiness of those of whom they are to be the centres.*

Again, not a day passes but a large number depart this life, the number of deaths being about 39 millions a year—that is to say, 106,849 every day, or 74 each minute.

I have no doubt that the thoughtful among you will follow these facts much further than I dare do, as my duty is merely to introduce you to statistics and statistics to you, and put you in the way of forming a firm friendship one with the other, which will, I am convinced, prove to you a source of real profit and pleasure.

You will probably pause to ponder over the joys, hopes, and anxieties which the births of these 43 millions of babes, spread broadcast on the earth, and of the mighty power for good or for evil exercised by the young married people in their new homes and surroundings, and of the sorrow and forlornness which the 39 millions of deaths leave behind; and not a little will you consider how marvellous it is that these figures, embodying as they do so much of joy and sorrow in this world of ours, are repeating themselves year by year with an almost wonderful exactitude.†

We have seen that the population of a country is considered a valuable possession, and that the larger it is the more valuable it proves. For the sake of example, take two countries of equal size—one possessing three times the number of inhabitants of the other. You and I might think that the one containing the fewer inhabitants would be preferable to live in. Not so, however, for statistics prove that the one containing the threefold population is three times more honourable, powerful, wealthy, and secure than the other.

If increase of population be a sign of increasing prosperity, what will you think of the marvellous change wrought in Europe during the last hundred years? A century ago it numbered 145 millions of inhabitants; at the last census it had reached 327 millions, and probably to-day would give a return of 350 millions. The first thought which rises to our minds is that if Europe itself has not grown equally with the people on its surface it will fail to support them; but it was asserted only last week by one of our great statisticians that with this increase of population has come an increase of resources, and the increased population of to-day he declared to be much better off and wealthier than that of a hundred years ago, and, further, that this applies not to one class only, but to every

* Taking the average of many countries together, it is proved that a third of the population marry; this will be more or less in dealing with individual countries, as we shall see.

† The Finance Minister of Gotha says that the mortality of the earth's inhabitants, although in cases the result of accident, and apparently following no rule, yet, as a whole, obeys a law definite and invariable.

class; indeed, the mass of the well off are now as numerous as was formerly the whole population.

Of the individual countries of Europe, England has increased the most, being five times more populous than it was a hundred years ago. Russia comes next, being four times more populous now than then. Germany has two and a half times as many inhabitants now. Italy has nearly doubled its population; while France and Spain have only added about 50 per cent.

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

Knowledge and Ignorance.

Knowledge—who hath it? Nay, not thou,
Pale student, pondering thy futile lore!
A little space it shall be thine, as now
'Tis his whose funeral passes at thy door:
Last night a clown who scarcely knew to spell;
Now he knows all. Oh, wondrous miracle!

Too Fond of Dress.—I have known persons so anxious to have their dress become them as to convert it at length into their proper self, and thus actually to become the dress.—*Coleridge.*

A Forgiving Spirit.—She that does not forgive others breaks the bridge over which she must pass herself; for everyone has need to be forgiven.

Bores and Bored.

Society is now one polished horde,
Formed of two mighty tribes—the bores and bored.—*Byron.*

Servants at Work.—It is an inference naturally drawn that if one servant does so much, two servants will do twice as much, and so on. But when this common-sense theory is tested by practice the results are quite at variance with it. Not simply does the amount of service performed fail to increase in proportion to the number of servants, but frequently decreases; fewer servants do more work and do it better.

Counsel and Example.—She who gives good advice builds with one hand; she that gives good counsel and example builds with both; but she that gives good admonition and bad example builds with one hand and pulls down with the other.

Common Sense in Married Life.—How many marriages there are bitter as wormwood to both parties which might be sweetened by a little common sense.

Good Wives.—There has nearly always been a good wife behind every great man; and there is a good deal of truth in the saying that a man can be no greater than his wife will let him

Dangers Without and Within.—Mentally and morally others can hurt us only by arousing in us that which is evil; and if this were not in us it could not be stirred up.

Before and After.

God and the doctor we alike adore,
But only when in danger, not before;
The danger o'er, both are alike requited,
God is forgotten, and the doctor slighted.

Trying to do Right.—Doing right is first hard, then easy, then delightful. Such is the history of each virtue in the race and in the individual. Its beauty may be hidden in the root of self-denial and effort, but it comes into full bloom when, at length, the effort has grown into a pleasure that we would not willingly forego.

Ourselves and Others.—According to your own disposition you judge of the ways of others.—*Plautus.*

What is Gossip?—Gossip is putting two and two together and making it five.

At Home.—There is no greater danger, and there is no greater evil in home-life, than the all too general habit of giving way to passing moods of ill-temper. Families feel that they are too closely united to part for small differences, hence they allow small discords to grow into large ones. This is a sad mistake; the need of home-courtesy, home-politeness, home-restraint, is one which presses everywhere and always alike.

Answer to Double Acrostic (p. 30):—

M a d a M
A lexandr A
T r u n K
ChampagnE
H o u R

Match-maker.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

A Southsea Baptist.—Write to the secretary, office of the Civil Service Commissioners, Cannon-row, S.W., for all the latest particulars. We are much gratified by your letter, which is well written and expressed.

Phillis.—We do not think you quite competent to fill the situation of secretary and bookkeeper in any publishing office, as you have not yet acquired a sufficient knowledge of spelling and composition. In your letter to us you write "wether" for "whether," and "informe" instead of inform, and say you have been "used to writing post," adding, "please enter in correspondence as (Phillis)." We draw your attention to these errors in no unkindly spirit, but to show you the necessity existing for further education. See our article on "Repoussé Work," pages 260 and 456, vol. vi.

Laura.—There is a home for governesses and pupils in Lette Verein, Victoria Stift, Königgratzer. Write to the lady principal.

A Scotchwoman.—We advise you to make application direct to the various insurance offices.

Caroline B. Ford.—You had better apply to the office, 9, Serjeant's Inn, Fleet-street, for reports and papers respecting Miss Ada Leigh's Home at 77, Avenue Wagram, Paris. There is also the Cottage Home of Rest, 2, Tilsey Villas, King's-road (7s. a week), close to Richmond Park. Apply to Mrs. J. M. Pearson, The Grange, Kingston Hill.

D. W. will find endless replies in our correspondence columns giving the several addresses of colleges for teaching students Zenana work. The addresses are as follows:—Zenana Medical Mission Home and Training School for Ladies, 71, Vincent-square, Westminster, S.W.; the Society for Promoting Female Education in the East, 267, Vauxhall Bridge-road, S.W. (secretary, Miss Webb, trains English-women for Zenana work, and for school-teaching abroad); the Indian Female Normal School and Instruction Society, 2, Adelphi-terrace, Strand, W.C. (secretary, Mrs. Allan Gilmore, Heron-court, Richmond, S.W.); the Delhi and South Punjaub Zenana Medical Mission (Church of England), (secretary, Canon Crowfoot, Minster-yard, Lincoln); St. Deny's Home, Warminster, prepares female candidates for missionary work at £1 per week (address the Rev. Sir James Philipps, Bart). There is also the Mission Training House for Ladies, Alexandra-road, Addlestone, Surrey; and the Deaconess's Training Institution, Mildmay Park, London, N. We must request all future inquirers for training for missionary work to refer to this list, as we decline repeating our replies any longer.

Sardinia.—1. Cookery classes are held at the College for Working Women, 5, Fitzroy-street, Fitzroy-square, W.C. 2. Write "The Right Hon. the Earl of ——."

An Irish Lass.—For a person living in the country, there could not be a better and more interesting book than Hogg's "Vegetable Kingdom," or the "Flowers of the Field," by Johns, published by the S. P. C. K. "Caviare to the general" means "above the taste or comprehension of ordinary people." Caviare is a kind of pickle made from the roe of the sturgeon, and much esteemed in Russia; a dish for the rich, but beyond the reach of the general public.

A Cockled Grey Dress had better write to the college and make all her inquiries. The full address is, the Rev. J. P. Faunthorpe, Whitelands College, Chelsea, London, S.W. We suppose "caution money" is asked for to ensure the payment of fees, as a guarantee.

Hagar and Sarai.—If you will read our series in last year's G. O. P., "Work for All," you will find many other occupations for girls besides teaching and the Civil Service offices. Nursing, medicine, pharmacy, and missionary work are all good fields. We should advise you to make up for lost time and try to pass this year.

Blackie.—You would enter on the career of a hospital nurse as a probationer at first, and if your health were strong enough you would be received permanently. Former illnesses would not matter. The two words in the idiomatic phrase "by-the-bye," are pronounced the same exactly, one as the other, the final "e" in the last word being mute.

COOKERY.

Tabby.—To make the cream for chocolate cream drops, take of best white sugar ten pounds, of water two and a half quarts, and one teaspoonful of cream of tartar. Mix the sugar and water together, and put it over a hot fire. When it boils add the cream of tartar and put in the thermometer. If it be summer, boil until the mercury marks 245 degrees, as the cream must be harder; but in winter 241 degrees is hard enough. By the finger test. (This is done by wetting the forefinger with cold water, immediately dipping it into the boiling sugar, and fetching from the pot a small amount of the syrup, which is then plunged into the cold water again.) The syrup should be of the consistency of jelly, so that it can be rolled up in a ball. As soon as it reaches the desired heat, take the kettle off the fire instantly, and set it in a tub of cold water, or in some very cool place. While it is still warm, but not hot, stir the mass briskly with a spatula, or long-handled pudding stick, until it turns as white as snow and is of a soft creamy texture. Before it is stirred it should be flavoured with two tablespoonfuls of extract of Vanilla. When beginning to stir the cream as it cools, the motion should be brisk and uninterrupted to prevent the syrup from becoming granulated, which would render it unfit for use. When it is creamed, take it from the kettle and knead it with the hands until there be no lump left in it, and the mass be of a uniform softness. The cream is then ready for use for various purposes, and will keep a long time if kept in a covered stone jar.

WORK.

Truly Rural sends us an account of how she managed to muff her windows successfully, and we think it so good that we insert it for the benefit of our readers. She purchased some white flowered tissue paper, generally used to ornament looking-glasses, and, having pasted the pane over with flour paste, she put on the paper very smoothly, and after it was dry she went over it again with the paste. The effect was that of an ornamental frosted window. In the winter she intends to varnish the panes to prevent the paper peeling off. We have tried this with plain tissue-paper and gum arabic, and succeeded in producing a very good imitation of a plain muffed pane, the gum making the paper quite transparent.

Lingwoods.—Directions for stocking-knitting were given at pages 111, 287, and 486, vol. i. But we always advise our readers to purchase a shilling or sixpenny manual as the quickest and easiest method of learning.

Bill's Darling.—If you be a good plain needlewoman, it is not unlikely that you might get some dress-maker to teach you. At any rate, you had better try what you can do for yourself. By inquiry you might perhaps go out as a servant and help in the work, and so learn your trade. "God helps those who help themselves." Clean the white satin with chalk or flour.

Lily and Carbine.—Plush jackets would be pretty, but they would not wear, and you must have others for ordinary daily use. Plush or velvet hats would answer.

A Motherless Lassie must read the papers on "Girls' Allowances," and how to manage them best, in the G. O. P. of last year; and with the monthly dress articles to give her hints she will become a clever manager in time.

Devoniensis.—You can make the lace the same colour it previously was by using Judson's dye to it.

A Grateful One will find numbers of small manuals of fancy work under the names of "Home Comforts," etc., at any work shop, for sixpence or a shilling each. One of these will supply her with ideas and patterns which she may adopt, and from which to work, and she would probably, if a good knitter, be able to obtain plenty of orders for children's socks and long stockings, which are always in demand. A vegetarian diet and magnetic treatment are often of great benefit in epilepsy.

Oriana.—The prettiest edging for flannel petticoats is the knitted narrow lace done with fine wool. This is used in America and Canada, and the effect is very good. Besides, this lace washes and wears well with the petticoat and does not look shabby.

ADELAIDE must try a strong solution of Epsom salts for muffing the windows. Press the fern fronds between sheets of blotting-paper, and change the paper every day to preserve the colour of the fronds.

KANGAROS. — Appliqué embroidery on lace with coloured silk, and also on coloured cotton handkerchiefs, seems to be the newest fancy work.

MUSIC.

AN ANXIOUS INQUIRER.—The mark you do not understand is simply an abbreviated notation "W," and the strokes mean that the groups of notes preceding them are to be repeated in the same measure. "Shopain;" the last syllable as in the word "bread" in French.

A MIDDLE-AGED ONE.—Many thanks for your note. We are constantly endeavouring to help all our girls, and we hope they have profited by Miss Macirone's charming and useful articles on the subject of music.

H. G.—We are much obliged for the address of the Regular Musical Practising Society; president, Miss Garrett, Blacklands Hall, Cavendish, near Sudbury, Suffolk, to whom letters of inquiry may be sent.

VERA HUGO.—We should think the mark meant an inverted turn; but you have drawn it very badly, and it might be anything else.

RETA.—We see no difficulty in your taking violin lessons if you be fond of music; but the violin is a difficult instrument, and to be a good performer you must give it time and attention. We think you mistake the nature of the Christian calling. You may read your Bible, say your prayers as a matter of form, and yet be far from God. The reason of most girls' troubles is that they are not living to Him day by day—by unselfish service to others, patience, love, and charity; things which look simple, but are very difficult.

NIL DESPERANDUM.—We are not aware that there is any fund available for the assistance of poor musical students. You should apply direct to the respective secretaries of the various musical institutions for such information.

O. T. M. U. L.—You were quite right to let us know what you thought about the price of the music lessons. We suppose that Alice offered 10s. a lesson for friendship's sake, because Blanche was a beginner and she was wealthy. We are glad to hear from a "matter-of-fact fellow," and only wish we numbered more of them amongst our correspondents.

MOUNTAIN VIOLET.—When a dot is placed over a note it means that the note is to be played detached, or *staccato*.

GREEN HAT (Austria).—Zithers are difficult instruments to play, but they reward the perseverance they claim. They are not much used in England. "Green Hat" is thanked for her papers.

FANNY E.—It would spoil a soprano voice to sing alto, of course. If the dress be good enough it always pays to have woollens dyed. Do make a point of improving yourself in spelling, and purchase a dictionary, that you may look out each word.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CHIMNEY SWEEP and READER OF G. O. P.—A steerage passage, unassisted, from Liverpool or London to Tasmania costs £16 16s. or £21. An assisted steerage passage for adult males is £5, adult females £3, married couples £6. Children under three years of age free. For older children there is a scale of charges regulated by their ages; all above the age of twelve are reckoned as adults. Such emigrants must be in sound mental and bodily health, and of good moral character. Dressmakers and shopwomen are not wanted, but up to a couple of years ago laundresses and cooks were in request. Write for the latest information to the secretary of the Women's Emigration Society, New Buildings, Carteret-street, Queen Anne's Gate, London, S.W.

IVY.—As it is correct to say "spoonfuls," not "spoonsful," so, by analogy, we should say "handfuls" rather than "handsful."

X. L. C. R.—There are about a hundred different species of jasmine (or jessamine). Those commonly grown in this country are the white with evergreen pinnate leaves, and the yellow without leaves.

MARGUERITE.—We must refer you to our indexes for all information respecting the care of the complexion. Nothing will remove some freckles. They appear to be natural to some skins, and are not the result of exposure to summer sunshine.

CARISSIMA. — "Cyclo-styler" is composed of two Greek words, "circle," and "column." The word itself relates to a structure composed of a circular range of columns, without a core or building within.

THE LADY OF THE LOCKET.—Marguerite de Valois was born April 11th, 1492, married, first, Charles III. Duc d'Alençon, December 1st, 1509; secondly, January, 1527, Henri d'Albret, King of Navarre. She died December 21st, 1549.

HYACINTH MARY.—You can take any additional Christian name you like.

SUBTLE.—Anointing is a very ancient ceremony still observed. Alfred the Great is said to have been the first English king annointed, A.D. 871. A full account of coronations in England will be found under the heading of "Old Court Customs, page 569, vol. iii.

AN ANXIOUS WAITER.—The verses are fairly correct, but are quite lacking in originality and every poetic feeling.

BEATRICE.—Your idea, little Beatrice, that all the other little maidens of your name and the Princess's should combine to give her a wedding present was a very good one, but came too late to be of any service.

FOOTZER.—The small piece of a plant you send is taken from one of the beautiful greenhouse heaths, which are natives of the Cape of Good Hope, and comprise upwards of six hundred species and varieties. The family name is Ericaceæ.

SOPHIE, LENA, JESSIE, LILLIE, and EMMA, N. Z.—Some people dip leaves into melted wax to preserve them for table use. We think four hours for preparing lessons at home shows that there is something wrong. Too long and difficult lessons seem in question, or lack of attention. All the handwritings are good and legible, but not elegant.

"SNOW-DROPS:"

BEING THE

EXTRA CHRISTMAS PART

OF

"THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER"

For 1885,

WILL BE READY NOVEMBER 25.

TO ENSURE COPIES, ORDERS MUST BE GIVEN TO THE BOOKSELLERS WITHOUT DELAY.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. VII.—No. 306. NOVEMBER 7, 1885. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

ONLY A GIRL-WIFE.

By RUTH LAMB, Author of "Her Own Choice," &c.

All rights reserved.] "'I WISH I COULD SEE YOUR IDA; BUT THAT CANNOT BE NOW,' SAID HE."

CHAPTER V.

R. CRAWFORD lost no time in letting Miss Carnelly know of the generous intentions of his uncle, and of his desire to smooth the way for their early union. On being informed of these particulars Lord Carnelly expressed himself as being satisfied with his sister's prospects; so *much so, indeed,* that he told his wife all that had passed, greatly to Ida's annoyance and his own subsequent discomfort.

Lady Carnelly's indignation knew no bounds.

"That you, Lindsay, should join your sister in a plot to hoodwink me is what I never imagined possible. As to Ida's duplicity, I might have looked for it; your meek, soft-spoken people are generally hypocrites," she said, with a withering look at the girl. "As to Dr. Crawford, he has behaved shamefully. To think of a man, whom we all trusted implicitly, abusing our hospitality, and inveigling a mere child like Ida into a clandestine engagement."

Lord Carnelly retorted that he could not accuse Dr. Crawford of duplicity, or understand that the term "clandestine" could be suitably applied to what had passed.

"He spoke to me as soon as it was possible, and you, in naming Ida's age and calling her a child, must surely have forgotten that you were no older when we were married."

Waxing equally angry and eloquent, as placable, peace-loving men will do when they are tried too severely, the colonel at length told his wife that he, and not Lady Carnelly, was Ida's guardian.

"I have consented to the engagement, Beatrice, and happily your objections will not stand in the way. Any girl may be deemed fortunate who has won the affection of a true man like Crawford, and has the prospect of sharing the home he can now offer."

"You ought to be ashamed of treating me in such a manner," replied the angry lady. "As to Ida, you are allowing a girl who is ignorant of the world to throw herself away on a mere nobody."

"I always thought your estimate of Ida was a very low one," said the colonel. "You always seemed blind to her attractions before. I am glad you have become sensible of them at last." And without giving his wife time to retort, the speaker left the apartment.

On the whole, Lady Carnelly was far from getting the best of the argument, either with her husband or Ida, for, once emancipated, the girl was not to be brought under the yoke a second time.

Andrew Crawford's letters were very frequent after this, and no longer came under cover to Lord Carnelly. Ida looked forward eagerly for the arrival of each mail, and counted the days which must pass before the recall of the regiment would insure the return of her brother to England.

In the meanwhile Dr. Crawford had relinquished his appointment, and stepped easily into his uncle's professional shoes. As Dr. Fereday had predicted, he at once became a favourite with Shelverton people.

Formerly, messages of this kind used to come to the surgery door at Steynes-Cote:—"Please ask old doctor to come himself, and not send anybody else," the "anybody" referring to the assistants.

Now that Dr. Fereday's growing feebleness compelled inactivity, the cry was for "Dr. Andrew," who soon found himself very full handed.

Lord Carnelly's regiment came home three months earlier than was expected, but Dr. Crawford was not able to meet Ida at the moment of her arrival.

In place of himself came a letter, telling her that Dr. Fereday was worse, and the one regret of the unselfish old man was, that he should be the cause of Andrew's detention at Shelverton.

"I thought your intended husband was to meet you," said Lady Carnelly, in an ironical tone. "But it appears he can restrain his impatience, even after a separation of nearly a year."

"His uncle is very ill, and cannot be left," said Ida.

"How very self-devoting! It is not every young man who would stay to nurse an old one, when a fair lady was expecting his presence."

Ida was conscious of the implied taunt, but she disdained to appear so.

"You are right, Beatrice," she said. "But Andrew is, I am glad to say, unlike many young men in this respect. Dr. Fereday is very ill. He may not live many hours. Andrew owes everything to this uncle, who must be one of the best and kindest of men. If he could leave him, either for me or anyone else, at such a time, he would be ungrateful indeed. I have written to tell him not to think of me, or fear that I shall misunderstand his absence, for I honour him far more for obeying the calls of duty and gratitude than I should if he had left that dear, good old man to come to me."

That letter brought gladness to Andrew Crawford's heart as he read it aloud in the quiet chamber at Steynes-Cote, and a smile to the face of the dying man who listened.

"I wish I could see your Ida; but that cannot be now," said he. "Tell her that the old doctor sent her all loving wishes, and from his dying bed prayed that God would bless you both, and make you a blessing to each other. You say she has a fair face, and this letter reflects an unselfish and generous disposition. I trust all that is beautiful in her character springs from something deeper and more abiding than mere impulse; that it is from the love of God, deeply implanted in her young heart. I have said nothing of this before, my dear boy; I took it for granted that you, who had been trained in His faith and fear, and who profess to be His servant, would not be likely to choose one who could not walk with you in the narrow path. You know how it was with my Grace. She was beautiful, well born, gracious in manner, sweet in temper, and shedding brightness and sunshine wherever she went. But she did not owe the power to do this to any natural beauty of disposition. She loved her Saviour, and strove to walk as one who is under the influence of the Holy Spirit ought to walk. Love, goodness, righteousness, truth, kindness; all these are life fruits which spring from that indwelling power alone. Andrew, you will tell Ida about your aunt, and the way in which she was beloved at Shelverton, and that I hope, as she will sit in my Grace's seat at Steynes-Cote, she will take the same place in the hearts of the people, and in good doing."

"I will tell her all, dear uncle," said Andrew. "I am sure she will lay your words to heart. I can wish nothing better for her than that our married life may resemble yours."

The old man smiled and continued, "I have yet another message for Ida. You will be lonely when I am gone; there is no spare sister under your father's roof who can come to keep house here, or I should have asked for one when Grace was taken, so I want you to marry as soon as possible. Tell her so, and that in consenting to come soon to Steynes-Cote, provided her brother does not oppose it, she will grant my last wish."

All Dr. Fereday's messages were duly delivered when, immediately after his uncle's funeral, Dr. Crawford hastened to London to see Ida.

One glance at the girl's sweet, blushing face, alternately beaming with glad welcome and then full of tender sympathy, as she thought of Andrew's recent sorrow, was enough to show him that her feelings towards him had undergone no change. Not that Dr. Crawford ever doubted Ida's sincerity. But the more truly noble-minded a man is, the more humble will be his self-estimate. He is always inclined to exalt the object of his affection, and to doubt his own worthiness to win and wear so bright a jewel.

In Dr. Crawford's case he had good reason for thinking that all must look on Ida Carnelly with admiring eyes. Now that they met after a year's absence, he was more than ever sensible of this.

"You are changed, Ida," he said, as, holding her for a moment at arm's length, he looked in the fair face with honest admiration.

"I am a year older, Andrew; I wish I could hope that I am a good year wiser and fitter to be a companion for you. But, alas! you have been growing wiser still more rapidly, for you have had sterner teachers in sorrow and bereave-

ment. All the while my companions have been bright hopes and happy thoughts of you and of the change you brought into my life."

"My darling" (Ida was not at arm's length as Andrew said this), "I thank God for this happy meeting and those sweet welcoming words. You may be only a year older, but you are many times fairer in my eyes, and dearer to my heart, for the time that has gone since we parted. Hard work and many cares have been, in one sense, good for me. But for these constant occupations how should I have borne the separation?"

The girl's face flushed with pleasure, and she whispered, "I am glad, so glad, Andrew. I was going to say I only care to be fair in your eyes, but that is not quite what I mean. I like to please everyone in a way, you know."

"But not in the same way; I understand, dearest, and I prophesy that you will take all hearts by storm when you come to Steynes-Cote."

Next, Andrew delivered the loving messages and wishes sent from the old doctor's death bed, and asked, "When may I take home my wife? Let it be soon, Ida, for the house is very lonely now."

"I am only twenty yet. What will Lindsay say?"

"Will you consent if Lord Carnelly can be won to agree to our speedy marriage?"

Ida did not say yes, but she lifted her sweet eyes shyly to the pleader's face and then dropped them again. Whatever Dr. Crawford read in that look, was enough to satisfy him; so it could not have been a negative, for the question was not repeated.

Dr. Crawford did not see Lady Carnelly on the day of his arrival in town, and he was scarcely surprised at this. He was sufficiently aware of her sentiments towards himself, for Ida's letters had given him a full account of the first passage-at-arms between her brother and his wife, on the subject of her engagement.

The colonel's hearty welcome might well make up for what was lacking on his wife's part.

"Never mind, Crawford," said he, after a brief allusion to the lady's absence; "all the better for you and Ida. Beatrice is not in the best of tempers to-day, and would make a bad third. Besides, you know the old saying about two being company and three none. It applies with particular force to you and my sister, after a year's separation."

The kindly colonel gave a practical proof of his consideration for the pair by pleading an important engagement, and leaving them to their mutual confidences.

The doctor succeeded in talking over matters with Lord Carnelly later in the evening, when he unfolded his plans.

"My home is ready," he said. "My uncle, hoping that he might be spared to welcome my wife as its mistress, insisted on a thorough renovation of the house and furniture, so far as I would permit the substitution of new articles for old favourites. Whatever Ida may wish to add in the way of little elegancies to suit a young lady's taste, she shall have *carte blanche* to supply, when she sees Steynes-Cote."

"You are very generous, Crawford. Better mind what you are about. A *carte blanche* in the hands of a lady is a dangerous thing, let me tell you, especially to a husband's pocket."

"I am not afraid that Ida will make any very serious inroads into mine," replied the doctor. "My aunt's tastes were those of a refined gentlewoman. Ida will not find much lacking in the home of which she was mistress."

Then he further enlightened Lord Carnelly as to his present resources and probable professional income.

His hearer opened his eyes, and uttered an exclamation of astonishment.

"Why, Crawford, you are rich to begin with! Far better off than myself, all things considered."

The colonel sighed, as he thought of his olive branches, now increased to seven, and of the large sums which their mother remorselessly extracted from his pocket, to meet her strictly personal expenditure.

Dr. Crawford had heard whispers of Lady Carnelly's extravagance and of the anxiety it entailed on him who was, nominally, the head of the family.

He could understand his surprise on being told of his own resources, and could well imagine that the colonel was engaged in a perpetual struggle to make ends meet. With his wife's insatiable vanity, wilful temper, and determination, at all costs, to outshine others, and Lord Carnelly's own simple tastes and honest wish to keep within his means, it was easy to guess that the brave soldier's hardest battles were fought within the walls of his own home. Moreover, the doctor also shrewdly suspected that they were amongst the least successful in which he had ever engaged. His seemingly weaker opponent managed, as a rule, to come off conqueror.

Not one of these thoughts, however, did Dr. Crawford put into words. He merely replied, "Then you think my income sufficient to justify me in taking home a wife?"

"I should say so, indeed. Why, Ida will be quite a rich lady. By the way, you know she has something of her own; about five thousand pounds. Or," he added, correcting himself, and looking a little confused, "she will have that sum when she comes of age a year hence. In the meanwhile, she will receive the interest, as usual. Happily you do not depend on Ida's money to make a start with."

"Certainly not. I have no wish to touch a penny of your sister's little fortune. When the time comes for the capital to be paid over, it will be at once invested for Ida's sole benefit."

Dr. Crawford did not notice the look of relief on Lord Carnelly's face, but went on urging the latter to consent to his sister's early marriage.

"I only want one word from you. I have Ida's consent already."

Lord Carnelly looked troubled. "I do not know what Beatrice will say to this," he answered. "She considers that my sister ought to be introduced to first-class English society, and see something of life before she settles down. She makes a great point of her being 'presented,' as she was herself."

"It is for you to settle," urged the doctor.

"Very easy for you to assume that, Crawford. You are not a married man yet, or you would pause before making such a rash assertion. You will find out by-and-by, that in whatever you are interested, your wife will like to have at least a finger. For my own part, seeing that Ida has made her choice, I cannot understand the necessity for pushing her into society on which she would so soon turn her back, or of cultivating tastes from which she would have to wean herself on her marriage. Let her begin as she is likely to go on, say I."

"Then you are agreeable, at any rate."

"Not so fast. I must sleep upon this, and to-morrow you shall have my final answer. You cannot afford to waste much time in dangling about away from your practice, especially as you must take a holiday for the honeymoon."

There is no need to follow Lord Carnelly into the privacy of his wife's boudoir or to tell all that passed at the *tête à-tête* during which Ida's marriage was under discussion. The result was that he gave his unqualified consent, whilst his wife less graciously agreed that it would be nonsense to take the same trouble about her sister-in-law's introduction to society as if she were going to retain her own rank and position.

"It would only cause needless expense and give people something to gossip about. So long as nobody knows Ida personally, or associates her in their minds with you and me, we shall not be lessened by her alliance with a country doctor."

"You forget that Crawford has been with my regiment during nearly all his professional life. He is only beginning to be the country doctor. His name is well and honourably known, Beatrice."

"Please do not repeat his achievements, Lindsay; it is no pleasure to me to be reminded of Dr. Crawford's past doings, especially of his last conquest, or the mode of it," said Lady Carnelly, as she closed the door behind her retreating figure; her favourite mode of concluding a discussion with her husband.

(To be continued.)

HELPFUL WIVES.

By Rev. E. J. HARDY, M.A., Chaplain to Her Majesty's Forces.

FRANKLIN used to say that "the man who would thrive must ask his [a] wife." Most men are what *women* make them. "Even a bad man in love becomes better than his wont."

"O woman! lovely woman! nature made thee
To temper man; we had been brutes without you."

And the species of brutes we had been is told us by a Provençal proverb: "Without woman men were but ill-licked cubs." What was said of the poet Campbell by a friend writing to Lady Mackintosh might have been said of a thousand other men:—

"I have seldom seen so strong an argument from experiment in favour of matrimony as the change it has effected in the general tone of his temper and manners."

Man is not complete in himself any more than is woman, even the most strong-minded, would she only confess it. The natures of both require to be supplemented by a well-chosen alliance, which gives to a man the womanly traits in which he is deficient, and to a woman the manly.

Nor does this companionship of good wives, which enables men to gain "in sweetness and in moral height," cause them in the least degree to lose "the wrestling thews which throw the world." Quite the reverse. Weak men have displayed real public virtue and strong men have been made stronger, because they had by their side a woman of noble character who exercised a fortifying influence on their conduct.

Lady Rachel Russell is one of the many celebrated women who have encouraged their husbands to suffer and be strong. She sat beside her husband day after day during his public trial, taking notes and doing everything to help him. She laboured and pleaded for his release so long as she could do so with honour—so long that he himself said he wished she would cease "beating every bush" for his preservation. At last, when she saw that all was in vain, she collected her courage, and strove by her example to strengthen the resolution of her lord. And when his last hour had nearly come, and his wife and children waited to receive his parting embrace, she, brave to the end, that she might not add to his distress, concealed the agony of her grief under a seeming composure; and they parted, after a tender adieu, in silence. After she had gone, Lord William said, "Now the bitterness of death is passed!"

There is a sort of would-be wit which consists in jesting at the supposed bondage of the married state. The best answer to this plentiful lack of wit is the fact that some of the best of men have kissed the shackles which a wife imposes, and have either thought or said, "If this be slavery, who'd be free?" Luther, speaking of his wife, said, "I would not exchange my poverty, with her, for all the riches of Crœsus, without her." In more recent times the French statesman, M. Guizot, says in his "Memoires," "What I know to-day, at the end of my race, I have felt when it began, and during its continuance. Even in the midst of great undertakings, domestic affections form the basis of life; and the most brilliant career has only superficial and incomplete enjoyments if a stranger to the happy ties of family and friendship." Very similar was the experience of De Tocqueville. "Many external circumstances of happiness," he said, "have been granted to me. But more than all, I have to thank heaven for having bestowed on me true domestic happiness, the first of human blessings. As I grow older, the portion of my life which in my youth I used to look down upon, every day becomes more important in my eyes, and would now easily console me for the loss of all the rest."

And there have been English statesmen who could say quite as much. Burke was sustained amid the anxiety and agitation of public life by domestic felicity. "Every care vanishes," he said, "the moment I enter under my own roof!" Of his wife he said that she was "not made to be the admiration of everybody, but the happiness of one." A writer in *Leisure Hour* relates the following of Lord Beaconsfield. The grateful affection which he entertained for his wife, whom he always esteemed as the founder of his fortunes, is well known. She was in the habit of travelling with him on almost all occasions. A friend of the earl and of the narrator of the incident was dining with him, when one of the party—a member of the House for many years, of a noble family, but rather remarkable for raising a laugh at his buffoonery than any admiration for his wisdom—had no better taste or grace than to expostulate with Disraeli for always taking the viscountess with him. "I cannot understand it," said the graceless man; for, you know, you make yourself a perfect laughing-stock wherever your wife goes with you." Disraeli fixed his eyes upon him very expressively, and said, "I don't suppose you can understand it, B.—I don't suppose you can understand it; for no one could ever in the last and wildest excursions of an insane imagination suppose you to be guilty of gratitude!"

When no one else would encourage Mahomet, his wife, Kadijah, listened to him with wonder, with doubt. At length she answered: "Yes, it was true this that he said." We can fancy, as does Carlyle, the boundless gratitude of Mahomet; and how of all the kindnesses she had done him, this of believing the earnest struggling word he now spoke was the greatest. "It is certain," says Novalis, "my conviction gains infinitely the moment another soul will believe in it." It is a boundless favour. He never forgot this good Kadijah. Long afterwards, Ayesha, his young favourite wife, a woman who indeed distinguished herself among the Moslem by all manner of qualities through her whole long life; this young brilliant Ayesha was one day questioning him: "Now, am not I better than Kadijah? She was a widow; old, and had lost her looks. You love me better than you did her?" "No, by Allah!" answered Mahomet: "No, by Allah! She believed in me when none else would believe. In the whole world I had but one friend, and she was that!"

The same sort of service was rendered by the wife of Zimmermann, whose intense melancholy she strove in vain to assuage—sympathising with him, listening to him, and endeavouring to understand him—and to whom, when on her death-bed, about to leave him, she addressed the touching words, "My poor Zimmerman! who will now understand thee?"

Wives have been eyes, hands, mind, and everything to their husbands.

The great authority on "Bees"—Huber, a Geneva naturalist—was blind from his seventeenth year, and yet he found means to master a branch of natural history demanding the closest observation and the keenest eyesight. It was through the eyes of his wife that his mind worked as if they had been his own. She encouraged her husband's studies as a means of alleviating his privation, which at length he came to forget. He even went so far as to declare that he should be miserable were he to regain his eyesight. "I should not know," he said, "to what extent a person in my situation could be beloved; besides, to me my wife is always young, fresh, and pretty, which is no light matter."

Sir William Hamilton, of Edinburgh, found his wife scarcely less helpful, especially after he he had been stricken by paralysis through overwork. When he was elected Professor of Logic and Metaphysics, after a severe and even bitter contest, his opponents, professing to regard him as a visionary, predicted that his appointment would prove a failure. He determined, with the help of his wife, to justify the choice of his supporters, and to prove that his enemies were false prophets. Having no stock of lectures on hand, each lecture of the first course was written out day by day, as it was to be delivered on the following morning. His wife sat up with him night after night to write out a fair copy of the lectures from the rough sheets which he drafted in the adjoining room. "The number of pages in her handwriting still preserved, is," says Sir William's biographer, "perfectly marvellous. She had a power, moreover, of keeping her husband up to what he had to do. She contended wisely against a sort of energetic indolence which characterised him, and which, while he was always labouring, made him apt to put aside the task actually before him. It was this influence, without doubt, which saved him from utter absorption in his world of rare, noble, and elevated, but ever-increasingly unattainable, ideas. But for it, the serene sea of abstract thought might have held him becalmed for life; and in the absence of all utterance of his conclusions, the world might have been left to an ignorant wonder about the unprofitable scholar."

Equally effective as a literary helper was Lady Napier, the wife of Sir William Napier, historian of the Peninsula War. She encouraged him to undertake the work, and without her help he would have experienced great difficulty in completing it. She translated and epitomised the immense mass of original documents, many of them in cipher, on which it was in a great measure founded. When Wellington was told of the art and industry she had displayed in deciphering King Joseph's portfolio and the immense mass of correspondence taken at Vittoria, he at first would hardly believe it, adding: "I would have given £20,000 to any person who could have done this for me in the Peninsula."

The help and consolation that Hood received from his wife, during a life that was a prolonged illness, is one of the most affecting things in biography. He had such confidence in her judgment that he read and re-read and corrected, with her assistance, all that he wrote. He used to trust to her ready memory for references and quotations. Many wives deserve but few receive such an I O U as that which the grateful humourist gave to his wife in one of his letters when absent from her side: "I never was anything, dearest, till I knew you, and I have been a better, happier, and more prosperous man ever since. Lay by that truth in lavender, sweetest, and remind me of it when I fail. I am writing warmly and fondly, but not without good cause. . . . Perhaps there is an afterthought that whatever may befall me, the wife of my bosom will have the acknowledgment of her tenderness, worth, excellence—all that is wifely or womanly, from my pen."

Mr. Froude says of Carlyle's wife that "her hardest work was a delight to her when she could spare her husband's mind an anxiety or his stomach an indigestion. While he was absorbed in his work, and extremely irritable as to every ailment or discomfort, her life was devoted to shield him in every possible way." Though hating the wild moorland home where she lived for some years after their marriage, "she made the desert bloom" for herself and her husband. She "unweariedly forwarded" Carlyle's work by making the most of a small and precarious income, thus saving him from the necessity of devoting all his energies to mere "pot-boiling." At the same time, her skill in housekeeping kept at bay a dreadful enemy to his work and happiness—the "hag dyspepsia." In the inscription upon her tombstone, Carlyle bore testimony that he owed to his wife an immense debt of gratitude. "In her bright existence she had more sorrows than are common, but also a soft invincibility, a capacity of discernment, and a noble loyalty of heart which are rare. For forty years she was the true and loving helpmate of her husband, and by act and word unweariedly forwarded him as none else could in all of worthy that he did or attempted. She died at London, 21st April, 1866, suddenly snatched away from him, and the light of his life as if gone out."

It will suffice to hint at the scientific value of the little that has been disclosed respecting Madame Clothilde de Vaux in elucidating the position of Auguste Comte as a teacher. Some may think that John Stuart Mill first taught his wife, and then admired his own wisdom in her. His own account of the matter is very different, as we learn from the dedication of his essay "On Liberty." "To the beloved and deplored memory of her who was the inspirer, and in part the author, of all that is best in my writings—the friend and wife whose exalted sense of truth and right was my strongest incitement, and whose approbation was my chief reward—I dedicate this volume. Like all that I have written for many years, it belongs as much to her as to me; but the work as it stands has had, in a very insufficient degree, the inestimable advantage of her revision; some of the most important portions having been reserved for a more careful reexamination, which they are now never destined to receive. Were I but capable of interpreting to the world one-half the great thoughts and noble feelings which are buried in her grave, I should be the medium of a greater benefit to it than is ever likely to arise from anything that I can write, unprompted and unassisted by her all but unrivalled wisdom."

In a speech upon woman's rights, a lady orator is said to have exclaimed, "It is well known that Solomon owed his wisdom to the number of his wives!" This is too much; nevertheless Sir Samuel Romilly gave the experience of many successful men when he said that there was nothing by which through life he had more profited than by the just observations and the good opinion of his wife.

Most people are acquainted with husbands who have lost almost all self-reliance and self-help because their wives have been only too helpful to them. Trollope and George Eliot faithfully portrayed real life in their stories when they put the reins into the hands of good wives, and made them drive the domestic coach to the immense advantage and comfort of the husbands, who never suspected the real state of the case. No man has so thoroughly as Trollope brought into literature the idea which women have of men, as being always in the way—creatures that have to be looked after as grown-up little boys; interesting, piquant, indispensable, but shiftless, headstrong, and, at bottom, absurd.

THE MISCHIEVOUS MISSES.

By the Rev. JAMES G. SMALL, Author of "The Highlands," etc.

A PARTY of Misses once met for a dance;
Miss Rule, and Miss Fortune, Miss Deed, and Miss Chance,
Miss Print, Miss Conception, Miss Representation,
Miss Use, and Miss Guidance, and Miss Calculation,
Miss Trust, Miss Adventure, and Miss Apprehension,
Miss Conduct, and others too many to mention.

As there was not among the whole party a Mister,
Each Miss for her partner adopted a sister;
So Miss Trust was led on by Miss Representation;
Miss Belief by the side of Miss Deed took her station;
Miss Fortune with bold Miss Behaviour advanced;
Miss Conception with awkward Miss Print idly danced;
Miss Rule took the hand of Miss Prision of Treason;
Miss Adventure was linked to Miss Take with good reason.
It was thought that Miss Use with Miss Fit was well-matched,
And to naughty Miss Conduct Miss Hap was attached;
Miss Chance was the partner of Miss Calculation,
And poor Miss Construction of Miss Information;
Miss Demeanour was buckled with crafty Miss Leading,
And Miss Understanding with careless Miss Reading.
Pale Miss Giving stood near to Miss Interpretation,
And Miss Statement was coupled with Miss Application;
Frail Miss Apprehension was joined with Miss Carriage,
And youthful Miss Guidance was mate to Miss Marriage.

But what was the end? All the partners fell out;
In confusion and discord they broke up the rout.
'Twas a pitiful scene when these worthy compeers
By Miss Chief (excuse accent) were set by the ears;
Their strife sadly jarred with the soft-flowing music,
And each of the other's companionship grew sick.
They could not keep step; so they tripped and they stumbled,
And for every *faux pas* at each other they grumbled.
Miss Trust threw the blame on Miss Representation
Of all her own weakness and tergiversation;
Miss Belief blamed Miss Deed and Miss Deed Miss Belief,
For all that had brought them to shame and to grief;
Miss Conduct exchanged angry words with Miss Hap
As to which made the other fall into the trap.
Thus each on her partner so railed and retorted,
That soon it was plain they were badly assorted;
But yet in the nature of things so connected
Were those who would thus have each other rejected,
That naught could their sorrowful union dissever,
And on earth they will plague one another for ever.
One hope is our comfort—we look for the day
When this mischievous troop shall be all swept away.
No place shall they find in the kingdom above,
Where Purity reigns, linked with Peace and with Love.
Let us seek that to us the new heart may be given;
And so shall we sing the new song up in heaven,
And there shall partake of that glory and joy,
Which naught shall intrude on to mar or destroy.

THREE SOCIAL EVENINGS.

By ANNE BEALE.

LEAVING the crowded thoroughfare of Bishopsgate-street, and cutting through two or three gloomy side ways thronged with children, we found ourselves in Finsbury-square. It seemed like a sudden transition from town to country, from Pandemonium to Arcadia. Fortunately for our delusion, we did not enter the square by the side disfigured by a tramway, but at the corner whence its centre appeared a miniature park; its surroundings, aristocratic abodes — which they were, once upon a time. We were not disenchanted when we reached the first floor of Number 31, for glancing from the windows into the square, we saw young damsels in many-coloured costumes flitting about amongst the trees, and attendant cavaliers in the "easy' dress affected by the athletes of the period. It was actually a lawn tennis tournament, or something akin thereto. The name is high-sounding and suggestive of knights on horseback, but let that pass.

Besides, it gave pleasure not only to the players themselves, but to the spectators from our windows. Not the Castle Guido windows immortalised by Elizabeth Barrett Browning, but those appropriated to the city branch of the Young Women's Christian Association. Doubtless had the poetess told their tale, it would have moved the heart and moistened the eye, as does that of many a young girl's who sits in them of an evening, when the day's work is done. To such, the soft green without and the peace within, are really Arcadian.

Hither we came, by invitation, to share in a social gathering of the young members of the association, who soon filled the rooms, trooping in from the various workshops of the neighbourhood. They had lately held a small bazaar to help on the good work by which they benefit, and the rooms were adorned by specimens of their different handicrafts, which served to show, not only the manufactures in which they were engaged, but their proficiency in them. Each article was made entirely by the young artists, and if "by the specimen we judge of the piece," they bid fair to get on in the world. There were beautifully stitched and button-holed children's boots, artificial flowers of wool and paper, a horse made of sugar, a patchwork cosy containing hundreds of minute bits of silk, pasteboard boxes for all kinds of specimens and trade purposes, even a piano fashioned of cardboard, and innumerable other articles illustrative of the industries of the striving and struggling girls who labour in the great London workshops. Nearly a hundred and fifty of them filled the rooms on that special evening, and all received a cheery and affectionate welcome from their friend, Miss Baldwin, who, said more than one, "is a mother to us all." And this was only a portion of her large family, for there are 600 members belonging to this city branch. Indeed, the rooms are insufficient for the numbers that throng them, and thousands more might be influenced could space be found.

It was delightful to witness the peaceful enjoyment of those we met on this, our first visit. Some were working, others reading, others talking. They entertained one another. As the evening advanced, they sang and recited, she who manufactured the model piano being at the instrument, and we were cheered by tea and cake before we separated. We managed to make many pleasant acquaintances and to learn from themselves the trades they followed. We must be allowed to compliment them on their good manners and on the delightful fact that what is known as "loud" or "fast" was conspicuous by its absence. Your East-ender is still gifted with simplicity, and we are thankful that so many spend their evenings in these safe quarters instead of the music-hall and dancing-saloon, where they are tempted to lose it. One shilling a year is not much to pay to ensure a harbour of refuge from the quicksands of the deceptive sea around.

It was very pretty to see there several "old members" with their children, and to hear one of the children recite, very charmingly, two or three poems for the amusement of the company; it was even more delightful to make acquaintance with another so-called "old member," who, though young in years, had carried on her father's business for the support of her orphaned brothers and sisters ever since his death, and supplied the place of both parents to the best of her ability. It cheers the heart to know that numbers of these young people are aiding to keep their parents as well as themselves, and are sustained in their efforts by frequenting the Bible classes and various agencies for good of their own association; and not only do they help their relations and friends, but strangers; their Christianity impels them to seek to rescue others in danger of falling, and to bring them to some one of the many institutes scattered throughout London. And when we reflect that there are half a million of young women earning their living in shops, workrooms, factories, and service, it behoves us all to help on the good cause. Before we separated, we all received an invitation to a "Service of Song" to be performed by the members in the course of a few weeks. We accordingly again found ourselves in Finsbury-square at eight o'clock on the appointed day. We were greeted by the delicious perfume of flowers and fruits, and at once received a posy from Miss Baldwin, who had enough to do on that occasion. "The Cannon-street Flower Mission has provided nosegays and texts for us all," she said; and about two hundred and fifty maidens shortly appeared with these precious blossoms pinned to their dresses—one or two of the singers having, like the "Lady Clare," "A single rose in her hair." These lovely emblems were significant, for "The Ministry of Flowers" was the subject chosen for our choral festival.

Some fifty of the members formed the choir, distinguished from the audience by the absence of bonnets, and these sang with a natural taste and expression pleasant to hear in these days when sound too often expels sense. From the first words of the opening hymn, "Sing ye your Father's praise," to the last line of the closing one, "Bring us to the port of peace," no harsh scream jarred on the listener's ear; but soloists and chorus seemed to realise that the tender and silent ministrations of earth's fairest gems needed no loud vocal demonstrations to celebrate their praise. Rose, lily, daisy, forget-me-not, violet, had a music of their own, and from the cradle to the grave were emblems of brief life. Such were the lessons taught, and the interest manifested by performers and auditors proved that happiness can be found apart from excitement, and that simple pleasures do not pall as do those of worldly allurements. Here were over two hundred young girls amused and interested by innocent sounds and words, and sufficiently regaled by the fruit and cake which succeeded. And they had come from great distances to join in their annual festival—from crowded workrooms, and still more crowded streets. Some were obliged to leave before the conclusion, but all looked bright and happy. If only all the girls in the great towns could be induced to join institutes such as this, how would vice and misery diminish, and virtue and hope reign; and if only we all did our duty one by the other this joyous consummation might, with God's help, be brought about. If only! Let us look into the wide room of possibilities, while our young friends depart from the comparatively narrow one of accomplishment. Very heartily do they shake us by the hand, and hope "we shall come again," as we gaze and wonder whither all this stirring but transitory life is tending.

"Possibilities." How wonderful they are! Although there are twenty-seven institutes and fifty-three branches in London, many more are needed. We are told that "hundreds of young lives would be saved, and hearts and homes gladdened," were there one in the Strand; that Hackney and Southwark also need one; that the laundry girls, so hard-worked and so much neglected, should be cared for; and, in short, that no stray lamb should be left outside the fold. Quite lately the tempted waitresses at railway bar and restaurant have been invited in, and an institute has been formed for them, where they may find rest when much-abused Father Time, or, more properly, their employers, will give it them. Agencies new and old are at work to save from temptation the young girls of this vast world of London. If we travel westward to the central institute at 17, Old Cavendish-street, we shall appreciate their activity.

Skipping over a few days, another social evening awaits us there, and we see the large and handsome rooms fill with girls from the fashionable shops of a more aristocratic neighbourhood. We leave the youthful fabricators for the vendors, missing somewhat the reposeful greenery of the city square. But "books and work and healthful play" are here also, and we know by experience that many of the young people engaged in innocent recreation at the moment may be found on Sundays teaching in ragged schools, or otherwise adorning the doctrine they profess. These Sundays are often periods of awful temptation; for hundreds of young girls have no home or relations at hand, and the day which should be the holiest, happiest, and most reposeful of the week, is too often the most unsanctified and the busiest—busy in the sense of rushing after pleasure. Happily there are refuges for those who prefer to honour the Lord's Day, and we may, perhaps, be excused if we leave our social gathering for half-an-hour to have a look at a recent offspring of the Y. W. C. A. in Mortimer-street, at no great distance.

This is Welbeck House, a restaurant for women: and there are about a dozen similar places in various parts of London. This is particularly central, and is, therefore, literally crowded at meal-times. The waitresses say they cannot serve fast enough, and hundreds come and go for the good and cheap food provided for them. Members are accommodated with a sitting and reading-room on the first-floor, and above are about eighty sleeping-rooms, which are always filled by a flux and reflux of inmates. Nothing proves more surely than these cubicles, as they are called, the tremendous flow of young life into London. They are sometimes occupied only for a night, at others for a week by the same tenant. Of course some are taken permanently, and we may hear, for the listening, many a pitiful tale

of loneliness and poverty in connection with the struggling youth who sleep on the topmost story of Welbeck House. English and foreigners, governesses, and shop-girls "alone in London," find a home here, and were the eighty cubicles quadrupled they would be occupied. Some manage to pay their rent who stint themselves in food, and many would starve but for the sympathetic generosity of companions a trifle better off than themselves. The very girls who complain of the inroads of the foreigner into their special province of work are the first to help the stranger, and all aid one another as best they may.

Although the restaurant is closed to the public on Sunday, the in-dwellers may have their meals provided after notice given the previous day; and thus the work-a-day week be closed by a day of rest. Oh! why is the fourth commandment the one so rudely broken by the multitude?

It is not extraordinary that many an anxious parent should write thankful letters to those who, in inducing young girls to join the association, are the means, humanly speaking, of saving them from destruction. We have heard enough of late of the many decoys, both in England and on the Continent, laid to catch the unwary. False advertisements are amongst the most captivating, and to counteract these there are employment agencies both in Welbeck House and Old Cavendish-street—the former, especially, for procuring respectable business engagements; the latter for governesses, lady housekeepers, matrons, mission workers, companions, and domestic servants.

Women of every grade would find it advantageous to inscribe their names on these books, rather than on the doubtful ones kept by agents of whom they know nothing, and ladies are earnestly entreated to communicate with the secretary of the branch, Miss A. Gough, when in need of domestic *employées* of any kind. Both sides may depend on careful consideration, and it becomes daily now more incumbent on employer and employed—the latter especially—to avoid the traps laid for the unwary. 17, Old Cavendish-street is easy of access to all.

Let us return thither while yet the hospitable doors are open. We find some of the young people still intent on games—that of "words" being particularly popular; others deep in conversation over cups of tea and pieces of cake; some in a neighbouring room, engaged in a French class held by a good lady for their benefit; and the remainder at the book-cases. Not the least valuable of the manifold branches are the lending libraries and the boxes of wholesome literature circulated amongst the 8,000 members. Bright, cheerful, and, before all, pure works of fiction are in great request, and the author who can supply them is a public benefactor.

"Find one puir lassie and be kind to her," said Carlyle. "What we poor girls want is some one to love us a little, and to show us the way to Heaven," wrote a young member.

Here the sage and unlearned meet. Let one help one and the chain would soon circle the globe. Already there is an "International Union," which would fain "bring country and foreign girls under its influence, so that none shall be allowed to come unwarned or friendless to London," says the last report; and in those two adjectives lies the root of the matter. Come, alas! they will. As a young Dutchman said to us but yesterday, "We all believe that if we can only get to London, we shall pick up gold." Male and female alike throng to the world's mart to find—what? Disenchantment. Let us bring them under Christian influence, and then they will find even more than they sought—a treasure in heaven, instead of on the soiled streets of a sin-polluted city.

If it be true that the population of London increases at the rate of 2,000 weekly, and that 800 of these immortal beings come from afar, we may well look seriously at the influx, and inquire what we can do with them? Although we emigrate ourselves and are scattered all over the world, still London grows and grows, and it is our duty to provide for the growth. How? By increasing and supporting such agencies for temporal and spiritual good as the one we are now considering. In three social evenings we have met but a fraction of the hundreds of thousands of young women who swarm around us like bees from a hive, with no especial queen bee to lead and gather them; they give us of their honey, we will provide them with new hives. Every institute shall be a hive whither they may fly when wearied of gathering honey by daily toil, and they shall be taught to avoid the wasps and drones of the outer world that would molest or entice them, and to keep within the shelter provided for them by Christian men and women.

Such teaching precedes their departure this evening. A portion of Holy Writ, a few words of affectionate counsel, and a short prayer, send them to their various abodes, strengthened for the morrow's work; and it is pleasant to watch their leave-takings and to know that those who are apparently strangers amongst strangers in the large establishments whither they are about to return, have friends here who will welcome them at all times, and that the cheerful house they are quitting is virtually theirs. May God be with them and preserve them from the temptations that beset them.

"Go forward!" is the motto of the association for 1885. Let everyone lend it a helping hand. And in this "forward" movement nothing is more likely to advance the welfare of young women more effectually than to meet them at the various railway stations and provide them with respectable lodgings. Such, then, as are likely to arrive in London unbefriended and uncertain where to go, should write to Miss Weitbrecht, secretary, 17, Old Cavendish-street, W., and they will be told exactly what to do. But they must allow time for proper communication on each side, and, before all, use caution when they find themselves amongst strangers. If, however, they follow the rules and advice they receive on application, they need have no fear of results, but will be guided aright by friends interested in their welfare. It behoves every girl about to make a start in life to place herself under the protection, first of Almighty God, and, secondly, of such good people as He has raised up to aid her in her hour of difficulty or temptation.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER Branch of the Y.W.C.A. is very flourishing, and should any of our readers feel inclined to join it, they have only to apply to 17, Old Cavendish-street.

VARIETIES.

THOUGHT BEFORE SPEECH.—Deliberate much before doing or saying anything, for you have not the power of recalling what has been said or done.—*Epictetus.*

SEARCHING FOR HAPPINESS.—Happiness is to be found here if you possess a well-regulated mind.—*Horace.*

PERFECT SINGING.—Pachierotti, a famous *maestro*, used to say to his pupils, "Deliver well your voice, respire properly, articulate distinctly, and your singing will be perfect."

HURRY AND DESPATCH.—No two things differ more than hurry and despatch. Hurry is the mark of a weak mind; despatch of a strong one.—*Colton.*

A LIFE OF PEACE.—The only path that surely leads to a life of peace lies through virtue.—*Juvenal.*

MARY AND WILLIAM.—Of all names, Mary is the commonest. Out of 50,000 girls registered in 1866-7 it formed the designation of no fewer than 6,819. The next most common name is William. Of 50,000 boys it was the name of 6,59[illegible].

PLEASING LOOKS.—When the disposition charms, the features are pleasing.—*Ovid.*

AGREEABLE GIRLS.—Few are qualified to shine in company, but it is in the power of most girls to be agreeable.

SYMPATHY AND TACT.—The intuitive powers of woman are certainly greater than those of man. Her perceptions are more acute, her apprehensions quicker, and she has a remarkable power of interpreting the feelings of others, which gives to her not only a much more ready sympathy with these, but that power of guiding her actions so as to be in accordance with them, which we call tact.—*Dr. Carpenter.*

UPS AND DOWNS.—There is a wheel in human affairs which, continually revolving, does not suffer the same persons to be always successful.—*Herodotus.*

A TERRIBLE REVENGE.—A Sussex lady named her girl-baby after a noted authoress and wrote to her about it. The authoress sent a thick, heavily-sealed envelope: "Not to be opened until baby's thirtieth birthday." It was a terrible revenge to take.

THE EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.—There is no harm, but on the contrary benefit, in presenting a child with id as beyond his easy and immediate comprehension. The difficulties offered—if not too great or too frequent—stimulate curiosity and encourage exertion.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

TEN POINTS OF WISDOM.—There are ten things for which no one has ever yet been sorry—for doing good to all; for speaking evil of none; for hearing before judging; for thinking before speaking; for holding an angry tongue; for being kind to the distressed; for asking pardon for all wrongs; for being patient towards everybody; for stopping the ears to tale-bearers; for disbelieving ill reports.

A LITTLE NURSE-MAID.

A lady in a registry office observed: "I am afraid that that little girl won't do for a nurse, she is too small; I should hesitate to trust her with the baby."

"Her size, madam," said the clerk, "we look upon as her greatest recommendation."

"Indeed! But she is so very small."

"I know that she is diminutive; but you should remember that when she drops a baby it doesn't have so far to fall!"

WINTER

JOAN OF ARC.

Part I.

Preparation.

N olden forest! What a world of mystery and enchantment lies hidden in the words! For the imaginative, thoughtful child, who has such a nursery and playground, the leafy solitudes are peopled with strange presences; whispers of unknown import stir in the thickets; down the solemn aisles of trees there breathes a murmur that falls with a reverent hush on the listener, while in the darker recesses weird shapes seem to lurk, that need but the touch of some Ithuriel spear to call them forth. Spirits of good and of mischief seem abroad in the wood to the child that roams there at will; yet fear is conquered by delight, for the good is evermore the stronger, and to the child-lover of nature there is a sense of comfort and protection in the mighty Presence that broods over all.

It is true that not everyone knows this feeling of mingled awe and rapture in the heart of a great forest. Many may discern nothing there but green tree, bramble, fern, and flower; yet for those who are of sensitive spirit and keen imagination the spell exists. This spell it was which to men of old peopled the woods with nymphs, fairies, satyrs, and dryads, and made them the shrines of worship in the childhood of the world.

Four centuries and a half ago such a forest was the chosen haunt of a pure and gentle village child. Jeannette, daughter of Jacques de l'Arc, or James the Bowman, lived at the sequestered village of Domremy, in France, on the borders of the great woods of the Vosges. Under the old oaks, whose origin dated far beyond the memory of man, she would roam at will. The birds knew her quiet tender presence, and would hop down at her call, while other wild creatures of the glades and thickets came willingly around her. Fairies, or "good people" as they were called, were thought to make the forest their home. Children scarcely believe in fairies nowadays, and perhaps are none the better for the loss of faith in the poetic legends that delighted their ancestors; but the girls and boys of Domremy told many a tale of the elves who haunted the "Bois Chénus." They were said also to impart magic virtues to the waters of a clear cold spring that bubbled up at the foot of an old beech tree on the top of a hill behind the village, and, as a tribute to these fairy guardians, the children, in early springtime, would hang garlands of primroses, snowdrops, and violets on the beech boughs, and dance round the gnarled trunk with laughter and song.

Among the merry band of these village children Jeannette was a favourite. Simple and pleasant in her ways she always was, yet there was something in her nature that her playmates could scarcely comprehend. Loving the quiet forest with passionate intensity, lingering by fairy well and magic ring, gazing up into the foliage of the haunted beech-tree till she fancied sighs were breathed forth to her, she was, nevertheless, helpful, docile, and gentle, not neglecting her household tasks for lonely reverie.

She was accustomed to spin by her mother's side, and to watch her father's flocks and herds upon the hills. Taught neither to read nor write, she was instructed by her godmother in wonderful legends of the saints, and caused by her mother early to observe the rites of the Roman Catholic religion. The church at Domremy was quaint and ancient, dedicated to St. Margaret and St. Catherine, with beautiful stained glass in the windows that flooded the grey interior at times with sunset glory. Devotion became a passion with Jeanne; she would steal to the church when other girls were at play, and fling herself in an ecstasy of adoration upon her knees.

The sound of the church bells was a delight to her, raising within her that dreamy ecstasy of pleasure and pain which has been felt by thousands. Yet the girl of thirteen was no mere lazy sentimentalist. She was known as invariably tender to the poor and sick, anxious to relieve suffering, scrupulous to do right. The practical side of her character was the one most apparent to her fellow-villagers, who regarded her as an ordinary child, only good, industrious, and docile to a pleasant degree. She seems to have been a favourite with the good village curé, who taught her something about the great men of old and the history of her own land.

There was, however, more in her nature than her friends dreamed of, and, all unknown to them, her imagination and enthusiasm were forming day by day.

From her childhood she thought she heard voices that spoke to her within, and that she felt compelled to obey. At first the voice only gave such simple injunctions as "Jeanne, be a good girl, go often to church," but the mysterious intimation grew with her growth.

To the remote hamlet of Domremy came from time to time tidings of the conflict that was devastating the fair realm of France. Henry V. of England, relying on an unjust claim derived from his grandfather, Edward III., had invaded the land, which, governed by a lunatic king, Charles VI., was then divided between two great factions, one headed by the Duke of Burgundy, the other by the Duke of Orleans. The partisans of the former were called Burgundians, the latter Armagnacs. The Duke of Burgundy was assassinated by one of the Armagnacs. Wild for revenge, his son Philip, who then had the mad king in his power, threw himself on to the side of the English, and by the Treaty of Troyes recognised Henry's succession to the French crown at Charles's death, while Henry ratified the monstrous arrangement by marrying Katherine, the eldest daughter of the French king. The scene in Shakespeare's play of *Henry V.* is well known, when the Princess in her pretty broken English yields herself to the invader.

Kath. "Is it possible dat I should love de enemy of France?"

Henry. "No; it is not possible you should love the enemy of France, Kate; but in loving me you should love the friend of France, for I love France so well that I will not part with a village of it; I will have it all mine; and, Kate, when France is mine and I am yours, then yours is France and you are mine."

Now, Henry V. and Charles VI. died in 1422, when Jeanne was ten years old, within six weeks of each other, and at the funeral of the latter the herald cried, "May God grant long life to Henry, by the grace of God King of England, our sovereign lord!"

This was Henry VI., at that time only an infant, for whom the Duke of Bedford was appointed Regent; and before the duke was borne in solemn state the sword of the Kings of France.

But it was not likely that the patriotism of France could tamely submit to the rule of England while there was a youth of twenty, the son of Charles VI.

Hence the strife raged hotly between Charles the Dauphin and the Armagnacs on the one hand, and Philip of Burgundy and the English under the Duke of Bedford, on the other.

Even the village lads of Domremy shared in the party spirit that rent the country, and would engage in mimic warfare. Jeanne was ardently loyal. "She had pity on the fair realm of France," and identified herself with passionate sympathy with her beloved and suffering country. Her vivid imagination pictured the blazing castles, the heroes dying for their fatherland, and, above all, she saw Charles the Dauphin—in reality a feeble and indolent prince—as a brave and noble martyr, warring vainly for his rights. Her prayers night and day were that he might be crowned king at Rheims with the holy oil of consecration preserved in the cathedral.

There was an old prophecy current in the country that "France should be saved by a woman." This saying had stolen deep into the girl's heart, and when she was fourteen it seemed to her that a voice—"moult belle et douce," as the old chronicler expresses it—said to her: "Jeanne la Pucelle, child of God, be wise, be good, put your trust in God, for you must go into France!"

From that time the voices increased in solemnity, and it seemed to the impassioned maiden as if shapes of heavenly beauty and brightness appeared to her, bidding her go to the succour of the Dauphin, and promising that hers should be the arm to save the land. The patron saints of her church, St. Catherine and St. Margaret, as well as the Archangel Michael, all came, she thought, in radiant vision to foretell her mission. Gradually she renounced all hope of any other life save that of a deliverer of France.

One absorbing passion flooded the girl's heart—the love of her country, the "kingdom of Jesus," as she called it, for religion and patriotism were so intermingled in this simple ardent nature that they could not be separated. "There is pity in heaven," the Archangel had seemed to tell her, "for the fair realm of France." Jeanne believed herself the instrument of God to save the land from impious invasion, though of her unaided power she trembled at the task.

Three years passed away, during which the maiden was in a deepening state of religious ecstasy. In the church bells, in the sighing of the forest leaves, in the bubbling of the fairy well at the foot of the haunted beech, in the very silence of the star-lit fields, came the mysterious voices bidding her go to the Dauphin.

At last a practical and distressing proof of the struggle reached her. The followers of Philip of Burgundy overran Champagne and invaded Domremy. The church, loved and reverenced by the girl, who had prayed there since her infancy, was set on fire, and the villagers, including Jeanne's own family, fled in terror from their homes, only to find them devastated on their return. Tidings came that a hundred thousand people had died of wretchedness and disease in Paris alone; and the once peaceful outskirts of Domremy were traversed by miserable bands of outcasts and wounded. Jeanne would give up her bed to many such a sufferer, nursing him with unselfish devotion; but her very heart was wrung at the sorrow of the land.

Orleans, she heard, was beseiged by ten thousand of the allies, and the Dauphin could do nothing to relieve it. Desperate indeed seemed the case to all who loved their country. But there was one brave, gentle soul that thought alone of self-devotion for its sake.

Jeanne was, at this time, seventeen years old, a tall, strong, comely girl, no pale visionary. Yet she shrank with all a woman's terror from the thought of taking up arms; and often, by her own account, pleaded thus with the imperious necessity that seemed laid upon her from without: "Alas! I am a poor girl, I know neither how to ride nor how to fight." But the possession that mastered her whole nature did not alter, and at last she allowed some words to escape her to a neighbour. "There was a girl," this neighbour repeated to her father, "not far from Vaucouleurs, who, before another year was passed, would have Charles anointed King of France."

A royal garrison was quartered at Vaucouleurs, the nearest town in the valley, and the father feared Jeanne had some intention of joining the soldiers. Rather than allow her to do so he threatened to drown her himself in the river; and in his alarm, he prevented her from going to keep sheep in the fields as heretofore. She had been sought in marriage by a young man of the village, and her father now attempted to force her to accept him, but she was steadfast in her refusal. Neither confinement, threats, nor persuasion had any effect upon her, and at length the way opened to the fulfilment of her purpose. She obtained leave to visit an uncle who lived between Domremy and Vaucouleurs, and bade farewell to all the familiar scenes of her childhood, feeling that she should never see them again, for she intended to make this visit a stepping stone to an interview with Robert de Baudricourt, Governor of the Vaucouleurs garrison.

Schiller in his play, "The Maid of Orleans," has embodied Jeanne's farewell to her native woods and meadows, in words which every student of German ought to commit to memory for the sake of their pathos and music.

"Dost thou know the prophecy?" Jeanne said, on entering her uncle's door, "that France is to be saved by a maiden from the borders of Lorraine? It is I."

The uncle thought his niece must be crazy, and reproved her for foolish talking; but she dwelt persistently on her theme, until she succeeded in convincing him. He actually went to Baudricourt, asking him to give the girl an escort to the Dauphin, who was shut up at Chinon. "Box the girl's ears and send her back to her home," was all the answer the rough captain vouchsafed.

Jeanne was persistent, and at last persuaded her uncle to conduct her into Baudricourt's presence. The military governor scoffed at the peasant girl, and sent for others of the garrison to share in his mirth; but her modest dignity quelled their derision in spite of themselves, and they felt obliged to treat her with respect.

"My Lord Captain," said she, "know that God for some time past has caused to be revealed to me that I should go to the gentle Dauphin, who is, and who ought to be held, the true king of France; that he should give me men-at-arms, and that I should lead them to raise the siege of Orleans, and then conduct him to be anointed at Rheims."

The appeal was in vain. Again and again she begged to be sent to the Dauphin, but she was refused. At last the interest of a young man-at-arms, named John de Metz, was excited, and he resolved to see and speak with her.

"What is your purpose in coming to Vaucouleurs?" he said. "We must make up our minds to see the young French king driven from the country, while we all become English."

"I must go to the Dauphin," was her reiterated reply; and again and again she persisted. "Though I should wear my limbs off to the knees, I must go. I would rather be at home and spinning by my mother's side, poor simple maiden that I am; but I must go, for my Lord so commands it."

"And who is your Lord?"

"God," she answered.

John de Metz was so much struck by her reverent earnestness that he placed his hand in hers, and swore to lead her to the Dauphin. Now, the report of her spread far and wide, and another young soldier, Bertrand de Pologui, espoused her cause, while her uncle and a friendly citizen subscribed to buy her a horse. Her parents, hearing of her determination, became greatly alarmed, and tried to induce her to return home, but she was steadfast. The inhabitants of Vaucouleurs, whose interest and sympathy were now thoroughly aroused, prepared her for departure. Her long brown hair was cut off, the red woollen jacket that she wore as a peasant girl was replaced by a suit of man's attire to guard her from the dangers of journeying in those disordered times; and in the early spring of 1429 she set forth, attended by John de Metz, Bertrand de Pologui, and four other men-at-arms. Baudricourt, who had refused to help her, gave her scant encouragement in his farewell, but the inhabitants of Vaucouleurs came forth to see her depart with pity and tears.

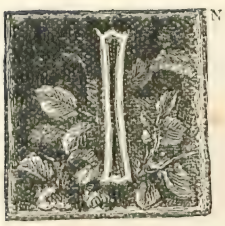
"It was for this enterprise that I was born," she said, as she turned her horse's head towards Chinon.

"There is something beautiful and moving in the aspect of a noble enthusiasm fostered in the secret soul amid obstructions and depressions, and at length bursting forth with an overwhelming force to accomplish its appointed end," says Carlyle of Joan of Arc. However difficult we may find it to understand a character and purpose so widely different from any that could be fostered in our own times, we cannot refuse our sympathy, admiration, and reverence to the heroic maiden, as she journeys with her little escort on her perilous way.

(*To be continued.*)

A FEW HINTS ON HEALTH AND NURSING.

By A HOSPITAL NURSE.



IN connection with the subject of nursing the sick, I want to talk to you a little about ventilation and cleanliness. These, indeed, are very important matters; and if they were more studied and understood we should have less illness amongst us than is unfortunately the case at present.

Try to fix your attention on what I am about to tell you. It may, perhaps, be new to some of you, and may also seem dry. I wish, however, to address you as sensible girls, and to try to show you some of the reasons why we should value two good gifts which God has bestowed upon the poorest of us—air and water. Like all His gifts, these may be abused or despised, but if we do reject and misuse them we shall find out our folly when it is too late.

You have often been told that pure air is wholesome, and I am sure if you were up, say, on one of the Welsh mountains on a fine afternoon, or down by the open sea, you would certainly think it much pleasanter to breathe there than in a crowded court or alley in a great city. I must try to show you some of the reasons for this. To begin, we must talk a little about the blood. You know that your body contains a great deal. You cannot make a prick or scratch anywhere of any depth without wounding a small vessel and bringing some—perhaps only a tiny drop—to the surface.

Roughly speaking, there is said to be rather more than a pint of blood to every stone of weight in the human body. Thus, if you weigh eight stone, you will have from four to five quarts, and so on. This blood is of two kinds, different in colour, different in use, and flowing in different directions. You know if you lost a good deal you would turn sick and faint, and if the flow could not be stopped you would die. There are three sets of threes I should like you to remember about your blood: three kinds of vessels which contain it, three circulations going on at the same time in different parts of your body, and three different uses or offices which the blood performs.

As to the circulations, I am only going to trouble you with two of them. The word, as you probably know, means *going round*, and in one circulation every drop of blood in your body passes twice through your heart. You know where your heart is—in the middle of your chest, between your lungs, rather tilted over towards the left side.

We will take the blood as it starts from it. The heart is like a force-pump to drive the blood through the system. Lay your hand upon the left side of your chest, and you will feel it pumping out. It is driven, pure and bright, of a scarlet colour, into a great tube or vessel called an artery. This may be likened to the trunk of a tree, and it divides, as you know a tree does, into branches, and these go off again into smaller ones all through the body, carrying nourishment as they go. You know that whatever you eat only goes as food through a small portion of your body; and, besides, you know that all you take in in this way is not nourishment. Some of it would do harm if retained, and must be cast out. The body itself, too, is constantly wasting and being renewed; worn-out matters are carried away, and fresh materials are brought to take their place. This is done by means of the blood. Did you ever think how the tips of your fingers, for instance, are fed? If you were to tie a string round one so tightly as to stop the circulation it would soon die.

The blood is the purveyor or feeder of the body. If you would like to feel an artery, put your fingers lightly against your wrist, just below your thumb; there you feel the blood jerking along. You have heard that called the "pulse." The same sort of beating is going on all through your body, wherever there is an artery; but that particular pulse is very easy to find. If you were to cut

yourself there, or sever any other artery in your body, you would see the blood, of a scarlet colour, pumping out in jerks from sixty to seventy in a minute. In a case of this kind, as I have already told you, something should be tied round the limb between the cut and the heart—above the wound, as we should say. If possible, a surgeon should be called in after an accident of this kind.

You will tell me, perhaps, that you have cut yourself often, and the blood was of a crimson colour, and did not start out in jerks at all. We are coming to that presently; but now let us go back to the arteries. I told you that as they go through the body they get smaller and smaller, like a tree beginning from a big trunk and going down to little twigs; at last they get down to tiny vessels, which are called capillaries, from a word meaning hairs. These are in a regular network through the flesh. When it gets into these, the blood, having given out the nourishment it contains, begins to gather up the worn-out and waste materials that come in its way. Its colour changes from scarlet to crimson. The little capillaries join together like small streams, bringing the blood back towards the heart. These streams are called veins, and are exactly different from the arteries. Instead of splitting up like branches of a tree, they join together, and get bigger and bigger, like tributaries forming a river. The blood in them is impure, and crimson in colour. They flow towards the heart instead of away from it. You can see plenty of them in the back of your hand. Put your finger against one and you will feel no pulsation, because the blood flows along steadily, not in jerks. These veins are provided with little valves or doors which open one way, towards the heart, so as to let the blood on; they would close against it if it was to flow backwards. At last the veins join, until they come down to two big ones which empty themselves back into the heart.

This is one circulation, but the blood from the veins is impure, and if it was to go into the arteries again in that state it would bring poison instead of nourishment to the various parts of the body. Accordingly, what happens? There is a big artery ready to take the impure blood to the lungs, and when there, as you draw your breath, the blood meets the fresh air taken in; but as you expire, as it is called, or breathe out, it sends out the foul gas it has gathered in your body. Being thus purified by the air inspired, it goes back to the heart, ready to carry nourishment through the body again. This purifying process is the second circulation. It is called pulmonary, as it takes place in the lungs. There is another circulation in the intestines, but we need not enter into it; it will only puzzle you.

I think if you have followed me carefully you will see that if the air you take into your lungs is foul already, you can scarcely expect it to cleanse your blood and make it fit to circulate again. Indeed, the inability to get in pure air is what causes people to die of suffocation, whether by drowning, choking, or any other cause. You can see by the dusky look in the face that the circulation is not what it should be. I must now tell you something about the air we breathe. When pure it consists of two gases, oxygen and nitrogen—about four parts of the latter to one of the former, with a little watery vapour. There is, however, another very foul and poisonous gas which gets into the air and makes it unwholesome, even fatal. It is about this that I am chiefly going to talk to you. You would perhaps like to know where it comes from. Well, it comes from ourselves for one thing, as well as from all breathing animals.

A number of people in a room spoil the air for one another and for themselves. You or I cannot breathe without doing it in a measure. You have, I daresay, felt queer and sleepy in a crowded church or room; you could not fix your attention on what was going on, and you got a kind of stupefied headache. Well, that is the first symptom of suffocation. The air you were breathing was not pure enough to cleanse your blood; there was too little oxygen in it, and too much carbonic acid gas. You have probably known people to turn sick or faint right away from the stuffiness of a place; a little more and they might even die, while most likely a few open windows or ventilators would have prevented all the discomfort.

If one of you and another person, both in perfect health, were out together on a mountain side, where the air was as fresh and pure as possible, you would not find it pleasant to inhale each the breath of the other. The air as it comes from the lungs is spoiled in a measure, but where it is continually changed and driven about this does not signify. In close and confined rooms it is another matter. Most of you have probably read the sad story of the Black Hole of Calcutta. It happened about a hundred and sixteen years ago, during the conquest of India by the British. At this time the city of Calcutta belonged to England, but one of the Indian Princes, Sarajah Dowlah by name, managed through the extraordinary cowardice of the Governor to get it into his hands for a short time. There was a small prison in Calcutta, a loathsome place, about eighteen feet square, where the worst criminals were confined, generally only one at a time, but Sarajah Dowlah gave orders that one hundred and forty-six English resident merchants and other gentlemen who had fallen into his power should be imprisoned in this den. At first, I believe, when shown the place and told to go in, they absolutely laughed at the idea; however, it proved no laughing matter, as they were forced to enter and bestow themselves as best they could. In the morning, out of a hundred and forty-six only twenty-three were alive. No hand had been raised against them; they had merely been crammed into this place and left there for the night. They died just on account of the air being poisoned by carbonic acid gas from their breath and the vapour from their bodies in the stifling Indian weather.

There is a cavern near Naples called by an Italian name which means the Grotto of the Dog. It is so called from a cruel reason. A dog, if thrown into it, when taken out is in a state of suffocation. The air of the cavern contains a great deal of carbonic acid gas, and if you were to go in and lie down upon the ground it would have much the same effect upon you as it has upon the dog. In France people have often committed suicide by means of this gas. The self-murderer has closed all doors and windows and any aperture where air could get in, has set a pan of charcoal to burn in the room, and gone to bed, where he sleeps, probably never to wake again in this world. An experiment I have heard described to prove that air which has gone through our lungs is destructive to animal life, is to put a mouse into a bottle, or some small vessel, and breathe into it, excluding all other air. They say the creature will soon die. Like myself, I daresay you would have no particular ambition to try this.

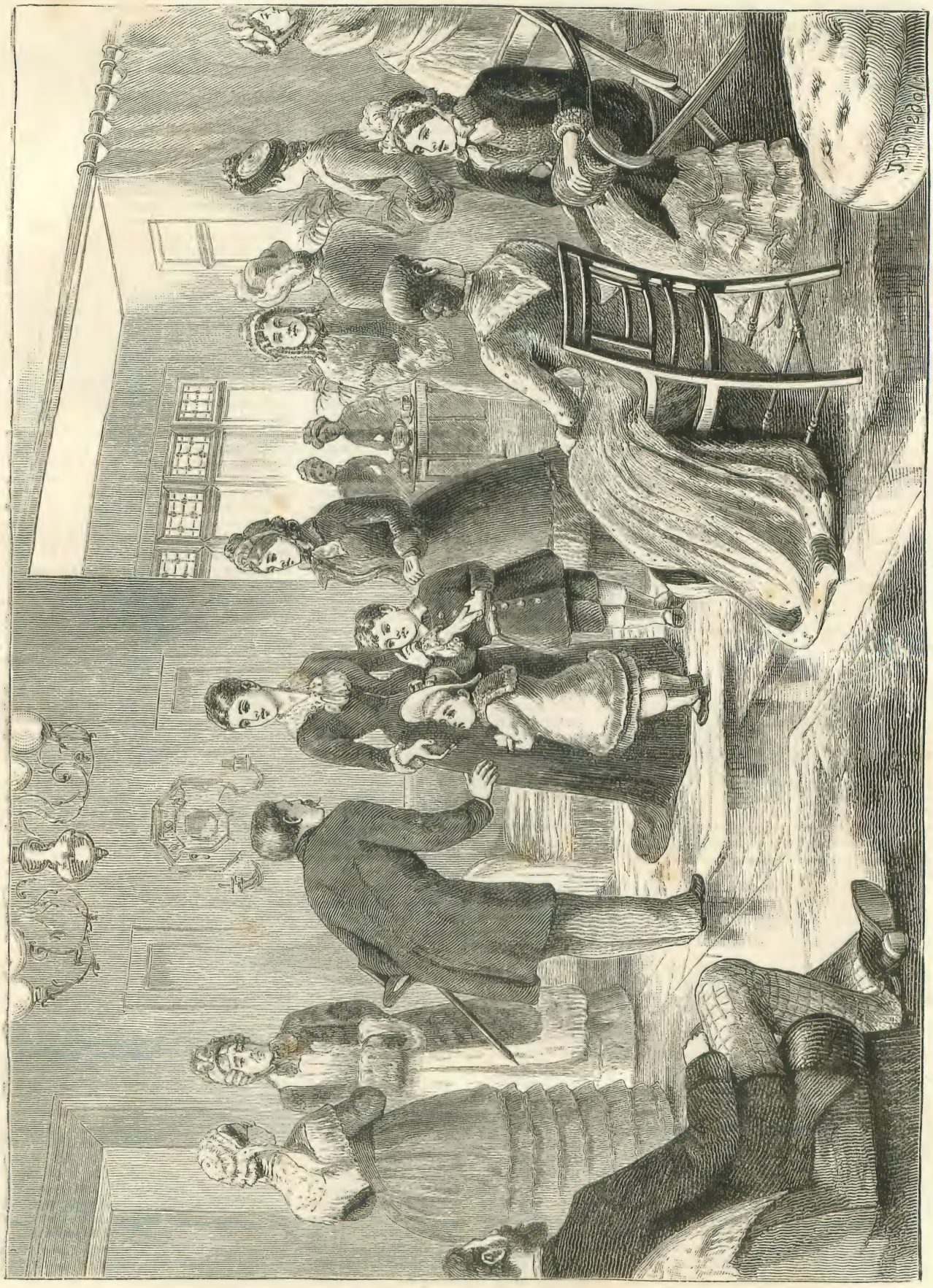
The poisonous gas which from your lungs or mine would kill the poor little mouse is the same sort of thing as the "choke-damp" which is fatal in mines. However, in many cases it can be guarded against, as if there is too much of it in the air a flame will go out; and by lowering a lighted candle or torch into any suspected place which has been closed for a long time it is easy to see whether the air is fit for breathing or not.

In a house where I lived when I was a child there was what we called a "safe," a sort of small closet in the wall, closed by a heavy iron door. One evening a candle was forgotten and left burning there. I believe it was nearly whole at the time, but in the morning it was found burned down to a stump of about two inches and a half; it had then gone out of itself, as the oxygen was all burned out of the air of the closet. If you or I had been shut up there instead of the candle, the furnace that keeps up our life might have gone out too.

You will ask, perhaps, what I mean by this furnace, as you may not know that it is by means of the changes which go on in your blood that the heat of your body is kept up. This is the third duty which it performs, and the lungs are the furnace where the heat is produced. The food we eat which passes into our blood has much to do with this. People who are not properly fed cannot bear open windows, as they feel perished and miserable, not having proper sources of warmth within themselves. The reason why people in different climates like different diet is that fatty food keeps up heat, while rice and fruit keep the blood cool. If we went to Greenland we should find the people drinking oil and eating lumps of tallow, which, of course, would seem very disgusting to us; but, on the other hand, the natives of India will dine off plain rice, and think our taste very coarse because we like beef and mutton. We know at home how sometimes in summer we feel that it is too hot to eat meat, and prefer puddings and vegetables, which we should think a very poor dinner indeed in winter. In cold weather we can all eat more fatty food. This is just because Nature tells us that our blood requires heating or cooling. You who have read your Bibles scarcely need to be reminded who said that "the life of all flesh is the blood thereof" (Lev. xvii. 14). Perhaps I may have helped you to understand some of the reasons why it is so. If it is good and pure, we shall be strong and vigorous; if it gets poor and languid in its circulation, we shall be weakly and miserable. Let us, then, try to use the means that God has given us to keep it in as healthy a state as possible.

Since pure air, then, is so imporant, how are we to get it? I give you a simple plan; I do not know whether any of you will try it. Open your windows. Street air in town may not be very good, but it is much better than room air, which is never changed, smelling, perhaps, of dinners and dust, and various other things. If possible, open your windows from the top. In some old-fashioned houses the windows will only open from the bottom. This shows how little the principles of health were understood a hundred years ago. The heated air which has been breathed and spoiled goes up, and would naturally go out through a window open at the top. However, air from the bottom is much better than none at all; but where there is no fire, if you wish your house to be wholesome never stuff your chimney. Draughts certainly are dangerous, and they are not proper ventilation. If you open your window a few inches at the top in a high room you need never feel a draught at all. Opening them both from above and below is the best way to secure proper ventilation. If you are delicate, and can only open your window from the bottom, sit away from it and keep the door shut. Just try the effects of opening your windows for a week, and I think you will not care to go back to the old stuffy ways. At all events when there is no one in the room there is little difficulty about leaving the windows open, but when people have to be in the same room day and night it is doubly necessary to change the air.

(To be concluded.)



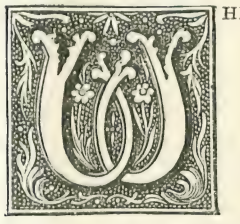
"MARGARET SAW AND PITIED HIS CONFUSION."

FORLORN, YET NOT FORSAKEN.

THE STORY OF A NURSERY GOVERNESS.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

CHAPTER V.



HILE my cousin was chatting in low tones with Margaret, Major Thurlowe began to talk to me. I saw he had an object, and rather maliciously resolved not to help him, as he floundered awkwardly about his point. After a good many commonplaces, he made a sudden plunge at what he wanted. "Miss Tudor, may I—that is, I trust you will not think me impertinent—I mean to say I have no idle curiosity in asking if Miss Fairfax is really a—a—"

"A governess," I interposed briskly. "Yes, indeed. And do you know I cannot think why you should be so reluctant over it? There is nothing to be ashamed of; on the contrary, teaching is a noble calling."

"So it is!" he exclaimed, with a sudden animation; "you are right, Miss Tudor, quite right. It is a pity that people feel as they do about it."

"Yes, because people in general see crookedly. Some day things will be very different."

"Not for a long time, I am afraid. You know," he continued, "there are lots of awful governesses. My sister had one, very clever, you know, and all that—but oh!" and he gave an expressive shudder.

"Of course there are bad ones," I allowed; "but does that make all bad? There are bad people in society, but one does not condemn all one's friends upon the discovery. And I think it is abominable to make a difference between one lady and another, just because the one receives from you so many pounds a year. And for what? For teaching children their A B C? Why, if she be like some I know, she will give time, care, love, patient self-devotion; and can £ s. d. buy that?"

"'Pon my word, that's a new way of putting it," said the major; "but it isn't nice," he added, "for women to earn their own living."

"And what is a gentlewoman to do," I asked, "supposing she is left, at the age of eighteen or twenty, penniless, and alone in the world? Shall she sweep a crossing, or sell matches?"

"Ah, I never thought of that contingency," he answered, slowly. "Yes, that is a difficulty. Now, why should a woman lose caste under such circumstances?"

"Ah! why?" I echoed.

We both kept silence for a minute or two, while my companion studied the cut of his boots. His next remark betrayed, with a naive simplicity, the subject of his cogitations.

"Was her father General Fairfax?"

I assented, sternly smothering my risible inclinations.

"To think of his daughter having to teach!" he exclaimed.

"But it ought not to be such a terrible thing," persisted I. "It ought not to make any difference, except to base minds."

"Only, unluckily, Miss Tudor, it does," he observed, drily.

I saw I was too early in the day, so beat a retreat by remarking that at least it made not the slightest real difference in my friend.

"Is she not beautiful?" I asked, determining, rather unwisely, to wring an opinion from the little major, now that he had gone so far.

"Beautiful!" he repeated, enthusiastically. "I should think so. She is grand."

"And as good as she is grand," I added.

Major Thurlowe darted at me a more searching glance than I had believed him capable of.

"By Jove!" he ejaculated, softly; "I believe you are just right, Miss Tudor. And there are not too many good women in the world. Miss Fairfax has the face of an angel."

So there was something, after all, in the little soldier.

Mrs. Derwent Kayes' impatience could be restrained no longer, and, tapping her brother on the shoulder, declared she must not stay another moment.

"Allow me first," he said, and crossed the room to where Margaret was standing with Dunraven's hand in hers, as she exchanged a few last words with his mother. Mrs. Derwent Kayes watched her brother, and again I detected, with a foreboding of mischief, the malicious sparkle in her steely orbs.

Major Thurlowe approached Margaret with an air of such respectful deference and eager interest that it could not escape her notice.

"I have come to say good-bye, Miss Fairfax," he said, bowing low. Margaret wished him good-bye with just the faintest tinge of surprise colouring her tone.

But the little soldier was not satisfied. He came a step nearer, and the frank expression on his rather commonplace features redeemed them from absolute plainness, as, with a boyish tremor in his voice, he said, "Will you—that is, may I—I mean, may I have the pleasure, the honour of——" He was about to say, "of shaking hands," when he suddenly became aware of the unwarrantable liberty of making such a request. He flushed scarlet through all his bronze, as he realised how his kindly motives had led him astray from the path of social etiquette to flounder awkwardly in that very slough of "difference" which he wished to avoid. He could only bow lower than ever, while he addressed an inarticulate murmur to the carpet, not daring to meet again those quietly amazed eyes, which had routed all his self-possession. Margaret saw and pitied his *confusion*. "Poor fellow," she said to herself; "he wanted to atone for his unlucky query." Yet his very mistake made her smart again.

She silently held out her hand to the mortified major, who took it gently, bending so low that I was really afraid he was going to kiss the white fingers. Fortunately he was not so foolish; only he gathered courage to look up with an honest, admiring gaze as he said, "I trust, I hope I may have the honour, the great pleasure of meeting Miss Fairfax again."

For the first time a startled light came into Margaret's eyes, and she shot at him a swift, penetrating glance, which seemed as if it could read beneath the surface of what appeared so open. But though the little soldier reddened, he did not flinch, and Margaret instinctively recognised that the man was filled with an honest and honourable admiration for herself, from which there was not lacking that reverential respect with which every true woman should inspire men. Yet the discovery gave her more pain than pleasure. She did not respond to Major Thurlowe's expression of hope with its interrogatory ring, as she gravely, yet without a trace of displeasure, bade him farewell.

As for me, I was divided between the pathos and bathos of the situation. Major Thurlowe's open admiration delighted me, and I laid all sorts of plans for the future, while I was immensely tickled with the absurdity of the dapper little mannikin bowing and bobbing before my stately Margaret. It was such a funny *illustration* of "Faint heart," you know.

The major rejoined his sister, and together they paid their adieux to my mother, when suddenly, as if struck by an afterthought, Mrs. Derwent Kayes turned back again. I saw the wicked gleam in her cold eyes, and it betrayed to me the curious struggle between malice and prudence that was going on in her inner consciousness. I watched her attentively; the conflict of passions forms a deeply interesting study. In this instance malice gained the day.

"Oh! by the bye, my dear Lady Ann," exclaimed Mrs. Derwent Kayes, with purposely raised voice, "isn't it odd? I recollect now why your young friend's features were so familiar to me. Of course, Lady Corfu's nursery governess—so stupid of me to forget it—a decidedly handsome person, and vastly fascinating, no doubt."

This piece of insolent audacity fairly took away my breath. Major Thurlowe was livid. *If* looks could slay, his sister had been a corpse there and then. She had not been able to resist the temptation of attacking the unconscious cause of her jealousy, and of punishing, as she

thought, Lady Ann Tudor for her indifference to herself. But she went a little too far. There was a momentary pause, while those in our immediate vicinity looked on with scarcely concealed curiosity and surprise. My mother fixed a look of quiet disdain upon her malicious visitor; then, with a slight bend of her head, and that peculiar inflection of tone with which one dismisses an impertinent intruder, she replied "Good afternoon." I need hardly tell you that Mrs. Derwent Kayes did not frequent our house after this occurrence.

Margaret herself laughed at it all. "One has to get used to snubs," she said. Of course the sting of it had been drawn by our indignation and contempt, and I daresay, too, she felt more than she chose to allow. "There is something in most of us which shrinks from acknowledging that anyone has intended a slight or insult," she said to me one day. "It is so humiliating to be forced into the confession that one can be an object of rudeness or pity, that we would rather hide even from ourselves the fact that circumstances have placed us in positions where such annoyances can penetrate. I am sure it is better not to discuss neglect and unkindness if this be our portion. The kindest and most sympathising will inevitably be bored at length by the long-winded recital of grievances; and one ends by mournfully adding to the list of troubles this fresh item, that even your friends cannot understand you."

Margaret was looking bright and beautiful when she left us, a fortnight later, laden with presents from almost every member of the family. My father called us into his room on the morning of her departure. "My little Sybil tells me you are fond of painting," he said. "Now, judging by my own daughters, young ladies never have too much money to spend on their pursuits, so you will do me an honour by accepting a contribution towards your art messes," he concluded, laughing, and putting a cheque for twenty pounds into Margaret's hand. For a moment she seemed absolutely bewildered; her hands flew up and covered her face. It was only for a moment; then the blue eyes were raised with that sweet appeal altogether irresistible.

"Oh, Mr. Tudor, it is too kind, too kind! I cannot thank you—I——" It was the sight of my handsome father's kindly face and white hair that broke her down; they recalled so vividly her own happy past. We both knew how it was, and I suppose the tears swimming about in my eyes were somehow reflected in his, or so it seemed to me. Certainly he turned away and flourished his pocket handkerchief very vigorously, muttering—

"Dear me, very foolish, very, indeed!" Then taking Margaret by the hand, he kissed her cheek with an old-fashioned paternal air, and told her he would miss her very much, and that she must soon come again. Ah, Magdalen, there are few men like my father and your grandfather nowadays! Most of them seem to be ashamed of the chivalrous bearing, the manly courtesy, the respectful deference to women, which used to distinguish gentlemen of my young days. I think with a regretful pleasure of the modest, highly-cultured manners, the womanly ease, the sparkling sweetness, never degenerating into insipidity, of my mother and her sister. No, my child, I am not running down the rising generation; on the contrary, I believe it to be vastly improved in many ways. I enjoy the enterprising energy, the earnestness and the capacity for fun of the young people I see; but I confess I tremble sometimes when I see energy sweeping away the old, safe barriers and despising ancient landmarks, when the laudable desire to be thorough carries those unable to swim into unfathomable whirlpools; when audacious originality drifts into levity, and rebellion against any sort of control. These are the signs of the times, and we do well to note their significance and steer our course accordingly. There is a Chart and a Pilot of unfailing security; if we study one and confide in the other, we shall not make shipwreck among the waves of this troublesome world.

(To be continued.)

THE GIRLS OF THE WORLD.

FACTS AND FIGURES.

By EMMA BREWER.

CHAPTER II.—*Continued.*

THE population of the world, nay, of every county, town, and village, may be divided into two great classes—the dependent and the independent—the supported and the self-supporting. To the former belong little children, the infirm of all ages, and the aged.

Although this class is not self-supporting and demands great sacrifices from the other division of the population, it performs a great work in the world. I think all of you will admit that little children, the sick, and the aged are among God's best gifts to us women and girls who are well and strong. They give us an object in life, someone to work for; they call out whatever is noble and self-forgetting in our natures; and in tending and nursing the young, the aged, and infirm girl-nature shows itself to be gentle, protecting, enduring, patient, and loving.

To what is due this valuable possession of the State—a large population? Well, to many causes, among others to cheap provisions; productive labour, by means of which people may be able to marry without fear of absolute poverty; to the manner of living; the moral condition of the people, and the method of Government under which they live.*

A large number of births is the result of many marriages, and these are, as I have said, regulated by the amount of toil requisite to obtain the means of housekeeping. Whenever the labour-market is in a prosperous state, the conditions of increasing prosperity exist, and more marriages take place, and looking at it in this light only, the increase of the population is an indication of prosperity in the land.

And now we will fall back upon the personal matter, and ask what proportion of the whole population, which consists of 1,455 millions, do we women folk form? After very careful investigation, it is ascertained that, although there are every year more boys than girls born in the world, yet, let the census of a country be taken when it may, there is always an excess of female population living. This is strange, but perfectly true, and to be proved. I am, however, so afraid of wearying you with figures, that I will place them in the form of a chart at the end of each chapter, to be looked into at your leisure, should you take pleasure in them.

There is a much greater mortality among boys than girls during the first year of life, an evidence that they are less able to endure the struggles and dangers which beset babyhood than girls. From the very first hour of their existence girls are self-asserting, and fight bravely for their lives; and this is not a peculiarity of English baby girls only, but is to be noticed in every country of the world, among the black population even as among the white.

Taking fifteen countries for a long series of years, it is found that, on an average, 106* boys are born alive to every 100 girls, but so great is the mortality among the boy babies in the first months, that the balance is often adjusted by the end of the first year, when we get an equal number of boys and girls, and subsequently a preponderance of girls, owing, it may be, to emigration, the peculiar danger of man's work, and military service, all of which act prejudicially to long life.

The large mortality of babies has been the source of great anxiety to the civilised countries of the world, and they in their perplexity have earnestly appealed to statistics for the causes and the remedies.

This anxiety is natural, for early deaths represent more than the loss to the family circle; they mean a loss of energy, hope, and happiness to the whole population, and any science which helps us to see and avoid the causes producing early death must prove a general blessing.

One or two interesting facts have been brought to light upon this subject by statistics which I do not hesitate to place before you, as all girls love babies and take an interest in them.

Out of one hundred children nursed by their mothers, eighteen die during the first year.

Of one hundred nursed by wet nurses, twenty-nine die during the first year.

* Where culture is at a very low ebb, as in Africa, the means of life are too limited for any conspicuous increase of the population, and a supply only adequate for the barest subsistence is not conducive to the value of life. The marriages in Ceylon last year were very few. This circumstance was supposed to tell the unmistakable story of misfortune and hard times without any comment.

* If you reckon the still-born, the average number would be 140 boys to 100 girls. Among the Jews, strange to say, the numbers differ, 111 boys being born alive to 100 girls.

Of one hundred artificially fed, sixty die during the first year.

Of one hundred brought up in institutions, eighty die during the first year.

These four lines tell a tale perfectly easy to read, and prove how much we owe to good mothering.

Statistics prove that the employment of married women away from their homes increases the number of deaths of babies who die through want of care.

A babe's health is affected for good or for evil by the circumstances which surround it—by light, air, warmth, nourishment, and cleanliness, and the want of any of these adds to the number of baby deaths.*

That much has been done to reduce the number of deaths of infants, not only by exposing the evils which produce them, but by making wise laws and improving the condition of life generally, I need only say that although the population of London has increased during the last half century to an almost fabulous extent, the deaths of babies under two years are only half what they were with the smaller population of half a century ago. And thanks to statistics which brought to light the variety and extent of the mischief, this improvement has taken place in many large towns of Europe.

Showing the value to the State of every individual life, a statistician declares that the amount of loss to a country by every emigrant who leaves it, is £22 10s., and that a like capital is transferred to the country whither he or she goes, and that this capital is not returnable in the way of trade or commerce, as the emigrant henceforth belongs to the country whither he immigrates. It is an absolute loss on the one side and gain to the other.

I hope you will not be offended with me if I say that statistics do not at all corroborate the general opinion that girls are delicate, fragile flowers, to be carefully tended and guarded from every rough wind. On the contrary, they prove them to be energetic, ambitious, resolute, and determined; asserting their right to predominance even in numbers from the time they are born, and with the exception of about four years of their life, keep on the winning side, and gain as a rule, two, three, and even four years more of life than men.

A few Facts for those interested in figures concerning the Population of the World.

1. The population of the world is estimated at 1,455,923,000.
2. Less than one-third of this population profess Christianity.
3. One-half of this third are Catholics.
4. Among the languages of civilised nations English is the most widely spread, being the mother tongue of 80,000,000 of people.
5. The British Dominions cover nearly two-thirteenths of the earth's surface, and contain more than one-sixth of its population.
6. The number of babies born annually in the world is about . 43,000,000
   Ditto ditto daily 117,808
   Ditto ditto per minute 80
7. The number of deaths annually is about 39,000,000
   Ditto ditto daily 106,849
   Ditto ditto per minute 74
8. On an average, 106 boys are born alive to 100 girls, yet at the end of the first year boys and girls are almost equal in number.
9. Population of England at the time of the—

Norman Conq'st.	Middle of Elizabeth's Reign.	1885.
About 2,000,000 6 persons to 100 acres. 38 to a square mile.	3,737,000. 11 persons to 100 acres. 74 to a square mile.	27,132,449

* In Russia the mortality of children is very high owing to neglect and want of sustenance. Forty-four per cent. do not survive the seventh year.

10. The proximity of the people to each other is now 93 yards.
11. The tabular arrangement of births, deaths, and marriages, much as they stand now in the columns of our daily papers, dates back three or four centuries, the difference being that then they were arranged in three parallel columns, each headed by a rough illustration; over the first was the interior of a bedroom with a mother and her infant, over the second the celebration of a wedding in a church, over the third the digging of a grave in a churchyard.
12. The paper produced in the world annually is enormous, viz. 932,400 tons. The consumption per head of population in
    United States .. .. 11 lbs.
    In England .. .. 11 ,,
    Germany .. .. 10 ,,
    France .. .. 7½ ,,
13. The number of letters sent all over the world annually is about 4,020,000,000; per day, 11,000,000; per minute, 764, or three letters per head per annum for the entire human race. Telegraph messages: About 111,000,000 a year; 305,000 a day; 211 per minute.

FIGURES

showing the greater capability of girls than boys to bear the ills of infancy.

Out of a given number there died on the

	Boys.	Girls.
1st day of life	78	63
1st week	168	152
3rd week	56	39
4th week	29	20
1st half-year	536	420
2nd half-year	156	144
2nd year	223	201
3rd year	113	108

FIGURES

showing that even in France, where children get less of good mothering than in other countries, the baby girls show the same amount of determination of overcoming neglect.

Of 10,000 born alive of each sex there died in the

	Boys.	Girls.
1st year.....	1,844	1,507
3 next years	1,078	1,046
Difference in 4 years	69	

Another curious thing was discovered by Dr. Schwabe, of Berlin, viz., that the number of babies born dead increase or decrease according to the floor of the house in which the parents live.

He proved that in every 1,000 births the proportion of stillborn—

On the 1st storey is	20
On the 2nd storey.....	21
On the 3rd storey	22
On the 4th storey	27
On the ground floor	22
Underground habitations	24

REMARK.

In this case there are more boys than girls born dead, and if these were added to the births it would make 140 boys to 100 girls.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MUSIC.

F. E. R. F.—The Royal Academy of Music holds local examinations in harmony and counterpoint, singing, and instrumental music, at any place where twelve candidates present themselves, at a fee of £1 1s. per subject. So that it may not be necessary for you to leave the country town in or near which you reside, provided that twelve candidates present themselves. However, there are students' homes in London. One is at Russell House, Tavistock-square, W.C.; apply to Miss Mary Cail, the principal. Another is the College Hall of Residence, 1 and 2, Byng-place, Gordon-square; principal, Miss Grove. There is a College for Ladies at Westfield, where they are prepared for taking degrees at the London University. Address the hon. secretary, Westfield, Maresfield Gardens, Hampstead, N.W., where we believe residence may be obtained.

Hermione.—The following is a list of the colleges of music about which you inquire. The Royal College of Music, Kensington Gore, S.W.; the Royal Academy of Music, 4, Tenterden-street, Hanover-square, W.; the Guildhall School of Music (established by the Corporation of the City of London). There is also the Harrow Music School, for establishing Mr. John Farmer's system of pianoforte study, but this latter might not answer your purpose.

WORK.

Belmont (Melbourne) will find a pretty selection of patterns and border designs at page 596, vol. iii. We are very much pleased to hear from all our young schoolgirl readers at Belmont House, Melbourne, and can congratulate them one and all on their good clear handwriting and well-composed, ladylike notes. Both do credit to themselves and their teachers.

Applique.—We are very glad to hear you have found the paper patterns so useful and so correct. We know how valuable a suggestion in dress is to those who make their own. Many thanks for the description of your fireplace ornament.

Grace.—A good builder is the best person to inquire of, as he would know the last invention and could probably supply you with it also. At any rate, he would know best how to apply it.

Hoping Minnie must remember that we are not obliged to answer anyone. We answer of our own free will. Many questions we receive will be, or have lately been, answered by articles in the magazine. Your question about your hair is one of these. See page 631, vol. vi. We always advise those of our readers who knit and who need long knitting recipes to buy a small shilling manual, as our space is so limited and valuable.

A New Subscriber.—We should think the doll a very nice present, or a pretty pinafore, which you might embroider with crewels or silk.

Sexaginta.—We do not know who would purchase charpie, save perhaps chemists or at a hospital. You must go in search of a purchaser.

Helen.—No, we do not think dark blue and black serge would look well together, unless you cannot help yourself. But serge is not very expensive, and it is preferable to have either a black or a blue dress, not a mixture. A "keeper" ring means one that keeps the other ring on the finger. A "guard" ring is the same thing.

A Little Woman.—White will dye almost any colour. We should think your dress is worth dyeing, and would look well in dark red or crimson. But we think you must be prepared to get new trimming, such as velveteen, to replace the broché.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Siloan.—"Damaris" is a Greek name; the mention of her will be found in Acts xvii. 34.

Moss Rose.—Harriet is the feminine of Henry, which means, head, or chief of a house. The precise nature of the "Urim and Thummim" is not known; the words literally denote "lights and perfections." It was evidently the manner or thing through which a knowledge of the Divine Will was sought and conveyed, or rather, perhaps, it was the breastplate the high priest wore when God spoke by him.

Anxious One.—Your employer, if dissatisfied with you, should have returned you your previous references, as they were so good, and his character of you being only for two months is of no value. You had better see the lady who gave you these good references, and ask her to repeat them. If she be a kindly woman, on hearing your sorrowful story, she will not object to do so. You need say nothing, in that case, of the two months during which you held your last place, unless questioned about them.

A Hopeful Girl.—To gild the edges of a book, close the leaves tightly and lay a wash of clear white of egg over them; then press each sheet of gold-leaf separately on their edges, and let the gold leaves overlap each other at the joinings. Lift up the gold-leaf with waxed paper, or by touching your hair with the implement (but do not touch it with the hand) and press it upon the book leaves. When dry, give the gilding a coat of clear parchment size, and cut the leaves apart again with care. The gold for gilding sold in shells is applied with less difficulty, but it is more expensive. Pronounce Daphne as "Daf-nee."

Queenie.—Mix a tablespoonful of fresh brewer's yeast with a little water, and drink the solution before breakfast during a week or ten days, and you may find the treatment efficacious in removing spots on the face. Use camphorated chalk or carbolic tooth-powder in the morning, and Castile soap at night, for cleansing the teeth.

Gog and Magog.—The "Queen of the Earth" appears to be a being of pure fancy, as there is no such person, of course.

WENONA.—Place your spider's nest under a small glass shade. 2. The sentiments in your verses are good, but expressed in very incorrect composition. Try prose next time.

DONOVAN inquires, "Why are ear-whigs called by that name?" We should require a new dictionary of the English tongue to be able to answer your question. We are acquainted with a very objectionable insect called an "earwig (*Forficulidæ*). The French call it a "perce-oreille" or "pierce-ear," but excepting that it has a habit of creeping into small holes and crevices, we do not know why it should be associated with a human ear. We once knew a lady who woke up at night to find three of these vermin struggling in her hair. Those who object to such intrusive conduct should never train either ivy or rose-trees over the walls of their house. 2. "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick,' is to be found in Proverbs xiii. 12.

ELLIE.—Why should you wish to find "anything about contentment and obedience in any book excepting in the Bible?" We should think that you would find quite enough about both these Christian virtues there, without searching any further. Endeavour to exemplify them in your own words and works, and set a good example to your young companions.

JUANITA.—Have you translated any selections from Lamartine or Erckmann-Chatrian? 2. On no account burn moles on your face.

ANNE VALERY.—Never fail to think and speak charitably of everybody, and where it becomes impossible, hold your tongue. Harsh speaking does no good against anyone, and we have Gospel instructions that we must forgive injuries to ourselves, until "seventy times seven"—a fair number if we reckon up. But there is a deeper reason for cultivating loving tender thoughts, *i.e.*, the deadly harm we do our own souls by cherishing the reverse. 2. Mrs. Craik, Miss Wetherell, and E. J. Worboise are all good and earnest writers, whose works are suitable for young girls.

MAUDE B.—Wedding-cards are no longer sent. The announcement in the papers is considered sufficient. Wedding cake is sent to relations and intimate friends only. Presents from unknown friends of the bridegroom should be acknowledged by a polite note, with the expression of a wish that an acquaintance will be made at a future date.

PANSY.—Your father should see a doctor about your sister at once, and, if possible, she should go away for a change of air and scene, and have some pleasant companions.

ANNIE E. LORD.—Give your cat a teaspoonful of castor oil, and feed it well. Fits in cats generally arise from either weakness or some obstruction in the system. The dose may be repeated for three mornings if required.

TEA TRAY.—The white marks of which you complain that appear on tea-trays from the heat of a teapot, cannot be removed, inasmuch as the heat has discharged the original colour. You should always place a tile, or other stand, under any vessel containing hot fluid, as it will destroy papier maché, and before long will score it deeply.

BUDGE may feel satisfied that rowing is a good and suitable form of exercise for her. She writes a child's hand still.

A WORKING MAN'S WIFE.—There is a convalescent home for the labouring classes and upper servants at Moreton, Hampstead, where, by a letter or nomination, you could be received for 2s. 6d. a week. At St. Luke's Invalid Home for Women, admission is free, if by letter or nomination. There is also a home of rest at Malvern. In all cases address the matron or secretary.

W. H. Z. (Lanark).—We cannot give insertion to essays, and regret to disappoint you. Many of your letters are incorrectly formed, and your spelling not always right, as in the word "oblige," in which you put an unnecessary "d."

BUMBLE BEE.—The sentiments expressed in your verses are excellent, and the flow fairly good. No great errors in the rhythm appear, but they are not "poetry."

ETHEL.—When anyone says, "May I ask to whom I have the pleasure of speaking?" you should say simply, "My name is Lee." Or, if you know anything of your questioner by report or sight, you may say, "I am Ethel Lee." Your writing is too small, but, worst of all, you show an inclination to flourish, which is vulgar.

OLIVIA PRIMROSE.—Dried lavender, of which there is an abundant growth this season, sewed up in muslin bags, is the best thing to place amongst your linen, especially as it serves to keep away moths. 2. A single pillow, or a small bolster, is the best for the latter position, in which the body lies. Use a soft pillow instead of a hard bolster, if you can get one. If you had asthma, a bad cough, a weak heart, or a bad headache, a second pillow might be desirable.

SOPHY.—Special licences are granted by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the fees for licence, stamp, etc., amount to £29 8s. on the average. Application must be made at the Faculty Office, Doctors' Commons, through a Proctor. The reason assigned must be such as meet with the Archbishop's approval.

GRISCHA WITTE.—The verse is probably taken from a song. Wash the face in hot water and soap, and rub it well with a towel.

A PENNY.—Want of ventilation is a frequent source of headache amongst working girls, dressmakers, and postal and telegraph clerks. Not only headache, but nausea and fainting are caused. Can you not try to have the top of the window opened, and fill the opening with a slot of wood? The vacant space between the two sashes will supply air without draught, and your trouble will disappear. We cannot help thinking that many of our girls who work all day could, if they tried, go to bed early, avoid late suppers, and rise early enough for a walk.

FAIR-HAIRED TOMY.—You had better take the mackintosh to a shop where such articles are sold, and not attempt to meddle with it yourself.

SMUTTY.—We do not congratule you on your selection of a name. Have you no soap? Pebbles are polished by means of diamond dust and oil. Go to a lapidary, when next at the seaside, and obtain information from him. 2. Sponge-powder may be procured from any chemist, as we have frequently told our readers.

DIMPLES had better leave the moles on her face alone. On some very delicate skins they are produced by exposure for many hours to a hot sun. Avoid that, and wear a veil (without spots) if necessary.

SENA.—The best polish for chairs is beeswax and oil, mixed to the consistency of cream, and good brisk rubbing. Why do you ask us to explain the meaning of a "wink?" Surely no one has had the gross impertinence to wink at you? But perhaps you have been mystified by hearing that certain objectionable things were "winked at" by persons in authority. If so, the expression means not a quick movement of the eyelid, but that the evil was ignored, and, for expediency sake, those persons made as though they did not observe.

CLARA TARBUCK.—We thank you for a kind letter, and for the information afforded to those unacquainted with the fact that the eldest son of Edward I., who died in infancy, was named Alphonso (or Alfonso).

IGNORANCE.—Yes, the name "Sunday" is the old Saxon designation of the "first day of the week," dedicated to the sun, each day being named in honour of the old Saxon deities.

ONE OF MANY will find her question answered in our correspondence columns. There is no sale for such small quantities of silkworm cocoons. We cannot promise to get up special competitions. Once occasionally we shall have them.

MEHALAH.—The Duchess of Albany has two children—Alice, born February 25th, 1883, and Leopold, born July 19th, 1884. It would be well if the legend were true that a spot should come on the tongue whenever it uttered a falsehood.

R. E. W.—Any secondhand clothing would be distributed amongst families of poor clergy by the A. D. D. Society, care of Miss Hinton, 4. Yorkplace, Clifton, Bristol, and also by the P. P. C. Society, care of Miss Breay, Battenhall-place, London-road, Worcester. Contributions of this character are much valued.

EXCELSIOR.—Woollen clothes should be immersed in water in which soap has been boiled. The temperature should reach about 100° Fahrenheit. Add about one and a half ounces of ammonia, and wash out the clothes at once as rapidly as possible, and without delaying to rinse them. In washing out, draw the clothes through the hand, avoiding rubbing, and after wringing them out lightly pass them through tepid water, quite free from ammonia or soap, and hang them up to dry in the open air, and when half dry iron them. They should be stretched to the necessary length and breadth (unless they be woven stockinette elastic vests or stockings), which is especially necessary in ironing collars.

JESSICA.—Refer to page 256, vol. vi., for directions how to make "pot-pourri" with dried rose-petals. Writing good.

ROSEBUD MAY.—If you do not waken on being called by your sister or a maid, ask your sister to shake you, and if that be not effectual, ask her kindly to get a wet sponge and slap you in the face with it. Why so annoy your guardian by persistent lateness? To say the least of such conduct, it is very ill-bred. Probably the cause of such excessive drowsiness may arise from your going to bed too late. Try retiring earlier, and be resolute in breaking yourself of so bad a habit.

WEST RIDING and JENNIE.—We can only recommend you both to consult a doctor with reference to chronic catarrh. We imagine that your general health is out of order, and you need a tonic, which only could be prescribed by a medical man, and after a personal interview. It would be mere quackery on our part to do so. You are both in a low, unsatisfactory state.

WORKING WOMAN.—There is a seaside home for such as you describe yourself at Westgate-on-Sea, connected with the London Diocesan Deaconess's Institution. Men and women of the middle and artisan classes and upper servants, being necessitous and of good character, are eligible. Admission is obtained on the recommendation of subscribers or life governors. Inquire further at 12, Tavistock Crescent, Westbourne Park.

THOMAS, a little chap, who can scarcely write, complains of his still smaller sister's bad temper, and wants the recipe for its cure. He concludes by suggesting "a good beating" for the child of four years. Very probably Master Thomas usurps an undue authority over his companion, and may tease her unmercifully. In any case, we may inform him that he is neither the proper judge of when the sister deserves punishment nor of the kind of correction suitable for the occasion, and, most certainly, he is not the person to inflict it. He ought to be ashamed of himself, and wants a good slapping himself!

GWENDOLINE L. DUNDAS.—Prince Edward of Saxe Weimar is not a relative of our reigning Royal Family. Simplicity, artistic grace, legibility, economy of space should all be duly considered in the art of penmanship. See our article on the subject, and try to improve your handwriting.

A YOUNG WIFE.—You write very well, and we are gratified by your approval of our work. The poem to which you allude is by some American author.

AN ENGLISH GIRL.—To remove stains on leather, make a paste of mealy potatoes, and mix with it a little vinegar, turpentine, and dry mustard. Lay some on the spot, leave it to dry, and then rub it off.

NEST.—Your question should have been addressed to our publisher, Mr. Tarn. "Esther," the serial story by Miss Carey, is not published in separate form.

MISS COUSER.—We are already well supplied with stories for our magazine by members of our own staff. Patterns of the Hygienic Union dress recommended in our number for September.

LUCIFER.—We have given an answer about the name "Rotten Row" more than once. Do you never read the correspondence columns? The ground is made of a loose soft consistency, so as to be pleasant for riders. It is therefore called rotten. Your verses give some promise of better ones in the future. We object to your pseudonym.

WISHING TO DO GOOD.—If you have but a very little money, buy yarn for knitting things for the poor, or a little flannel or calico for babies' clothes, which you can make up.

NELLIE H. must consult a doctor. She is probably suffering from some nervous affection. We refer her to our recent answers to correspondents.

NEST.—We feel much obliged for the quotation, and regret it is of no use to us.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. VII.—NO. 307. NOVEMBER 14, 1885. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

JOAN OF ARC.

CHAPTER II.

CONFLICT.

TOILSOME and dangerous was the journey taken by Jeanne and her followers. Through a land devastated by war and swarming with robbers, across torrents swollen by the winter rains, the intrepid girl pressed onward, encouraging and inspiriting her companions, until, after eleven days, the Castle of Chinon in the valley of the Loire rose before them. The Gothic pile seemed to frown unwelcomingly upon the peasant maiden, and she was refused admittance.

Within the noble halls Charles the Dauphin was shut up with a small and dispirited remnant of his followers, spending much of his time in helpless weeping, receiving each day worse tidings from the besieged and famine-stricken Orleans. Yet the greater part of the investing army had been withdrawn, and only two or three thousand Englishmen now remained before the city. A paralysing despondency had fallen upon the Royalist party; the soldiery were thoroughly demoralised, and their cause appeared hopeless. The suggestion that a peasant-girl could be of use in such a strait seemed preposterous to Charles and his suite, but her two knightly friends, John de Metz and Bertrand de Polougi, worked on her behalf, and finally obtained leave to introduce her to the royal presence.

The scene must have been a striking one. In the lofty hall, where tapers and torches strove against the darkness that gathered in the recesses of the arched roof, richly-clad courtiers and grave ecclesiastics were assembled, curious to see the village girl. Charles himself was purposely in plain attire, and had given orders, to test the truth of Jeanne's powers, that no one was to point him out to her.

With quiet and modest mien the tall, beautiful girl advanced up the hall and flung herself on her knees before him.

"I am not he," said Charles, pointing to a gaily-dressed noble; "there is the king."

But Jeanne was not to be deceived. "It is no other but yourself," she replied, adding—

"Gentle Dauphin, I am Jeanne, the maid sent by God to tell you that you shall be anointed and crowned in the city of Rheims; and you shall be lieutenant of the Heavenly King, who is the King of France."

Charles raised her from her knees, drew her apart, and conversed with her for some time earnestly, during which time his face, as Alain Chartier, an eye-witness, records, brightened into a look of hopefulness that had long been absent. At the close of the interview he announced that he was satisfied of the sincerity of her pretensions, and gave orders that she should be well and honourably treated.

But Jeanne had much to undergo from petty jealousy and bigotry before she was allowed to enter upon the task for which she had come—the relief of Orleans. Priests frowned upon her as a child of Satan, and she was sent to Poitiers, where Parliament was sitting, there to be subjected to a searching examination before an Ecclesiastical Commission consisting of members of the University of Paris.

"THE PEASANT GIRL HAD TRIUMPHED—ORLEANS WAS SAVED!"

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Was she a sorceress? The doctors of theology laboured to prove that she was; but their arguments glanced aside from her mother-wit and simple frankness. It makes one smile to read her ready answers to their cumbrous suggestions that she should give "signs" of her mission.

"I am not come to Poitiers to give signs," she said. "*Take me to* Orleans and I will show you signs for what purpose I am sent. Give me men-at-arms, and in the name of God I will raise the siege and conduct the Dauphin to be anointed at Rheims."

Séguin, a Dominican friar, cited passages from books and councils to prove that she was deluded.

"There is more in the Book of God than in yours," she said, raising her eyes to heaven.

After three weeks, during which all pains were taken to find out what manner of life she had led, she was pronounced a good, devout, and humble girl, who should be allowed to try before Orleans if she could carry out her purpose.

Her power of managing her horse was proved to be satisfactory; her cheerfulness, grace, and good sense charmed many hearts at Poitiers; voices began to speak loudly in her praise. She returned to Chinon, and orders were forthwith given for her equipment at the head of a convoy to carry provisions into the beleaguered city of Orleans.

No sword would Jeanne accept save one whose hilt was marked with five crosses, that she directed to be brought from a shrine dedicated to her favourite, St. Catherine. Her armour was "white and shining," perchance of steel that glittered in the sun; her banner was of white silk embroidered with golden lilies. Mounted in this pure array upon a cream-coloured steed, with head uncovered, her face and form instinct with the power of a noble enthusiasm, she must have seemed like a vision from another world to the six thousand men at-arms that followed her from Chinon. Her esquire, D'Aulon, said about her, many years afterwards, that she was "tall, beautiful, and well-formed, of a most pure and good life, and was the most devout woman he had ever known." And her influence over her rough army was proof of the truth of this praise. Her first act was to free the camp from evil hangers-on, and morning and evening she called the soldiers to prayer. All oaths and profane language were forbidden, though, with a touch of humour, she allowed one old warrior who could not understand the prohibition to break the habit gradually, and to swear by his staff! Such gleams of mirthful good sense helped her to control her wild followers. The report of her coming had spread far and wide; as she rode along the peasants crowded round her, praying her to bless crosses and chaplets by her touch. "Touch them yourself," she said, smilingly; "your touch will be just as good as mine."

But her faith in her mission was unshaken. She had addressed a letter to the English commander-in-chief, summoning him to surrender; and as she drew near Orleans a feeling of superstitious terror fell upon the besiegers. The officers, it was true, jeered at her, and threatened her messenger, but many of the soldiers believed that she was able to accomplish her purpose.

Jeanne had directed that Orleans should be approached through the district where the English force was strongest; but the French captains, her colleagues, took advantage of her ignorance of the country to lead the army round another way, and she unexpectedly found the Loire rolling between herself and the city walls. Count Dunois came out with boats to meet her, but the wind was contrary, the heavens were overcast with storm-clouds, the river was low; it seemed impossible to cross. The Maid was grieved that her orders had been disobeyed; "not for her own sake," she said, "but because she brought the aid of the King of Heaven." That very night, however—April 29, 1429—the wind changed, the provisions were put on board the boats and safely conveyed across, while Jeanne herself followed, accompanied by two hundred knights.

It was midnight; thunder rolled and lightning flashed in a fierce tempest. The English, although they occupied a fort overlooking the part of the Loire where the transport was effected, offered no opposition to the entry of the Maiden and her escort.

On through the streets of the starving city she rode, while lightning gleamed on the thousands who pressed around her, anxious to touch her armour, her banner, or her noble charger. She went straight to the cathedral, there to offer thanks for having been permitted to enter the city, and by torchlight the priests and people sang a solemn Te Deum of thankfulness. Then she was welcomed at the house of a good and gentle lady who had prepared a splendid feast for her; but she took only a little bread and wine, and retired to pass the night with her hostess's little daughter.

The romantic and wonderful event, the faith of the young girl in her mission, all gave fresh heart to the inhabitants. The garrison far out-numbered the besiegers. Courage was all they needed; that courage was given by this new and inspiring presence among them.

Jeanne's first act was to send another letter, attached to an arrow shot from the ramparts, into the English camp, summoning the besiegers to depart. They answered with scorn and derision. Nevertheless, a second convoy of provisions, sent round by a different route, was allowed to enter the city unmolested.

And now the Maid was to prove that her courage did not fail her in the very act of war. An attack by the garrison on one of the forts held by the English soon took place, and she plunged into the thickest of the fight, waving her white banner, and calling aloud on the troops to follow her. She led them to victory; yet long afterwards she averred that she had never shed blood with her own hands, and the sight of the wounded moved her to pity and tears. Fain would she have saved Orleans without bloodshed had it been possible.

Attacks followed on the other forts, which likewise yielded, until one only—"Les Tournelles"—deemed impregnable, was left, defended by Suffolk, Talbot, and the flower of England's chivalry. Jeanne's colleagues wished to await reinforcements before assailing it, but she indignantly refused; and, though they tried to prevent her, she advanced in person with a band of men to the attack. Those who had most opposed her purpose rushed to her aid; the battle was fierce and obstinate, and Jeanne was pierced by an arrow in the neck. She wept with the pain, and the enemy deemed her mortally wounded; but rallying in a little time, she led forth her men with fresh energy. The English were panic-struck at her reappearance; a furious struggle followed, but at last the French stormed the fort, and the Maid's banner waved from its conquered summit. The peasant girl had triumphed—Orleans was saved!

On the next day, the 8th of May, nine days after the entry into Orleans, the besieging force withdrew; the Te Deum was sung by rejoicing hosts over the victory, and Jeanne, henceforth to be known as the "Maid of Orleans," was raised to the topmost pinnacle of renown.

The second part of her mission was yet to be accomplished—the coronation of the Dauphin at Rheims—but, before this could take place, other cities on the Loire fell before the magic of her presence. The battle of Pataye, in the open field, completed the French triumph in this part of the country. The loss of the enemy was terrible. One incident is significant. At the close of the battle a French soldier struck down a wounded Englishman who had cried for mercy. Jeanne leapt from her horse in sharply-expressed indignation, raised the head of the dying man in her arms, and soothed his last moments.

The effect of this victory was decisive and complete, and Jeanne became an object of homage to soldiers and people. At her wish all pillage was renounced, and there was a universal cry, "Let us follow the Maid to crown the King at Rheims."

An unkingly king, indeed! for in spite of the wonderful events of the last months, Charles hung back from his coronation. Relieved from the pressure of anxiety, he dreaded the dangers of the march to Rheims; his courtiers—especially a wretched man named La Trémouille—were jealous of Jeanne, and though her entreaties were seconded by the Duke d'Alençon and some of the chief commanders, he made excuse after excuse. But the army would not brook a refusal, and Charles was obliged to yield. At the head of a host numbering twelve thousand, the Dauphin marched forth with Jeanne by his side.

The first difficulty was encountered outside the gates of Troyes, which would not allow the army to enter and obtain provisions. After waiting six days outside the walls, the Maid bade the troops at evening collect doors, tables, shutters, wood of every kind, and construct a pile in the moat, while on the top they placed a few small cannon. She herself, in her pale armour, holding aloft her banner, sat on horseback directing the operations, and the terrified citizens, fearing magic, succumbed before this very simple stratagem, opening their gates with loyal demonstrations to Charles and his men.

The march was continued, and the army passed through Chalons. Standing humbly by the wayside were some peasants from Domremy, who had come to look on the victorious and celebrated Maid, their former friend. They scarcely expected her to do more than glance their way, but she greeted them with cordial affection.

"How is it you have become so brave?" they asked; "and are you not afraid when you go into battle?"

"I fear but one thing—TRAITORS!" she replied.

And now the towers of Rheims Cathedral cleft the distant sky, and the company pressed onward thither. The principal citizens came forth to greet Charles and lay the keys of the city at his feet. The Chancellor with the army, who was also Archbishop of Rheims, could now take possession of his see, and with loud and joyous demonstrations of welcome the royal band entered the city on the evening of Friday, July 16, 1429.

Practically, France was saved, and by the influence of the enthusiastic maiden. She dictated (for she did not know how to write) a letter to Philip of Burgundy on the morning of the coronation, an extract from which will show the spirit that actuated her.

"I charge you by the King of Heaven, my true and Sovereign Lord, that you and the King of France make a good and sure peace that shall last long. . . . Forgive one another from your hearts, entirely as becomes loyal Christians; and I pray and beseech you, with clasped hands, to make war with us no more!"

On Sunday, July 18, a glorious sight was witnessed in the ancient pile of Our Lady of Rheims. As shafts of sunshine fell athwart the Gothic twilight, they flashed back from the glittering attire of knights and dames—the fairest and noblest of the land—who

thronged the arched aisles, with unwonted splendour.

Near the altar a throne had been erected. Arrayed in crimson velvet and ermine, adorned with gold and jewels, Charles entered bare-headed, followed by his retinue, as the organ pealed in melodious thunder through the aisles, and the full-voiced choir chanted in harmony.

The anointing with the holy oil and other portions of the ceremony were proceeded with in due form, and every heart in the assembly beat high with loyal emotion. Yet even more than the king himself did Jeanne the Maid rivet attention and sympathy. Holding her white standard erect, she stood near the altar; the rays of light that streamed through the richly-stained window above her head bathed her in glorified radiance, and she seemed to the awe-struck spectators to be a being from another world.

The ceremonial ended with the benediction, and Jeanne, putting aside her standard, fell at the feet of Charles VII.

"O gentle king, the pleasure of God is done," she cried, with tears, as she embraced his knees. She then begged leave to go home, but Charles, as he raised her from the ground, put aside the request, scarcely believing in its sincerity. And in truth the passionate homage and adoration that were now lavished by all classes of society upon the Maid seemed as though they should have outweighed the attraction of a village home. She asked no reward for herself but that Domremy should be exempted from taxes, and, accordingly, for nearly three hundred years there appeared in the books of assessment opposite the name of the village, "Nothing, for the Maid's sake." To her and her family were given a patent of nobility, in which the lilies of France figured, under the title of Du Lys.

With these somewhat barren rewards the gratitude of Charles seems to have expended itself, and the history of Jeanne now becomes sadder and sadder to its close.

She remained with the King's forces, and became inspired with the desire that actuated all his really loyal counsellors to conquer Paris for its sovereign; but Charles established himself at a pleasant retreat at Senlis, and shunned activity. In vain did the Duke D'Alençon implore him to appear before his capital, where there were many friendly to his cause. He delayed and delayed; and at last, when an attack was really made, it failed owing to his vacillation and the cowardly command of one of his generals to sound a retreat.

"The city might have been won!" was the piteous cry of the Maid, as, wounded and distracted, she was lifted on her horse and led away. Yet she would not give up her plan; and two days afterwards, with reinforcements and a valiant band of helpers, she started to renew the attack on Paris, at a point where a bridge crossed the Seine. It can scarcely be believed that Charles, hearing of her intention, had caused the bridge to be destroyed during the night, and thus frustrated her efforts!

Feeling that her mission was over, the disheartened Maid hung up her armour before the tomb of St. Denis, the patron saint of France; yet she was persuaded to remain with the Court, and passed a miserable winter of inactivity at Bourges. Much jealousy surrounded the shepherd girl who had saved France; still, it was not strong enough to prevent her being held in considerable honour, and a handsome income was granted to her. This she spent largely for the benefit of the poor and afflicted, who now, as ever, loved her presence.

Few details of her Court life have come down to us, but it is evident that it was distasteful to her ardent, impetuous nature. In April of the following year—1430—she mounted her horse and set off with a few brave men, bidding no farewell to the king, whom she never saw again.

Hearing that the Duke of Burgundy was successfully attacking the fortresses round Compiègne, she went to that town, and was gladly received by the governor and citizens. She aroused the inhabitants to make a gallant defence, and headed a sally against the besiegers. In the battle that followed she acted in her most heroic manner, but her force was outnumbered. "Jeanne, Jeanne, lose not a moment!—regain the town or we are lost!" was the cry. She was unwilling, but some of her friends seized her horse by the bridle and forced her to turn back. The intrepid girl, seeing that defeat was inevitable, rushed to the rear, to cover the retreat and help the soldiers to escape. More selfish than she was, they *fled helter-skelter* within the gates, closed them, and raised the drawbridge before Jeanne could cross it. All hope of her safety was over; for, attended only by a very few brave followers, she was shut out!

(*To be concluded.*)

STAY-AT-HOME GIRLS.

By DORA HOPE.

Our Christmas Exhibition.

ALTHOUGH Jeannette had herself proposed that her sisters should begin the winter with a little amusement, she had no intention of letting them spend all their time in that way, and no sooner was their Hallow E'en party successfully over than she set about making inquiries for some more useful occupation for them. She soon found plenty to do, and her only difficulty henceforward was to prevent the girls undertaking too many things at once.

But Elsie and Nannie found their first piece of work for themselves. On calling one day at the vicarage, while on a charitable mission to two poor families, they found the vicar's wife engaged in a conference with one of her most active lady assistants as to the details of a proposed Christmas Exhibition; and no sooner were the girls introduced to her than she declared it was a most fortunate circumstance that they should have come just then, for she was on the look out for someone to help her, and they were just the girls she wanted.

"So, Jeannette, you must just set your wits to work," cried Nannie, when on returning home Elsie paused breathless with eagerness and excitement in the midst of narrating their adventures. "And we told Miss Massingham—that is her name, you know—all about you, and she is coming here to-morrow morning to have a good long talk, and settle everything."

"Yes," went on Elsie, "and we said you would be sure to have lots of suggestions ready for her, so do be brilliant, and have splendid ideas while we go and take our things off, and we'll bring some paper and write your ideas down at once. Come along, Nannie."

It was in vain for Jeannette to call after them that they had not explained in the least what they wanted her to do; the girls ran off too full of their scheme to listen to anything. Their usual custom was to sit chatting when they came in from a walk, taking off their gloves and hats, and unbuttoning their jackets as they talked, and it needed a very broad hint indeed to start them off upstairs; but to-day they were too full of their new project to waste any time in gossiping.

In a wonderfully short time they came running downstairs again, armed with pencil and paper, and demanding ideas.

"We never told you what it was all about, Jeannie? But our brains are both so overflowing with the subject that I should have said a thought-wave must have reached you; however, as you are so dense, I will explain. Well, there is going to be an Industrial Show here at Christmas; all the day schools, and Sunday-schools, and Bands of Hope are to be asked to join. There are to be prizes for all kinds of things, chiefly useful articles made by the children themselves. The first thing to be done, Miss Massingham says, is to get large notices printed announcing the show, to be put up in all the schoolrooms, and any convenient public places. Then we must make out lists of the prizes offered, and get them distributed and explained to the children, so that they will know what kind of things to prepare."

"Are only children to compete, then?" asked Jeannette.

"No, but she wants us to help chiefly with the children. The prize lists for grown-up people are to be on white, and for children under sixteen years on blue paper, so as not to have any confusion."

"The time is very short," objected Jeannette, "and these industrial shows are better held in the early spring, so that the children can have all the long winter evenings for their work. If we gave notice of the show now, and tried to make the children in all the schools promise to work through the winter, we might get a very good show by about April."

"Now, dearest Jeannie, don't be unpleasant and throw cold water on our plans. Miss Massingham says of course that would be the proper thing to do, only she is going abroad after Christmas, and there is no one else who will undertake all the arrangements, so it has to be very much hurried, and, she says, no doubt it will suffer in consequence, but we must do the best we can. And we promised to put our heads together, and get some good suggestions for the prize list; and then to-morrow Miss Massingham will come and sift them out."

So the three talked over possible and impossible ideas, and Elsie eagerly wrote down all the suggestions till they had a goodly list to show their new friend.

A CHARITABLE MISSION.

Punctually at the time fixed, Miss Massingham arrived, and was shown into the room where the three girls were waiting for her.

She was tall, with a firm, quiet face, and winning manner, which quite accounted for the girls' enthusiasm about her. She looked down with pity on Jeannette, and her first remark, after the mutual greetings, was: "I have a small bed-table with a book-rest at home, that I think would be comfortable for you; will you let me send it to you?" And without waiting for Jeannette's surprised thanks, she took up Elsie's neatly-written list, and, as she said, proceeded to business.

"You write so clearly," she said, turning to Elsie, "so perhaps you would not mind acting as our secretary; I have brought some large sheets of foolscap paper, so that you will have plenty of room. Suppose we begin with the children's list. First, then, at the top of the sheet we must have the announcement in large type of the date and place of the show; we have obtained permission to use the Grange Street Board School; you know the Board are always very ready to lend their schools for such purposes, and we have fixed upon the Saturday after Christmas Day, so that will do for a beginning; we shall have to give notice of the exact hour, with all other final instructions, nearer the time, so as to jog their memories."

"Will you say anything about the ages of the competitors on the papers?" asked Jeannette.

"Yes, I think, to avoid misunderstanding, we had better go on: 'The following prizes are offered to any competitors, either boys or girls, under sixteen years of age.'"

"I heard of a similar show a little while ago," said Jeannette, "at which, having found from previous experience that there was a good deal of cheating, they made a regulation that a card must be attached to each exhibit, signed by a teacher or some other adult, certifying that the exhibit was really and entirely the child's own work."

"That is a very good suggestion; please add that to your notice, Elsie. Then the prize list might follow, I think. I will read out to you the prizes which different friends have already offered—For the neatest patch (2 prizes), 5/- and 2/6; tool box, made by boys, 5/-; knitted socks or stockings, 3/6; a quilt made from waste scraps of material, 7/6 and 5/-.

"That last is very good," Miss Massingham interrupted herself to say; "we must persuade some of the young people to try it. I have seen very warm quilts made by knitting flannel list with very large wooden needles; and one I saw knitted in the same way of scraps of material of all sorts and colours cut into narrow strips, and stitched firmly to-

gether. Then, again, patchwork quilts need not be made only of cotton, they can be made of cuttings of flannel, cloth, dress materials—anything, in fact."

"And haven't you heard of newspaper quilts, too, Miss Massingham?" put in Nannie.

"Yes, dear, and I have tried them myself of sheets of brown paper as well as newspapers; but the consequence was I gave up advising people to use them, for they cracked and rustled so they kept me awake nearly all night. I suppose one would get accustomed to that as to any other noise that is continuous, but one loses an uncomfortable amount of sleep in the meantime."

"I should like to offer a prize," said Mrs. Mayhew, who had come into the room unperceived. "I am always being annoyed by the slovenly way so many poor people do their washing and ironing; so I will offer two prizes, one for girls for the best ironed collar, and one for women for the best got-up shirt."

"And how much will you give, mother?"

"Not money at all, I think, Elsie. Suppose I offer a pair of vases for the women, and materials for a cotton dress for the girls. But I should like you to add, Elsie, that professional laundresses are not to compete."

"And I should like to give a prize, too, Miss Massingham," added Jeannette. "I will give a fitted-up work-case for the best parlour-maid's cap made by a servant."

"Oh, Elsie, I wish we had some money," sighed Nannie; "everybody is giving a prize except us."

"Well, dears, as you seem inclined to really work hard at making the show a success," answered their mother, "if you like, I will give you two nice useful cookery books to offer for prizes."

"That will be delightful," exclaimed Nannie, smiling once more; "what shall they be for, Elsie?"

"It seems to be a duty to encourage the domestic arts," replied Elsie, thoughtfully, leaning her chin upon her hand; "so I think mine shall be for a cake, with a recipe for making it. I suppose we must mention that it is to be a plain, cheap cake; don't you think so, Miss Massingham?"

"Yes, decidedly, Elsie, and that the cost will be taken into account in awarding the prizes."

"Well, I am going to be still more prosaic, and give my prize for pea-soup; though I don't believe you would ever get poor people to like soup," added Nannie.

Miss Massingham then read out the other special prizes which had been offered, and said, to save time, Elsie had better begin the other list for adults now, so that she could read out the prizes just as they came. One lady had offered two prizes for written directions how best to lay out ten shillings a week for food for a family of husband, wife, and four children, and another on how best to live entirely on thirty shillings a week, details to be given as to the proportions to be spent on rent, dress, food, and the other principal items of expense. Another prize was for a collection of the wild flowers of the neighbourhood, collected and dried during the past summer. The lady who offered this prize had a large class of girls whom she had encouraged to observe and collect wild plants. Then the vicar offered a New Testament to the man or boy who could best read aloud a chapter in the Bible, and a handsome Bible to the one who would best recite any favourite chapter in the Bible.

In addition to these special prizes, many friends had contributed sums of money to the undertaking, to be spent as Miss Massingham thought proper; so she and the girls decided that prizes should be offered, amongst other things, for the best Christmas decorations—wreaths, garlands, mottoes, or anything else being admissible; and it was decided that if anything suitable was sent it should be given to the Cottage Hospital, even though it would arrive too late for Christmas Day.

Several other needlework prizes were offered, too—one for a cotton dress, cut out and made by competitor; another for the best night-dress made by a girl of sixteen, and so on. Then for boys, there were prizes for fret-work, netted hammocks, and cork models, and for the men several prizes for carpentering—one for a book-case, for a hanging cupboard, for a model of a ship or building of any sort, as well as an open prize for any sort of article for home use. In addition to all these, nearly a dozen prizes were offered for various sorts of plants, grown in pots by exhibitors; at this time of year these, of course, were chiefly evergreens.

These notices and prize lists were distributed as soon as possible, and though it was thought best for Miss Massingham and the vicar's wife to visit the schools and working-men's clubs, and get the co-operation of the masters and mistresses, the girls rendered invaluable service by visiting at their own homes as many as possible of the children who gave in their names as competitors, and encouraging and advising them in their work.

About a fortnight before the day of the show other handbills were distributed, announcing that the exhibition would be opened at two o'clock on Saturday afternoon, and that all exhibits must be brought to the hall between six and eight on Friday evening, and each must have the name and address and, in the case of children, the age of the exhibitor attached.

When the Friday evening came, the girls went to the hall early with their brother Ronald, who was in his father's office, Jack, a medical student, and his friend Mr. Lethbridge, who lived next door, and was the owner of the black dog which had frightened Nannie at their Hallow E'en party. He had been a new arrival in the neighbourhood then, and almost a stranger, but he and Jack had struck up a friendship ever since that evening. When they arrived they found Miss Massingham awaiting them, with several other young men and maidens, whom she had asked to help. And though it was still half an hour before the time fixed, there was already a crowd of children waiting with their exhibits, each of whom evidently expected his or her own particular specimen to be the pride of the whole show.

A good number of long tea-meeting tables had been borrowed for the occasion; these were arranged down the sides of the largest class-room, and a smaller one ran down the middle, and all were covered with the cheapest red-glazed lining. For some time all were busy receiving the exhibits from the children, who evidently parted with them reluctantly, and with some anxiety as to their safety; but they were to some extent comforted when Nannie, who acted as doorkeeper, gave each one as they left the room again, a red ticket, which entitled them to free admission to the show, all but exhibitors having to pay twopence apiece.

When the stream of exhibitors had stopped, and no others seemed to be coming but an occasional man or woman, who could not get out till the day's work was done, the girls set to work to sort out and arrange the articles, those for the needlework competition in one place, for the cookery in another, and so on. The adults were given one side of the room and the children the other, while the plants of all sorts were grouped on the centre table. Meanwhile the young men were equally busy, nailing up the Christmas decorations, some of which were very effective, and arranging the flags and large plants which had been borrowed for the occasion. A small class-room had to be converted into a picture gallery, and the large number of pictures Miss Massingham had borrowed from her friends were hung there, each one which needed it with a short description attached, in Elsie's clear hand-writing.

The quilts, being many and of gorgeous colour, were not put on the tables with the other needlework, but hung upon the walls, where they added very much to the brightness of the room, though one unfortunate assistant brought upon himself a storm of laughter when it was noticed that the quilt he had been so long in hanging, and which was adorned with brilliant red flannel figures supposed to represent some scriptural scene, was wrong side up.

It was late before all was finished, but the assistants were at the school again betimes next morning. The first to arrive were Ronald and Jack, who, after a considerable arranging of cushions on the little platform at one end of the room, went out again to the carriage at the door, and came back carrying most gently between them their sister Jeannette. They had insisted that she must come and help to judge, as she had done so much and taken such an interest in the show. All the evening before her busy fingers had been employed, first in making up charming little rosettes for the six young men who were to act as stewards; and then in writing notices in large round-hand, "Class I.," "Class II.," and so on, to be affixed to the different sets of articles, so that visitors might know which competition they were looking at, and by referring to their prize lists see what were the prizes offered. Miss Massingham was delighted with her clever work, and still more gratified when she heard how much the bed-table had helped her to write without excessive fatigue.

Ronald had to leave to go to his office as soon as he had settled his sister comfortably, but Jack and Mr. Lethbridge devoted themselves to her, and when all was ready for the judging, and Miss Massingham had allotted to each their appointed tasks, they brought Jeannette all the cookery exhibits, that she might decide upon their respective merits, which was the duty assigned to her, and afterwards re-arranged the articles in their places, and at her direction affixed the notices, "first prize," or "second prize."

Meanwhile Elsie was busy in her capacity as secretary. As the judges finished their tasks each one came to her and gave her the names of the prize-winners in that particular class, which she wrote down on the list prepared beforehand for the purpose.

At last all was finished, and when nearly all the assistants had departed, Jeannette was carried round the room to admire the exhibits in detail before being deposited, tired indeed, but delighted, in her carriage once more.

It is impossible to narrate all the events of the afternoon. Suffice it to say that a large number of visitors came, and went away prepared to attempt wonderful things for next year, and though of course there was a little grumbling from disappointed exhibitors, nearly every one was quite satisfied with the way the prizes had been awarded.

One steward, aided by a policeman, kept the door; another posted himself in the picture gallery, and explained the pictures to the visitors. Another, who held in his hand a duplicate copy of the list of prize-winners, marshalled them into the room which had been set apart for the distribution, and brought them up in proper order to receive the prizes from the hands of the vicar, who called out their names from the list Elsie had given him.

After the prize-giving, a selection of glees was sung by an amateur choral society; a speech was made by the vicar; and so ended the girls' first attempt at work for the poor.

(To be continued.)

ONLY A GIRL-WIFE.

By RUTH LAMB, Author of "Her Own Choice," &c.

CHAPTER VI.

LADY CARNELLY would not have missed having a final fling at her sister-in-law and Andrew Crawford for the world.

"I must say a word before I wash my hands of all responsibility with regard to you, Ida," she said. "Had I been in your confidence, your future would probably be a very different one and more in accordance with what the sister of Viscount Carnelly had a right to expect. I have always felt that this engagement resulted from a disgraceful subterfuge on your part. Yes," she added, looking straight at the girl, "I daresay you and Dr. Crawford imagined that you deceived me very cleverly at the time, but I saw through the whole thing, and now I presume I must congratulate you on the success of your plot."

Dr. Crawford, equally bewildered and indignant at the sudden attack, said, "You speak in riddles," when Ida laid her hand on his with a light pressure and answered for both.

"Beatrice alludes to that night when you found me crying in my loneliness and disappointment. You know why I sat there, hiding my trouble as best I might, in the almost darkness, and so does she, though it has often pleased her to taunt me with having remained to deceive her and serve some purpose of my own. Thus far I have been able to treat the accusation with the contempt it merited, and if I could do this when standing alone, I trust, Andrew, with you by my side, I shall not feel less strong."

Ida spoke quietly, standing erect with the dignity of a young queen, as she looked straight at Lady Carnelly. There was even a smile on her face, not of scorn, though she might well have shown it, but rather of amusement, at Lady Carnelly's persistency in repeating a slander which she knew to be unfounded.

"Do you accuse me of telling an untruth?" was the angry response.

"I accuse you of nothing, Beatrice. When you first charged me with duplicity, you never believed me guilty of it. By frequent repetition of the charge you may have persuaded yourself that you are in the right."

"Take your wilful way, Ida," was the irrelevant answer. "I would have given you opportunities and advantages enough. I have a clear conscience, and shall take care that the blame of throwing yourself away rests on the right shoulders. When you have quite made your arrangements, no doubt my husband will be able to inform me. He is in your confidence. I shall wait his pleasure, as I am not accustomed to be consulted."

The colonel gave a sigh of relief when his wife disappeared. "There," said he, "the matter is settled. You have only to fix the wedding day. Beatrice is not really angry, only she likes to make a fuss."

He was right in one sense. Lady Carnelly was not sorry that her beautiful sister-in-law would be removed to an entirely different sphere, and yet there would have been a certain reflected glory to herself as the chaperone of a girl who was so certain to have attracted attention in society.

After the first outburst, Lady Carnelly settled down, and, finding that the marriage was to take place in a month, condescended to give Ida the benefit of her undoubted good taste in choosing her trousseau. She would have led her into a good deal of useless expenditure, but this was quietly overruled by the girl herself.

"More than half the things you suggest would be useless at Shelverton," she said. "I have no wish to make myself conspicuous by the extent and costliness of my wardrobe."

"You owe something to your family, and, if I may venture to remind you of the fact," said Lady Carnelly, "to me. In a sense you are considered to be under my care. I trust you will bear in mind that I should be compromised were you to leave this house with an outfit suitable for a petty tradesman's daughter, but not for the Honourable Ida Carnelly."

"Do not fear, Beatrice. No one who looks at your tasteful dress will blame you if mine should be found wanting."

"I have no anxiety about that where I am known, Ida, but you are going amongst strangers and ought at once to take the leading place. You hardly understand how much depends on first impressions. People can only judge of new comers by externals."

Ida laughed merrily at this. "Then," she said, "I will take care not to overpower the Shelverton people by outside grandeur, lest, on a closer acquaintance, they should find nothing better beyond; beside, position and name go a long way in saving money."

"What do you mean?"

"I learned this in a shop once, when the mistress showed me some pretty, imitation lace. I said how like real lace it was, and she answered, 'You may safely wear it, Miss Carnelly, because no one will suspect you of using anything but the real thing.'"

As Ida was to wear the dresses, it was not unreasonable that she should wish to choose for herself, especially as her sister-in-law would scarcely see them again. She said as much, in a good-humoured way, and made her purchases with excellent taste and judgment. Even Lady Carnelly owned this, though she qualified her praise by the remark which followed it.

"It was natural you should have a better idea than I as to how a country doctor's wife ought to dress."

In the face of Ida's moderation she could hardly persist in making a great display, so the colonel's pocket was less taxed than might have been expected.

Dr. Crawford managed to steal a few hours each week to visit Ida until the close of the month, and then there was a modest wedding, and he took away his fair young bride from her brother's roof.

No one could have shown himself more full of sympathy than Lord Carnelly. He was sorry to part with his sister, and up in the nursery he knew that the loss of Aunt Ida was causing weeping and wailing amongst the infant Carnellys.

It was not the parting only which caused the gloom on the colonel's face to deepen, after the last wedding guest was gone, and he and his wife were left alone together. He paced the room in silence for some time, then remarked, "I ought to have told Crawford about Ida's money. I should have done but for you, Beatrice. I cannot feel that I have acted quite honourably."

"Nonsense. What does it matter? You told the truth, and nothing but the truth."

"Yes, but not the whole truth. I only said to Crawford that the principal sum would come to Ida when she was twenty-one."

"Well, is not that what your father's will also states?"

"Yes, but it adds, 'Or on her marriage.' Of course with my consent is implied, for, as her guardian, I could have refused it, and in such a case I should have felt justified in withholding the principal until she was of age. As it is, I know my father intended that his daughter's little fortune should be handed over to her when she married, provided that she became the wife of one whom I could approve. Now I never mentioned the alternative to Crawford, but I ought to have done so and paid over the five thousand pounds. It is little enough for my father's daughter to take with her as a marriage portion."

"I thought you said you were not prepared to hand over the money immediately," retorted Lady Carnelly, in a hard tone.

"Neither am I, unfortunately, but still——"

"Where would have been the use of saying a word about it then? Really, Lindsay, it seems absurd for you to worry about the mere telling, if you could not follow up the information by fulfilling the conditions. You will pay Ida the interest, and it will be time enough to speak of the principal when Dr. Crawford expects to receive it," was the prompt reply.

Lord Carnelly remained silent but unconvinced. Conscience spoke more effectually if not so loudly as his wife had done. And beside, there would, he

knew, be difficulties in the way of producing the five thousand pounds whenever the day of payment should arrive. He could only hope that by some means he might then be enabled to give a satisfactory account of his stewardship, and end it at once and for altogether.

Dr. Crawford, seated beside his bride in the railway carriage which was conveying them northward, troubled himself not a whit about Ida's fortune. If she had been absolutely penniless, she would have been equally precious to him. His mind was filled with glad but solemn thoughts, as a good man's must need be, at such a time and after having entered on such responsibilities.

He poured in Ida's attentive ears the details of many a plan for her future comfort and happiness. He tried to interest her on behalf of the poor of Shelverton, by telling her of his aunt's life work, and the love she won on all hands.

"My uncle's hope and prayer for you, Ida, darling, were that you might fill just the kind of place at Shelverton that my Aunt Grace did," said he. And then, waxing eloquent, he spoke of her beautiful Christian character, and repeated the message sent to Ida by Dr. Fereday on the last day of his life.

The girl listened, but when he finished there was no reflection from her face of the light that shone in his. On the contrary, she seemed a little disconcerted, or as if she only half understood her husband's meaning.

"You make me half afraid, Andrew," she said. "If Mrs. Fereday was so perfect and so good to everybody, I am sure they will care nothing about me at Shelverton. You see, I have never been used to go about amongst poor people and to cottages, and all that sort of thing. At school we were always lectured about keeping our own places and not losing our position. We walked two and two you know, dear, with the eye of a governess always upon us, and looked like this."

Ida put on a demure face and folded her hands primly, then, breaking into a merry laugh, she added, "I do believe poor Miss Ferguson, who was our senior bodyguard, would have fainted if she had seen us speak to an ill-dressed person, to say nothing of her fear that we should catch some dreadful ailment or other, if we came in contact with rags."

"I do not suppose you have seen much of the ways and wants of poor folk, my darling; but I have no doubt you are like what my aunt was in this. You have the heart to feel for those in trouble and the will to relieve it. I believe you could give nothing but a gentle word and a kindly look to all with whom you come in contact, and these are not lightly valued."

"You must not be too sure of that, Andrew; you have only seen my best side. How could I give you anything but loving looks and words when you have brightened my life ever since I knew you?"

The young wife turned a beaming, tender face towards her husband. There could be no doubt of her true love for him. What Dr. Crawford wanted to realise was, that his young wife had higher aims and hopes like his own, and springing from the same source.

He longed to speak of these things to Ida, and was almost angry with himself for the feeling of shyness which came over him whenever he strove to introduce them.

Dr. Crawford's was no uncommon case. Often enough the Christian is drawn into conversation with a fellow traveller in a railway carriage, or as he walks with someone, hitherto unknown, on the same road. Some word is let fall which acts as a spark to kindle the hearts of the wayfarers into a very glow of Christian love. Their "hearts burn within them," as they talk by the way, and those who have apparently met by chance are loth to part and would fain put off the moment of farewell. But it is otherwise when those to whom we wish to speak and whose earthly interests are identical with our own are always walking side by side with us.

Dr. Crawford had let fall little words now and then, in Ida's hearing, of the kind alluded to, but they had produced no response, no answering word, no lighting up the face with gladness, no sense of communion in holy things. He put this down to shyness, and argued with himself, "If I feel it difficult as yet to speak on these subjects to Ida, it is likely that she will be timid also. The dearest, most precious thoughts ever lie deepest in the heart."

Hence the talk about Aunt Grace and her life of good doing. Hence the words that followed: "My aunt was what everyone loved, because she loved her Saviour and humbly strove to follow His example. You and I have said little about these things, Ida, but I trust they will grow more familiar subjects with us day by day."

Young Mrs. Crawford looked at her husband with wide open eyes. "Andrew," she said, "you talk as if you thought I ought to be a very religious person; I did not know that—that——" She hesitated as if unable to express her meaning.

"Were you going to say you did not know that I professed to be a religious man?"

"Not quite that. I have always thought you so good, better than any one I knew; only you never talked of such things before."

"I am ashamed to own that I never did; but, dear Ida, let me say it now. If there be anything of goodness in me, it can only be of God's good gift that I have been taught my need as a sinner, and been led to Christ as my only Saviour. Knowing Him as such, how can I help loving Him? Loving Him, how can I help wishing to follow the example of His most holy life?"

In his heart Andrew Crawford thanked God that he had been enabled to say even these few words as a reason for the hope that was in him, and once more he looked at the beautiful face of his young wife for some expression to show that she felt with him.

"I do not quite understand you, Andrew; it seems strange to me to hear you talk in this way; but though I am not like you, dear, I am not quite a heathen. Would you like to hear me say my Catechism? I believe I can do that yet without missing a single word. Suppose you question me." Again with that light, musical laugh of hers, Ida placed herself before her husband in the attitude of a schoolgirl ready to repeat a lesson, and waiting to be questioned.

That laugh of Ida's had always before sounded pleasantly in Dr. Crawford's ears, but now it jarred sadly, being out of harmony with his own feelings. It, and the words of his wife, told him only too plainly that, having been fascinated by the fair outside and winsome ways of Ida Carnelly, he had taken more important things for granted, and credited her with higher hopes which had no existence.

Well, it was useless to blame himself now; besides, the doctor's affection for the beautiful, bright girl who had become his wife was far too deeply seated to allow of present regrets. He was abundantly conscious that, even with his actual knowledge of Ida's comparative indifference to those things which he regarded as of the first importance, he should do again as he had done, make her his wife and trust that the time would come when the difference would no longer exist.

It was as yet early in the honeymoon, but, from the day of their marriage, Dr. Crawford had always read a portion of Scripture aloud and knelt in prayer by his wife's side morning and evening.

Ida had said, "It is like school-days coming back again, Andrew; we always had prayers there, but at Lindsay's we had got out of the way of it." And she put her white hands before her face almost like a child again, whilst he fervently asked for God's blessing on their marriage, and thanked Him for having given them to each other.

On this particular evening Dr. Crawford was fated to undergo another shock. He was about to begin his reading when Ida laid her hand on his, and in a pleading voice said, "Andrew, please do not read that chapter."

"Why not, darling? I chose it because it is so very beautiful, and I thought you would enjoy hearing the sweet words of comfort as I should do the reading. I thought every reader of the Bible must love the fourteenth of St. John."

"I hate it, Andrew. Please do not be shocked," she continued, as she saw the look of pain, almost of horror, on her husband's face. "If you had been made, when at school, to repeat chapters out of the Bible as a punishment for any little breach of discipline or forgetfulness of rules, you would feel as I do. There were certain chapters, quite a number of them, which most of the girls had to learn and repeat in this way at some time or other. They used to be called 'punishment chapters,' and this was one of them. I do believe every girl in the school felt as I do, and learned to hate the very sound of the words that were always associated with privation and punishment. If you had heard them dinned in your ears in every variety of

angry or sullen tones, you would never want to listen to them again."

Ida spoke, for her, quite vehemently, and, with a feeling of indescribable pain, her husband closed the Bible and sat still and silent.

His wife sprang towards him, and, clasping her white arms round his neck, burst into tears. "You are angry with me, Andrew; I am very sorry. I could not help it. Forgive me, dear, and please read something else. I did not want you to give up reading altogether, only not to read that. You will think me dreadfully wicked, I know."

"No, my darling wife, only very unfortunate in having been robbed of treasures of comfort and strength and guidance by those who knew not their value, and who were to be pitied for their ignorance also." He drew the shining head to his breast and wiped away the tears which were flowing down Ida's cheeks.

"We will read, dear, and you shall choose the chapter lest I make another unfortunate selection."

Mrs. Crawford turned the leaves of the Bible to and fro for a few moments and then said, "Read this, Andrew; I always liked it."

He at once complied, and, as he read the touching parables of the "Ninety and Nine," and "The Prodigal Son," he thanked God in his heart that the fifteenth of St. Luke had not been included in the "punishment chapters."*

* It may seem incredible that any teacher could ever have acted as Ida's is stated to have done, but the writer of this story was told, by a highly intelligent girl of similar age, that, owing to the system of giving passages of scripture to be learned as "punishments" for breaches of school rules, she had learned to dislike the very mention of those chapters. It took years to efface the unfortunate impression thus produced, though in time it passed away. The lady is living, and only about forty years old, and a devoted disciple of Jesus, every word of His being now precious to her.

(*To be continued.*)

THE OLD OAK COFFER.

By MRS. G. LINNÆUS BANKS.

"Oh, maiden fair,
What seek'st thou there,
In the old oak chest on the old oak stair?
Didst thou not think, ere raising the lid,
Of the silent ghosts that there lay hid;
Ghosts of the past
Shut close and fast,
Never to rise while a life might last?"

"Nay," with a frown,
"The lid held down
Little beside my grandmother's gown,
Gloves, a queer hat with flowery wreath,
A book, and a sword without a sheath.
It holdeth naught
Worth search or thought;
Mildew and rust hath such mischief wrought."

"Ah, think again,
A world of pain
Might lie there fastened with hasp and chain;
That dress was worn when the sheathless sword
Went through the breast of a man adored.
Here were they thrust
To moth and rust,
In the shuddering grief of a broken trust.

"Thy youthful face
Shows ne'er a trace
Of sorrow in its winsome grace.
Under thy grandame's silvery hair
Were lines of more than common care;
She shut her heart
Upon its smart
'Till time and love plucked forth the dart.

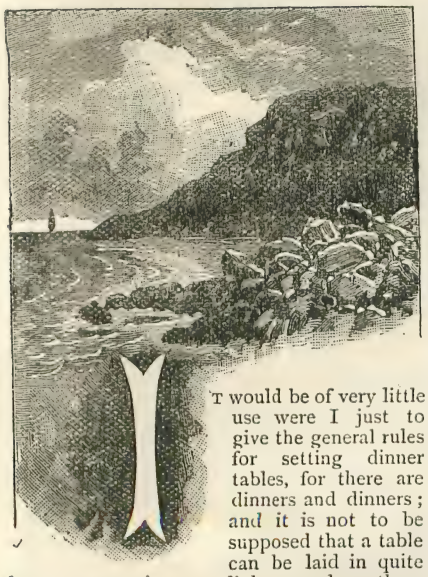
"But deep below
That early snow
Lay gruesome records few might know;
The secret of the life-blood spilt,
The brother's sword stained to the hilt,
The woful strife
That changed her life,
Years lapsed ere she became a wife.

"A meek-eyed dame,
Of blameless fame,
Of patient, Christ-like life and aim,
Whose censure was but rarely heard
Save for the angry act or word;
Whilst 'neath that lid
Lay darkly hid
Sad evidence what anger did.

"Yes, put them by!
There let them lie,
Where they were flung in agony;
For hasty word and angry deed
May cause more hearts than one to bleed;
And idle words
Are sharp as swords,
And bosoms hide what coffer hoards."

THE OLD OAK COFFER.

HOW TO LAY THE DINNER TABLE.



IT would be of very little use were I just to give the general rules for setting dinner tables, for there are dinners and dinners; and it is not to be supposed that a table can be laid in quite the same way in a small house where there is but one servant as in a house where there is a complete staff of servants, and where several will wait at table.

This being the case, I purpose giving instructions for laying tables in accordance with the number of servants, and will commence with a table for a dinner à la Russe.

The dinner-cloth should be laid in good time—in fact, quite early in the afternoon, so as to give time enough for arranging the flowers afterwards, as it is hardly possible for an amateur to judge of effects without seeing things on the table.

The table-cloth itself should be of fine white damask; it should have very little starch in it, and should be aired if in the least damp, or it will not look well. The table under the cloth must be covered with a thick table-cloth, or, still better, with a baize cover. If neither of these are to be had long enough to cover the table, something else must be used, for it is absolutely necessary to have a cover of some kind under the white cloth, which would otherwise look very poor, and the plates and glasses would cause too much noise if there was only the damask cloth between them and the wooden table.

The white cloth must be carefully put on, with the fold exactly in the middle of the table. It should be the right size for the table—that is to say, long enough to hang over about twelve inches at each end. It is most uncomfortable to sit at the end of a table, of which the cloth falls nearly to the ground. As soon as you have arranged the cloth, place the centre ornaments on table. On a long table there are generally three things placed down the table, one in the middle and one at each end. The candelabra or lamps, if either are to be used, are next placed. Candles, with small fancy shades and little glasses (to prevent the wax running down when there is a current of air through the room) are now, at fashionable dinners, preferred to any other mode of lighting. The dessert dishes, if these are to be on table, are next put in their places, and then the small glasses of flowers, or any decoration that is to be used, on the cloth. No mats of any kind are ever placed on table, nor is it necessary to leave places for any eatables beyond the fruit, as everything is served from a side table. Putting even the fruit on table is quite optional; there are reasons for and against doing so, and at well-arranged dinners it is quite as often off the table as on it. If there are many flowers, it sometimes crowds the table to put it on; then, where people give many dinners, and frequently receive two nights in succession, it is an economy not to put it on table, as fruit will often serve two nights instead of one. For instance, a hothouse pine that has been cut from, or grapes that have been divided, can very well be used the second evening.

Some people dislike very much the smell of fruit while they are eating other things. At the same time I think that those who possess hothouses, and grow their own fruit, almost invariably like to see it on table.

The long, narrow damask cloths, called slips, must next be placed down each side of the table, and a short slip at each end of the table; the ends of these latter are put under the side slips. There must not be any flowers or ornaments on them, as they would be tiresome when the slips were removed.

A large knife, a large silver fork, and a silver fish knife and fork must be placed for each person. Some people put two large knives and forks, but it is more usual only to put one at a dinner à la Russe, as the others are supplied with the plates. A tablespoon for soup is also placed with the knives on the right-hand side of the space left for the plate. As in laying a breakfast-table, the forks must be placed on the table with the points of the prongs uppermost and the spoons with the hollow of the bowls up. The serviette is folded and placed in the space for the plate, rather near the edge of the table; a roll is put in the centre of the serviette. Most bakers will, if requested, make small halfpenny rolls to order; these look much prettier than the penny or three-farthing ones that are often used. A sherry glass, a champagne glass, and a hock or claret glass, depending on which wine is to given for the dinner. Hock glasses are coloured. The pale green or ruby are very pretty; I have also seen some pale golden brown that looked well. Claret is drunk from white glasses; they should be large and very thin. Tumblers are never placed on table for a dinner party. Small water-bottles are placed down the table, one for every two people, saltcellars alternating with them all round the table. No spoons are placed at the corners of the table. For a formal dinner it is customary to place a menu card for each person. These cards have sometimes the names of the guests written on the outsides of them; they may then be placed on the table above the serviette. If menu-holders are used, very frequently there is only one menu for every two people, and name cards are then used in addition. The name cards and menus must always correspond. Many different kinds of card are used; some are most elaborate, and are very expensive. These will be referred to in table decorations, but a plain card with a bevelled gold edge and the menu printed in black always looks well and is good style. For dinner à la Russe a small table is placed by the sideboard; a narrow cloth is put on it, arranged so that it does not fall over the front of it, as that would make it look more like an extra dinner table than a side table; the carvers are placed on it. From this table the dinner is served. The sideboard is also covered with a cloth that fits it. Any plate, such as an épergne, not wanted for the table, silver cups or salvers may be placed on it, then some claret and sherry glasses, and a few tumblers. Large forks, small forks, tablespoons, dessert-spoons, tea-spoons, sauce ladles, and large and small knives are all laid neatly in rows, ready for use, on the sideboard, where are also placed the decanters of sherry, the claret jugs, etc.

Moselle, champagne, hock, sauterne, and some other light wines are not decanted, but the wires are removed from the bottles of sparkling wine before dinner, and the corks of light wines are drawn. The cruet frame and the bread basket are placed on the sideboard. Many people now use the old-fashioned silver cake baskets as bread baskets if they have not a plated bread-tray. A folded serviette is laid in the bottom to receive the rolls or pieces of bread. Fancy cloths are out of place under bread. If there is a salad, the bowl may be on the sideboard or dinner-wagon, as space permits.

Each shelf of the dinner-wagon is covered with a cloth. On the top tier the dessert (if it is not on table) is placed, and on the other tiers the dessert plates are arranged thus: first, a d'oyley (plain or fancy according to the taste of the dinner giver) is laid on the plate, then a glass ice-plate (if ices are to be served) with a tea-spoon is placed on it, then a finger-glass, which should be about one-third full of water, is stood on the ice-plate; a dessert knife and fork are placed on the plate to the right and left of the finger-glass.

A little rose-water, or one or two leaves of scented verbena or geranium, may be put in each finger-glass; for a little dinner a very thin slice of lemon is pleasant in a finger-glass. In France, weak peppermint water is frequently put in the finger-glass; I think it is a most objectionable practice, and one disagreeable to nearly all English people. Of course, when finger-glasses are used, the wine-glasses can never be put upon the dessert plates, but they are stood ready to be put on table; a claret and a sherry-glass for each person, and a port wine-glass in addition, if port wine is to be taken round after dinner.

A table for an ordinary dinner, where there are two servants to wait is laid almost the same as for a dinner à la Russe. No wine is put on table; tablespoons are not generally put on, except for soup; in fact, "corners" are not made as much on tables as they used to be. I have seen water-bottles superseded several times lately by small glass jugs, with pairs of small goblets, being placed at each corner; they are placed much farther on the table than water-bottles are. Salt is the only condiment put on table, as the cruets and sauces are handed from time to time. The soup-ladle, fish-carvers, gravy-spoon, and carving knife and fork must be put on. The soup-ladle is put on the right-hand side of where the tureen will stand. The fish-carvers and meat-carvers, the latter on knife rests, are placed, the knives on the right, the forks on the left. If there is game, the poultry-carvers should not be put on until they are wanted; it makes too many to put them on at the same time as the meat-carvers. Of course, it is necessary to leave places for the dishes when arranging the table. The master of the house generally serves the soup, fish, meat, and game, the lady of the house the principal sweet. *Entrées* or vegetables are never put on table; custards and small sweets and cheese are usually handed. Slips are not used, except on special occasions. Like the table, the sideboard and dinner-wagon are laid in much the same way for an ordinary dinner as for a party, where there are sufficient servants to do it, excepting, perhaps, that there is not as much plate out.

I will now take a table for a family where there is only one servant to wait. Here the arrangements must be different; it is neces-

sary to put more on table. Supposing the family to consist of six persons, the house-parlourmaid would hardly be able to hand the cruets before the first person who was served had half finished eating his or her dinner, so it is as well to put come condiments on table; pepper, mustard, and cayenne can be put on in small castors, or if there is no centre-piece the cruet-stand can be put on table. With only one servant to wait, the vegetables and sauces are handed; sometimes if there is more than can be well managed, it is a good plan to put sauce for meat or poultry on table on the right hand side of the dish to which it belongs, so that the carver can help it at the same time as the meat. There is no object in doing this with the sauce for fish; it only saves time for the courses with which vegetables are eaten. At other times a servant can manage very well. A tablespoon is placed for each person if there is soup, and a fish knife and fork if there are any; or, if not, a large silver fork is placed for fish, if there is fish for dinner, and one or two large knives and forks, depending on whether one or two meats, or meat and game, are to be served for dinner. Should the dinner consist of soup and a joint, with sweets to follow, the cover for each person would consist simply of a knife, a fork, and a tablespoon. The spoon and fork for pudding should not be put across at the top of the place for the plate. They are not to be put on until they are wanted, and then they are in the pudding plate; nor is the small knife for cheese put on table. A tumbler and a sherry glass are also placed for each person, with a claret glass if claret is drunk. A piece of bread is put on the left hand side next to the forks; it should be cut rather square and thick, as for luncheon. Where the dinner napkins are only changed once or twice a week, it is best only to fo'd them when they are put on table for the first time; the remainder of the week they keep cleaner if kept in rings. Whether folded or in rings, they are placed on table between the knives and forks

If finger-glasses are not used for dessert, the wine-glasses are placed (reversed and laid down) on d'oyleys in the dessert-plates, a dessert knife and fork being put respectively right and left of the glasses on each plate.

As regards tables, there is one other kind of household to be considered—that is, the little *ménage* where only one servant is kept. It is here necessary that everything in the way of knives, spoons, forks, glasses, and condiments that will be required for dinner is put on the table at once. A general servant laying the cloth must put the pudding-spoon and fork reversed at the top of the plate space, and the cheese-knife next to the other knife at the side, and must have everything on the sideboard that she can before dinner commences. The vegetables are best put on table. Some servants will manage to hand them once, then put them on table, when they go to fetch the next course. The comfort of the dinner where there is only one servant depends a great deal on the mistress of the house, who should consider the difficulties of serving, and arrange her dinners accordingly. Cold sweets, when practicable, greatly facilitate the waiting. The following axiom is taken from an American cookery-book. I think it so well worth remembering that I transcribe it for the benefit of the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, and conclude this article with it.

"If one has nothing for dinner but soup, hash, and lettuce, put them on table in style; serve them in three courses, and one will imagine it a much better dinner than if carelessly served."

ARCHITECTURE; OR, THE ART AND HISTORY OF BUILDINGS.

By H. W. BREWER.

PART II.

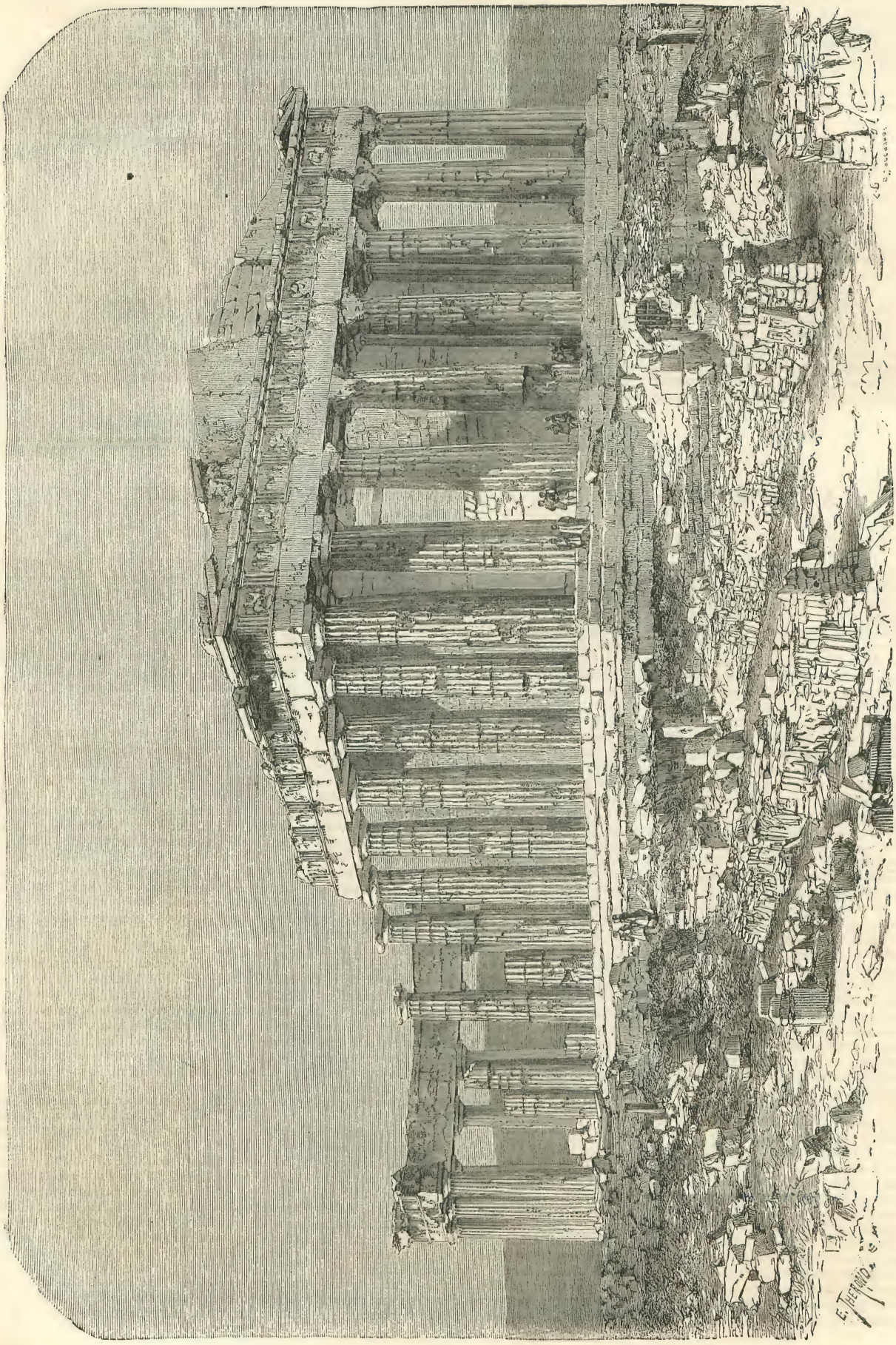
ALTHOUGH the Greek architecture is supposed to have been borrowed, more or less, from that of Egypt, yet, with the exception of the imitation of wooden construction executed in stone (which is common to all ancient styles), there is little in common between them. It is customary to speak of the ancient Greeks as "great architects," but we question whether this distinction can be allowed to them. Architecture to be great must be powerful both in design and construction. Now, there is absolutely no construction at all in Greek architecture; it simply consists of two stones set upright supporting a horizontal beam. When they could procure large stones they made the distances between the columns three or four times the width of the column. When they could only get small stones, the columns were close together. Architectural writers have with great affectation given grand-sounding names to these purely accidental varieties; thus, when columns are one-and-a-half of their own diameters apart, these learned writers describe the portico as being "Pycnostyle"; when they are two diameters apart they tell us that the portico is "Systyle," &c., and temples which have one row of columns are said to be "Peripteral"; if they have two rows of columns all round they are "Dipteral"; and if the inner row of columns in a "Dipteral" temple is omitted it is "Pseudo-Dipteral," and so on—all of which is, no doubt, highly interesting, and shows that the writers keep a Greek lexicon on the premises!

There is a remarkable poverty of design and invention in Greek architecture. Only about three distinct varieties of column, cornice, and entablature are to be found—the Doric, the Ionic, and, in later times, the Corinthian. The last was not introduced until after the Roman conquest of Greece. These "orders," as they are called, can scarcely be taken as absolute tests of the date of a building, because, unlike the mediæval men, the Greeks did not discard one style or order after they had invented another; but used both together. In point of ornament Greek architecture is singularly poor; it had but three kinds of enriched patterns, and it is most probable that they invented none of these themselves. They were the "key" or "fret," the "wave," and the "honeysuckle." It is probable that the key or fret came from Arabia, the "wave" from Egypt, and the "honeysuckle" from Persia. Nearly all decorative patterns composed of straight lines and rectangular figures came originally from Arabia (hence our word "Arabesque"), and all floral decoration from Persia.

Our girls must not, however, suppose that we wish to underrate Greek art; on the contrary, we hold that in certain artistic peculiarities no one ever approached even near to the Greeks; for, allowing that they had little invention or originality in their architectural design, yet the execution of their work, their knowledge of optics, their finish, delicacy, and refinement of workmanship, has never been equalled; whereas the sculpture with which their buildings were adorned was simply perfect.

This must not be understood in any way as an exaggeration. Art has perhaps only twice in the history of the world reached an absolute point of perfection; in other words, it has only twice in the history of the world arrived at the highest point possible to human ingenuity, and has thus surpassed all conditions of criticism. We refer in the first place to Greek sculpture, and in the second place to the vocal canon music of Palestrina. We do not say that the object aimed at either by the Greek sculptors or by Palestrina was of the highest kind. The Greek sculptors attempted to portray physical beauty only, and Palestrina merely attempted to perfect musical science in one particular branch. His music is wanting in passion and deep feeling, but it is perfect as far as art is concerned. One could not for a moment compare Palestrina's music to that of Beethoven, though, as far as art goes, Palestrina is above criticism. His music could not be made more perfect than it is, nor could one imagine it being carried to a higher point of perfection, whereas Beethoven's music, with its wonderful passion, with its all-absorbing interest, and its intense grandeur, might and possibly may be carried to a higher perfection. And we hold that the mediæval sculptors, although they never reached the perfection of physical beauty displayed by the works of the Greeks, yet from the fact of a spiritual and mental beauty being aimed at in their works, they set before their minds a far nobler aim and a far more exalted intention than did the Greeks. Still, as far as the Greeks intended to go, and as far as mere beauty of external form is concerned, much of their sculpture is absolutely perfect.

We have alluded to the wonderful knowledge of optics possessed by the Greeks, and this is shown by the remarkable way in which they corrected optical illusions in their buildings by, instead of making them straight, giving their lines the most delicate and subtle curves. In order that our readers should thoroughly understand what we mean, we must remind them that objects under certain conditions of light and shade are apt to deceive the eye as to their exact form and size. Strangely enough, this is more the case in hot, sunny climates than in colder, greyer, northern countries. Now, the Greeks knew, either from experience or experiments, we cannot tell which, that a column standing out against the light looked thinner in the middle than at the top or bottom. As a test of this, let any of our readers take a round ruler and hold it up in front of a lamp, between themselves and the light, and they will see that the light of the lamp seems to encroach upon the middle of the ruler, making it look thinner in the middle than at the ends. This is exactly the effect that the sun has upon a column, and in order to avoid it the Greeks made their columns swell out in a very remarkable way. This is called the "entasis" of the column. As a rule the column is carried up two-fifths of its height straight, from which point it curves in a very delicate manner until it reaches the capital. So thoroughly did the Greeks carry out this principle, that the corner columns of the Parthenon are nearly straight on the side which tells out against the building, and strongly curved upon the sides which tell out against the sky. Not only is this the case, but even the sides of the building itself slightly curve out in the centre, and this appears to be



THE PARTHENON.

more the case on the south side than on the north, because the greater light would naturally be on the former side. The Greeks appear to have had no taste whatever for stone surfaces; they whitewashed all their stone temples, and then painted them over with delicate lines of red or blue. Their marble buildings they dyed a kind of transparent mauve colour, and sometimes a delicate orange. The arrases and projecting members were highly burnished or gilded. In some cases thin plates of metal and precious stones were used to enhance the brilliancy. Between the columns the most gorgeous and sumptuous draperies were suspended, and the temples were surrounded by cool and refreshing groves, of the darkest cypress, the fragrant bay, and the silvery olive tree, beneath the shade of which rippled exquisite fountains overflowing their pure marble basins, in which were reflected the beautiful faces and graceful limbs of a world of statued gods and goddesses. One can well imagine the exquisite picture which one of these temples would present to the eye, with its tinted marble columns and architraves blazing in the sunshine, every arras and moulding telling out like a line of liquid fire, with the whole mass of the architecture gleaming out against the dark blue sky or the purple range of distant mountains, with, perhaps, a lovely glimpse of the blue Ægean in the distance. We can well imagine enthusiasm for Greek architecture with these surroundings and circumstances; but what can we say of the same thing when represented to our view by such buildings as the British Museum or St. George's Hall, Liverpool?

What would any ancient Greek say to these? The first thing he would certainly do would be to call for innumerable pails of whitewash so as to obliterate some of the dirt. What on earth would he think of the greasy columns of the soot-begrimed entablature; the slimy, muddy basements and pavements; the general air of smoke, dirt, and draggletail; the eddies of dust, torn paper, shavings, and other filth, which seem to have taken possession of the great porticoes, as if they had a right to be there. In vain would he look for the exquisite statues. They would possibly be represented by a policeman or two in dingy uniform. If he did discover a fountain, it would be a wretched dribbling kind of concern reserved for the manufacture of mud. In place of his purple mountains he would find nothing but chimney pots; and the deep blue sky of Greece will be represented (or misrepresented) by the murky, soot-laden atmosphere of London or Liverpool. What is the use of telling us that these modern buildings correctly represent ancient Greek structures, even down to "diameters," "modules," and "minuets," when the whole circumstances of their existence are as much changed as if they were in a different element. However beautiful Greek architecture may have been in its palmy days, imitations of it in a northern climate like ours—in our busy, smoky, manufacturing towns—are outrageous and ridiculous; and, for peop'e who pride themselves upon practical ideas, what is to be said of using in England for our public secular buildings a style which is, in the first place, purely religious, and that belonging to a religion as far removed from that of Englishmen as can well be conceived; or, again, working in a style which neither admits of chimneys nor windows? One must certainly admire the extraordinary ingenuity with which our modern Grecian architects get over these difficulties. As an example, we once saw a chimney pot formed by a statue of a nymph holding a vase in her hand. The smoke coming out through the vase had blackened her nose. It gave one the impression that she was smelling some compound that was so very unsavoury that it had absolutely turned her black in the face. We have not passed this building lately, but we trust that the unfortunate nymph in question has had her nose whitewashed.

We must ask our girls not to be too frightened if we say a few words upon three very ancient styles of architecture. We promise that we will not detain them long, but it is necessary that they should read this part of the subject in order that they may understand the various styles of masonry which are now in common use, and how that most marvellous invention, the arch, thoroughly revolutionised architecture. The three styles to which we refer have been called by modern writers the "Cyclopean," the "Palasgic," and the "Etruscan." It is not worth while in a mere architectural treatise like the present to draw any fine distinction between the two first of these styles, therefore we will just consider the "Cyclopean" and the "Pelasgic" as one style. Remains of these very ancient styles of architecture are to be met with in parts of Greece, Asia Minor, Italy, and Sicily. The buildings are of stone, constructed in a very peculiar way; the stones are not laid in regular courses, but are broken into polygonal shapes and fitted together like a puzzle, each angle fitting closely into the space made by the adjoining blocks. (See A, fig. 2). Sometimes large stones are used and the interstices between them filled up with smaller ones. No mortar is used in these walls. This kind of construction when used, as is now the case, with mortar, is called "random-jointed masonry," and is only used by us for coarse walling stone or "rubble," such as Kentish-rag, &c., but never for wrought stone, which is laid in courses. In different parts of England and Ireland different expressions are used to signify the various modes of jointing stone. In the south of England and London, the word "Ashlar" always means squared and closely-jointed stone laid in a level bed, but in Ireland, and we believe in Scotland, the word "Ashlar" is used in a different sense; and in a trial which took place a short time back in Ireland, an English architect disputed the Irish builder's claim for extras upon the ground that he had charged extra for "beds" and "joints" (to the stone work). The judge was quite unable to understand this singular claim, and asked the late Mr. Butt, M.P., who happened to be one of the counsel, if he could explain this dispute about "beds and joints." That gentleman, with a ready wit so peculiar to Irishmen, answered, "My lord, I am thinking that it must mean board and lodging!" As this irregular kind of construction has existed through all ages down to the present time, it shows the influence which these early styles have had upon architecture. The Pelasgi and all their descendants, both in Asia Minor, Greece, and Italy, also used the ordinary wall construction. They, however, seem not to have built with mortar, even when the stone was laid in horizontal courses; possibly the joints may have been filled with mud or clay, which has been washed away. These Pelasgic buildings were probably the origin of Greek architecture, to which they bear a rude resemblance. Unfortunately, only such buildings as town walls, gates, tombs, &c., exist; we have no remains of temples. One of the most interesting buildings of the style is the "Treasure House at Mycenæ;" this consists of a circular structure, covered with an arched or domical roof, the arch being pointed in form like a gothic arch (See B, fig 2.) We must, however, point out that this is not a real arch, because the stones which form it are simply laid in horizontal courses, each one projecting a little beyond the lower one, so that they approach gradually nearer and nearer together until, in the top

THE ARCH OF TITUS.

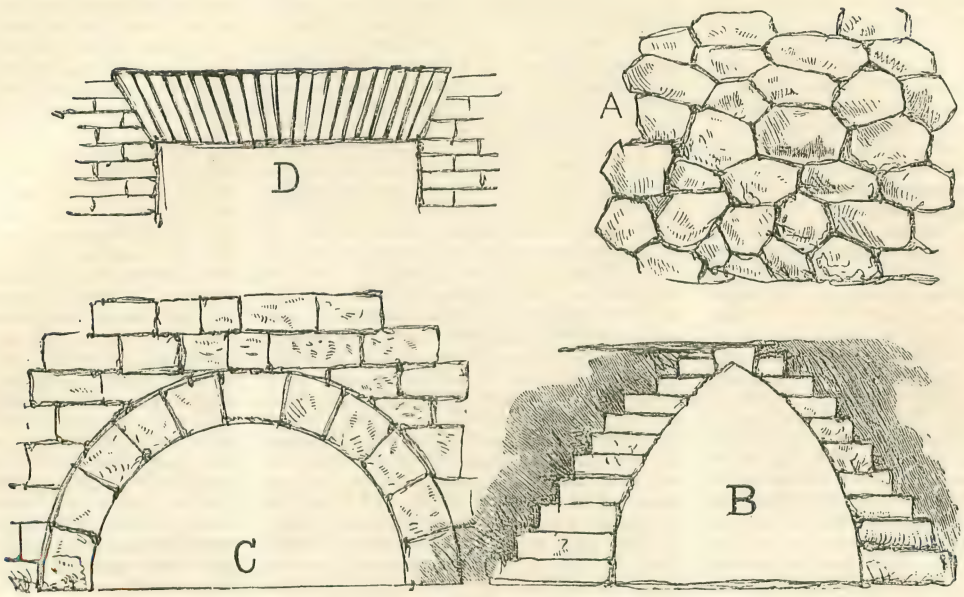


FIG. 2.

course, they meet. The lower edges are then shaved off, so that, seen from below, it has the appearance of an arch; though, if our readers will compare figures B and C, they will see the difference between the real arch, in which the stones or bricks radiate, and this pseudo-arch, in which they do not. Now, it is well to bear this in mind, because travellers tell us that "arches" are found in the ruins of ancient cities in Persepolis and Nineveh, Ethiopia, &c., but without they have carefully examined the construction and illustrate their observations with careful drawings showing it, in all probability what they have seen are these false arches.

We are now come to consider the "Etruscan Style," and here we are met by a very serious difficulty. It is the fact that we know absolutely nothing whatever of the Etruscan language, so that although the buildings are often inscribed, the inscriptions are a dead-letter to us. It is, of course, possible that future philologists may rediscover this old language just as M. Boussard discovered the Rosetta Stone, and opened to us the whole history of Egypt, which before his time was a blank; but until this happens all that we may state concerning Etruscan art is pure conjecture. The Etruscans appear to have derived their art from Greece or from some source common to themselves and the Greeks. The remains of their buildings are scanty, and confined to city walls, gates, and tombs. Some of these gates, like that, for instance, at Perugia, have arches; but what is the date of these arches we are unable to say—whether before or after the Roman conquest we know not. That the Etruscans were possessed of considerable artistic skill is evident. Their beautiful vases which are from time to time dug up would alone prove this, and they probably invented the "Tuscan order" of column, and were possibly the first people to use the real arch. It is evident either that they taught the Romans the use of the arch or the Romans taught them—it is impossible to tell which, and it would be useless to argue the point in the absence of any positive evidence either one way or the other.

It is generally assumed that the Romans copied their architecture from the Greeks. Now, although this is undoubtedly true with regard to their temples, yet it does not hold good with regard to their secular buildings, and it may even be doubted whether Greek architecture did not exercise a bad influence upon the Roman style. It is true they obtained from the Greeks those porticoes about which so many writers rave, but on the other hand there can be no doubt that the Romans, who knew the use of the arch in very early times (certainly in the times of their kings), would have developed a much more truly arcuated style but for their perpetually copying Greek porticoes. Whether the Romans invented the arch, the dome, the barrel and cross vault or not, yet it is evident that they were half afraid of showing these inventions, which under bolder, freer, and more daring architects were destined at a later period to completely revolutionise architecture and give it a new life. The Roman temples are remarkable examples of what we have pointed out in speaking of the origin of architecture. We there stated that the trabeated or beam-roofed architecture was universally used for pagan temples, and amongst the Romans so remarkably is this the case, that although this people used the arch freely in their military and secular works, we scarcely ever find it used in their temples—in fact, never until the decline of the Empire. This is very singular, and is only to be accounted for upon the supposition that they considered the arch inconsistent with their peculiar form of worship. There can, however, be no doubt that the Romans never regarded the arch as an ornamental form of construction, because in their more ornamental secular buildings, especially their triumphal arches, they attempted to withdraw the eye as much as possible from the form of the arch itself by enclosing it between pilasters or columns, which do not support the arch itself, but simply a useless Greek entablature above the crown of the arch. It is almost inconceivable to us that a people who understood architectural construction so well as the Romans should have gone out of their way to invent such an elaborate sham as this, and for this reason we turn away from the buildings in which they perpetrated feeble imitations of the Greeks to examine the dignified and robust architecture which they themselves invented, and which we see exhibited in such works as the great aquaducts, whose solemn ruins and lofty arches stretch away from the city of Rome for many miles across the desolate Campagna or the superb Thermæ, whose great barrel vaults still attract the wonder of the spectator as he gazes upon their gigantic ruins.

The Romans excelled in architecture just where the Greeks failed; that is to say, in construction. So grand was their construction compared with anything that had gone before that we pay little heed to the mere ornamental details of their buildings, and their exclusively useful works are those which principally attract our attention. Amongst these the great sewer, or main drain, of Rome—the "Cloaca Maxima"—is a most interesting example. It dates certainly from the time of the kings, though why architectural writers class it amongst "Etruscan works" we are at a loss to conceive. If there is no better authority or reason for the classification of other buildings under the title Etruscan than there is for the Cloaca, one would be justified in classifying all so-called Etruscan buildings under the title of early Roman works. Almost cotemporary with the Cloaca is the curious little temple now converted into the church of "Santa Maria Egyptiaca." This is a very interesting little building, because it is a perfect Greek Ionic temple; and, comparing this and the Cloaca, we see that the Romans from the earliest period had two distinct styles of architecture and construction—the one ecclesiastical and the other secular, an arrangement which seems to be gaining popularity in our own time, when we see Gothic churches and Classical houses being built side by side.

Another invention of the Romans in building was what is called the "flat arch," or "skew-back arch," which is represented in our diagram, fig 2 D. Although this is in reality an arch, because it possesses all the constructive properties of an arch, it presents the appearance of a beam or lintel. The only way we can account for the introduction of this singular feature is the fact to which we have previously alluded: that the Romans, while valuing the arch for its constructive qualities, did not consider it beautiful in form. This flat or skew-back arch has come into very common use of late years, and is to be seen over the windows and doorways of nearly all our modern English brick houses. In the hands of our "jerry builders" it is not only ugly, but constructively worthless, as in nine cases out of ten it will be found to be broken after it has been put up three or four months.

FORLORN, YET NOT FORSAKEN.

THE STORY OF A NURSERY GOVERNESS.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

CHAPTER VI.

"I am more afraid of my own heart than of the Pope and all his Cardinals. I have within me the great pope, Self."
—*Luther.*

THE autumn of the following year came round before I saw my friend again. That summer was the loveliest I ever remember. The season expanded into full, genial beauty from a cold, unsatisfactory spring, and one enjoyed the wealth of fruit and flowers all the more after the bitter east wind under which the sweet primroses and hyacinths shivered and sank. There were a few cool days in the end of September, and then set in that Indian summer which was talked of for many anniversaries. It was an aftermath of loveliness; summer herself, with her perfect, supple form, and ripe fulness, only clothed in a new garb, richer and more dazzling, for not a leaf had fallen; but oak and elm, willow, ash, and maple were brilliant and mysterious in crimson and scarlet, orange and golden drapery, while at every breeze the birches trembled, and flashed silver threads here and there. It was as if Nature had stood still to be dressed by invisible hands; there was no decay, no damp autumnal mist; even the parent beech held his children fast, and bristled all over with clusters of spiny husks, their triple sides split and gaping wide, each tongue tip-tilted to show the lining of downy green, and disclosing the acute glossy brown fruit embedded in every throat. A few of the smaller trees appeared still green by comparison with the rest, and had it not been for the brown and sepia of trunks and boughs, the flaming glory would have been almost unbearable in its very magnificence. The solemn splendour, the bewildering richness of tone and form, the peculiar heavy fragrance, affected all sensitive organisations in a very curious way, alternately exalting and depressing one's nervous sympathies, as though Nature had woven magnetic coils around the creatures of two kingdoms, making them to act and react upon one another with mutual thrills. Nearly everyone allowed to having experienced this secret influence or power, or whatever it really was. Some odd events took place at the time, and some theories, odder still I remember, were built up from the extraordinary state of nature at this season.

We had been travelling about in a charming fashion, driving from place to place, and really seeing and enjoying English and Scotch scenery. On our return Emily Corfu sent me a most pressing invitation to join them at Brighton, in the very house where I had first seen Margaret. She added, "Miss Fairfax is, of course, beside herself with the notion."

So down to Brighton I went. Margaret and I were equally delighted to meet again, and the children renewed our old friendship with unabated zeal. They had grown immensely, and were promoted to a "real schoolroom," as Violet said, out of which Margaret's own little sitting-room opened. It was on the same floor as the nursery, and little Keith, who was still the baby, loved to trot across the landing, hammer with soft fists on the schoolroom door, and plead for admittance, which he well knew would never be denied him, for Margaret simply adored the curly-pated little urchin.

"Are you often in the nursery now, Margaret?" I asked, one day.

"No," she answered, with a slight shade of vexation in her tone. "The dear old nurse left, and the present woman has an aversion to me. I feel I am only tolerated there because she can't prevent me; and it is so miserable that I never go. I get my little Keith in here as much as I can. That child——"

"Oh, I am sorry, Margaret," I said; "what a pity! But are you as dull as you used to be?"

"I ought not to be. Lady Corfu has been very kind since I stayed with you, and makes me go down in the evening sometimes; but, oh, Sybil, it seems so ungrateful to say so, but it really makes me feel more hateful than ever. The very sensation of people trying to be kind freezes all the life out of one. Lady Corfu is most good, but I cannot help feeling all the time that she does not wish me to be anything to anyone but the 'governess.' You know me, Sybil; you know I am not ashamed of being called what I really am, a governess, but you also know what that means with certain people. I can endure solitude and isolation, but not offensive patronage, slights, or liberties, as if I were of a different mould from every other woman in the room." She spoke with some heat, but relapsed suddenly into a languid hopelessness. "There are wheels within wheels," she continued, "and complications which one cannot explain. Sometimes it seems to me that I cannot go on much longer."

I was troubled. I crept up to her and laid my face against her arm. "Poor Margaret," I murmured. She turned her head towards me, and, looking up into her eyes, I saw there an expression I had never seen before. There was something worn, restless, and haggard about the lines of her face, as she gazed down so wearily upon me.

"Oh, Sybil," she said, "you will hardly believe me when I tell you how wicked I am. Somehow my happy time with you made me worse instead of better. Things fret me more; I am so irritable, so unsatisfied. It seems as if the old aching trouble, which I thought was laid to sleep for ever, had woke up again, crying, moaning always—always." She had drawn away from me, and with half closed eyes was murmuring to herself. I was startled; this was a phase of my friend's character altogether novel to me, this beaten, ready-to-give-in, hopeless condition.

"Margaret, dear, this will pass away," I said, soothingly.

"No, no, it will not. You do not know, Sybil, you can't tell, how I long sometimes for a friend at hand, someone of my own to advise and teach me, someone upon whom I can lean and to whom I am necessary. And oh, we are so weak sometimes through our very loneliness, and Satan takes advantage of our weakness—which is not wickedness," she added, pathetically, "to torture and tempt us, if only to doubt. Sometimes I think I must give it all up."

I was puzzled, yet saw clearly enough there was something working which at present I could not understand, and something terribly real to Margaret. All I could do was to push her gently into a chair and make her rest her head on my shoulder.

"'He knoweth our frame,' Margaret."

"Yes, He knows," she whispered, more calmly, locking her fingers tightly together; "He knows! He knows!" And so, for a time at least, the precious thought of our Divine Father's tender comprehension of His children's feebleness stilled the tired, troubled spirit into repose.

After a very few days I saw that Margaret was much more in the family circle than formerly. This made me glad, and it was nice to see the children's genuine devotion to their dear "Fairfie." Their father kept up his old habit of visiting them during their early breakfast. Frequently meeting my cousins had caused me to become very intimate with them—that is, as intimate as people can be who have not the greatest interest of all in common. I was surprised at discovering in Corfu many good qualities which I should not have expected him to possess. His wife was his senior by two or three years, and although the difference was not so apparent when they were first married, after a time the discrepancy became very striking. Corfu always seemed so like a big boy, while Emily, with all her gay, active ways, was actually in herself far older in every respect. She was a first rate manager, and, in a certain sense, a good wife and mother, in spite of undeniable shallowness of character. Her husband was a curious mixture of energy and indolence, and left Emily to settle most of his affairs at the least bother to himself, though at the same time he could be obstinate to a degree on points where she would willingly have swayed him. My mother once said to me that Corfu was a "marred man." Had his wife been the woman whom his

parents—such dear old people—wanted him to choose, he would have been very different. His easy-going, affectionate disposition was crossed by a strange, unaccountable bar of wild ferocity, when thwarted or roused too far. I had twice seen him like this. On one occasion his wife cruelly taunted him, in my presence, upon some debts, of gaming I believe. Corfu turned upon her, towering in his great height like some splendid tree, a horrible, livid hue upon his handsome face, the veins starting on his forehead like cords, his lips drawn and white. I do not think he said anything intelligible, but it sounded like the angry snarl of an enraged animal; then, turning on his heel, he flung out of the room with a furious bang of the door. Even Emily looked frightened. As for me, I was aghast. Before either of us had time to speak, the handle was turned, and a husky voice was heard saying, "Pardon, Sybil!" and the door was again closed, gently this time. Emily gave vent to a rather shaky little laugh, as she ejaculated, "I should think so!" but I felt too moved and distressed to say anything.

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

A Lover of England.—Address to the principal of Girton College, and the same of Newnham, Cambridge. There are many biographies of Beethoven, by Marx, Nohl, Thayer, etc., and the Letters of Beethoven, published in 1867, by Nohl.

Merlin.—The sources of the Arthurian Romances are, (1) the legendary chronicles composed in Wales or Brittany, such as "De Excidio Britanniæ," of Gildas, (2) the chronicles of Nennius (ninth century), (3) the Armoric collections of Walter, or Gauleter, Archdeacon of Oxford, (4) the "Chroniconsive Historia Britonum" of Geoffrey of Monmouth, (5) floating traditions and metrical ballads and romances. The testimony of all these renders it probable that there was a King Arthur, but where the truth ends and fable begins it is impossible to say.

Emile.—Perhaps you might meet with a suggestion in our articles on "Work for All," pages 25, 119, 179, 347, 518, 662, vol. v.

Zambesi.—You could study "Pitman's Shorthand," which any bookseller would obtain for you.

Sunflower. — Perhaps the institution called the Improvement Society might render you the assistance you need. Write to the secretary, Miss E. S. Knapp, Ivy-place, Hampstead-road, Handsworth. The president is the Rev. G. V. Collison. There is also the Christian Women's Education Union, to which a students' branch is attached. Secretary, Miss Petrie, Hanover Lodge, Kensington Park. Send for the prospectus of both.

Rosie.—We think the only thing you can now do is to qualify yourself for a teacher by passing one of the examinations, such as that of the College of Preceptors. You had better ask your father what he knows of the gentleman, and whether he thinks you right in keeping company with him.

A. M. C. P. Timothy had better purchase a Sullivan's geography, and give herself over to its careful study. Judging from her letter, her education has been much neglected, as her writing and composition are both shocking, and her manner of expressing herself is flippant and rude. She had better not read any stories just now, but attend to lessons only.

Ellen Owen and Hospital Nurse.—Apply at the Children's Hospital, Great Ormond-street, or at the East London Children's Hospital, Shadwell.

Jane.—You should refer to our articles on the "Usages of Polite Society," "Giving and Receiving Hospitality;" indeed, the whole series, including "Etiquette in Walking, Riding, and Travelling." A man should always be introduced to a woman, excepting the former were a royal prince or duke. Night walks with young men are highly objectionable for girls.

ART.

Lina.—You can paint upon glass in water-colours, but it will not be permanent. Mix pure gum arabic or white of egg with the paints. Your writing is neat and legible.

Monumenta.—The metallic composition for brass rubbings is made by mixing together powdered yellow ochre and beeswax. This will give the colouring required. Dark brown, instead of black, paper should be used as the background for the rubbing.

A. A. H.—To size terra-cotta before painting it, procure a pennyworth of common size at an ordinary oilshop, not an artists' colourman's. Melt it in a china jar over a fire, adding some hot water to it; then strain the mixture through muslin and use it while hot. The earliest "John Field Bible" was published in 1648, and valued at ten shillings.

Paintbrush.—A mirror painted at the back instead of the front of the glass is to be seen at the Inventions Exhibition. The glass is silvered behind the colouring, and thus the picture cannot be hurt by dust or damp.

Marion.—Water-colours are sometimes applied to furniture; door, shutter, and cabinet panels being so decorated. But the labour entailed is double that demanded in the use of oil colours, and the work is neither so permanent nor effective.

Nursery Kitten.—Mantle borders are painted upon satin, velveteen, and unribbed cloth. The paints used are oil colours mixed with Florentine medium, or some other sold for painting upon textiles. We cannot say that your writing, spelling, or composition is suitable for a teacher. The use of "sought" for "sort," and "futur" for "future," will tend to mislead your pupils rather than aid them.

Mada Pollie.—Alma Tadema's picture of "Sappho" represents that poet surrounded by her three female companions, Atthis, Megara, and Telesiphe, all listening to the playing of Phae, a youth of Mitylene. We shall be glad to hear from you again.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Louisine.—The quotation—

> "Hers was the charm of calm good sense,
> Of wholesome views of earth and heaven,"

is taken from Owen Meredith's poem of "The Wanderer."

Sylvia.—It is always best to have an object in our walks, for health's sake. Anything which carries us out of ourselves and amuses us will conduce to its promotion. If you wish, you may find for yourself fresh interests in botany, entomology, and geology. We do not think you too old to take up any study of the sort, as even the little you may acquire will be pleasant and profitable.

Young Mother.—Infants should be accustomed from their earliest days to take food from a spoon. Every day a few teaspoonfuls of one of their meals should be given in this way, for when babies are weak or have sore mouths they cannot use the bottle, and if quite unaccustomed to spoon-feeding you will find much trouble in beginning. Do not be afraid to begin your baby's education while very young. Use the utmost punctuality and patience in the nursery management. It is never advisable to rock nor sing a baby to sleep. They should be put into their beds wide awake at certain hours from their birth, and they will soon learn to lie quiet till sleep comes, whether the room be dark or light. Do not nurse any child in your arms very much; let it lie a great deal on its back, and be occasionally talked to and amused, unless the vital warmth be very low.

States General.—The 'Union Jack" consists of the crosses of St. George, St. Andrew, and St. Patrick, the patron saints of England, Scotland, and Ireland respectively, united in one flag. The name is said to owe its origin to the union of Ireland with the two united countries in 1801, and from an alteration in the banner of St. George, made in the time of James I. Other conjectures have been formed for the use of the last word, but what we have above stated is supported by the best authority.

Charity.—The Santa Claus Society was inaugurated for the purpose of supplying poor children in hospitals with toys at Christmas. An entrance fee of sixpence is charged to each member enrolled, and contributions are gladly accepted. A prize is given for the best-dressed doll.

Tottie.—Girls of fifteen are not asked to dinner parties, though sometimes allowed to join a home dinner party, if small, or to fill a vacant place. It is better, however, that they should remain in the schoolroom until of an age to be introduced into society.

Mistie.—The "broad arrow," or Government mark, is of Celtic origin, and really represents the broad "a" used by the Druids.

Tom Tiddler.—The "Britannia" and the "Hindostan" are training ships for the Royal Navy, in Dartmouth Harbour. Visitors are only allowed to visit the "Britannia" at certain times. You would find Dartmouth a very pleasant place to stay in; the harbour is one of the finest in England, and there are plenty of large steamers constantly calling. The town is quaint and very old, the streets are steep, and there are some very curious old houses. We should think it was healthy, and it is surrounded by places suitable for pleasant excursions.

Fryer.—We have answered your question very often lately. You had better consult a doctor as to your diet and hours. Your letter is a morbid one, and we think you will need change of air and scene, which will alter the current of your thoughts and help you to forget self.

Mary Hudson.—Money is one of our talents, so we must be careful that we do not spend it recklessly and without consideration, even though we may have plenty like yourself. At the same time, we must not grow miserly with this thinking and consideration, nor fail to keep our appreciation of money in its proper place. Much can be done to render others happy with a very small command of money, if the heart be right and we "love our neighbour as ourselves." Pray constantly for guidance, and cultivate all kindly, tender thoughts in your heart.

Louise K.—A "thwitel" (or "whittle") was a knife carried by a man who was entitled by his rank to wear and use a sword. The word is used in Chaucer's "Reeve's Tale," and in a letter of the Earl of Shrewsbury's to Lord Burleigh. It is still employed by Sheffield cutlers as denoting a particular kind of knife.

Old Woman.—The superstition respecting the number thirteen at a dinner is not confined to our own country (England). It is quite as much regarded in France, Italy, and Russia, and probably in other lands. The origin is not difficult to discover in the Feast of the Passover last kept by our Lord and His twelve apostles.

A Pink Rosebud.—No girl, of whatever rank in life, should attract attention by wearing a peculiar style of garment, or by dressing her hair in any unusual way. Merit, of whatever kind, needs no signboard to direct the attention of others, and mediocrity may be elevated by modesty and simplicity in attire and demeanour.

Jemima Ann.—"Freshmen" is a term applied to newly-entered students of the English universities, owing its origin to a practical joke played upon them, which was to make them drink salt water if unable to make a speech.

Ada W. (Reigate).—So far as we hear, the cold places are gaining equal popularity with the warm ones as winter resorts for invalids who are threatened with pulmonary complaints, and the Riviera is not as popular as it was just now, on account of the cholera. But all such changes must be made on the advice of a doctor. We can only recommend plenty of warm clothing, under and over, in case you go to Davos. Yes, many people go to Andermatt, and it is easily reached from Lucerne by rail and a short omnibus journey from Göschennen, on the St. Gothard route. We feel much for you in your anxieties, but advise you to try to banish such thoughts and cultivate good spirits, leaving everything in God's hands. Endeavour to live like a child from day to day.

Denton's Daughter.—We know cocoa is constantly recommended as a substitute for tea, but nothing ever seems to be a satisfactory one for that most refreshing beverage, as Miss Florence Nightingale very truly says. The most digestible form of the former probably is cocoa-nibs. To make cocoa in this manner a tin coffee-pot should be used. Put a coffee-cupful of cocoa-nibs into it to begin with, and add half a cupful each successive morning; add a pint of water first, and then each morning as many cups of water as you require cups of cocoa. At the end of the week turn all out and begin again. The tin should stand all day on the stove or fire and simmer slowly.

S. F. and White Rose.—Have you ever tried "golden ointment," a very old-fashioned but often highly-effective remedy? However, the state of the eyes depends much on the general health, and any suffering in them may also be constitutional. How can we, as perfect strangers, form any reliable opinion in your respective cases?

Violet.—The 22nd of January, 1833, was a Tuesday.

Passion-flower.—1. Use the side, not the point, of a dessertspoon. 2. You may be the better for change to sea or hill air, good food, and even a tonic; but for the choice and expediency in using the latter consult a medical man. Go to bed early, and while suffering in your eyes you had better not rise till half-past seven or eight o'clock. Perfect rest and sleep is very essential for them.

An Unbeliever (?).—Yes, you have our prayers that the light and the faith that the Holy Spirit has enabled you to desire may be granted to you. Try to realise that your Divine Master is present, though unseen, in your chamber when you kneel in prayer, and then beseech Him to pardon, teach, and give you grace and faith, just as you would ask a most essential favour of a dear and faithful friend, although with more reverence. "Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out."

Kentish Lass.—Your question is a very natural one, and is best answered, we have always felt, with the Lord's own definition of the Christian: "Ye are the salt of the earth" (Matt. v. 13). The idea of salt is again brought in in St. Mark ix. 50, where He tells us to "have salt in ourselves." Now you have only to think of the common uses of salt to see that our Lord did not mean His servants to shut themselves up, for they were to leaven the whole world with righteousness and goodness. They were to partake of the useful properties of salt. The chief thing for the Christian to guard against is being too salt, and so to interfere with his Lord's intentions of giving savour and taste to everything in life.

M. E. M.—We think your portrait of your brother would be good looking if his ear were not in the back of his head, from which we imagine he has only one ear. Is it a family failing? Toads eat worms, insects, and small mollusks.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

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ONLY A GIRL-WIFE.

By RUTH LAMB, Author of "Her Own Choice," &c.

CHAPTER VII.

THOUGH Shelverton, the future home of young Mrs. Crawford, was in itself less populous than some manufacturing villages, its inhabitants would have been highly indignant if such a name had been applied to it. It was an old market town, the centre of a wide agricultural district, and once in the week its irregular thoroughfares, by courtesy called streets, were thronged with country folk bringing in garden

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and dairy produce. The sellers stood in the open air in all weathers, whilst the farmers, more highly favoured than the gentler sex, transacted business beneath the roof of an ungainly structure, called the Corn Exchange.

It was most amusing to pass through the market and notice the costumes in which, especially in winter, the women attired themselves for standing in the market. Old riding coats with many capes, which had once covered masculine wearers; ancient pelisses, made of sad-coloured but substantial cloths; large woollen shawls tied over bonnets of no particular fashion, even pattens to lift the feet from the cold pavement, were to be noticed by careful observers. Whatever would keep out cold and wet was pressed into service, and quaint as was the head-gear, and varied, the rosy, wholesome faces of the buxom country girls and matrons might have made amends for less picturesque coverings.

The west end of Shelverton was called The Park, and within its enclosure resided most of those who belonged to the upper ten.

Steynes-Cote was not originally in The Park, for it was built before a great unoccupied plot of ground was parcelled out for building upon, and so named. But Dr. Fereday good-naturedly took down a portion of his fences on one side and made sundry alterations, so that the older house became part and parcel of The Park, though it continued to excel the newer dwellings, both in picturesqueness and in the extent of its grounds.

Steynes-Cote was equally pleasant and commodious; the rooms were large and well-proportioned, with windows delightfully varied in shape and size, low wide bays, with cushioned seats, suggestive of cosy chats, or of places to nestle in with a favourite book, while trellised roses, stirred by the summer breeze, courted attention by tapping at the pane.

"A gentleman's place, as it ought to be, for we should never tolerate a medical man amongst us who was not a gentleman," was the frequent remark.

Naturally, the tidings that Dr. Crawford was about to bring a new mistress to Steynes-Cote set Shelverton society in a flutter of pleasant expectation, and of anxiety to know all about the lady.

There being nothing to conceal, they soon ascertained that their doctor's wife was the only sister of a viscount, and was actually the Honourable Mrs. Crawford.

Shelverton had its good old county families at no great distance, and one baronet—a very new creation—within the parish itself. But of titled people there were none, and the ladies were gratified at the prospect of having an "Honourable" in their midst, and especially as her position would enable them to visit her on equal terms.

"As the doctor's wife, the Honourable Mrs. Crawford must be one of us, you know," said Mrs. Prattely, a lady of about forty, who, having nobody to look after at home except a most indulgent husband of the easy-going type, devoted her energies to the regulation of sundry other Shelverton households.

Mrs. Prattely possessed ample means, a luxurious home, a generous disposition, and a kindly heart. But—what a pity there must be a but—she was a little apt to think that, as she dipped her hand into her purse and freely gave of its contents for the benefit of her needy neighbours, she had a right to dip at least a finger into every domestic pie. She gave advice and money with equal liberality, which is by no means a common way of distributing the two.

People are often generous, not to say lavish, in bestowing advice alone, and then it matters little whether it is accepted or not. But when bestowed along with the money which is very badly wanted, it is different, as the recipient can hardly take the one and refuse to act upon the other.

There were numbers of poor people in Shelverton who liked the food, clothing, or money which came at the nick of time to help a sick husband on to his working legs again, to fit out the girl for service, or buy necessaries for the home. But amongst these were many who, being mothers of large families, thought they knew more about managing them than did Mrs. Prattely herself. So they lauded her generosity, but now and then, behind her back, made uncomplimentary allusions to an old proverb, which states that "Bachelors' wives and old maids' children are sure to be perfect."

It was Mrs. Prattely who first called Dr. Crawford's wife "poor thing!"

The expression dropped out, as it were, when a number of Shelverton ladies were discussing the imminent home-coming of the doctor and his bride, and the social position of the latter.

"It is most satisfactory to know that Mrs. Crawford is a thorough lady; we have been used to that in our doctor's wife, for no more well-bred woman need we wish to meet than Mrs. Fereday was. In places like Shelverton everybody is more or less known to everybody else; but we have our own circles. We may be conscious of people's existence and be kind and friendly without over intimacy."

"Acquaintances may be countless, friends must always be comparatively few," said one of her hearers in reply, and to this there was a general assent.

It is perhaps needless to state that Mrs. Prattely lived in The Park. Land was plentiful at Shelverton, and each handsome house in the enclosure had its own grounds, Mrs. Prattely's, after Steynes-Cote, being reckoned the finest. She was, moreover, what is called house proud, and her home was a worthy example of what money could do when combined with good taste.

Mrs. Prattely was given to be eloquent on the subject of Shelverton Park.

"Our residences are houses," she would say; "not mushroom places, run up in a few days, and as unhealthy and poisonous as most fungi are. They are homes built to stand, to last, and, above all, to live in. We have no cracked panels, letting in daylight through the use of unseasoned timber; no rattling windows, ill-fitting doors, or thin walls just held together with plaster. Not even a semi-detached house, so the risk of objectionable neighbours is reduced to the minimum."

Mrs. Prattely was always strong on the subject of neighbours thus connected. "For my part," she said, "I would rather live in the tiniest cottage, or even in a street, than in a semi-detached house, for in the case of persons whose dwelling is actually tacked on to your own, it is almost impossible to remain strangers. Semi-detached persons have so many opportunities of being disagreeable, to say nothing of the difficulty of keeping your fronts uniform in appearance. There are two houses of the kind—outside The Park, I am glad to say, but which I am compelled to pass each time I drive in. Would you believe it? one of the occupants mows his half of the front lawn in one week, and the other portion is cropped days later by the dweller to the right. One thinks his outdoor painting should be done in the autumn, while his neighbour considers spring the correct season, and acts upon this opinion. Even in the matter of blinds they manage to differ, though both have venetians, for they are of different colours and, though harmonising with the inside, the outside effect is something dreadful; and, it is hardly credible, but these semi-detached people are excellent friends and neighbours. They are simply born without eyes as regards taste or reasonable uniformity." Mrs. Prattely sighed, and continued pathetically, "I could not endure such a state of things, and I am truly thankful that in The Park each residence stands absolutely alone. We Park people are quite independent of each other, with plenty of room to turn round in, and we know just whom we please."

The Park people exercised this privilege to the full, and even succeeded in dividing the upper ten of Shelverton society into two lesser tens, or, as somebody wickedly expressed it, "into two bunches of fives."

Mrs. Prattely was the acknowledged leader of one set. The other, owing to a removal, was merely in opposition, but hoping to enlist the doctor's young wife when she would become resident among them, though Mrs. Prattely did not intend that this should be effected without a counter effort on her side.

It is convenient to quote this lady's sayings, as they give an idea of the state of feeling in one portion of Shelverton society.

"At any rate, Mrs. Crawford, poor thing, will have no cause to find fault with her future home. Plenty of titled people would give a little fortune if they could transplant the doctor's fine old house into May Fair for the season."

Mrs. Prattely was holding forth to a couple of young lady callers about Dr. Crawford, his home, and his marriage. So much was she interested that she talked almost continuously, and her visitors' share in the conversation was limited to mere words of assent.

It was before the days of "afternoon teas," but the hostess, always hospitable, had offered refreshments of an even more acceptable character, in the shape of strawberries, thick cream, and sponge cake.

These occupied the young people very pleasantly, and rendered mere listening all the more agreeable.

The arrival of Dr. Crawford and his wife was imminent. They might enter The Park at any moment, and while hospitably entertaining her visitors, Mrs. Prattely cast frequent glances towards the window, which commanded a view of the drive by which Steynes-Cote must be approached.

"I suppose you know the Crawfords are expected this afternoon. What a change it will be for her," said the elder lady.

The younger ones smiled, and one replied, "The change from a single to a married life must always be a great one."

"True, my dear, but in this case it is particularly so. It is not every day that a nobleman's sister marries a country doctor. I am told Mrs. Crawford is very beautiful, and would have made a great sensation in society if her friends had not allowed her to throw herself away."

"Dr. Crawford is very fine looking, and everyone says he is a brave and a good man. He has mixed on equal terms with the same class of people as Mrs. Crawford has," returned the elder Miss Isherwood. At the bottom of her heart she considered Andrew Crawford worthy of any girl living. She and her younger sister, Mary, were comparatively new comers, who were keeping house for their brother, the Rector of Shelverton, yet they had already seen something of Dr. Crawford, and knew how the poor and suffering spoke of his ready skill and his tenderness, and faces brightened at the mention of his name.

"Andrew Crawford is most excellent, my dears. I have known him ever since he first came, a boy, to Shelverton. But what he is has never been questioned. I was only speaking of the change his wife will experience."

"She will have a delightful home and a husband whom everyone respects."

"The home will be only a professional man's place—a business house, one may call it, after all else is said. Though the surgery and consulting rooms are well placed in the rear, there must be the jingling of door bells, day and night. A doctor never knows when he goes weary to bed whether he will have a chance of resting there till daylight or not. And remember she will be quite alone, except for servants, when Dr. Crawford is called out. Poor thing! I quite pity her."

As the Isherwood girls could not honestly echo this last sentiment, they said nothing, except that no doubt Mrs. Crawford would find pleasant neighbours and soon be on excellent terms with some of The Park people. They looked towards their hostess as if to indicate her as a probable friend, and Mrs. Prattely answered promptly—

"I only hope, my dears, that Mrs. Crawford may get into right hands to begin with. I shall not be wanting as a neighbour, but whether my advances may be received in the same spirit, I cannot judge. In Shelverton the lady will be the doctor's wife, for she takes her husband's rank, but she may think of herself as the sister of Viscount Carnelly, and then——"

Whatever Mrs. Prattely might have intended to add to her sentence was cut short by her catching a glimpse of Dr. Crawford's carriage turning into The Park. The girls were in the act of leave-taking, so bidding them a rather hasty farewell, the elder lady rushed to an upper window, whence, by means of a well-directed opera glass, she obtained "a good look" at Dr. and Mrs. Crawford without being herself seen.

Ida's beautiful face was beaming with pleasure as her husband pointed out Steynes-Cote, and she bent forward to catch a view of it through intervening trees.

The doctor looked so well and such a fitting mate for the young creature beside him, that Mary Isherwood indignantly exclaimed, after the carriage was well past, "What could Mrs. Prattely mean by calling Mrs. Crawford poor thing? I felt so angry. I wish I durst ask her to pity somebody who needed to be pitied, and not a woman who had everything that a reasonable being could desire."

The elder assented, and I am afraid that even the memory of the good things they had just received at Mrs. Prattely's hands did not prevent them from saying further hard ones about that lady.

If the girls could have looked again in the face of their late entertainer, they would have seen a very tender expression upon it and a suspicious moisture about the eyes. Mrs. Prattely owned a kind heart as well as a busy tongue, and her thoughts were travelling back twenty years to just such a home-coming, when she was the girl bride. She had known no hardships, for she had fair surroundings and a husband who never said her nay. But the home had been too quiet, that was all.

"If my one little girl had lived she would have been within a year of Mrs. Crawford's age," she thought. "How delighted I should have been to plan for her. Well, I can pray, may God bless these two and give them many a happy year together, and may she, poor thing, never know the loneliness I have so often felt, when I daresay one half of the people who know me think I am one of the most enviable of women. And so I am," she added, with a remorseful feeling, as she remembered how completely she was surrounded with good things, and she breathed a prayer that she might be forgiven for cherishing a repining thought even for a moment.

As to Mrs. Crawford, this mother, who was without a living child to love, determined, so far as lay in her power, to be a kindly neighbour and faithful friend to the new mistress of Steynes-Cote.

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

A Cheque for Three Millions.

A tradesman whose banking account rarely showed a higher figure than fifty pounds startled a bank cashier one day by presenting for payment a cheque by himself for the modest sum of three millions sterling.

"I shall take it all in gold," he said, emphatically. "I am badly treated here, and mean to transfer my account to another bank. Give me it all in gold."

The loudness of his tone and the extravagance of his demand naturally caused a sensation in the bank.

The cashier, quickly perceiving by the earnest seriousness of the man's manner, fast rising to fury, that he was not drunk, but insane, had the presence of mind to humour him until aid could be procured. "We are of course deeply grieved," he said, "that you are going to close your account, but three millions in gold will be rather more than you can carry. Suppose, now, you go and fetch your horse and cart to carry it away while we prepare it for you?"

The reasonableness of the request pleased the lunatic, who went away satisfied, and it need hardly be said that while he was gone a messenger was sent for a policeman, while another went to the man's place of business to warn his friends.

How a Bishop Gained a Good Wife.

The Rev. Joseph Hall, Bishop of Norwich, and author of "Contemplations on the Old and New Testament," obtained a wife in an odd way. He was walking from church one Whit-Monday with a grave and reverend minister of the name of Grandidge, when he saw a comely, modest gentlewoman standing at the door of a house, where they were invited to a wedding dinner. Mr. Hall asked his friend whether he knew her.

"Yes," answered Mr. Grandidge, "I know her well, and I have bespoke her for your wife. She is the daughter of a gentleman whom I much respect, Mr. George Winniff, of Bretenham; and out of an opinion I have of the fitness of the match for you, I have already treated about it with her father, whom I found very ready to entertain it."

Mr. Hall too, it seems, was equally ready to entertain it, for he says: "Being advised not to neglect the opportunity, and not concealing the just praises of the modesty, piety, good disposition, and other virtues that were lodged in that comely presence, I listened to the motion as sent from God."

On this motion Mr. Hall acted; he spoke the necessary words and at last happily prevailed, and enjoyed the society of his charming helpmate for the space of forty-five years.

Starting too High.

At a party a young lady began a song, "The autumn days have come; ten thousand leaves are falling."

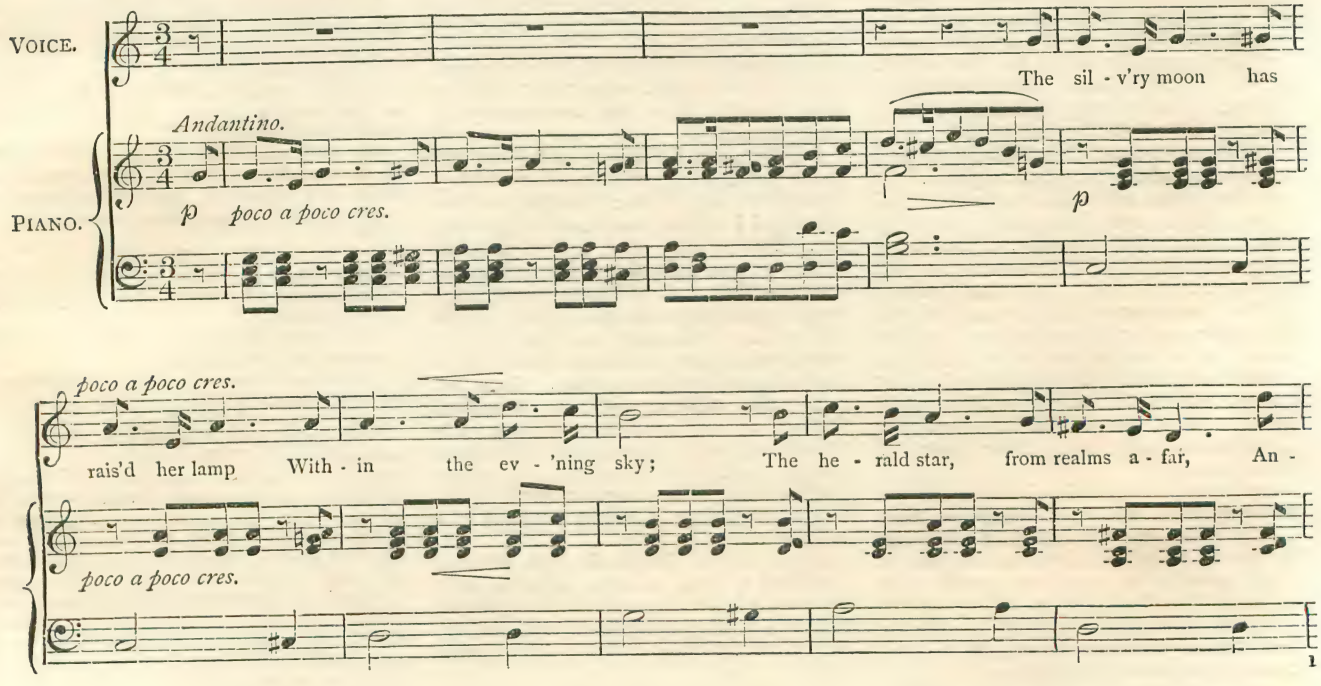
She began too high. "Ten thousand!" she screeched, and stopped.

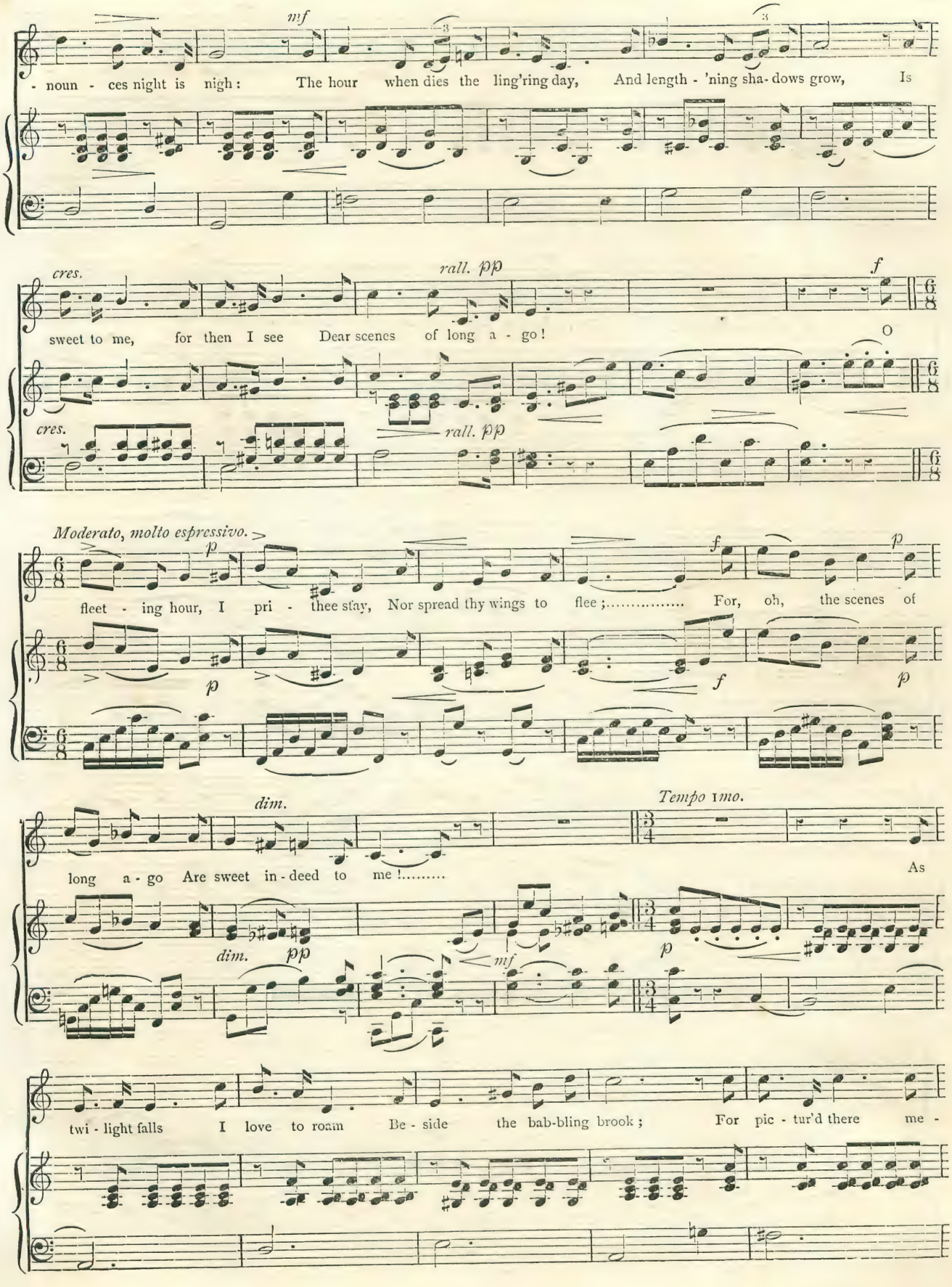
"Start her at five thousand!" cried an auctioneer present.

The Secret of a Busy Life.—A friend once asked Dr. John Hunter, the eminent surgeon, how he had been able to accomplish so much in the way of study and discovery in his busy life. He answered—"My rule is, deliberately to consider, before I commence, whether the work be practicable. If it be not practicable, I do not attempt it. If it be practicable I can accomplish it if I give sufficient pains to it; and having begun I never stop until the thing is done. To this rule I owe all my success." It is a rule, girls, which may safely be recommended for the practice of everybody.

STAY, FLEETING HOUR.

Words by EDWARD OXENFORD. *Music by* FRANZ ABT.

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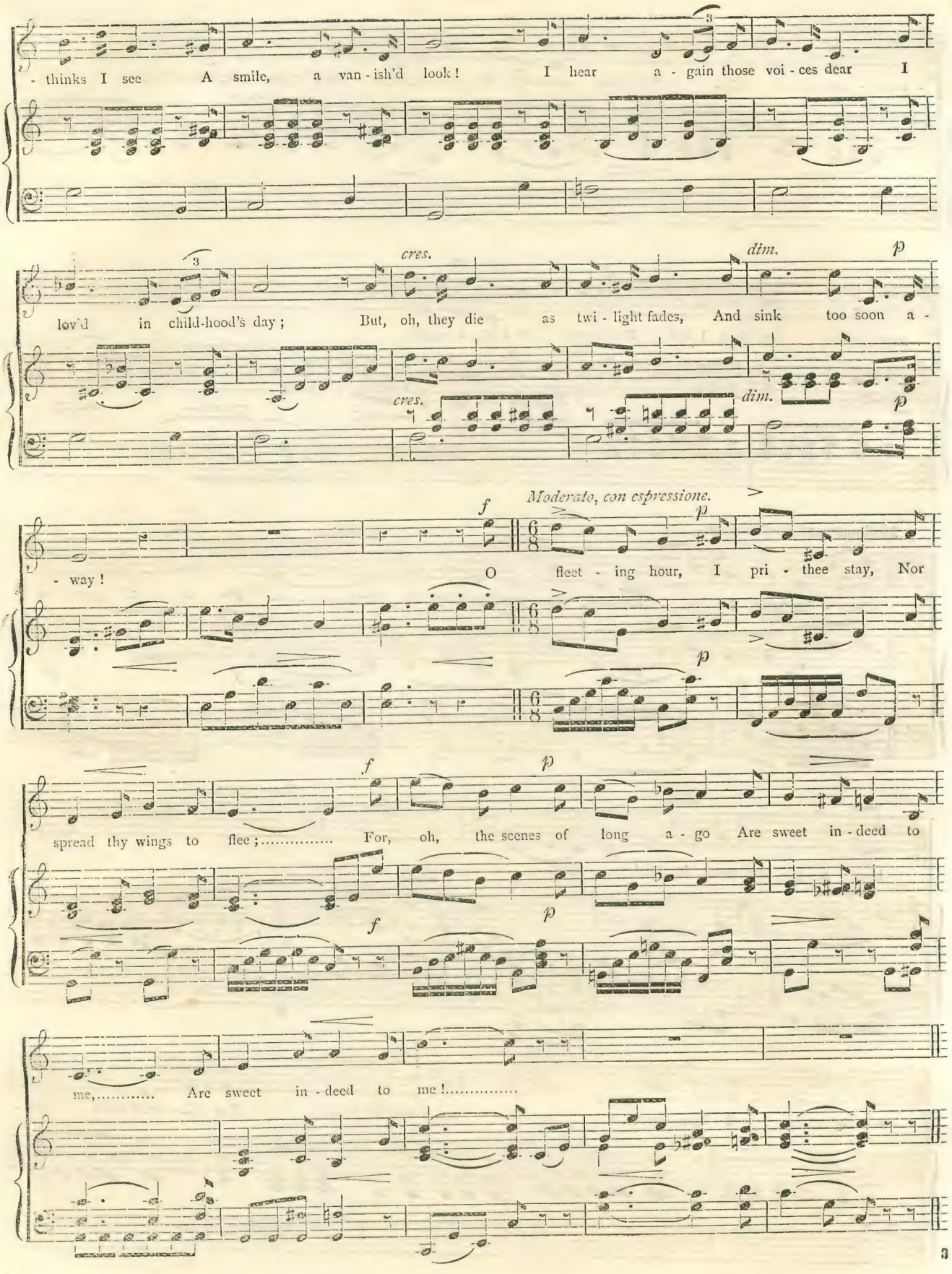
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spread thy wings to flee;..... For, oh, the scenes of long a - go Are sweet in - deed to
me,..... Are sweet in - deed to me!.....

A FEW HINTS ON HEALTH AND NURSING.

By A HOSPITAL NURSE.

I KNOW a doctor, he is an old man now, but when he was young and not particularly sensible, he wanted to try an experiment. He was puzzled about infection and contagion, and the way certain diseases are taken by one person from another, and what do you think he did? He had a patient in typhus fever, and he went to this man, leaned over him and inhaled his breath, and did, in fact, everything that sensible people would tell you not to do if you wished to avoid taking the fever. Would you like to know the consequence? Why, the young doctor went to his lodgings and was stricken with fever, of which he very nearly died. One reason why fevers, as a rule, do not spread in hospitals as they do in private houses is that the rooms are loftier and better ventilated. However, unfortunately, even in hospitals, the most devoted doctors and nurses, those we would think could least be spared, do catch fevers, and die of them too. I once worked in a hospital where all medical cases were treated in the same wards, and I believe it was almost unheard of for infection to spread from patient to patient, though some of the nurses got fever.

If any of you are nursing a fever patient, recollect that you should never on any account "take his breath," as it is called; always stand between your patient and the window, so that the air—and I hope you will have plenty—shall blow from you to him, not from him to you. Any discharges that come from the patient should be disinfected before being thrown out, and should never on any account be allowed to stand in the sick room to poison the air. You will be told what disinfectant to use. Chloride of lime, dry or in solution, is a very common one, and very good for some purposes, but it will corrode anything of tin, and it will burn clothes. Any linen, etc., coming from the patient's bed or body should be disinfected before being sent to the public laundry. If you have nothing else at hand, plunge the things into boiling water. It is a good plan to let a person suffering from a contagious fever use, instead of pocket-handkerchiefs, pieces of old linen which can be burnt at once when dirtied. Nothing can be more foolish than to store up pieces of flannel, etc., which have been used about a fever case. I knew of a family where one of the children had scarlet fever, and used to wear a piece of red flannel round her throat while recovering. Quite a year afterwards one of the servants opened a drawer where she found this thing and recognised it. Taking it up, she put it round her own throat for a joke, remarking that that was the way little so-and-so used to look. Immediately afterwards the girl was seized with scarlet fever, which could be traced to nothing but this wretched rag, which should have been burned long before. Both the child and the servant were patients of a doctor who told me about it.

If you have such a thing, it is better to wear a washing dress when in attendance upon any "catching" sickness. Be most particular about personal cleanliness, including your hair, which it is well to keep covered in the sick room. A daily bath is very desirable for a nurse. If possible, never go to attend upon the patient while you are hungry. On leaving the sick room blow your nose and rinse out your mouth. These precautions are necessary in attending on infectious cases. For my own part, I think it would be well to observe them when nursing any serious illness.

Now as to the second friend to health, personal cleanliness. Do you know that your skin, as well as your lungs, is what is called an organ of excretion? That means, it helps to cast unwholesome matters out of your body. The skin is in layers. The upper part is constantly rubbing off when you wash. It is formed of little cells, new ones constantly coming up from below. This upper layer has no feeling. When you have been sewing you will see a good deal of it loose on the first finger of the left hand. You know if you happen to prick under one of these little flaps how painful it is. Then you have touched the "corium," or "true skin," which is below, and both feels and bleeds. There are a vast number of little tubes or pores, as they are called, in the skin everywhere over the body, and it is very important to keep them open, as a great deal of matter that would injure you if retained passes through them in the form of watery vapour. About a pound and a half daily should be given off by the body when in health. Sometimes there is more, as when you get into a great heat; but insensible perspiration is always going on. One place you can notice it is in the palm of your hand, which should always be slightly moist—not clammy or sticky, which is an unwholesome sign. You can feel what I mean by contrasting the skin on the back with that of the palm. Dry and burning palms are a symptom of fever.

Talking of the pores of the skin reminds me of a very old story of a boy who was to take part in a procession somewhere in Italy, and for this purpose, instead of clothes, his body was gilded all over. When called upon to take his place in the show he was dead; so necessary is the action of the skin. The pores are to be kept open by cleanliness. I do not know whether any of you have suffered from the exceedingly disagreeable itching sensation of checked perspiration. Other things will cause it besides dirt. A sudden chill, for instance—a warm bath relieves it at once; or if you cannot get such a thing, wash your body over with warm water. This will clear away whatever is stopping the pores.

In the case of a severe burn, where half a quarter of the true skin is injured so that it cannot give out perspiration, the patient will die, probably of inflammation of the kidneys, as too much work is thrown upon them in trying to get rid of the watery matter which should be sent through the skin. It might surprise you to think that a bad burn on the legs, say, or on the chest, would affect the kidneys, which are situated in a different part of the frame; but the body is like a well-regulated family, where every member has plenty to do and nothing can be neglected, so that if one part fails in its duty extra labour is thrown upon another part already fully occupied with its own business, and disease is the consequence of over-working one to make up for the deficiencies of another.

It is thus not only a matter of appearance, but really important that the skin should be kept sweet and clean. You know by experience, I daresay, how getting into a good heat at the beginning of a cold will help you to throw it off. This sort of thing is going on in our bodies every day. Of course, if people will not use the simple means that God has given them to ward off disease, but choose to live in a state of dirt and filth, being too lazy to remove it, they must take the consequences. A good bath with hot and cold taps is a luxury which some of us may not be able at all times to command; but, as Miss Nightingale says, anyone who can get a pint of warm water and a piece of soap can have a bath quite sufficient for purposes of health. If any reader of this paper feels that she has been in the habit of neglecting the part of her body that is not seen, let her first try the effect of thorough cleanliness, and I think she will find both her health and complexion the better for it.

There is, however, a still further reason for keeping the pores open as they are intended to be. They not only let out unwholesome matter, but they actually take in nourishment, chiefly from the air. Patients in some illnesses have been fed by laying meal poultices over the stomach. I knew of at least one who was kept alive in this way and afterwards recovered.

Again, as to the cleanliness of our surroundings. No one can be really healthy who lives in a dirty place full of foul smells and impure air. Our sense of smell was given us in great measure to teach us what is unwholesome and should be avoided. *Dust and dirt bring* sickness along with them, and, especially in towns, constant war must be waged against them. You cannot be said to "clean" a room when you merely move the dirt from one part to another, yet this is what is constantly done in flapping furniture over with a dry duster. A damp one to which the dirt will stick should be used if you wish to make a place really clean. If, however, this would spoil your things, at least wipe them with a dry cloth, from which the dust may afterwards be shaken into a proper place.

A few years ago when people were talking of the singular unhealthiness of a large city in this kingdom, it was suggested that the constitutions of the inhabitants were gradually being undermined by a recent change in the sources of the water supply. The change had been made at great expense, and certainly the new water was very much better to taste than the old. I think, however, there can be no doubt that wherever it starts from, be it river or canal, pipe-water in towns cannot be wholesome unless it is either boiled or filtered. If people were more particular about the water they drink there would be less illness than there is. A filter is not an expensive luxury, and lasts a lifetime. It will want renewing occasionally, but I am sure money spent on it will never be regretted.

Suppose, however, with all your care to prevent it, sickness is sent into your house, what are you to do? In many books on the subject of nursing that I have read, hints and directions are given, excellent in their way, I am sure, if they could only be carried out, but here comes the difficulty. In hospital we have the luxury of nursing, in one sense, that there is generally a supply of necessary things at hand, and if anything additional is wanted it can generally be got on the premises. In private houses, however, it is different, and even among rich people we have often to make shift for lack of things that are found, as a matter of course in hospital. Here it is that the spirit of the true nurse will assert itself, and prompt her to utilise things of which less practical people would never think. Whatever our circumstances may be, however, there are, I think, a few things that we could all manage for the comfort both of nurse and invalid. Have your bed out from the wall, so that you can walk round it. I have sometimes been surprised

that this has not occurred to people, seeing the great annoyance it must be to the invalid to have a person stretch across him. How in the case of a bed-ridden patient such a bed is to be made, I really do not know. At all times, it is more wholesome to have a current of air round your bed. With an invalid who can get up for part of the day, the sheets, night-dress, etc., that he has in use should be aired at the fire, as the damp from his body soaks into them; this is doubly necessary when the linen cannot often be changed. Of course, if possible, the clothes should not be aired in the room with the patient.

As to washing an invalid who is unable to to do such things for himself, of course the hands and face should be washed daily, and the feet at least a couple of times in the week. I have generally found the sick enjoy this. I remember one crusty old patient, who never gave me, or anyone else, so far as I know, a civil word, until one evening when I washed his feet for him, when, to my amazement, he thanked me most graciously. In many diseases, especially when there is much perspiration, it is very refreshing to the patient to have the whole body sponged over. I suppose an inexperienced nurse would be afraid to do this, but there is really no difficulty in it. If you have it, a mackintosh sheet, slightly warmed, should be laid upon the bed; if not, a clean sheet will answer the purpose. A small part of the body should be washed and carefully dried before another is begun, and the patient's body should be uncovered as little as possible. I believe private patients, especially when nursed by members of their own family, are often obstinate in objecting to be washed. It is a great pity, for it really does them good to be as clean as possible, and, if in hospital, they would have to submit to it. In the first hospital where I worked, of all the patients who came under my notice in fifteen months, there was only one who refused to let the nurse keep her properly clean, and she was told by the doctor that if she would not obey the ward regulations she must leave at once.

It may interest you to hear in passing that a drink of cold beef tea is a useful preventive to night perspiration. For a helpless patient it is a good plan to fasten a strong roller-towel or something of that kind to the foot of the bed, so that he can pull himself up into a sitting posture.

I told you in my former paper something about the way to prevent bedsores; and I must ask you to bear with me while I urge you never to let any feeling of false delicacy hinder you from doing these necessary offices for your patient. I can sympathise with the shyness one might feel in attending a member of one's own family. To me it would be much more repugnant than waiting on a stranger in hospital, where such things are looked upon as matters of routine; however, though it may be distressing to you or me, it is much worse for the patient, and we, as nurses, can do a good deal by our manner to relieve the awkwardness of our position. If we are too refined or fastidious, say, to watch for the signs of bedsore, and guard against them, we may lay up a store of misery for the unfortunate patient, and also a supply of unpleasant work for ourselves; at the same time, however, a true nurse ought never to think of the disagreeable aspect of her work; she ought to regard it entirely as something done to relieve her patient.

The hair is another matter that requires great care in cases of illness, and from my experience of patients brought into hospital, I fear it is very often neglected. If the illness was serious, and it distressed the patient much to have her hair combed, I would cut it short. It is almost sure to fall of itself, and cutting it will probably do it good, besides making it much easier to keep clean. I have known children's heads in hospital so hopelessly dirty that the hair had to be cut as close to the head as possible, till it looked as if it had been shaved. Afterwards the head was washed twice daily with soap and water, and a preparation made up in the hospital rubbed in. Even so, one could not depend upon the head being clean. I mention this to show to what a state one may come by neglect of cleanliness.

The ventilation of the sick room, in a private house at least, is about the most difficult task a nurse has to perform. Unless you wish to lessen your patient's chances of recovery, you must not have a draught, that is certain, especially about the head. Patients in a hopeful way to convalescence have died of the effects of a draught of cold air. Yet you must have ventilation and change the air before it is breathed out if your patient is to regain strength. A good fire helps the circulation of the air, or in summer a lighted lamp in the fireplace will answer that purpose. A screen may be used to protect the patient if the open window lets a draught in upon him. A clothes-horse with a sheet or shawl thrown over it would be a sufficient protection. The door should always be shut when the window is open. As to the condition of a sick room, it ought never to be allowed to be dirty. We often hear it said that the patient can't bear the noise of putting things tidy. For my own part, I think neither nurses nor wardmaids nor scrubbers are as quiet as they might be in the wards. I am sure I have often been to blame in this matter myself; still, I think a patient who could bear even the necessary noise of "scrubbing morning," or the general morning cleaning in a ward, could bear to have his room arranged daily—even swept out, by a moderately quiet attendant. I would put out of the way before beginning to sweep anything that the broom might break or knock over, and be careful not to make unnecessary clatter in corners. Recovery is promoted by cleanliness, there is no doubt of it.

A word now as to feeding patients. If you have the care of anyone who cannot sit up to drink, and if you have not a regular "feeder" such as is used in hospital, a small teapot will answer perfectly well by letting the patient drink through the spout. Just be sure that it is clean. Anything of a dirty vessel—a cup, for instance, with a drop on the bottom—will disgust a patient, and there are few diseases in which it is not of importance that the food should be well taken. Helpless patients are generally best fed with a spoon. Sometimes in a case of insensibility if you just press the lower lip down a little the mouth will open of itself and let you put in the food. In these cases it should be put far back in the mouth, and you should make sure that one spoonful is swallowed before you put in another. I had one patient, poor lad! his spine was crushed between his shoulders, and paralysis came on, so that he could do nothing for himself. I remember the only way I could give him anything of food was with my fingers, sopping a bit of bread in beef tea and putting it into his mouth.

And now, before closing, I wish to tell you something about nursing a particular complaint that we have all seen and many of us have felt. I mean bronchitis. In its simplest form it is what is known as a common cold on the chest, yielding to hot drinks and simple remedies. It often, however, goes on to be very serious, and, with weak people, the old and the young, it is frequently fatal. If neglected, even if the patient does not die, it may go on to be chronic, and never be really cured.

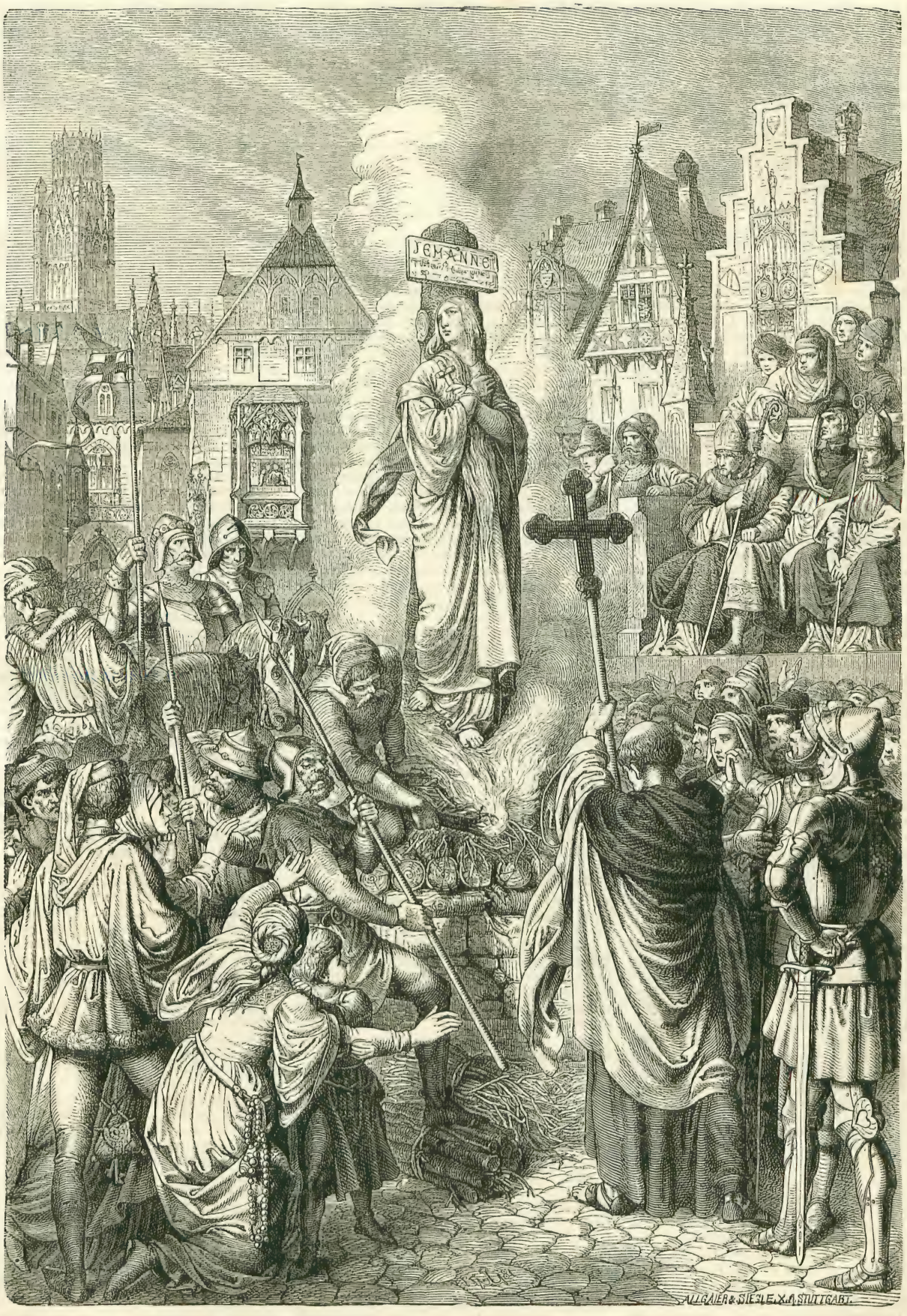
One symptom you cannot mistake is that the patient smothers on lying down. In hospitals a bed rest is used to support the back and ease the breathing. In a private house you can use a chair turned upside down, and lay the pillows against the back. Sometimes the patient will get relief by leaning forward upon a stool placed upon the bed, and breathing steam from a jug of hot water is very useful. A little steam in the air of the room will be an advantage to the patient. This can be managed by keeping a kettle boiling on the fire. If you get something to lengthen the spout so much the better. Stiff paper twisted into a tube will do for a time. It is well in a bronchitis case, when poultices are ordered, to move them about, sometimes having one on the back, sometimes on the chest. Acetic acid rubbed on the chest in bronchitis often gives relief, but I hope I need scarcely tell you, if your patient is under a doctor, never to use anything of this kind without his leave. Obey your doctor in everything, and never take matters out of his hands by using remedies of your own.

There is a very disagreeable form of sore throat to which those who attend upon the sick are liable. So much so, indeed, that it is often known as "hospital throat." The tonsils, as they are called, nearly as far back in the throat as you can see, get inflamed and swollen, and there is difficulty both in speaking and swallowing. If taken at once a hospital throat can generally be cured by a simple gargle, chlorate of potash, port wine and vinegar, or even plain water. Not long ago I saw a case of this kind, which looked very threatening, cured in one night by a very simple remedy—a gargle of brown sugar and vinegar, about a tablespoonful to a cupful, and a linseed poultice put round the neck before going to bed.

Let me give you a caution as to yourselves in nursing. Do not in attending upon the sick fall into the very common and very serious error of neglecting your own health. Do not forget your meals; eat as a matter of duty, though you may not feel much disposed for it; and, if possible, do not forego your sleep. I know there is nothing more flattering than to have a patient say, "Won't you do it yourself?" or, "I'll wait till you come back to do it for me." One feels as if one must wait and do the thing at any risk; however, it is almost impossible for a person to nurse a case requiring constant daily and nightly care single-handed. No matter how much the patient values your services, if you break down he will have to do without you altogether. There are few of us, I hope, so utterly destitute of friends that we could not get some little help to enable us to take needful rest, if sickness visits our home. It is said that three hours' sleep in the twenty-four will keep you from breaking down; but they must be hours spent in bed, not lying down dressed to doze on a sofa, and starting up every ten minutes to know if you are wanted. Remember, nursing, especially if the patient is a member of your own family, is a great strain both on mind and body. You must take care of your strength, especially if the illness is likely to last a good while; and probably in the long run no one will be more ready to thank you than your patient; for the truest regard for his interest will be shown in so considering yourself that you may be able to attend upon him as long as he requires your services.

When I first began to learn something of the different parts of the body, and their various uses, it used often to strike me how many, very many things there were to go astray, and what a wonderful amount of complicated machinery had to be in perfect working order to ensure bodily comfort.

I remember reading a story of a very little



"THE EXECUTIONER APPLIED HIS TORCH TO THE FAGGOTS."

[*See "Joan of Arc," page* 123.

boy who overheard some grown up people talking about the different kinds of joints in the body, especially the ball and socket joint of the shoulder, where the top of the arm bone is rounded off, and fits into a cavity in the shoulder bone, like the toy known as cup and ball. When he went to bed this child would not go to sleep, and at last, after a great deal of coaxing, gave as his reason, "I'm afraid my ball might fall out of my socket." Of course if he had had more sense he would have known that his joints were as safe as they had ever been before he knew or thought anything about them. Rather let us feel with King David, when he thought of the mighty power of God displayed in his own body, "I will praise Thee, for I am fearfully and wonderfully made; marvellous are Thy works, and that my soul knoweth right well." Psalm cxxxix. 14.

SISTER CLARA.

JOAN OF ARC.

CHAPTER III.

THE END.

THUS the heroic Maid was captured before the gates of the city she had come to deliver. She was the prize of John of Luxembourg, a vassal of the Duke of Burgundy; and surely never prisoner of war was the cause of such rejoicing, for it was felt that the knowledge of her arrest would break the spell of the superstitious dread she cast over English and Burgundian troops. Te Deums were sung at all the churches in Paris, and the English rushed in crowds to the camp to see her. At first the French would not believe that the news was really true—that the Maid, so brave, gentle, gracious, had been captured. Bitter was the mourning in the cities where she was known and esteemed.

What was the king doing? Little more than a year ago he had been a dejected recluse at Chinon, spending his time in idle tears and alarm for his kingdom. Now he was master of a large portion of France, and had been crowned king at Rheims—all by the means of this brave maiden. Yet the coward did actually nothing! whereas one would have supposed that he would spare neither blood nor treasure to free her from her foes. It is difficult, indeed, to believe that not an effort was made by Charles and his Court to rescue her, by force of arms or by ransom; but such, to their eternal disgrace, is the truth.

Jeanne was sent, first to the château of Beaulieu, then to Beaurevoir, a castle in a wood, and placed under the care of the aunt and the wife of her captor, John of Luxembourg. These were pious and amiable ladies, and, like other good women, they were attracted to Jeanne as soon as they knew her. Won by her religious trust, gentleness, and patience, they lavished every kindness upon her. At last the terrible news came that she had been sold by their relative to the English for ten thousand livres.

The old countess flung herself on her knees before her nephew with tears and prayers that he would not commit the base deed of selling the heroic prisoner. But John of Luxembourg was poor, and money was precious to him. Doubtless he would have preferred to accept the ransom from King Charles, had he offered an equal sum; but the king was enjoying himself in his gay and idle Court, and stirred not a finger to save his deliverer. Hence the nefarious bargain was completed.

When the news reached poor Jeanne, she was told at the same time that men, women, and children in Compiègne would be put to the sword when the town was taken. Half wild with grief, she felt she must escape and go to the help of her friends.

On the summit of the tower in which she was confined was a platform where she was allowed to walk for the benefit of the fresh air, and daily there came the temptation to leap down. At last, it is said, she yielded to the wild desire, and plunged over the brink, only to be found, stunned and senseless, on the ground.

When she recovered from the effects of this desperate attempt she was removed to Crotoi. The plan of the English, who had bought her, was not to treat her as a prisoner of war, but to hand her over as a sorceress to a religious tribunal. An infamous wretch named Pierre Cauchon, Bishop of Beauvais, noted for his wickedness, was fixed upon as a suitable tool to manage the affair, and the English Cardinal Beaufort promised to compass his appointment as Archbishop of Rouen in reward.

To Rouen, the centre of the English power in France, poor Jeanne was finally conveyed, in the latter part of the year 1430; and the mildness with which she had hitherto been treated was replaced by harshness and insult. She was first placed in an iron cage, and taunted by her captors; afterwards she was fettered by day to a log of wood, by night to her bed. Treachery was adopted to ruin her; a priest, named Nicolas l'Oiseleur, induced her to speak freely to him under the pretext of confession, while two notaries in an adjoining room were stationed to hear and write down every word. It is said that the men proved too honest for the task!

Meanwhile, the lengthy preparations for the trial had been completed. No fewer than forty assessors were to judge this unlearned peasant girl, who could neither read nor write, numbering six doctors from the University of Paris, abbots from some of the largest monasteries in Normandy, the Vicar of the Grand Inquisitor of France, and other ecclesiastical dignitaries. The articles of accusation at first were seventy in number, charging her with sorcery, heresy, and similar crimes.

In the dim, ancient chapel of the Castle of Rouen, the trial began on February 21st, 1431. Jeanne, pale and trembling from her captivity, was brought up day by day before her judges, who sought to baffle and entrap her by every means in their power. It was not wonderful that they sometimes succeeded in perplexing her about the visions and voices in which she had hitherto implicitly believed; yet on all main points her conviction was singularly true and straightforward. The spiritual character of her religious faith is shown with wonderful force in her answers, and it is remarkable how far she had risen above the superstitions of her age. Not one of the Church dignitaries before whom she was arraigned had a belief so true and pure.

She was repeatedly asked if she would submit to the Church. Her reply was, "I submit to God, who sent me. It seems to me that our Lord and the Church are one. Why do you make a difficulty, and say they are not one?" And again—"I would submit to no one but our Lord, and would always do His good bidding." "Do you believe that you are subject to the Church on earth—namely, our holy father the Pope, the cardinals, archbishops, bishops, and other prelates of the Church?" "Yes, our Lord being served first."

Repeatedly she appealed from man to God—"I have a good Master, our Lord, to whom, and to none other, I trust in all."

"Do you know that you are in a state of grace?" she was asked. "If I am not," she replied, "God guide me there; if I am, God keep me there." At this rejoinder one of her assessors could not but exclaim, "Jeanne, you have answered well!"

The record of the trial, which lasted fifteen days, is not drawn from hearsay or from invention, but from depositions taken at the time. These give evidence that cannot be shaken as to the pure rectitude of Jeanne's purpose. Surely it is a sight to move the girl-readers of all time—this girl of nineteen, with no friend, adviser, or helper, brought up day by day into the dim Gothic chapel before the stony-hearted tribunal, strong in the consciousness of an unselfish purpose, resting her faith upon a Supreme Judge who should overrule the iniquity of man—courageous, patient, and steadfast to the last! No greater blot stains Shakespeare's historical plays than his portrait of La Pucelle in the First Part of *Henry VI.* It can only be said that the poet was no wiser than his time in this respect; for belief in witchcraft was then common, and he took the popular explanation of conduct that rose so far above the level of ordinary womanhood. We cannot but regret that he so degraded his art, but justice has been done the Maid by the researches of a later time.

Was she, then, really inspired? It seems plain that her devout enthusiasm, her unfailing courage, supplied, in a time when men's hearts were failing them for fear, just the stimulus they needed to urge them to action. Despondency is the worst of all hindrances to successful strife; this despondency Jeanne swept away by her inspiring presence. Of herself she had little taste for the ferocity of warfare, and at the trial she said, "I carried that banner when I attacked the enemy in order to avoid killing any one; for I have never killed a single person."

To that trial we must return; but it was little more than a solemn mockery. At its close she was condemned to death on twelve articles of accusation, setting forth her sorcery and heresy in various degrees of abuse; and on the 24th of May she was conducted to the cemetery of St. Ouen, where a vast crowd was assembled to see her suffer. In the sermon that always preceded such executions King Charles was assailed with invective, but the loyal Maid would not, even in that dread hour, suffer any reflection to be cast on the character of the coward who had abandoned her.

"Do not speak thus of my king," she exclaimed; "he is a good and true Christian!"

But the end was not quite come. A paper containing a confession of her imputed crimes was put before her, and she was told she must sign it or be burnt there and then. It is probable the unhappy girl did not understand its contents: but in the agony and weakness of the moment she allowed an English secretary of Cardinal Beaufort to guide her hand to write her name. She was next told that she was condemned to imprisonment for life, but by whom and for what she could not clearly comprehend, for she said, "Now, then, you of the Church, guide me to your prisons, that I may no longer be in the hands of the English."

"Take her back to where you brought her from," said Cauchon to the guard; and Jeanne, followed by the shouts and execrations of the English soldiery, was removed to her dungeon. The reprieve was only a temporary one, intended to deprive her of *prestige* in the public sight. By a device too base to dwell upon, she was made to appear as a "relapsed" heretic, and her death was decreed.

Early in the morning of the 30th of May an ominous messenger appeared in Jeanne's cell, accompanied by a Dominican monk. They bade her prepare for death, for on that morning she was to suffer in the market-place of Rouen.

Jeanne's love of life was strong, and at first she lamented bitterly; but in a little while she recovered herself and received the communion with tears and resignation.

In a car drawn by four horses, accompanied by priests and surrounded by eight hundred English men-at-arms, she was sent forth from the castle, and on the way the false monk, Nicholas l'Oiseleur, who had tempted her to disclose her secrets under the mask of confession, rushed from the crowd with cries and tears to fling himself at her feet and implore forgiveness for his treachery. The multitude that had assembled was so dense as well nigh to prevent the passage of the car; grief was depicted on almost every face, while cries of sympathy rent the air. In the market-place three scaffolds were erected round a lofty pile—one for Cardinal Beaufort (ruler of England during Henry VI.'s minority), another for the ecclesiastics, and a third for Jeanne, with the theologian who was to preach her funeral sermon, and her confessor.

"If one member suffer, all the members suffer with it," was his text, that had an application of which the divine little dreamed, for the victim's present position was due to her unselfish sympathy for the woes of her country. He ended with the words, "Jeanne, go in peace; the Church delivers you to the secular arm."

Jeanne threw herself on her knees and prayed aloud long and earnestly, with such fervour that all who heard her were moved to tears. She forgave her enemies; she uttered words of defence for the treacherous, faithless king; she asked pardon of all, imploring their prayers. An English soldier handed her a rough cross he had made by breaking a rough stick in two; she kissed it and put it in her bosom.

There were thousands of hearts breaking for pity, yet not one man made an effort to tear her from the grasp of the fierce men-at-arms, who were growing impatient to have the scene over. Jeanne was made to mount the lofty pile, and was fastened to the stake high in sight of all, with one Dominican friar by her side, anxious to console and help her to the last.

The executioner applied his torch to the faggots, and volumes of smoke burst forth; but the friar, absorbed in his mission, heeded not his danger. Thoughtful, even in that supreme moment, for another than herself, the heroic girl bade him descend and leave her to God. "But hold up the cross," she said, "that I may see it." Standing as near as the glare and heat of the flames would let him, uplifting the symbol of the Saviour's agony, he heard her exclaim, even in the midst of the fire, that all she had done had been by Divine direction; then, uttering one great cry, "JESUS!" she sank her head upon her breast and died.

* * * *

"We are lost!" cried an English soldier in the crowd; "we have burned a saint."

Long after her death, the king did justice to her memory, urged to the act by Jeanne's peasant-mother, who would not let him rest. In 1455 an inquiry—the order for which had been given five years before—was set on foot, and investigations into the life and character of the Maid were opened at Domremy, Orleans, Paris, and Rouen. White-haired peasants who had known her as a child, men and women who had received kindness at her hands, soldiers who had fought at her side, priests who had heard her confess—all came forward to testify to the goodness, purity, and nobility of her soul. The trial and judgments were finally pronounced, by a commission—consisting of the Inquisitor-General, legate of the Pope, cardinals, bishops, abbots, all the authorities of the ecclesiastical and civil law—to be utterly incorrect and illegal; the twelve articles under which she had suffered were ordered to be torn from the records and publicly destroyed, and with solemn ceremonial and procession her innocence was declared on the spot of her execution, to be marked henceforth by a cross of stone.

Thus, in spite of her suffering and shameful end, the mission of the Maid was not in vain. In this nineteenth century, we may find difficulty in sympathising fully with her aims—we cannot in any literal sense follow her example—and yet her story may read a lesson to every modern English girl of the beauty of unselfish enthusiasm and steadfast earnestness.

Such nobility and constancy is never lost; its effects abide from age to age. For "No life can be pure in its purpose, and strong in its strife, and all life not be purer and stronger thereby." LILY WATSON.

FORLORN, YET NOT FORSAKEN.

THE STORY OF A NURSERY GOVERNESS.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

CHAPTER VII.

I HAD a special tenderness for poor Corfu, who had several times permitted, and even encouraged, me to talk of things in a way Emily would never tolerate. She called it preaching, but although Corfu often laughed at what he called my "pretty puritanism," he did listen, and I think not from mere civility. Once as we were riding along a narrow lane, I ventured to put in a word I had often wanted to say. I expect the tears were in my voice if not in my eyes, for it is a tremendous effort to say anything which may sound like finding fault to people of his sort. He heard me out with an amused smile, then answered, lightly—

"I promise not to offend again, little cousin." Then, more earnestly, "Why, Sybil, you must not take the misdemeanours of such a hopeless fellow as I am to heart. You are a good girl, but it is too late."

"No, no, Corfu," I said, boldly, "it is not too late; you——"

"You know nothing about it; how should you? Come along, child," and leaning forward in his saddle—he had twisted round with his hand on the crupper as he listened to me—he touched his mare, who broke into a quick trot.

So you see, Magdalen, I could not help liking and pitying the man, and yet when I met him again after nearly a year's absence, I felt his character was deteriorated. There was an air of self-indulgence, a heaviness, which used not to be about his fresh, firm face and figure. My first impression was the utter absence of any brightness or energy about him, and a sleepy expression, and detestable drawling lounge and tone in the place of the old, wholesome, natural glance of his eye and quick, graceful gait. I was very disappointed; yet he was very kind, and seemed pleased to see me, and, as the days went on, became more like his hearty, boyish self, as I first knew him. Now that I am old, I see very plainly wherein lay the weakness of Corfu's character. It was always moulded by the company he was in. With favourable surroundings I am certain, humanly speaking, that he would have turned out very differently, but by a kind of fatality he became involved with the wrong set, ran deep in their ways, and was so imbued with their tastes and habits, that at one time it would have been impossible to extricate him, for he did not wish to be extricated. One thing, however, comforted me a little. I noticed that in the evening he was particularly courteous and attentive to Margaret, and I made up my mind that he had not become so utterly worldly and selfish, or he would not have bestirred himself to make the time pass pleasantly for her, or seem so bent on putting her at ease among any friends who chanced to be there. It was so unusual for a man of his sort to take this kind of trouble that I could not help remarking his manner.

Altogether Margaret's position seemed considerably brighter and more genial; yet all the same she herself did not appear to be benefited by the change. There was a flinty recklessness in her manner when we were with others—sparkling and hard; and an utter weariness when alone, which troubled me sorely. Had I made a mistake in my friend? Was she not what she had seemed to be? Or had the apparent improvement in her lot produced an unhealthy excitement, and drawn her into the labyrinth of Vanity Fair? I wrote about my perplexities to my mother, who speedily answered them in her usual sympathising, yet calm and practical strain. Those letters of hers! Yesterday I read them for the hundredth

time, and they have brought all this past of mine so vividly before me. Among other things she wrote: "I foresee that you may very likely be placed in a difficult and trying position. You are young, my Sybil, but you are capable of acting wisely and fearlessly. I do not wish you to shrink from any responsibility which is distinctly laid upon you, for you and I do not recognise chance in the events of our daily lives—do we? At the same time do not rush upon any line of conduct; do not speak hastily, or give opinions and advice without serious forethought. Perhaps you will not quite understand why I have written thus, but if ever the time come when you are called upon to act, you will comprehend my meaning. I believe I could account for much of what you tell me, but I will not press a judgment which if prematurely correct might prejudice your mind, and, if wrong, would shake your confidence in your mother. In any case do not relax your kind care and attention to our mutual friend, Margaret Fairfax. I feel certain we are not to be disappointed in her. There may be a temporary cloud upon the bright surface of her Christ-life; this may arise from various causes, and it may be your privilege to chase away the gloom. Do not let her feel that she has less of your loving sympathy than formerly, yet you must equally keep your dear, impulsive nature well in hand. I incline to think your friend wise in shrinking from discussions of feelings, frames of mind, etc. She has a tendency to morbidity, of which she is herself well aware, poor girl, increased, of course, by painful circumstances. She is high-spirited and sensitive, and Providence has assigned her an uncongenial position. It is ours to soften and ameliorate the conditions of her lot as far as possible, and to render her contented with her present calling, so long as she continues in it. Need I remind either of you that there is not a nobler vocation than that of influencing young lives for good, and training youthful souls in the ways of love and holiness?"

Much more did your great-grandmother write with the same tender penetration, for in those days, my Magdalen, letters were letters, and not hasty scrawls dashed off just in time to catch the post. Unlimited as was the faith I placed in my mother, who had never stung me by a sarcasm, or chilled my confidence in her love by unappreciative or withering doubts, I had little idea how soon the utterances of her prophetic soul were to be realised.

The morning following the receipt of this letter I was in Margaret's sitting-room, where she usually breakfasted with the elder children. The meal was over, and Dunraven and Vi had inveigled me into joining some extraordinary imagination game of their own invention, while Margaret watched us from an easy chair, a faint smile on her pale face. I believe I was a brown caterpillar, Violet an animated mushroom, and Dunraven a gnome of the Hartz Mountains, who, in a moment of anger had transformed two lovely young creatures, namely, Vi and myself, into our present insignificant capacities. Repentance speedily followed, but the unhappy gnome found himself powerless to undo his wicked deed. The finale was to be the extinction of the remorseful gnome by an earthquake, and the collapse of his own quartz roof, and the simultaneous release of the fair princesses from his spell. This was Dunraven's idea, whose thoughts ran that day in a gloomy channel; but it was far too tragic for Vi. She pleaded piteously that the gnome should turn out to be a brave knight, and marry the quondam caterpillar and mushroom.

"I can't have two wives," objected her brother, "and I suppose you would not like me to marry Cousin Sybil and leave you."

Poor Vi looked very disconsolate, till I suggested the introduction of another gnome.

"But who's to be another?" said Dunraven. "Baby's too little."

This was a serious obstacle, and Dunraven clung tenaciously to his original plan of destruction. Violet looked pathetic.

"Oh, don't, Dunnie. Do make it all end up nice and comfortable, please."

He turned a face of despair towards me. "As if that's like real life, Cousin Sybil."

I tried to appear becomingly grave, and we were too busily engaged in discussion to hear hasty steps coming along the corridor. I had only just noticed the sudden flush on Margaret's cheek when a bang at the door, and the simultaneous entrance of Corfu, startled us all. The children rushed at him rapturously, and each took violent possession of a hand and arm.

"Hullo! clear out, you young ruffians," he exclaimed, laughing heartily, and pretending to shake them off; "you won't let a man behave himself. I have not said good-morning to Cousin Syb or to Miss Fairfax."

"Oh, they'll forgive you, father, if we ask them," said Violet.

"Will they? How do you know that?"

"'Cause they are good," responded the small maiden, promptly.

"Oh, are they? How do you forgive anyone, Lady Vi?"

"We kiss and make it up," she answered, heaving a sigh of satisfaction over the memory of redressed grievances.

"Ho, ho! I've no objection," laughed Corfu, glancing at us with unconcealed mirth. Of course I laughed too, and was secretly a little vexed with Margaret for looking so stiff and stern. Why not treat a joke as a joke? I thought. It was silly, and unlike her usual good taste to appear annoyed at such obvious fun.

Corfu held a small white parcel, which Violet was fingering inquisitively, and her next remark created a diversion.

"What is this, father?"

"That? Oh, that's for Miss Fairfax," he replied, quickly. "Take it to her, Vi."

"Oh, Fairfie, a present for you! A present for you! Look, let me untie the string, please."

"It must be a mistake," said Margaret, very gravely; "I don't expect a present from anyone."

"Of course not; people ought not to expect presents," observed Dunraven, sententiously. "Presents are surprises. Aren't they, father?"

Corfu, his hands in his pockets, was propping his lazy length against the wall, and whistling very softly to himself as he looked out of the window; but in spite of his nonchalant air something seemed to embarrass him. Violet had by this time unfastened the string and paper from a morocco jewel case, while her brother stood at her elbow, his fingers twitching with impatience, and an eager desire to attack the knots over which she fumbled. The lid flew open as she pressed hard upon the spring, and displayed a magnificent pair of gold bracelets, snakes, with flexible coils of most delicate workmanship, and glittering diamond eyes. The children uttered a shout of delight, and hung over the ornaments as though fascinated by the cold gleam of the creature's orbs. I felt uncomfortable, I hardly know why, and I felt equally certain Margaret would not be pleased. Nobody spoke. Corfu never stopped humming his tune; apparently he was engrossed with watching his boy and girl, who were chattering together in their usual animated way.

"Now, Fairfie, put them on, please," said Violet, suddenly; "we want to see how they look." As she spoke she cautiously lifted a snake from its velvet bed, and carried it half fearfully in her chubby hands round to Margaret's side. "Now, Fairfie, put him on."

"No, dear," said Margaret, "I would rather not put it on; they are not for me. It is a mistake."

"Father, Dunnie!" ejaculated poor Vi, helplessly, turning from one to the other, a world of bewilderment in the puzzled blue eyes.

"There's no mistake," said her father, briskly, with a light-hearted cheerfulness which somehow did not tend to reassure me. "It is a present from you and Dun, if Miss Fairfax will do you the honour of accepting them."

Margaret's expression never changed, her features were so rigidly set to gravity. "You are very kind," she said, "but indeed, I could not accept so valuable a gift, even from the children."

Corfu looked extremely annoyed. "By Jove!" he exclaimed, "you are as proud as Lucifer! Why not?"

"Forgive me," answered Margaret, quietly, "they are not suitable to my present position."

"Nonsense," answered my cousin, hastily; "what do you mean? It has nothing to do with your 'position' as you call it—they will suit you," he said, with a slight emphasis on the latter pronoun, which brought a rush of colour to Margaret's cheek.

"I think not," she said, gently.

Her persistence irritated him. "Perhaps my choice was an unlucky one," he said, sarcastically. "Do you really condescend to the weakness of super-

stition, Miss Fairfax, so far as to believe a snake to be an ill omen? I assure you my unfortunate reptiles are only 'deaf adders,'" he concluded, pointedly.

I was glad that the children had already run into the next room, and did not hear their father speak so rudely. Margaret coloured deeply at his manner, but coolly ignored the irony of his remark. "I beg your lordship not to think me ungrateful, but I could not possibly receive such presents, in my opinion, unsuited to my circumstances. I am sure you will allow this," she said, with a sudden melting of the cold civility of her little speech, as she lifted her eyes to his and leant forwards with an appealing movement of her hands. "Indeed, you have been very kind to me, and I rely on your goodness not to think me ungracious now—please do not."

Corfu's clouded brow cleared all at once, and he carelessly dismissed the unpleasant subject. "All right," he said, half impatiently, half good-temperedly. "If you won't you won't. I thought a bauble would please you, as it would most women, but you——Well, if you won't be pleased, I can't help it. A fig for gratitude and all the humbug. I don't see what you have to be grateful for, I am sure." And with a short laugh, he left the room.

I was intensely relieved at the happy conclusion of the affair, and admired more than ever the tact displayed by my friend on such a trying occasion. For though I felt sure that only a kind intention prompted the donor, I was equally on her side in her refusal of the gift. Women have such a far finer and more instinctive perception of what will "do" than men.

Margaret was pale, and laughed nervously as I turned towards her.

"How very strange——" I began, but the words died away on my lips, as we heard the well-known quick tread returning. I cannot tell you, Magdalen, why my heart sank as it did. I felt miserably uncomfortable, and Margaret looked so white and scared, that it frightened me. Before either of us had time to speak, Corfu's head appeared round the door.

(To be continued.)

A GIRL'S RAMBLES THROUGH HAUNTED LONDON;

OR,

ANECDOTES OF THE STREETS OF THE GREAT METROPOLIS.

By JAMES AND NANETTE MASON.

II.—Fleet Street.

HEN Boswell was walking with Dr. Johnson in Greenwich-park one evening, Johnson exclaimed, "Is not this very fine!"

"Yes, sir," answered Boswell, "but not equal to Fleet-street."

"You are right, sir," said Johnson.

In the spirit of these two representatives of town life and manners, we resume our pilgrimage, and, passing Temple Bar Memorial, make our way Citywards.

The first house on the City side of Temple Bar, and on the south side of Fleet-street, is Child's Banking House. This bank was once saved from suspending payment by a lady well known in history. In 1689 the stability of the firm was threatened by a rumour that there was to be a run upon it. Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, then Lady Churchill, hearing what was said, immediately collected all the gold she could raise among her friends and brought it down to the bank just in time to meet the difficulty. Hogarth made a sketch at the time of the duchess's coach stopping at Temple Bar, and another sketch of her grace entering the bank, followed by porters carrying the welcome bags of gold.

A still more romantic story is told regarding this old banking establishment. One May-day, about a hundred years ago, John, tenth Earl of Westmoreland, was dining with the Mr. Child of that time at Temple Bar. He was the ardent admirer of Miss Sarah Anne Child, but anticipated the opposition of her father, who was not likely to be favourably impressed by the state at the bank of his lordship's balance.

"Child," said his lordship in the course of the conversation, "give me your opinion on this case. Suppose you were in love with a girl and had no hope of getting her father's consent to your marrying her, what would you do?"

"Do! why run away with her, to be sure," replied the unsuspecting banker.

A night or two afterwards, Lord Westmoreland followed this advice, and eloped with Miss Sarah Anne Child in a post-chaise and four. Mr. Child at once started in pursuit, followed them on the North road, and managed to gain on the runaways. It was not, however, till Northumberland was reached that the second post-chaise came within sight of the first. Lord Westmoreland then stood up in his carriage and shot one of the leading horses of Mr. Child's vehicle, which was capsized in consequence. By this bold proceeding the lovers gained time to cross the border, and got securely tied together by the Gretna Green blacksmith.

Part of the site of Child's bank was once occupied by the Devil Tavern, where "Rare" Ben Jonson reigned as the king of wits and good fellows. It was a tavern with a good reputation down to 1788, when it was levelled to the ground. On a spring evening in 1751 a memorable supper-party was held here to celebrate the appearance of the first novel of Mrs. Lennox, a lady whom Dr. Johnson held in high esteem; he thought that her intellectual abilities were equal, if not, indeed, superior, to those of Hannah More, or even his favourite, Fanny Burney. About twenty friends came to meet Mrs. Lennox and her husband, Dr. Johnson, of course, being the central figure of the party. Johnson had prepared a crown of laurel with which he encircled the brow of the authoress, and with pleasant conversation and harmless mirth the night passed away. The company sat till day began to dawn. "This phenomenon," says Sir John Hawkins, who was one of the company, "began to put us in mind of our reckoning, but the waiters were all so overcome with sleep that it was two hours before a bill could be had, and it was not till near eight that the creaking of the street-door gave the signal of our departure."

Opposite Child's Bank once stood Shire-lane, afterwards known as Lower Serle's-place. In this lane the meetings were first held of the famous Kit-Kat Club, which consisted of noblemen and gentlemen, at first banded together for political objects, but afterwards for no other end than intellectual intercourse and enjoyment.

This aristocratic club elected some reigning beauty every year as a toast, and in connection with this custom there is a pleasing anecdote told of the childhood of Lady Mary Wortley-Montagu, the celebrated letter-writer. One day, at a meeting of the Kit-Kat Club to choose toasts for the year, Lady Mary's father, the Duke of Kingston, took it into his head to nominate her as a candidate, alleging that she was far prettier than any lady on their list. His little girl was not eight years old then.

The other members demurred, because the rules of the club forbade them to select a beauty whom they had never seen. "Then you shall see her," cried the duke, and in the gaiety of the moment he sent orders to have Lady Mary finely dressed and brought to him at the tavern.

She was received with acclamations, her claim unanimously allowed, her health drunk by everyone present, and her name engraved in due form upon a drinking-glass. "The company consisting of some of the most eminent men in England, she went from the lap of one poet or patriot or statesman to the arms of another; was feasted with sweetmeats, overwhelmed with caresses, and, what perhaps already pleased her better than either, heard her wit and beauty extolled on every side. Pleasure, she said, was too poor a word to express her sensations—they amounted to ecstasy. Never again throughout her whole future life did she pass so happy a day."

On the same side of Fleet-street as Child's Bank, and only a few steps farther east, is the entrance to Middle Temple lane. It was at Middle Temple-gate that John Scott, afterwards Lord Eldon, and his wife, the beautiful Bessie Surtees, with whom he had run away, were attacked by the mob during the Gordon Riots of 1780. Amidst the shouts of "Kill the lawyers" from the rioters, Scott got his wife safe within the Temple, and, as she stood in the centre of a crowd of excited and admiring barristers, her head bare and her ringlets falling loose over her shoulders, "The scoundrels have got your hat, Bessie," he whispered, "but never mind—they have left you your hair."

Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, whom we mentioned in connection with Child's Bank, used often to be seen in the Temple consulting "Silver-tongued Murray," who afterwards became Lord Mansfield. "Her Grace," says Mr. Jeaffreson, "began by sending the rising advocate a general retainer, with a fee of a thousand guineas, of which sum he accepted only the two-hundredth part, explaining to the astonished duchess that 'the professional fee

with a general retainer could not be less nor more than five guineas.'"

"If Murray had accepted the whole sum he would not have been overpaid for his trouble, for her grace persecuted him with calls at most unreasonable hours. On one occasion, returning to his chambers, after 'drinking champagne with the wits,' he found the duchess's carriage and attendants in King's Bench Walk. A numerous crowd of footmen and link-bearers surrounded the coach, and when the barrister entered his chambers he encountered the mistress of that army of lackeys. 'Young man,' exclaimed the grand lady, eyeing the future Lord Mansfield with a look of displeasure, 'if you mean to rise in the world you must not sup out!'

"On a subsequent night, Sarah of Marlborough called without appointment at his chambers, and waited till past midnight in the hope that she would see the lawyer ere she went to bed. But Murray, being at an unusually late supper-party, did not return till her grace had departed in an overpowering rage. 'I could not make out, sir, who she was,' said Murray's clerk, describing her grace's appearance and manner, 'for she would not tell me her name; *but she swore so dreadfully that I am sure she must be a lady of quality.*'"

Dr. Johnson had his giant's den at No. 1, Inner Temple lane—where "Dr. Johnson's Buildings" now stand. He lived here from 1760 to 1765. Beauclerc, in a passage which has been often quoted, gives a graphic picture of the uncouth lexicographer at the Temple-gate handing a French lady who had called on him into her coach. "His dress was a rusty-brown morning suit, a pair of old shoes by way of slippers, a little shrivelled wig sticking on the top of his head, and the sleeves of his shirt and the knees of his breeches hanging loose. A considerable crowd of people gathered round, and were not a little struck by his singular appearance."

The house on the south side of Fleet-street, opposite Chancery-lane, which professes to be "the palace of Henry VIII. and Cardinal Wolsey," at one time held the famous wax-work exhibition of Mrs. Salmon. That was in the days of Queen Anne. Mrs. Salmon was originally at St. Martin's-le-Grand, but she removed to Fleet-street, on the ground that it was "a more convenient place for the coaches of the quality to stand unmolested." Not a reason certainly that would be given nowadays.

By way of fishing for custom she hung out a salmon as a sign. At the door the visitor was welcomed by a figure on crutches, and when he had seen all the show and was returning to the street a mechanical Old Mother Shipton gave him a kick by way of a parting salute.

At No. 32, a few doors farther east, we come to the shop in which the famous publishing house of John Murray began business. "Mrs. Rundell's Domestic Cookery" was first brought out here in the beginning of this century; we have a copy in *our* library described as a "new edition," and dated 1807.

This well-known, useful book was compiled by the wife of one of the partners of an eminent firm of jewellers. She was a person of common sense, and had no extravagant ideas about the mission of her sex. "To attend," she says, "to the nursing and at least early instruction of children, and to rear a healthy progeny in the ways of piety and usefulness; to preside over the family and regulate the income allotted to its maintenance; to make home the sweet refuge of a husband fatigued by intercourse with a jarring world; to be his enlightened companion, and the chosen friend of his heart; these, these are woman's duties, and delightful ones they are, if haply she be married to a man whose soul can duly estimate her worth, and who will bring his share to the common stock of felicity. Of such a woman one may truly say, 'Happy the man who can call her his wife; blessed are the children who call her mother.'"

Mrs. Rundell's modest views regarding the profits of authorship led her to expect no return from her work; but, according to Allibone, she was agreeably surprised by drawing from it no less than two thousand pounds. By 1841 the sale had reached the two hundred and seventy-sixth thousand, and a modern Domestic Cookery, based on Mrs. Rundell's volume, is still in extensive demand.

The south end of Fetter-lane—the end nearest Fleet-street—was the scene of a curious incident in the life of Levett, the poor apothecary, who in the latter part of his career formed one of Dr. Johnson's household. At a small coal-shed on the west side of the lane, Levett met a woman who duped him into marriage. "The simple-hearted, benevolent man," says Walter Thornbury in his "Old and New London," "was persuaded by the proprietress of the coal-shed that she had been defrauded of her birthright by her kinsman, a man of fortune. Levett, then nearly sixty, married her; and four months after a writ was issued against him for debts contracted by his wife, and he had to lie close to avoid the gaol. Not long afterwards his amiable wife ran away from him, and, being taken up for picking pockets, was tried at the Old Bailey, where she defended herself, and was acquitted. Dr. Johnson then, touched by Levett's misfortunes and goodness, took him to his own home."

We have to go but a short distance along Fleet-street to reach a court associated with the hero of a matrimonial affair of a very different character from that of poor Levett. At Bolt-court we meet with William Cobbett, a man who held high rank among the forces that made such a commotion in England before the passing of the Reform Bill of 1832. It was here that Cobbett published what was known as his "twopenny trash."

The story of Cobbett's courtship, as told by himself, is well worth reading. It exhibits both Cobbett and the girl whom he married in quite a picturesque light, and, more than that, is calculated to teach us a few not unimportant lessons.

"When I first saw my wife," he says, speaking of the time when he was a soldier, "she was thirteen years old and I was within a month of twenty-one. She was the daughter of a sergeant of Artillery, and I was the sergeant-major of a regiment of foot, both stationed in forts near the city of St. John, in the province of New Brunswick. I sat in the same room with her for about an hour, in company with others, and I made up my mind that she was the very girl for me. That I thought her beautiful is certain, for that I had always said should be an indispensable qualification; but I saw in her what I deemed marks of that sobriety of conduct which has been by far the greatest blessing of my life.

"It was now dead of winter, and, of course, the snow several feet deep on the ground, and the weather piercing cold. It was my habit, when I had done my morning's writing, to go out at break of day to take a walk on a hill, at the foot of which our barracks lay. In about three mornings after I had first seen her, I had, by an invitation to breakfast with me, got up two young men to join me in my walk; and our road lay by the house of her father and mother. It was hardly light, but she was out on the snow, scrubbing out a washing-tub. 'That's the girl for me!' said I, when we had got out of her hearing. ...

"At the end of about six months my regiment, and I along with it, were removed to Frederickton, a distance of a hundred miles up the river of St. John; and, what was worse, the Artillery was expected to go off to England a year or two before our regiment. The Artillery went, and she along with them. And now it was that I acted a part becoming a real and sensible lover. I was aware that when she got to that gay place, Woolwich, the house of her father and mother, necessarily visited by numerous persons not the most select, might become unpleasant to her, and I did not like besides that she should continue to work hard. I had saved a hundred and fifty guineas—the earnings of my early hours in writing for the paymaster, the quarter-master, and others, in addition to the savings of my own pay. I sent her all my money before she sailed, and wrote to her, to beg of her, if she found her home uncomfortable, to hire a lodging with respectable people, and at any rate not to spare the money by any means, but to buy herself good clothes and to live without hard work until I arrived in England."

Cobbett did not get home so soon as he expected, but "at the end of four years," he says, "home I came, and got my discharge from the army. I found my little girl *a servant of all work* (and hard work it was), *at five pounds a year*, in the house of a Captain Brisac; and without hardly saying a word about the matter, she put into my hands *the whole of my hundred and fifty guineas unbroken!*

"Need I tell the reader what my feelings were? . . . . Admiration of her conduct and self-congratulation on this indubitable proof of the soundness of my own judgment were now added to my love of her beautiful person."

It was in Bolt-court that the famous Dr. Johnson lived from 1776 till 1784, when he died. Speaking of his residence here, Miss Reynolds, the sister of the famous Sir Joshua, tells us, "He particularly piqued himself upon his nice observance of ceremonious punctilios towards ladies. A remarkable instance of this was his never suffering any lady to walk from his house to her carriage through Bolt-court unattended by himself to hand her into it; and if any obstacle prevented it from driving off, there he would stand by the door of it, and gather a mob around him; indeed, they would begin to gather the moment he appeared handing the lady down the steps into Fleet-street. Sometimes he exhibited himself at the distance of eight or ten doors from Bolt-court to get at the carriage, to the no small diversion of the populace."

Johnson's strange household of almsfolk at Bolt-court made anything but a happy family, and his home seems to have been rendered very uncomfortable by "the perpetual jarring of those whom he charitably accommodated under his roof." Levett, the poor apothecary, and the three women—the blind Mrs. Williams, Mrs. Desmoulins, and Miss Carmichael—were all ill-disposed to one another. Johnson, in a letter to Mrs. Thrale, thus depicts the situation:—"Williams hates everybody; Levett hates Desmoulins and does not love Williams; Desmoulins hates them both; Poll (Miss Carmichael) loves none of them."

"The inventor of the English novel"—Samuel Richardson—had his printing office at the north-west corner of Salisbury-square, communicating with the court, No. 76, Fleet-street. In a house in the centre of Salisbury-square, or Salisbury-court as it was then called, he spent the greater part of his town life, and wrote his earliest work, "Pamela." He was a kind, benevolent character, encouraging his men to be industrious, sometimes by putting half-a-crown among the types as a prize to him who came first in the morning, at other times by sending fruit for the same purpose from the country. But his manners with regard to his family were strict and formal. His daughters wrote to him as "Honoured Sir," and designated themselves as "ever dutiful" children.

In his novels, "Pamela," "Clarissa Harlowe," and "Sir Charles Grandison," he had always a moral end in view. According to Pope, "Pamela" is more valuable than a score of volumes of sermons, and Dr. Sherlock gravely recommended it from the pulpit.

He wrote more for women than men; indeed, he was all his life the patron and protector of the fair sex. At the age of thirteen he used to write love-letters to their sweethearts for three young women in his neighbourhood, who made him their confidant. Such were his early lessons in the reading of the human heart, and very good ones they were, too, for a novelist. His private correspondents in later years were almost all women, and women were always about him, both in town and country; indeed, according to Mrs. Barbauld, he "lived in a kind of flower-garden of ladies." "This," remarks Leigh Hunt, "has been grudged him and thought effeminate, but we must make allowance for early circumstance and recollect what the garden produced for us. Richardson did not pretend to be able to do without female society."

So far as plot is concerned, his novels are decidedly tedious. On someone remarking this to Dr. Johnson, "Why, sir," said Johnson, "if you were to read Richardson for the story, your impatience would be so great that you would hang yourself. But you must read him for the sentiment, and consider the story as only giving occasion to the sentiment."

That the story, however, can secure the attention and excite the enthusiasm of those who are uncorrupted by the thrilling sensational narratives of the present day, we may see from the following anecdote, told by Sir F. W. Herschel, of the village of Slough, in Buckinghamshire. "The blacksmith of the village had got hold of Richardson's novel of 'Pamela; or, Virtue Rewarded,' and used to read it aloud in the long summer evenings, seated on his anvil, and he never failed to have a large and attentive audience. It was a pretty long-winded book, but their patience was fully a match for the author's prolixity, and they fairly listened to it all. At length, when the happy turn of fortune arrived which brings the hero and heroine together, and describes them as living long and happily according to the most approved rules, the congregation were so delighted as to raise a great shout, and, procuring the church keys, they actually set the parish bells a-ringing."

Richardson lies buried in St. Bride's Church, Fleet-street, a stone's throw from his printing establishment. He lies about the middle of the centre aisle.

At the west end of St. Bride's Church, Richard Lovelace, one of the most brilliant of the cavaliers of Charles I.'s time, found his last resting place. For his beauty and his misfortunes all women will think kindly of him. In his student days at Oxford he was "accounted the most amiable and beautiful person that eyes ever beheld," but he fell a victim to the political troubles of the day, "became very poor in body and purse, was the object of charity, went in ragged clothes (whereas when he was in his glory he wore cloth of gold and silver), and mostly lodged in obscure and dirty places." In love he was equally unfortunate. Lucy Sacheverell, for whom he entertained a deep affection, heard and believed a report that he had been killed at Dunkirk, and straightway married another suitor.

Everyone knows Lovelace's exquisite verses, written when in prison in 1642 for carrying up the Kentish petition to the House of Commons:—

"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for a hermitage.
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone that soar above
Enjoy such liberty."

His verses to Lucy Sacheverell, occasioned by his departing for the wars, are equally beautiful. "True," he says, "I fly from you and seem to have found a new mistress.

"Yet this inconstancy is such
As you, too, shall adore;
I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honour more."

We are now not far from the site of Dorset House, in which the Marquis, afterwards Duke of Newcastle, and his eccentric literary wife, Margaret, lived at the time of the Restoration. The duchess had an unbounded passion for scribbling, and had no hesitation in saying so. In one of her last productions she writes with commendable frankness: "I imagine all those who have read my former books will say I have writ enough, unless they were better; but say what you will, it pleaseth me, and since my delights are harmless I will satisfy my humour.

"For had my brain as many fancies in't
To fill the world, I'd put them all in print;
No matter whether they be well or ill
exprest,
My will is done, and that pleases woman
best."

She was such an enthusiast that she kept young ladies about her whom she roused in the night to commit to paper any thoughts that came into her head. She wrote poems, plays, letters, philosophical observations, and biography, and her complete works fill no fewer than ten folio volumes.

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

PARMA VIOLET.—You cannot apply for a vacancy in any Government office; you must go in for a competitive examination. Your handwriting is legible, but stretches over far too much paper for a clerk's work. Draw it together, and see how many words you can get into a line in a compact roundhand.

DICKENS'S MARCHIONESS.—No prospectus regarding the working of Holloway College has yet been issued, so far as we have heard.

F. E. POWER.—We should advise you to procure that excellent little manual published by Messrs. Cassell and Co., called, "The Guide to Female Employment in the Government Offices," 1s. There are examination papers and answers in it.

AN IRISH STUDENT.—The Christian Women's Education Union might answer your purpose. Address Miss Petrie, Hanover Lodge, Kensington Park, W. (secretary of the Students' Branch).

PERPLEXED.—Secretaryships are very rare and difficult of attainment, and your handwriting would not suit the office. For clerkships under Government you would have to go through a competitive examination, for particulars of which, age, etc., you should apply to the secretary of the Civil Service Commissioners, Cannon-row, S.W. Is it possible that you contemplate jilting a man to whom you are engaged? If possessing insufficient means to marry, you should not have engaged yourself. Besides, even were he rich, you ought not to burden him with your family, although you might give presents out of your own private pocket.

POPPIE.—"Sick Nursing at Home" is exactly the manual you require (1s. 3d., bound. Gill, 170, Strand, W.C.). It is practical and easy of comprehension. Your letter has but just turned up to view amidst a heap of others, or we should have replied sooner.

JANE W.—We recommend the "Universal Geography," by Milner, revised by Keith Johnston, published by us at our office, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C.; study a good map of each locality as you read.

FIONAGHAL will require a few lessons for the pronunciation of French. All instruction books can be obtained very cheap second-hand.

ANNIE ROBINSON should read the article on "How Girls may Improve Their Education," pages 637 and 794, vol. ii. She should also join a correspondence class, such as that of Miss Roberts, Florence Villas, Torquay.

FLORIE.—"Three poets in three distant ages born" is the first line of an epigram written by Dryden, "Under Mr. Milton's Picture," in which he is understood to praise Homer (Greece) for his loftiness of thought, and Virgil for his majesty (*Italy*), whilst Milton is said to possess both.

"The force of nature could no further go;
To make a third, she joined the other two."

There are some excellent remarks on this epigram in "Guesses at Truth." Perhaps Dryden's poem is adapted from one by Selvaggi, in Latin, an epigram also to Milton.

KEW.—The name "h-bone" of beef is a misnomer. It is really the "edge-bone," meaning simply the bone of the rump, which in dressed beef presents itself edgewise to view. It is also improperly called "aitch-bone."

EDINA.—The children are perhaps best amused and kept quiet by a pleasant book being read aloud to them at such times.

ART.

PANSY.—If a greasy mark appears round your card when employing oil paint, you are either using too much oil or medium, and should paint with dryer colours, or your cardboard is not that prepared for oils.

LANDSCAPES, A KENTISH GIRL.—We should think that pianoforte fronts if very well painted would sell; but you would have to find your own market for them, and the hand-painted cards too, as no one can help you there.

MOLLY BAWN.—We cannot help thinking from your own account that your brushes are neglected and not properly attended to. They should be washed out in spirits of wine and soapsuds after each painting, and the palette cleaned, and all colours kept free from dust. These precautions are especially needful in china-painting.

ARTISTE.—Barbotine colours can be used for tile-painting, and are particularly good, as they fire in with great depth and brilliancy. Barbotine is really easier than china painting. It requires no oils, softeners, nor other vehicles—only the simple medium to fix it to the pottery. All the colours fire darker than when painted, so that the worker is not troubled to remember which colour must be painted lighter or darker. The firm of Mr. Fred. Miller, 44, Devonshire-street, W., is the introducer into England.

E. M. W.—To transfer a design drawn on paper to a textile, place the latter on a sheet of plain glass, a sheet of blue carbonised tracing-paper on the textile, and the design on the top of all. With a fine knitting-needle trace out every line of the pattern, pressing the needle firmly down. A clear outline will thus be transferred to the linen. If the blue carbonised cloth paper is quite new, rub it over with bread-crumbs before using it.

AN HONEST, ALTHO' DESIGNING WOMAN.—With regard to your first and second questions upon the law of copyright, we could hardly give an exact opinion without seeing the designs; but we would recommend extreme caution, as it is not strictly honest to sell the same idea, however disguised, twice over. 3. Certainly, you can offer the rejected designs to another publisher.

MISCELLANEOUS.

NANCY LEE.—You may say "With pleasure." On leaving the room at night it would be more seemly if you merely made a very slight inclination of the head, and a smile, and said "Good night" when near the door.

D. E. S. S.—If you cannot remove mud spots from your mackintosh by careful brushing, we know of no other method.

FRANCES.—On no account make inquiries at a man's house of business respecting the fact of his being married or single. It would be both intrusive and indelicate on the part of a girl. Ask your father or brother if you have any good reason for wishing to be certain about it, on your own or your friend's account.

ROSEBUD.—Address a letter to him to the General Post Office, Cape of Good Hope, and another to the Postmaster, requesting him to do you the favour of placing your letter in public view at the office, in the wire case, if there be one, and either your friend may see it, or some acquaintance of his may inform him of its arrival.

LUCILLIA.—The aphorism, "Cleanliness is next to Godliness," is said to have originated in the Koran. The volumes of the G. O. P. are all to be obtained from the office, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C.

SWEET SEVENTEEN.—When two persons of differing creeds marry, it is a matter of arrangement how the children are brought up. Sometimes the boys follow the father's and the girls the mother's faith.

AN UNPRACTICAL CHILD should read Sir John Lubbock's book on "Sensitive Flowers." Many flowers and plants feel; and, if recent observations be correct, they do many things that astonish one.

PRACTICAL.—A wife is entitled to a third of her husband's property, the rest going to his child or children.

VERETRIA FLOWER.—The tortoise will live on the animalculæ in the water, and if there be aquatic plants in it so much the better.

POPPY and DANDELION wish to know "of what use flies and fleas are?" We can give two suggestions—first, they are both trials of temper, and incentives to greater cleanliness and carefulness in the management of the household, both as regards furniture, bedding, and food; secondly, so far as flies are concerned, they supply our birds with a considerable portion of their food. Plant the foot as flatly on the ground as you can when you walk, although the heel will naturally touch the ground before the toe.

F. ST. GEORGE.—We can only advise you to consult a doctor, or go to *either the* Hospital for Skin Diseases, at 227, Gray's-Inn-road, W.C., or St. John's Hospital, Leicester-square, W.C.

IKEY MO.—We think you may quite trust the hens to eat what they choose. A large proportion of the food of many fowls is made up of various kinds of insects and grubs.

EDELWEISS.—Many thanks for the menu, upon which we congratulate you, as it is very good. As a rule, Persian cats are very delicate indeed; but we do not think your cat has anything but an attack of bronchitis. You must keep her warm and well fed, and give her a dessertspoonful of Mindererus spirit every night. Roll her in a shawl, and get someone to hold her when giving her this. Cats require warmth and kindness more almost than any creatures. They should never be turned out at night nor kept out of doors *by day, and they* should have plenty of clean water to drink, not milk only, as both cats and dogs agree in thinking milk an article of food, not drink.

THE LAMBKIN.—Yes, we think that your fuchsia needs to be repotted this autumn when it has ceased flowering, and given more room for its roots. Remove it from the reach of earwigs. We hope your brother will continue to supply you with the G. O. P., and we thank you for your good wishes, which we return. If the poor "Lambkin" be "residing in London," we hope she may have a park near her in which to gambol and skip, "smudgy" as she may look, like all London lambs.

ETHELBERT.—The killing of the worm in the cocoon is accomplished by means of artificial heat, a steaming apparatus being in general use for the purpose abroad.

F. M. F.—The answer to the riddle by Bishop Wilberforce is said to be *Ignis fatuus.*

JENNIE.—The 4th December, 1863, was a Friday; the 31st December, 1869, was a Friday.

GUSSIE K. E. A. L., GREEN GARTERS, LOUISA R.—In the spring search should be made for the young flies as they begin to appear behind the shutters and in dark places, and then is the time to destroy them. If fly-papers be of no use you can only beat them down with dusters. See our indexes for directions in reference to ironmoulds, and the last part of "The Fairy of the Family;" see also our article on "The Art of Penmanship," page 538, vol. i. You slope the letters the wrong way.

ADA GOLDMAN.—Your question is of too extensive a character to be adequately answered in so limited a space. We are happily surrounded with a great cloud of witnesses in reference to the oral preachings and writings of the apostles in their immediate successors. These were men of the highest attainments and undoubted veracity, and attested the truth of the Gospel as we have received it, being in a position, some to speak face to face with the first disciples and martyrs, and others to distinguish between the original and inspired writings, and any that were spurious, interpolated, or mutilated manuscripts. These faithfully attested copies have been sacredly kept from the earliest ages by the churches of all Christian countries, and testimony that all the holy and learned divines have investigated and accepted as genuine, down to this nineteenth and nearly twentieth century, we think our young friend and her sceptical acquaintance may feel quite easy in accepting too. You might as well cavil at our Lord's calling Himself a "door." You have had the expression "hating" (in St. Luke xiv. 26) very often explained to you in these pages. It was a strong Eastern mode of expression, perfectly understood by those to whom it was addressed, and ought to be equally so to all who take the trouble to make themselves acquainted with Eastern modes of conveying ideas and feelings. Holy Scripture must be explained by careful analogy and by the context, as well as by consideration of the circumstances under which certain expressions were used. See St. Matt. x. 37 for the explanation you require. The love of Christ should be above all other love.

TALL SIXTEEN.—If the hair require it, cut the ends every three months. The Spaniards, who have beautiful hair, always cut it at the ends during the new moon, as they believe it grows the better.

CUMMINGS.—We have latterly declined to recapitulate our advice so often given on the subject of the complexion, or other personal matters connected with the toilet. The Seven Sleepers of Ephesus, according to Gregory of Tours, were noble youths, who fled to a cave in Mount Celion to escape from the Decian persecution, the mouth of which was blocked up. According to tradition, they were discovered 230 years afterwards, when they awoke, but died within a few days afterwards, and were removed to Marseilles in a stone coffin.

THREE BERKLERIANS.—Three persons should not walk all abreast holding arms, as it leaves too little space for other persons. No wonder you "always seem to go bump into people," and we should be sorry to meet such a trio of "battering rams" on our seaside promenade. Foot passengers should take the right side of the path. Read our article on "Good Breeding in Walking, Driving, and Riding," page 474, vol. v.

A GOVERNESS.—The hostess should follow all her guests to dinner, attended by the male guest of the first consideration. Read our articles on good breeding, etiquette, and the respective duties that various conditions in life and temporary circumstances involve.

CONNIE.—We are sorry to hear of your sufferings from rheumatism. We see in a recent number of a medical journal that celery is recommended as a cure. It should be cut into bits, root and stalks, boiled in water till soft, and the water drunk by the patient. The celery should be eaten also with toast and a little butter and pepper to make it palatable.

ZENORE.—*Jesu, recordati di me,* means "Jesus, remember me."

A READER FROM THE VERY FIRST.—We imagine you will be obliged to contribute to the support of your stepmother under the circumstances. But why not do it from the highest motives—duty and right?

VERA Y. R. P.—The 4th November, 1858, was a Thursday. *Suaviter in modo, fortiter in re* is a Latin proverb, meaning "pleasantly in manner, vigorously in action."

CERES.—1. Are we not all servants of God, and bound as Christians to serve and please Christ with all our members? This extends to everything we do, and kindness to His little ones is a special duty. 2. Toffy is as good and harmless a sweetmeat as children can have, and we gave a very good recipe for it at page 638, vol. vi.

HOLLY BUSH should bow when introduced to either a lady or a gentleman, unless some special circumstances make it kinder and more cordial to shake hands.

VIOLET.—The prettiest garden-party dress for a girl would be a cream-coloured or écru canvas, or a challis, muslin, or nuns' veiling. Gloves and shoes should be worn.

PEG writes anonymously to give us advice on the conduct of the G. O. P., and after a series of rude and unladylike remarks, to which she has not had the courage to put her name, she invites us to answer her two questions. If the G. O. P. be not what she cares for, and our lessons have not made her honest, brave, true, and well bred, she had better leave off reading it, and spare us the trouble of reading any more of her effusions.

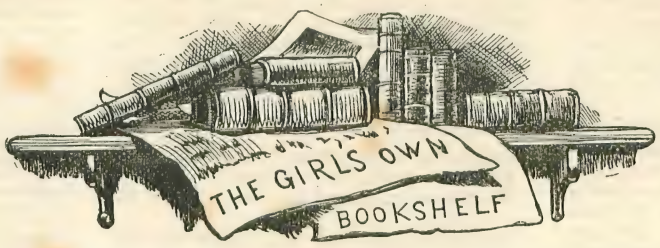
FROM BISHOP'S STORTFORD.—The lady always bows first. You need not acknowledge birthday nor other cards unless you wish to do so. Young ladies generally leave it to others to pronounce them "beauties."

AN OLD MAID OF 24.—The first mention of cricket under that name occurs at the end of the seventeenth century, and it seems to have been a modification of the more ancient game of "club ball." See an article, "Should Girls Play Cricket?" page 46, in *Summer Quiet.*

A. B.—We do not think that the question of being compelled by law to keep your brother ought to arise. You should feel it a matter of both duty and love to contribute, as far as possible, to his necessities in sickness.

BELLE W.—Conversation during meals should not go beyond the chat of the day. It should never get to scientific nor learned subjects, still less to argument or dispute. The brain should, as you say, be at rest. The most important time, however, is immediately after dinner, when the old proverb of "sitting awhile" should be conscientiously adopted, and perfect quiet observed for at least half an hour, if possible. Many cases of indigestion arise from no other cause than exertion too soon after dinner. We should call "teaed" for having had tea a description of slang. But it seems a period for making new words, so perhaps it is well to reserve one's opinion.

A. P.—The duties of the old Poor Law Board have been discharged since 1871 by the Local Government Board. Cases of mismanagement would come before a justice or magistrate.



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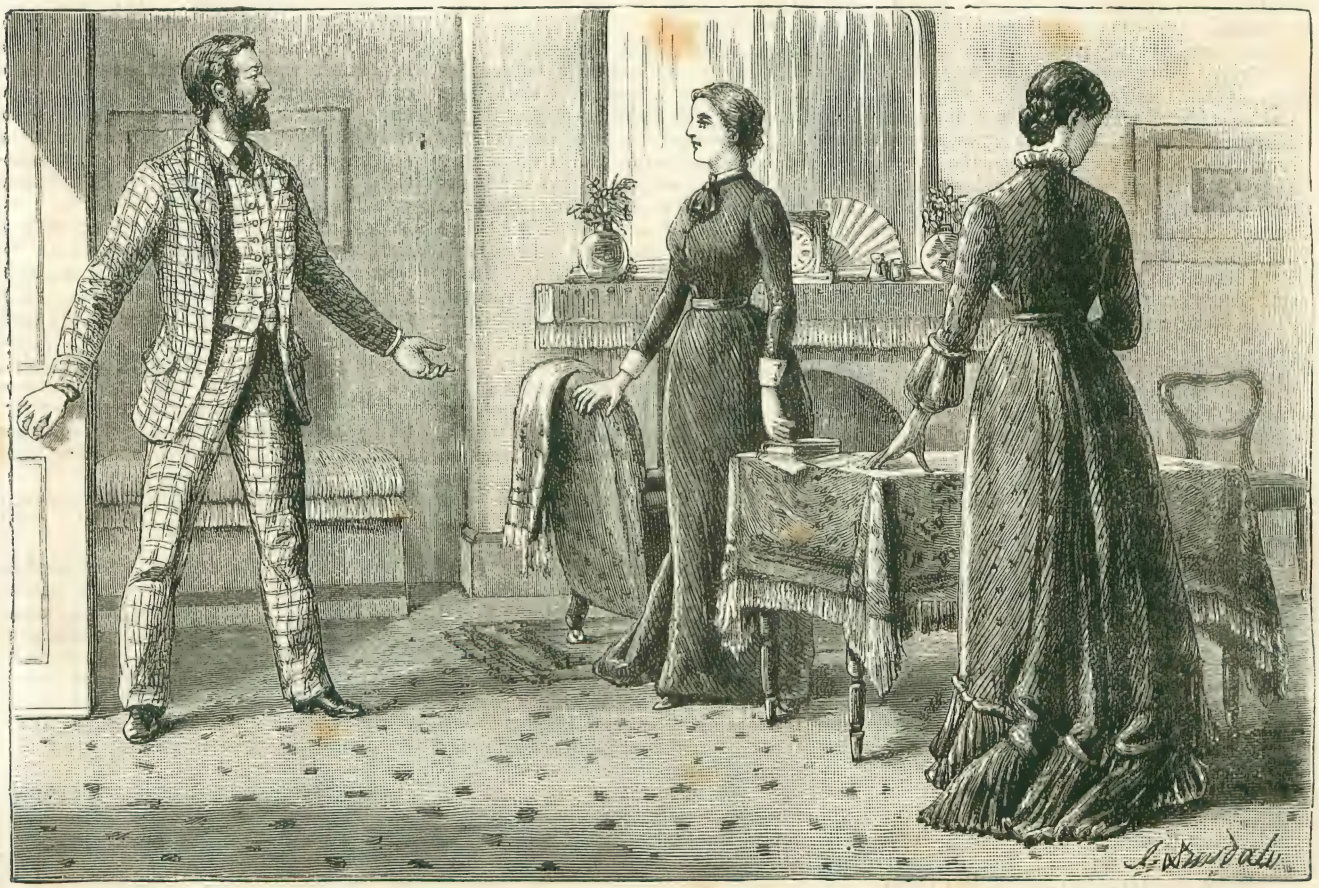
FOUNDED ON FACT.

CHAPTER VIII.

"I FORGOT to say," Lord Corfu said, loudly and cheerily, "that I am going to take those two monkeys to ride with me this afternoon, and they want you to come too, Miss Fairfax. I shall be ready at three." The head was withdrawn, another instant and he would have been gone, when Margaret, gathering herself together with an effort, made her voice heard.

"I must beg to be excused, please."

"What?" exclaimed Corfu, flinging open the door, and towering on the threshold half incredulous and wholly roused to anger. "Really, Miss Fairfax, it is most extraordinary of you—I really must say—to—to put yourself in opposition to a simple request." And Corfu thrust both hands into his pockets, and went striding up and down the room. His wrath had in it an element of comicality. It seemed so ridiculous for a man, and a young man, to be



All rights reserved.] "'REALLY, MISS FAIRFAX, IT IS MOST EXTRAORDINARY OF YOU.'"

fuming and fretting over a trifle. My father would no more have dreamt of such interference than of dictating how many yards of silk it took to make a gown. But then people are so different, and with all Emily's headship I have known Corfu meddle in such small matters that I often had some difficulty to refrain from smiling. Suddenly he dropped his voice to a lower key, addressing her with studied politeness. "Allow me to ask if ill-health is the plea?" The question was put with such a superlative air that I almost laughed. It was so like a big boy lording it over the weaker sex.

A struggle was going on in Margaret's mind between the necessity for speaking the entire truth, and an overwhelming desire to escape the ordeal. One little "Yes" would suffice to prevent the matter being pressed further; but would it be strictly true?

Is it right? Is it wrong? Is it the truth? Is it a lie? How hard it is sometimes not to let oneself be persuaded that there is standing ground between these two extremities. Mountebanks and jugglers, double-jointed, supple-conscienced people do contrive to make these extremes meet somehow without apparently wounding their ethical sensibilities. But it is impossible to those who possess a moral backbone, who prefer to stand on both feet, and to walk uprightly.

So the answer was given, low but firmly, "No."

"Then why on earth do you decline to do as you are asked?" he exclaimed, triumphantly, yet with unmistakable impatience at the presumption of his children's governess holding her own against such an important personage as Corfu. There was a red flush now on Margaret's cheek, and her eyes shone luminously as they calmly met his fixed, angry stare. His anger had at first terrified her, but this dictatorial imperiousness acted like a trumpet call to rouse her spirit to meet him at a vantage.

"I have two reasons, Lord Corfu, all-sufficient to me. I ask you as a favour not to insist on my riding with you to-day."

"But I do," he insisted, doggedly. "I am not accustomed to be made a fool of for some ridiculous nonsense. Come, out with your reasons, Miss Fairfax, and Miss Tudor shall be judge of them. Why withhold good reasons? They are rare with women," he added, with a sneer.

I was so indignant with my cousin for his disgraceful rudeness, that I cannot tell how I kept myself quiet. Only the dim sense of being on the back stairs of a mystery, and the remembrance of my mother's warning not to be precipitate, prevented my disgust from finding vent in words. I can recall to this day the pattern of that carpet, how the strands of colour crossed and re-crossed, forming in one place the letter "T." I kept hunting up the design in each square, as if it were the one interest of my life, and yet not one word of the painful dialogue was lost to me.

"Since you refuse to accept any other excuse," began Margaret, steadily, "one reason is that I do not think Lady Corfu desires it; I think that is enough."

Corfu shrugged his shoulders contemptuously. "My lady is a most devoted and obedient wife, of which fact apparently you are not aware, Miss Fairfax. Her orders never run counter to mine. Don't you know that?" said he, with a pointed emphasis, which made my cheeks burn, while a powerful longing seized me to shake him well, and turn him out of the room.

"That won't do, I'm afraid," and there was a touch of insolence in his voice; "so now for your second reason. For your sake I hope it is better than the first."

Margaret began to tremble. "I would rather not," she murmured. I marvelled how Corfu could be so hard-hearted as to resist that womanly appeal to his generosity. But he was determined to have his own way, little dreaming of the mortification it would bring him. My dear Magdalen, when a self-indulgent man or woman is bent upon gratifying their every whim and caprice, he or she cares not who is trampled upon, nor whose feelings are lacerated, no, not even though the death blow be dealt to the victim of a passing fancy.

"Absurd; you must be able to give a reason," he persisted.

His pertinacity succeeded in rousing Margaret's anger. A sudden wave of strength swept over her; she flushed, and her eyes sparkled, as from her full height she faced her tormentor, fearlessly, indifferently.

"Then, Lord Corfu, let me tell you that I will not be made a subject of betting between you and your lordship's friends. Nor will I ride to-day, to give you the pleasure of gaining your bet."

I did not wonder that Corfu was stung by the intense scorn, the cool deliberation, with which these words were levelled at him. I could hardly believe it was my gentle, reserved friend, this stately woman who, with the full effect of flashing eye and quivering nostril, intensified by the perfect check over voice and manner, was giving the man such a Roland for his Oliver. He richly deserved it, and yet a momentary thrill of—I can hardly call it pity—ran through me, as amazement, wrath, humiliation, followed in quick succession on my cousin's expressive face. You see, Magdalen, for the moment he was on the losing side, and woman's sympathies are always with the vanquished. To be defied and scorned by his children's governess was overwhelming to the arrogant spirit which had not suffered a thwart for fifteen years, and had been educated in the belief that women must invariably give way to men. I will not repeat the words that dropped from his lips as he ground his heel into the carpet; to do him justice Corfu was not addicted to the vice of strong language. The bitterest element of the whole to him was the knowledge that he had forced himself into the position of being found out. I shall always believe that up to that moment the unseemliness of what he was doing had never occurred to Corfu. His finer perceptions had been blunted, for it is grievously true that there are girls, and matrons as well, who will let men go almost any lengths, as a joke, and it is for the questionable taste—I was going to say morality—of some of their sisters that the rest must suffer. Face to face with this queenly girl, who utterly ignored his right to make her in any way the subject of amusement or speculation, and who had, moreover, startled him by the revelation of his motive, and her proud resentment of the outrage, he was at such a terrible disadvantage, and the unmanliness of his intention stared at him, bare and ugly. I feel certain that he had only acted thoughtlessly; not that I wish to excuse want of thought, which can work as much evil as want of heart, but it made all the difference here. Corfu admired and respected Margaret Fairfax, and had always been kind to her in his careless, generous fashion, and was even willing to take some trouble to amuse her, when he had nothing else to do. Her beauty gratified his taste, and her wit enlivened him, while her reserve piqued his vanity into showing her more attention than was altogether wise. He had a kind heart under the thick crust of selfishness which circumstances had fostered, and he pitied Margaret for having to "rust among babies," as he put it.

I am afraid that he would never have troubled his head about her had she been plain and uninteresting; but as it was it pleased his nobility to do something out of the way. Having begun, he found himself really attracted, all the more agreeably to himself because Margaret was so perfectly unconscious of her power. The spoilt child of fortune expected the object of his fancy to be duly grateful, and the discovery that the object was not only bent on contradiction, but was even resentful of favours, could not be delectable to self-esteem. Worst of all, he had been made to feel that he had insulted the woman he honestly wished to please. I doubt if Corfu could have entered into the utter revolt of a refined organisation against the bare idea of being discussed, and made the subject of a betting joke. So it flashed upon him very uncomfortably; he knew he was in the wrong, and the knowledge made him fiercer than ever. He stood scowling and glowering upon us two poor trembling women. At least I know I trembled; Margaret faced Corfu quietly, the spirit of the Fairfaxes shining in her eyes.

All at once the anger died off Corfu's face. There was a moment's pause, then he walked straight up to Margaret.

"Forgive me," he said, "I was very much to blame. You were quite right to be angry, though it was not quite as you think—really it wasn't. What witchcraft did you use to find it out? Well, but you will forgive me, won't you? I'm excessively sorry."

Margaret did not answer, but she smiled frankly back at him, and held out her hand to his friendly grip.

"That's right. Now you won't carry on the punishment. You will come out this afternoon?"

It was a cruel position. She would have given much to have been able to say yes. She had refused his gift—that was right. She had wrung from his own lips the apology due to her—that was necessary; now might not she make a concession? Her lips were very white and her eyelids drooped heavily, but the reply was unmistakable, "No, indeed I cannot."

I expected my cousin to turn furiously or sneeringly away, but to my surprise he went on pleading in his most winning fashion, yet in a way with which it was impossible to take offence.

"Yes you will. You will not be so ungenerous as to refuse me now. Sybil, join your intreaties to mine," he continued, appealing to me as if determined to win his point, but without waiting for a reply. "Come, I shall think you have not really pardoned me and still harbour revenge. You will come?" he said in a tone of mingled command and persuasion, most hard to resist.

Margaret sat down. All strength suddenly left her; the long lashes fluttered upon her colourless cheek, her lips closed and parted irresolutely. Vexation, irritation, anger had been hard to bear, but this was hardest of all. Why must she hold out against the kindly voice, the friendly manner—she, whose pleasure consisted in pleasing others? Why might she not gracefully yield her point, and win this man's regard, as other women might have done in all innocence?

Because she knew, as I did not at that time, what the world would say if the governess were to do what any other gentlewoman might do blamelessly. She knew the looks that would be cast—she had seen them cast on others; she knew the remarks that would be made—she had heard them passed on similar occasions. And so she knew that she must act the miser, chary of favours; she must be the involuntary victim on the suttee of her lost social position.

Corfu thought she was giving in, and, leaning both hands on the table, he bent eagerly towards her. "Miss Fairfax!" he exclaimed, with a world of pleasant intreaty.

She opened her eyes and fixed them on his face with an imploring pathos which said plainly enough, "Oh, be my friend, but let me alone!"

But he saw nothing of this in his reckless pursuit of the moment's fancy. It was only a whim, this insisting on Margaret's company; but having made up his mind she should do so, he was determined to carry the day. It was not that he really cared very much one way or the other, but opposition strengthened the caprice till the point became of importance. Such a man as Corfu never stays to consider that what may be the amusement of the hour to himself is probably the reverse to someone else. He chose to ignore the true core of Margaret's excuses with the inconsiderateness which marks all selfish people.

Hitherto I had been a silent auditor of this disagreeable dialogue, hardly knowing if I ought to speak or not. Once I had tried to slip away, but a beseeching glance from Margaret detained me. The whole thing seemed so trivial and absurd, and my cousin had put himself into such an undignified position, that I felt quite angry with him. But one can't very well scold a man in his own house for want of dignity, besides I did not feel exactly called upon to interfere. So, greatly to my relief at this juncture, Margaret suddenly regained her self-possession. She got up, and saying gravely, and with the air of having closed the discussion, "I am sorry, Lord Corfu, that I cannot come," she left the room.

For one moment my cousin stared after her with incredulous amazement. That any woman should venture to play cross purposes with him was too vastly incongruous an idea to be entertained all at once. Slowly the truth dawned upon him that this woman meant it, and that he was ignominiously defeated. Just for one moment he was as much in a passion as his own little son could have been—in a passion because he had been defied and had got the worst of it. But its violence evaporated in the sneering laugh I so hated. "There, Sybil, you see! That comes of trying to make oneself agreeable to the governess."

"Excuse me, Corfu," said I, briskly, "in my opinion it comes of making oneself very disagreeable."

He laughed more good-humouredly.

"What do you mean, cousin? I've twice tried to please a lady, and only been snubbed for my pains."

"You know that was not so, Corfu," I cried, I am afraid rather petulantly, I was so cross with him. "You know she was right, quite right, and you were so rude."

"Was I?" with an amused smile. "How delightfully unconventional you are, Sybil. There—don't be angry; I'm dreadfully sorry."

"Oh, Corfu," I exclaimed, impulsively, "I wish—I wish—Oh! you could be so nice!"

It was stupidly incoherent to talk in such a way, but in my eagerness to say the right thing just now in what I intuitively recognised as one of Corfu's sudden changes of mood, thought tripped up speech, and left it awkwardly floundering.

"Which means I am not nice, I suppose," he said, teasingly. "You are too complimentary, Sybil."

"No, no, I did not mean that—at least, not exactly; but if you were different—oh, don't you know, Corfu?—if things were different with you, I mean. Don't you understand?" I said, in despair, feeling my cheeks in a flame over the intense desire, and my own utter incapacity to express my meaning properly. Oh, if Magdalen were but here, I thought, she would say it so well, neither too much nor too little, and quietly, without any of my provoking agitation. Ah, granddaughter, old woman as I am, I have to curb my impetuous nature much as in the old days.

But Corfu suddenly dropped his banter.

"If! if!" he echoed, gravely. "If things, if life, if men, if women were all different, I should be different along with the rest, I conclude. No, Sybil, it's no good, my dear, as I have told you before; it's too late." And without giving me time to speak, he put me gently from him—for I held his arm in my anxiety—and left the room.

(To be continued.)

LOOK UP!

By SARAH GERALDINA STOCK.

MUSE not, Christian, on thy sorrow,
Droop not, brooding o'er thy pain;
Rise, and face the glad to-morrow,
View thine everlasting gain!

Mourn not for thy vanished pleasures;
Say not joy has passed away;
Number, if thou canst, the treasures
Stored for thee in endless day!

Gaze not on the mists around thee,
Lift thine eyes and heart above,
See the glories that surround thee,
Depths of everlasting love.

Christ, thy Saviour, ever liveth;
Fadeless joys to thee belong;
Take the gladness that He giveth,
Let thy sighs be lost in song.

FIG. I.

PHOTOGRAPHY FOR GIRLS.

PART II.

THE necessary apparatus duly obtained, we will suppose our readers to be now in search of subjects upon which to exercise their art.

Portraiture, although it is usually the earliest ambition of tyros in photography, can be by no means recommended as a commencement.

We may be strongly inclined to attempt the portraits of the friends by whom we are surrounded, but the difficulty of properly lighting the subject so as to obtain the due proportions of light and shade usually turns these attempts into failures. This is far more disheartening than a failure in taking a view would be, because in the first place it requires a greater amount of good temper than many people possess to betray no annoyance at sight of the extraordinary images frequently produced as "portraits" by the amateur photographer, and, in the second place, a very slight mismanagement of the amount of light and shade allowed to fall on a sitter, or even an error in the length of time the plate is exposed in the camera, will so exaggerate some features and so modify others that the resulting photograph may very well be unrecognisable as a "likeness" of the sitter.

All this is very different when we come to deal with Dame Nature. Though we may render scanty justice to her loveliness, we rejoice to know that she will smile as brightly as ever, and better still is the consideration that if we do but carry out correctly the chemical processes, and carefully protect the plate until finished from any exposure to white light, the resulting picture must bear at least a perfectly recognisable resemblance to the scene we have desired to represent.

Under these circumstances we say, therefore, not only leave portraiture entirely on one side in all earlier attempts, but, if taken up at all, let it not be before the amateur finds herself proficient in all the other branches of the art.

For home work, with the object of becoming expert in the manipulative part of photography, we recommend the copying of engravings. These are easy to light and focus, and, moreover, they show at once any faults which may have been committed. For instance, if one side of the picture is more distinct than the other, we shall know that the objects at the front and back of the camera are not in parallel planes, as they should be. If the lines of the engraving do not show up clearly and sharply in the photograph, we shall see that the focussing has not been perfectly attended to; if those towards the edges of the picture are curved we shall know that our lens is at fault, not having been sufficiently corrected for spherical aberration. A certain hard, black-and-white effect will probably point to undue exposure; and a muddy, indistinct look, with a lack of density in the dark portions of the negative (the high lights of the object) will show us there has been over-exposure; while a want of purity and clearness in what should be the more transparent parts of the negative (the deep shadows in the object) is what is usually called fog, and may be owing to the exposure of the plate to white light at some time previous to the final fixing of the picture, or to some error in the chemical manipulations, or some impurity in the chemicals themselves.

Supposing an engraving has been chosen for the first attempt, it must be fixed to a board with drawing-pins—a drawing-board will be just the thing—and placed exactly upright facing a good and uninterrupted north light. The centre of the engraving should be on a level with the lens of the camera, and the camera should be placed some nine or ten feet away from, and exactly parallel to, the picture. The focussing-cloth is then thrown over the back of the camera, and the picture focussed upon the ground glass by means of the rackwork adjustments. It will be found a great help in focussing to examine through a magnifying-glass the representation thrown upon the ground glass. Having brought our subject to a sharp focus, we turn back the focussing-glass, and insert one of the dark slides, in which we placed two sensitive plates before bringing it from the dark room. The lens being covered by its cap, the shutter of the dark slide may be now drawn out, but it is a good plan to throw the focussing cloth over the back of the camera and to draw out the shutter with the hand under the cloth, this being an additional safeguard against the entrance of stray light.

The exposure is now to be made. This is effected by deftly taking off the lens with the right hand, the utmost care being of course taken that there shall be no vibration of the camera and stand. The duration of the exposure is a delicate point which can only be taught by experience, for it depends on so many varying circumstances, as the colouring

FIG. 2.

of the object, the stop used with the lens, and the state of the atmosphere. We will, however, suppose that an exposure of two seconds is the right time for the subject in hand. The best way to time short exposures like this is to gauge for ourselves the rate at which we count, by repeating the consecutive numbers as fast as we can say them for fifteen seconds; then, if we find we have counted up to seventy-five, we shall know that we count five to a second, and thus, after a little practice, we shall be able to time our exposures to within half a second.

Before proceeding to the next stage of the process—the development of the negative—we will further consider what subjects we had better choose for the exercise of our art, after we have attained, by means of home practice, to such proficiency in the mechanical and chemical manipulations as shall make it worth our while to carry forth our camera into the fields and lanes, in search, like Dr. Syntax, of the picturesque and beautiful.

I know that it will seem to most of my readers that when they have found the landscape or the object which they desire to photograph, there is nothing to be done but to set up the camera in some convenient spot and to go through the various processes necessary to produce a photograph. By these means a photograph will undoubtedly be produced, but whether that photograph will be artistic and pleasing—whether, in short, it can be rightly called a picture, is quite another question.

As a matter of fact, where one photographer will obtain only a flat and uninteresting representation of his subject, another, by selecting a slightly different point of view or time of day, or by retaining in his photograph a different proportion of sky and foreground, will make from the same materials an artistic picture that shall give true pleasure and refreshment to all who see it.

Perhaps the simplest illustration of our meaning will be to suppose that our subject is some picturesque building—for example, a thatched cottage covered with ivy. How different would be a flat elevation of the front of the cottage—taken "full face," so to speak—to a picture produced by placing the camera in such a position as to bring out one side or end of the cottage, thus giving relief and a sense of

FIG. 3.

solidity to the whole. Or again, suppose the cottage has a southerly aspect, and its east end is the one we desire to photograph, how much more contrast and effect we shall obtain by taking our photograph in the afternoon than if we went to work in the morning. Yet we must remember there is danger in the afternoon of having too much shadow in our picture; and then we see the advantage of having some light object, such as a figure, a cart, or even a large stone, which may be so brought into the picture as to balance and act as a contrast to the darker portions.

It may be stated as a general rule that a photograph to be pleasing should not be composed mainly of straight lines—that the principal lines should neither run parallel nor be at right angles to each other; that the chief object in the picture should be neither quite in the centre nor too much at one side, and that a nice balance of light and shade should be carefully preserved. It is also highly important to have some prominent object in the foreground — a gate, a post, or even an old basket, will often answer this purpose; but something there must be, or the more distant portions of the scene will probably appear flat and uninteresting. Sometimes a kind of secondary object is needed to balance the chief feature of our picture; this should, of course, follow the broad rule for details in the foreground, and be placed at one side of the photograph, and not just between the main object and the camera. Several of the points just touched on will be illustrated, and perhaps become clearer to the reader, if we imagine that the subject of our photograph is a street with a church at the further end of it, and a cart in the foreground to act as a secondary object. Now if the camera be pitched in the middle of the street, the resulting photograph will have the church in its exact centre; the rows of houses on either side will give straight lines leading up to it, while the cart, perhaps in the middle of the street, is in a direct line between the camera and the church—thus producing a stiff and disagreeable picture. But by placing the camera judiciously on one side of the street, we shall have the church slightly on one side of the centre; the two sides of the street will look so different from each other as to give us the pleasure of variety, and the cart, instead of spoiling the whole, will appear as a very pretty and suitable addition.

In photographs the horizon is usually placed higher than in paintings, but this may possibly be on account of the additional time and trouble required for the printing in of clouds from a separate negative.

After all, we may learn more of artistic arrangement in half an hour's careful study of good paintings than can be taught by pages of written instruction; and our readers will also find it excellent practice to criticise any photographs they may chance to see, finding out for themselves what are the points which add to the beauty and pleasing effect of the picture, and what are the defects which detract from the same.

We give two or three examples of actual photographs taken by the writer. A glance or two at these in passing may render still more clear the foregoing remarks.

No. 1 is a view on the Medway. The bush towards the right is an object which gives relief to the distance; the dark foreground and light river form a striking contrast, while the eye is naturally led up by the river to West Farleigh Bridge in the background; and the trees, some of them leaning over, and one falling to the ground, add to the diversity of the lines of the picture. There is, perhaps, a little too much of the dark foreground in this example, but that could not well be avoided, as it was necessary to bring in the bush on the right; and the flat effect given to the distance by cutting out the foreground will be at once observed on placing the hand across the lower part of the picture, so that only the distance is seen.

No. 2, an old hulk lying in Falmouth Harbour, is an example of a case where it was especially desirable to have something in the picture which might act as a sort of balance to the main object. This balance is found in the post and stone on the right, and on covering it from sight one can easily see how greatly it adds to the good effect of the whole, and prevents the photograph from having a one-sided appearance.

No. 3 is given rather to show how very easily subjects for photography may be found. It is merely the corner of a field—such a corner as we may light upon in any country place—taken in the early spring-time before the leaves are out. Indeed, the photographer need never be at a loss for subjects. With due care as to the position of the camera, the introduction of figures where necessary, and only where necessary, an old post, a rock, a wicket gate, or an old stile, may all be made to look well and pleasing.

J. POCOCK.

THE ART OF TRAVELLING.

PART II.

IN our first chapter we dealt, as our readers will remember, with the general aspect of travelling—its origin, and its developments; and also entered at some length on the highly important subject of expenses. But before we can proceed further, before we can start with any of our home or foreign tours—tours on paper at least—we must deal with a question which is of very great importance for us to consider, and which approaches very near to the cost of a tour. I mean equipment.

In the science and art of travelling, this must occupy no small or unimportant place, and the professors of that fine art must, we are sure, have need to deliver many weighty lectures under this head. It is a subject which, I think, may be discussed with special appropriateness in the pages of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, because it is one which concerns ladies perhaps more than gentlemen; they—be it said with all respect—are generally, but not always, the worse offenders in this respect.

By equipment, I mean both what you bring with you and what you bring it in. Roughly speaking, luggage, baggage, *gepäck*, *impedimenta*—whichever word you please.

To be guided in this respect, you must use to a great extent the directions given by common sense, and some small amount of geographical knowledge. It does not require much of either of these to tell you not to bring skates with you to Jamaica, or zephyr garments to Labrador. But still people are often strangely misinformed as to what they should bring with them to different places and countries. I remember once, on an intensely hot day in Norway, meeting a poor lady who was quite overcome with the heat. Her friends had warned her that before she adventured herself into those icy realms, she had best lay in a stock of the very warmest clothing. Accordingly, she had had a dress made of thick cloth, which was well padded and lined, to keep out the cold. The result was the reverse of pleasant when she found herself in a country which in summer is generally very warm, except, of course, in the high-lying parts.

I would not for a moment dare, in this paper, to enter upon such a profound, mysterious, and inexplicable subject as ladies' dress, especially as it is dealt with so fully, and I believe practically, by those who can speak with authority, in the pages of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. But without trenching upon their province, I might give, perhaps, a few general hints which may be useful, not merely to ladies but to travellers of the sterner sex as well.

In selecting the best kind of clothing to take when proceeding upon a tour, it is, of course, first of all necessary to think of the climate you will meet with. Those who are going to a mountainous part of the country will have to bring things different from those who go to the sea, as the extremes of temperature are much greater there than that at the seaside, where the presence of the ocean generally secures a more even temperature.

In countries such as Switzerland, Norway, &c., one must be prepared to meet with considerable varieties of temperature in the course of a day. In the valleys you will find the heat often oppressive and overpowering; when you ascend a little, it becomes pleasant and bracing, higher still, and it is bitterly cold. As an illustration of this, take, say, the Rhone Valley in the Swiss canton of Valais. Suppose, for example, you find yourself in the morning at Martigny. There you may be half roasted. But take the train and proceed to Visp, and up the valley towards Zermatt, soon existence becomes a pleasure, and you enjoy the bracing air. Reach Zermatt and ascend to the Riffelberg, and you will find the stove the pleasantest companion after you have feasted your eyes on the magnificent panorama which surrounds you. Now all this might be accomplished in a single day, and yet what variety must be met with in such a journey. We might lay down, then, as a canon that for a country like Switzerland clothing should be light, yet warm, and that you should always have ready at hand something extra to put on or take off if extremes of cold or heat are met with. In countries flat or undulating, like Holland and parts of Germany, the same precautions need not be taken. There you have it generally warm enough or cold enough during the day, according to the season of the year, to guide you in the selection of clothing; except it be in places which are noted for becoming suddenly cold in the evenings, like some towns on the banks of large rivers from which, after sundown, a cold wind often sweeps up. Dresden is an example of this. Long railway journeys require also a special dress. In summer the dust is often

apt to be very trying, both to the eyes, ears, and hair, as well as to the dress. I remember once travelling from Milan to Venice by the mid-day express about the last week in June. The dust was something fearful—it filled every place, and reduced one to a state of griminess and blackness too dreadful even to think of—one almost feared that a respectable hotel-keeper might object to take in such black-looking mortals; were it not that we consoled ourselves by the thought that since the days of Othello the inhabitants of "the sea-girt city" had been more or less accustomed to people of a swarthy hue. Now, in this journey one could not fail to be struck with the wisdom of some of the ladies travelling. Those who had exercised due forethought had provided themselves with long, light dust-cloaks which reached from the neck to the feet, and kept all free from the terrible dust; others had, in addition to this, provided a cover of the same material for their hats, which completely enveloped and preserved them. The unlucky travellers who had neglected these precautions must have suffered severely. I saw them vainly endeavouring to shake off the all-penetrating dust, which if it did not destroy, must have at least proved most injurious to their clothing.

Another important item of equipment is boots. One's comfort in travelling depends so much on these that we may be excused for mentioning them here. Those who intend doing a good deal of walking, either in towns or in the country, will do well to provide themselves with boots which have not too thin soles. Nothing so soon tires or blisters the feet, especially in hot weather, as a thin sole. Of course, for mountain scrambles, or rough walking of any kind, a thick sole is simply essential. It is very bad to have those iron or brass heels put on boots. Walking over slippery rock they are simply dangerous, and on short, dry grass are very apt to make you slide. For mountain work a few nails are the best things to have; not too many, but judiciously placed in the heel and sole of the boot. The broader the sole of the boot is the better, and if you have your boots made for the purpose of mountain or rough work, it is best not to have them blackened each day, but keep them well waterproofed with some of those many preparations made for the purpose. I have always found the Lancaster paste the best. Two pairs of boots ought to be enough for any excursion, or if you merely have a bag or knapsack—ladies now often carry the latter—one pair of boots, and a pair of slippers to put on in the evenings.

Waterproofs are an abomination, but, I fear, a necessary evil. They are hot and tiresome to walk in, but, unhappily, nothing has yet been invented which will answer the same purpose. One of the best things in this way which a lady can bring with her is a short mackintosh, which has a hood to cover the head and comes well down on the shoulders. This, especially for driving, is one of the most useful *articles de voyage*. It of course does not keep the dress dry, but it keeps the shoulders and chest from wet, and it is not so hot to wear, as, being short, there is plenty of ventilation. The absence of this it is which makes waterproofs so objectionable.

Of minor articles to bring with you on a tour abroad I might mention soap, as this is a commodity which is not provided in hotels on the Continent. Foreign soaps are not generally desirable, and therefore those who go abroad must bring their own. I am not going to advise on this subject. All the resources of art and artists are now lavished on advertisements recommending this useful article, so my readers can have a pretty wide choice. But there is one kind of soap very desirable to bring with you to any place, either at home or abroad, which is infested with gnats or mosquitoes. I mean the carbolic soap. It can be got with different degrees of strength to suit all people. Those who have a very sensitive skin can use the milder, and those who are more pachydermous a stronger preparation. I have found by experience that it is really the only thing to give you relief and to be a defence against mosquitoes, and I think the experience of those who have tried it will confirm what I say.

So far, then, as to the first part of our equipment. Having collected together the various articles you require to bring with you, the next consideration is in what are you to put them. Here your choice ranges from a multiplicity of mighty boxes and portmanteaus down to a knapsack. And here there is the greatest need of discretion and forethought. One piece of advice, I think, will be admitted to be sound. Restrict the number of your boxes under all considerations to one. Let it be small or large according to necessity, but keep to one. A multiplicity of boxes means a multiplicity of troubles, a multiplicity of "tips," a multiplicity of miseries. It is indeed desirable if you have one box or portmanteau to bring with you as well a small hand-bag in which you can carry enough to do you for a night or two, as it saves a good deal of trouble and expense when only stopping for a night in a town. Then you can leave your heavy luggage at the station, and go to your hotel with your hand-bag. One trunk ought to be enough for two people of one family travelling together, sisters or a mother and daughter. As a rule, ladies are too fond of luggage. The Americans are great offenders in this respect. When you see a vast pile of luggage, large boxes with iron clasps, and studded with nails, weighing down a porter's truck, you will often learn from it that is the property of "Mrs. John Smith, Cincinnati, U.S.A." This is a "common object of the country," where Americans most do congregate. But they have some excuse. They have come a long distance, and are often away from home for a couple of years at a time, and therefore require much more than an ordinary tourist. But English tourists have no such excuse, and ought to be able to do much with less than they generally carry. The wicker basket trunks, so much in use of late years, are the best things to use if much luggage is taken, as they are so light, and this is a matter of some consequence in countries where all luggage placed in the van has to be paid for. As a rule, English people abroad have far too much luggage; much more than they need. I know some ladies who set to luggage-laden travellers an excellent example in this respect. Their baggage usually consists of a kind of bag or bundle, very light and easily carried, which can be taken in the railway carriage. With this they have gone all over Europe, as far as Constantinople, and have saved themselves much worry, and no small amount of money. Yet, notwithstanding, they were always well dressed, and not stinted by reason of their luggage of anything they really needed.

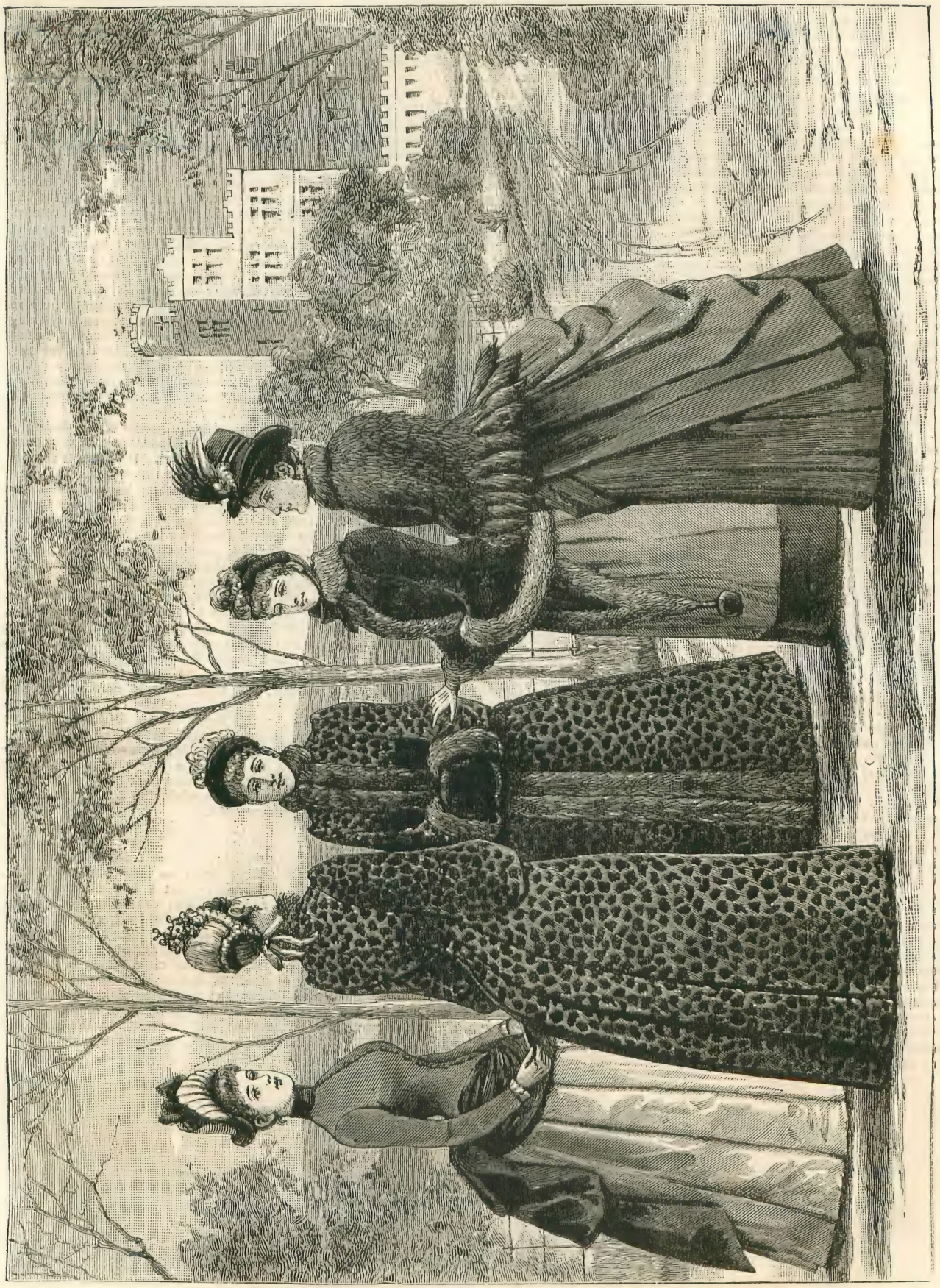
A small portmanteau seems about the best thing to take for all practical purposes, except when you are going on a walking tour, when the knapsack is the thing. However, even with a knapsack it is very well to take a small hand-bag, which can be forwarded from one place to another—by post, as in Switzerland. This will enable a complete change of clothes to be carried, which is a very necessary thing, and which can hardly be done without making a knapsack too heavy. Knapsacks are now frequently carried by ladies, and there can be no objection to them if not made too heavy. A heavy knapsack is enough to spoil the pleasantest tour.

With regard to the system of registration of luggage practised abroad, there is very much to be said in its favour. It has some worries, but is, on the whole, a good plan. It is well, if you are going on a long journey and have a through ticket, to book your luggage to your final destination, if you do not require it *en route*. It will be kept for you until you arrive, and if you have your "*gepäck schein*" (a ticket for the luggage, as the Germans call it), it will be quite safe.

One thing, however, you must remember. If on the way a frontier has to be crossed, your luggage will be stopped there until you arrive, unless someone has the keys to open it and have it passed. These custom-house examinations are sometimes a great bother, but, as a rule, it is merely a matter of form for English travellers, the French expression, "*Les formalités de la douane*" being very near the truth; but when a German gets a Frenchman in his custom-house, or *vice versâ*, it is often a very real affair, as the unlucky traveller knows who has to collect his scattered goods while the bell rings for the train to proceed.

Thus far we have dealt with the question of equipment at greater length, indeed, than I at first intended; but there is so much to be said, and it forms such an important part of the art of travelling, that I felt constrained to dwell upon it. You cannot enjoy the pleasures of life in a new land without having your mind at ease about your belongings, and there is no use in travelling at all if you cannot enjoy yourself. The mind which is harassed by cares of this description is not in a state of receptivity, and unless we pick up some new ideas of men and things, we might as well stay at home, and the vast educational power of travelling will be lost or weakened.

THOMAS B. WILLSON.



WINTER MANTLES AND CAPES.

DRESS: IN SEASON AND IN REASON.

By A LADY DRESSMAKER.

To all appearance we are gradually coming back to the long, plain skirts worn twenty or thirty years ago, before we ever heard of such a thing as an "overskirt." To some people—the short, stout, and ungraceful—the change will be for the better, for the much bunched-up skirts did not suit them, and took from their small amount of height. But with the long, straight folds, the very tall and very thin people must beware, for they add to their maypole appearance by assuming too austere a style, and great regularity in vertical lines is sometimes a decided mistake.

Very little of the skirt is shown in some of the newest gowns, but I see that a deep shawl-like point in front, with regular upward folds, fastened into the side-breadths, are just as much used as they were last winter. When much of the underskirt is seen, it seems to be always of velvet, plush, or of some handsome striped material. Skirts, in whatever material they are made, are nearly always plain, and generally with a panel of a richer material let in on one side, and if the collar, cuffs, and waistcoat be of velvet, this is of velvet also. Tartan is used for the same purpose with many of the heather-coloured woollens.

In the fronts and sides of dresses there is decidedly more fulness, as is perhaps natural, for they must hang in fuller folds when they are more uncovered. The plain full "peasant" or "housemaid" skirts have been thoroughly adopted for mourning use, and are trimmed with deep crape tucks. When the latter are taken off, woollen lace is now thought very appropriate to replace it, not the bright-faced mohair lace, but that of a dull, black surface, and very well it looks. Besides, it seems such a pleasant change for mourning purposes also.

And now I must give a few lines to the consideration of bodices, in order to help my stay-at-home girls, and my industrious ones, too, who aspire to making their own bodices. Slashed bodices are much used, the slashings being put down the back in a pointed form, round the arm-hole also, and on the edge of the basque. Thus they are most useful additions to an old-fashioned or worn out bodice. Bodices are still short on the hips, and many made for the dark, rough-looking, woollen gowns are cut with a rounded point back and front, and a two-inch band of velvet laid round the entire basque. Lace is also used in the same manner on silk, satin,

WINTER HOUSE DRESSES AND ZOUAVE JACKET.

or even cashmere bodices, the points of the lace being turned upwards. This is also an excellent idea for renovating an old bodice. Some of the newest bodices have five points—one in front, one on each side, and two at the back. Bodices with loose full fronts are also still worn, but more in the house than for walking dress. They are fastened in with a band, and sometimes a buckle in front; and the basque is cut very short at the back.

Polonaises are decidedly advancing in favour, and I fancy next spring will probably show their return to everyday use. The two polonaises seen at present are plain and untrimmed—one with a double breast, the other plain, buttoned down the front, and, to a short distance, below the waist, from whence it hangs open.

The Zouave (or Figaro jacket, as it is called by many people) continues to be a very fashionable garment, and as it may be made a very useful one also to girls, as well as their mothers, I have chosen it, and the bodice worn with it, for the paper pattern of this month. A charming illustration of this jacket, made with ends squared instead of rounded, and worn with a waistband, is given on page 73. Another is given, worn with a tight-fitting under-bodice, on page 72, and in our present illustration two sketches of it are seen. One of its benefits is that it can be made out of so little material, and another that it can be used for so many purposes.

In my illustration of out-of-door mantles I have shown the new capes, mantelettes, and large cloaks of the season. Those who have good and expensive fur capes, and desire to lengthen and enlarge them, will be able to do so by the addition of some fur tails, which are very moderate in price. These tails are used now to border mantles and dolmans, as well as jackets. Long cloaks are made much more plainly than they were, and are no longer draped at the back, but are made full enough by wide pleats. The newest cloaks are made on the lines of college gowns, with a small yoke—a fashion, perhaps, adopted because our Princess looked so well in her gown on the occasion of her Irish visit. All cloaks have large sleeves, some of which turn backwards, and are known as the nun's sleeve. Many of these yoked cloaks seem to me a little extravagant, and so I do not illustrate them, as they seem but a passing caprice.

This season more jackets are worn than ever by both married and unmarried people. They seem to have won the day really because they are more comfortable for walking in than the very large cloaks. However, there are many mantelette shapes that are most stylish, and I have been not a little rejoiced to hear that so many of my girl-readers have set-to to make their own mantles and jackets this winter.

The jackets worn are all small, have nearly tight backs, and the fronts cut so as to fall quite straight. The sides of the fronts are turned back to show the lining. They have no seams in front, and all have high neck-bands and large buttons. Nothing could be more simple or easier to make. They hook down the centre with hooks that are invisible, and a material called "Bouclé tweed" is very generally used for them. Some of them fasten on the slant across the front, and some have a clasp on the shoulder, while another has one on the left side to fasten them. Velvet and brocade is not used to make them, as the feeling this winter is for everything rough and coarse-looking.

Mantelettes are made of many materials, plush, *broché* plush, satin or velvet *frisé*, fine cloth, or rough woollens of various colours. Some of them have small hoods at the back, and most of them fit into the figure closely at the back, and are made rather full; but the fronts are always long. The "sling sleeve" is the most fashionable, but for winter use I fancy many people will prefer the closest-fitting sleeve they can obtain.

There are several novelties in the way of trimmings. Amongst others woollen fringe, sometimes tipped with small wooden beads, with which chenille fringe is also tipped. Yak lace is also used as a trimming, and wooden beads are placed upon it. Then there is a new woollen lace, wool being darned on net, and amongst other dangling trimmings we have fir-cones. Of the rosary fringe I need hardly speak, as it is to be seen everywhere, and there is quite a furore for it as an edging to basques, jackets, and as trimmings to bonnets.

And now I must turn to bonnets; and I can congratulate my many home milliners that there is so much done to help them this season, and so little remains to be done at home. Every description of frame can be procured, and the outside trimming is very simple. All bonnets and hats this season are covered smoothly with stockinette, or else with plush, velvet, or woollen canvas. No metal ornaments are to be seen, and flowers, too, seem dismissed, while feathers have given place in Paris to ribbon trimming almost entirely. The other ornaments used are rosary beads, buckles of wood, or wooden and tortoise-shell slides. All the ribbons for both bonnets and hats have the small *picôt* edge, which used to be used on all ribbons, especially what were known as "love ribbons" years and years ago. The new way of using ribbons now is to have them at least three inches wide, and to fold them in half before making the loops to the bonnets, so that the ribbon is used double—one edge being double and the other with the little rows of *picôts*. Two coloured ribbons are generally used for hats, and for country and rough wear hats are trimmed with woollen scarves, and of canvas with plush or velvet stripes.

Hats and bonnets are both high in the crown, but in both the top is flat, and they are covered with stockinette, stretched all in one piece over them quite smoothly. Stone-coloured stockinette, and also a light yellowish tone with darker trimmings, are both much liked, and as a rule no trimming is put round either the crowns of hats or bonnets. The bows of ribbon are thick and very full; but there is no need of any extreme, which good taste should always lead us to avoid. The strings are a little longer than they have been worn for some time, and the small brooches are still used in them.

And here I must put in a note of entreaty to my girl-readers not to avail themselves of any of the poor little dead birds which are now much worn. I was told by a lady the other day that she had seen a poor wee birdie on a bonnet in a shop that positively had a drop of blood on its beak! Could bad taste go further?

So far as colours are concerned, I think blues, reds, and browns, of various shades, are the favourites. Very few shades of prune are to be seen. The new way of trimming woollens is to put quite another shade of velvet with them. For instance, on red, the velvet or plush should be blue; dark blue should have ruby; brown of a yellowish hue is put on grey woollens; and on browns, green, blue, and burgundy-colour are used. Dark-green woollen would have crimson velvet or plush collars, cuffs, waistcoat, and panels. All these additions can be made at home, with the aid of a little buckram.

I have not quite concluded about hats. Woollen stockinette is used to cover frames as well as silk; and all the hat-crowns that I have seen are flat at the top. There are two other varieties, *i.e.*, the "regimental" and the "Spanish." The latter is a revival of the "pork-pie" of yore, with a deeper brim, and rather a different trimming; so that it does not look quite the same thing. The "regimental" is a very pretty cap, and is generally becoming. It is made in astrachan, folds of cashmere, coloured and black; and in all kinds of furs. It resembles the cap worn by many of the volunteer corps, and has a flat top, the band of the head being deeper behind than in front. Rather thick woollen cords are looped across the front, and an *aigrette* stands up at the left side.

Aprons are coming in again, not but that they have always been "in" with those who have work of any kind to do. But I mean the real old-fashioned apron of black silk; large, long, and covering the front breadth of the gown entirely. The new-old arrivals are more trimmed than formerly, and have a black lace flounce and lace pockets. Very pretty and dressy aprons are made of plush, with cream-coloured woollen lace, and also of black satin, bordered with astrachan. Black lace over coloured satin, with ribbon bows of the same colour, are very pretty. The bibs are small, but the apron makes a very valuable addition to the toilette of those who cannot manage to afford a change of dress in the evening, or do not think a thinner dress is a safe change.

My illustration of winter house-dresses does not require much explanation, as the gowns are very carefully drawn. The lady standing with her back to us wears a gown of rough *bouclé* cloth, with bias bands of velvet. This is a simple style, and one that could be easily manufactured at home. The figure on the sofa wears one of the white waistcoats which are still in favour. Now the weather is cold, the waistcoat is made of cricket flannel. The "Zouave" jacket is illustrated in the figure at the fireplace, and the lady entering the room wears a skirt and trimmings of striped *bouclé* cloth.

Amongst the new ideas must be mentioned the return to favour of the old eider-down petticoats, which, though they have been always patronised by some people, have not been generally used since the tied-back style of dress came in. They require an elastic band sewn strongly on each side, or else strings, to keep the petticoat from coming too much to the front. Some ladies, I hear, have had steels inserted into them. This I should not think a good plan; but, at any rate, the eider-downs are delightful in use, they are so light and yet so warm.

Many ladies are ornamenting the cheap black-and-white laces with coloured silks. The lace selected has a well-marked design, and the stitch used is chain-stitch. The lace is worked in all colours, and is used for dresses as well as for tea-cloths and antimacassars, and it is a very pleasant employment.

The hair is still dressed high, and combs are more worn this autumn than usual. They are used also for the coils of basket-plaits, and are placed either at one side of the head or in the centre of the front parting.

Muffs are very small, and are often made of the material of the dress, when the dress is one of the rough woollens. The bag muffs are the most liked, and some of them have long ribbons, by which they are intended to hang on the arm when not wanted.

Last summer I saw several times a very pretty dress worn on the Thames, which has been copied this winter for the country, and as it seems to me to be an excellent thing, I must describe it here. The skirt was made of black serge or flannel of the "housemaid" style, the front being plain. (This skirt was given as a paper pattern in September). The skirt was of coloured flannel, pink, blue, or striped; the waistband was very wide, and a white silk sash was lightly tied at the left side. The hats were generally sailor-shaped, of black straw. This winter this idea has

been repeated with the "Zouave" jacket, with sleeves as an addition, to make it warm enough. The scarf is placed round the hips, tied in a large bow at the side. The "Zouave" jacket does not reach the waist by at least two inches. The jacket is usually edged with ball-fringe, or, perhaps, fur or astrachan may be preferred.

The paper pattern selected for this month, as I have already said, is the "Zouave" or "Figaro" jacket. The pattern consists of a bodice with rounded points in the latest style, sleeves, and the jacket back and front. The latter can be made up separately with or without sleeves, or the fronts of the jacket can be inserted into the side-seams of the bodice, and thus be made up in one. These fronts are a very pretty addition to any bodice, and can be very easily added by any one by merely unpicking the side-seams, shoulders, and neck, and inserting the jacket. This quite turns an old bodice into a new one, and greatly adds to the warmth of any bodice. Velvet, plush, or the material of the dress may be used. The bodice is complete alone, without the jacket; or the jacket is complete without the bodice. The sleeves will answer for either. The bodice will require two yards and three-quarters of material 24 inches wide; and the jacket half a yard additional. The size is 36 inches round the chest, and the pattern consists of nine pieces—front, side form, side of back, back, collar, two sides of sleeve, and two pieces of "Zouave" jacket. The pattern can be obtained from "The Lady Dressmaker," care of Mr. H. G. Davis, 73, Ludgate Hill, E.C., by letter enclosing postal note for 1s.

The patterns already issued can always be procured, as "The Lady Dressmaker" constantly shows in her articles how they can be used. Each one can be had for 1s. postal order, from "The Lady Dressmaker," Mr. H. G. Davis, 73, Ludgate Hill, E.C. The following is the list of those already issued: April, braided out-door loose-fronted jacket; May, velvet bodice; June, Swiss belt and bodice; July, mantle; August, Norfolk jacket; September, plain or housemaid's skirt; October, combination garment (underlinen); November, double-breasted out-door jacket; December, Zouave jacket and bodice.

INSIDE PASSENGERS; OR, THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF LUKE AND BELINDA.

By A LONDON PHYSICIAN.

CHAPTER III.

COMING DOWN IN THE WORLD, BUT RISING IN POSITION.

HARDLY had she said this half a dozen times when the curious effects of the unknown and rare drug began to work on poor Belinda.

"Pill, dear," she said, "am I getting small or are you getting big?"

Luke looked round, and at first could not believe that the small child that was standing by his side, hardly reaching up to his knees, was Belinda. Only when she turned up her little face did he recognise his vanishing sister.

"Stop at once, Belinda, child," he said, taking her up in his arms; "what in the world are you doing?"

"I can't help it," said poor Belinda, with a wan smile on her doll-like face, "I'm not doing anything. I believe I'm going on still."

To Luke's horror, she kept getting lighter every moment, and in another minute was no larger than a doll.

Beside himself with terror, Luke darted back for the inn, but he had hardly reached the end of the bazaar when a new horror seized him.

He noticed that the people in the street appeared to be getting taller and taller (though it was almost too dark to see them), till at last they looked positively gigantic. As he ran along towards the inn he found he could no longer look in at the windows, which were now far above his head, while the pavement seemed a hundred yards wide. The poison, though slower, was working as surely inside him. Poor Belinda let the truth out.

"Why, I do believe you are getting smaller, too, Pill," she said.

"I'm afraid I am, Bozy," ruefully replied Luke. "What shall we do?"

"Well, if we both get small together I don't so much mind; it was getting small alone that was so miserable," was the somewhat selfish answer.

Poor Luke looked round. His head was just on a level with the foot of a huge boot that was whirling past.

"How long shall we go on like this?" asked Belinda.

"I tell you what, Bozy," said Luke, emphatically, drawing up what was left of his six feet, "I don't believe in this nonsense, and, what is more, I won't stand it. I'll tell uncle the minute I get in, and I'll have that old hag brought before the consul this very night." So saying, he put Belinda down to run by his side while he hurried along, prudently keeping close to the wall to avoid being crushed by the giants.

"Why, we've walked miles," said Belinda; "it was only a few steps when we came out."

Luke ground his teeth, but said nothing.

"Where's Mr. Mole—Mr. Sutton, I mean?" asked Belinda.

"I suppose the poor man is suffering somewhere from the vile arts of that woman," said Luke. "I forgot all about him. I cannot see him anywhere now, it's too dark. I hope he'll find his way all right. Hurrah! here's the door," he added, as the wall suddenly ceased, leaving a huge opening across which the two pigmies, scarcely an inch long, hurried quite unnoticed and fortunately uncrushed.

A short walk brought them to their own room door, which was just by the entrance. Luke could see the door was shut, but what of that? The space between the bottom of the door and the floor appeared at least seven feet high, so they passed in.

"What now?" asked Belinda, who felt helplessly dependent on her brother.

"Well, Bozy, I hardly know; the fact is I'm afraid we are still getting smaller. I hope we shan't go altogether."

"Where to, Pill?"

"That's just what I want to know, Bozy. The fact is I feel all here. We cannot go away entirely; the puzzle is how we've gone so much already. You see we are *material;* we are not spirits. Besides, we've got clothes on; they cannot go."

"But they must be getting very small," said Belinda. "I don't think it would take much material to make me a dress now. I thought perhaps we were having *the water squeezed out.*"

"What do you mean, Bozy?"

"Don't you remember, Pill, telling me once that if we had all the water squeezed out and were made solid we should only be a few inches square?"

"What nonsense, Bozy; besides, we aren't a quarter of an inch high, to say nothing of being square."

"Well, I feel just as if some auctioneer was saying, 'Going, going——.' Oh, dear, what is that?" said Belinda, as a noise like thunder was heard behind them.

Luke had only just time to drag his sister out of the reach of Captain Goodchild's huge foot, for he entered at that moment.

He looked round the apparently empty room, and the guilty pair heard a voice like thunder saying, "Those brats! I wonder where they are. Mr. Sutton gone, too!"

Now was their time before they vanished altogether. Reduced to two specks on the carpet, they were still human beings, and full of energy.

"Uncle! Uncle!" shrieked Belinda, at the top of her voice, till she was hoarse.

"Wait a minute," said Luke; "let's get a little nearer to him; it is not likely he can hear us at this distance, he must be miles away." Seizing Belinda's hand, he started running across the vast plain, bounded in the dim distance by the gigantic leg of the table at which the Captain had seated himself.

"I don't think we are much nearer," said Belinda, and I'm quite out of breath. "Wait a minute, Pill, dear, and then shout."

Luke halted and looked ahead dubiously. Far away up in the air could be seen the radiance of a light hidden by the overhanging ledge of the table about two miles above him. The light shone on a huge red mass, perched at the top of a long slope of dazzling whiteness, having all the appearance of an inverted snow mountain.

"Wait a minute, Bozy, till I get my glass out," said Luke; "I believe that's his face." So saying he pulled out the telomicric, and looking through it, made out a prominent ridge in the mountain side to be his uncle's nose. At the base were the smooth brown tops of a large wood.

"I suppose that's his moustache," said Belinda, when it was duly described to her. "How small we must be!"

"Talk of saucers for eyes," said Luke, "his remind me more of a racecourse. On one side you can distinctly see something like a grand stand."

"Uncle's eyes are not green, at any rate," said Belinda, indignantly; "they are a lovely brown."

"It's only for size and general appearance that I meant," said Luke. "It's really a wonderful sight. There's that cut he gave himself while shaving yesterday, it's very nearly the size of our lawn; and as to distance," he added reflectively, "I should judge he was about three miles away."

"You mean his head?" said Belinda.

"Yes, of course, Bozy, his boots are not above half-a-mile off; but what is the use of talking to his boots? If I had only bought that sound magnifier, now, at the shop, I could have deafened him, but he can never hear our voices."

"I think 'screeching' sounds the loudest, Pill, and I can screech beautifully," said Belinda. "I feel better now. Let us both begin."

Poor Luke did his best, shouting "Un—cle! Un—cle!" in his deepest bass, while Belinda's screeches were simply heartrending; but the great red mountain gave no sign. They could see the two huge furrows above the nose that their absence was causing, and from time to

time shivered with fright as they heard the thunder far overhead saying: "Where ever are those brats? I expect they've gone aboard ship."

"It's very trying," said Belinda, "that he will take no notice of us. Certainly we are absurdly small; I don't think we *can* get much less."

"No," said Luke, placidly. "I believe we've stopped now, and after all we are not microscopic. Through the large end of my glass you look gigantic."

"I wish you'd lend it to uncle, then," said Belinda.

"I might as well lend him a speck of dust. He could hardly see the glass, much less see through it. Besides, he could see us without it, if he only looked," said Luke.

Ah, there was the "if." *If* Captain Goodchild had gone on his knees and carefully scanned the dusty carpet at his feet, he would have been rewarded by the daintiest sight he had ever seen, in the two exquisite little creatures, perfect in every respect to the smallest detail, that he was getting so anxious about.

"If he goes now, Bozy," said Luke, "we are lost. We shall be swept up with the crumbs and thrown to the birds. Fancy an M.R.C.S. thrown to a Turkish sparrow! Whatever would the fellows say!"

"They would peck me up first, because of my red sash. Oh! what was that?" said Belinda, as a noise behind made her start. Luke looked round. Only a hundred yards away lay two small oval sheets of water (or glass) surrounded by banks of pure gold, with a little golden path connecting the two. Seized with an inspiration, Luke dragged Belinda towards them.

"His eye-glasses!" he exclaimed.

"Now, Bozy, clasp me tight, and I'll hook on somehow." Standing on the golden edge of one of the lakelets, Luke produced a fine wire rope which he wound several times round a gold post that stood near, and hardly had he secured the other end round his own body when he saw a huge red finger and thumb descending out of the air towards him. He knew what it meant, and, holding his breath, in another moment the pair were whirled aloft into space. When they recovered themselves they found they were perched on the lower rim of one of the glasses. A sheer precipice of unknown depth lay beneath them, with the brown tops of some trees far below.

"I believe that is uncle's moustache," said Belinda, looking down with a shudder; "if he moves now we shall be dashed to pieces."

"I'll wrap the rope round you, Bozy," said Luke, as he unwound it from his own body.

Unfortunately at that very moment a violent movement shook them both off their giddy perch, and they fell.

Their career and this narrative would have been ended there and then, had they not both been caught in their fall by the branches of the trees below.

"Oh, Luke, this is awful," groaned Belinda. "I feel quite giddy, and my dress is all torn, and I do believe my leg is broken."

"If it had been, Bozy, you would have thought of it before your dress," said Luke, "but I'm afraid we're not safe yet, for he may——"

"What?" said Belinda, in horror.

"Oh! nothing," replied Luke, evasively, fumbling in his pocket. "You hold fast on to that branch, while I powder you."

"What do you want to powder me for, Pill, dear?"

"It is only waterproof powder,* Bozy. You will not notice it unless it gets wet, and then it forms a film of gutta-percha all over your clothes to keep you dry."

* This invention also I cannot find anywhere. None of the leading waterproofers have heard of it, though they admit it would be very useful.

"What a wonderful invention, Pill; but is it going to rain? I mean do you think poor uncle is going to cry?"

"It wasn't *that* I was thinking of," said Luke, who had carefully powdered his sister and himself; "but —— Oh! there it comes!"

Belinda looked down. Rapidly rising from below was a huge red glistening mass that reached the wood, swept aside the branches, and carried off the luckless couple far below in an instant into utter darkness. Then all was silence.

* * * * *

"Where are you, Luke?" at last groaned Belinda. "Say if you are dead. I am sure I am."

"Nonsense, Bozy; I'm not even hurt. Give me your hand, and come this way," and Belinda felt her hand grasped, and herself dragged up off the slippery surface into a small rocky recess.

"Sit down here, Bel; we are fortunate! Do you know where we are?"

"Oh, Pill! what was that awful red thing that swept us down? It looked just like one of those monsters in the lakes at the Crystal Palace."

"Why, Bozy, that was uncle's tongue; and it landed us in his mouth."

"His mouth!" said Belinda, opening hers widely. "Well, where *shall* we get next?"

"But this is quite hard," she added, feeling the floor and the walls. "This is not his mouth, surely?"

"Is there nothing hard in a mouth?" said Luke.

"You don't mean to say? —— Oh! really it's too dreadful, Pill."

"I mean to say that we are sitting in uncle's hollow tooth, Bozy. You remember the one I wanted to pull out with my universal forceps before we left London, and uncle would not let me, but got it stopped. As far as I can see —— but stay, I've got a light," and Luke pulled a small case out of his pocket, and strapped the electric light, already described, on his forehead. He touched the wire, and instantly the place was flooded with its soft radiance.

"Oh, what a splendid place this is," said Belinda.

"Yes, you can see the stopping did not fill it, fortunately for us, but there it is, sure enough, over our heads."

"Isn't it rather warm, Pill? I feel awfully hot. It seems as if all my dress was covered with a smooth skin. I can hardly breathe."

"It's only 98 degrees," said Luke, looking at a small thermometer. "Oh! I quite forgot the guttapercha," he added. "Now you see what a useful invention this is. I just peel the skin off," and, suiting the action to the word, he tore a thin film of guttapercha off his sister's dress, which appeared beneath clean and dry, "and there you are, all right."

"Don't trouble, Pill, dear; I'll do the rest. I'm so glad my crimson sash is not ruined. It cost such a lot of money."

Setting vigorously to work, the pair soon skinned themselves, throwing the fragments over the side of the cave, whence they fluttered downwards towards the cavern's floor.

As Belinda cooled she began to get very sleepy. They were both pretty well tired out, and as they were sitting down together on the ground, their backs resting against the side of the cave, Belinda determined to have a nap.

"Do you think we are safe here, Pill?"

"Oh, yes; safe enough for the present. I expect the captain is going on board to look for us."

"Well, it's so dark, I think I'll go to sleep, Pill."

So saying, Belinda laid her head on her brother's shoulder.

"All right, I'll watch," said Luke.

Both, however, were soon fast asleep, and it was not till hours after that Luke was roused by a burst of glorious daylight entering the little cave.

He sat up and looked eagerly out, waking Belinda, and occasioning the exclamation with which our story opens.

(*To be continued.*)

VERBARIUM.

AN INDOOR GAME FOR PEOPLE OF ALL AGES.

On wet days or long evenings we have spent many a pleasant hour playing the following game:—It may be known to many of our readers, but for the benefit of those who have not yet played it we will try to make it clear. It is a game suited to the young, for whom it is not too learned, and to the old, for whom it is not too frivolous; therefore, young and old seat yourselves round a table with me and indulge for an hour in this game of play. Each must provide herself with half a sheet of foolscap, folded lengthwise into three, and a lead pencil. Now think of a word which contains within itself most of the vowels and an *m*, a *d*, or a *t*. Avoid, if possible, a repetition of letters. Shall we select *portmanteau?* It will, I think, answer our purpose. Out of this word you must make as many others as you can produce in the time allowed to you, confining yourselves strictly to the letters of which "portmanteau" is formed. Three minutes will be given for each set of words. We commence with the first letter, each letter in turn being the commencement of a new set of words. There must be no proper nouns nor words in foreign languages, and perfect silence must be observed. I will be conductor with my watch before me. Are you ready? Then, if you please, *start.*

~~Pent~~
~~Port~~ (1)
Pant
Patter
~~Protean~~ (4)
Prate
Pear
Pen
etc., etc.

The three minutes being up, I call "stop." The one sitting next me begins to call out her words amid silence. "Pent." All who have it on their papers call out "Yes." If more than two people have it, all cross it out, but score nothing. She passes on to the next—"Port." If only two people have this, they score one each, putting the figure against the word.

If one person alone has a word—for example, "Protean"—she scores two for one syllable and one for each extra syllable. The lists of words being called out by each player, we proceed to the next set, commencing with *o*. I give the word "start," and away over the papers the pencils glide.

~~Omen~~ (2)
~~Oar~~
~~Ornate~~ (2)
Otter
~~Oar~~ (1)
etc., etc.

When, again, at the end of three minutes, I call "stop," we go through exactly the same form, scoring where we can. Many a laugh is heard at the bad spelling which often crops up, or at the quaint words called out.

The words commencing with *o* having been gone through, I order the start again for words beginning with *r*, and so on through all the letters, except in the case of the second *t* and second *a*, which are repetitions, and therefore omitted.

Having completed the word, we reckon up our numbers, and the one who has the highest is the winner of the game.

This game played in German, in French, in Italian, or in Latin, is equally interesting.

"'NOW, BOZY, CLASP ME TIGHT, AND I'LL HOOK ON SOMEHOW.'"

"CAPTAIN GOODCHILD'S HUGE FOOT."

ONLY A GIRL-WIFE.

By RUTH LAMB, Author of "Her Own Choice," &c.

CHAPTER VIII.

THERE were staid, respectable servants who had been in the service of Dr. and Mrs. Fereday, ready to receive Mrs. Crawford at Steynes-Cote. The verdict amongst these was, "The new mistress is just as homely as she is bonny, and you only need to look in her face to know what that means."

Ida was delighted with the house, servants, furniture—in short, with everything around her.

"What charming rooms! And how spotless everything is! The order in this house is perfectly astonishing. I feel almost afraid to put my foot down," she exclaimed.

"It is just a little too orderly, darling, as rooms are apt to become when not sufficiently used. You will mend all that. There are some little matters to be supplied, but I find there are many parcels to be opened, containing marks of good-will from old friends. These and your other wedding presents will fill gaps, no doubt, and for the rest, I give you leave to please yourself. Experience has shown me that my wife will not err on the side of extravagance."

These words of praise, accompanied by a tender caress and a look of thorough trust, sounded like sweet music in the ears of the girl-wife. Nestling for an instant on her husband's shoulder, she answered, "I like to be trusted, Andrew, and I do not think I shall tax your purse very heavily or suggest many additions. Everything looks perfection to me. I should be positively wicked if I were not contented and happy here, and," she softly added, "with you."

Truly, such a home-coming seemed to be laden with bright promise for the future. Andrew Crawford felt it so, and with a full heart thanked God, and, taking up the words of the psalmist, said truly, "My cup runneth over."

He uttered the thanksgiving aloud and from the very depths of his soul, but there was no response from Ida, neither was her face lighted up in sympathy. She smiled at his earnestness; she saw that he was deeply stirred by some feeling she could not fully comprehend, but this did not trouble her. She always said to herself, "Andrew is so much wiser and better than I am in everything. What a comfort it is to be able to look up to him!" And she settled in her own mind that, after, say ten years of companionship, she must become more like her husband and necessarily better in every way.

At this moment an entirely different thought flashed across Ida's mind. Remembering the relatives she had left, she broke into a low, musical laugh, and said, "If Beatrice could look in upon us just now, I wonder if she would consider me so much to be pitied as the wife of a country doctor. Surely even she would be forced to acknowledge that I am a very lucky girl."

Perhaps few things could have better illustrated the difference between the minds of these twain who had become one flesh than the varying expressions which fell from their lips on arriving at home. The husband sent up a fervent thanksgiving to the bestower of all good, and reverently took his happiness as coming straight from the Divine Hand.

His wife basked in the sunshine and brightness that surrounded her, amused herself by comparing the past with the present, and decided that, all things considered, she was "a lucky girl."

So far Ida had not seen Dr. Crawford's parents. There had been some thought of including a brief visit to their home in the wedding tour, but this had not been carried into effect.

"You have seen your father and mother since your return, Andrew," said Ida, "and I should like better to go about just with you for this once. Your family are strangers to me yet, and I am sure I should be shy and uncomfortable to go, so soon after our marriage, all amongst new faces. We can only have one wedding tour, you know."

So the doctor had yielded, perhaps nothing loth, and decided to have his parents to visit Steynes-Cote with as little delay as possible. The young wife was not, however, forgotten by her husband's father. Amongst the packets that lay waiting to be opened was one from the Manse. It contained a large and very beautifully bound Bible, and was accompanied by loving words, wishes, and the prayer that, among the many costly gifts which would no doubt be offered to her, Ida might find in the Book of books her greatest treasure, and "love its commandments above gold, yea, above fine gold."

"See, Andrew," she said, calling her husband's attention to the gift and the letter, "this great beautiful Bible is from your father and mother. I am very glad to have it from them, and I shall write and tell them that I shall keep it with its large print to use when I am quite an old woman."

"I think my father and mother would be better pleased, darling, if you were to write and say, 'I will make a bit of this gift of yours my own every day. By degrees, I will get some of its sweetest messages laid up in the treasure-house of my memory; then, if I live to be quite an old woman, I shall possess what no one can take from me."

Ida looked just a little hurt. "This is not my only Bible, Andrew," she said. "By writing that I should take such care of the new one, I did not mean that I would not read any in the meanwhile."

"Of course not, dear," replied the doctor. But he vainly strove to call to mind an occasion when he had seen Ida engaged in reading God's word except during public or family worship.

From the time of Mrs. Crawford's arrival at Shelverton, however, she made a favourable impression. Belonging, as even The Park people acknowledged, to a higher step on the social ladder than they did, she was the only person who appeared to forget this.

Wherever he went, Dr. Crawford had to listen to praises of his charming wife.

"Your ears ought to tingle, Ida," said he, as he gave one of them a playful little pinch. "Your neighbours say so many kind things of you that I have several times caught myself blushing violently, as I listened to these oft-repeated compliments. What witchery have you exercised to win all hearts so quickly?"

"Indeed, Andrew, I have done nothing; only I think every one is disposed to receive me kindly for your sake," replied Ida, her face all aglow at the sight of her husband's pleasure.

"Of course not. You have been your own sweet, natural self, and, as I well know, that is quite enough to account for your triumphs."

The doctor was right. It was in his wife's unaffected manners, joined to her grace and beauty, with her ready appreciation of the kindly advances made by her neighbours, that the witchery consisted.

It is a fact worth recording that their utter inability to disagree on the subject of Mrs. Crawford's merits was the means of re-uniting the "two fives" of Park society into a harmonious "ten." Having found a central rallying point in the doctor's wife, they forgot past differences, and congratulated each other on their social acquisition.

Mrs. Prattely was particularly emphatic.

"If any person in Shelverton has a right to give herself airs on the score of looks, style, and family, Mrs. Crawford is the one; yet, she alone seems able to forget how very charming she is."

All this was pleasant enough, so far as it went, but it must be owned that the qualities which had taken Shelverton by storm were only superficial. There were a good many, especially amongst Dr. Crawford's poor patients, who wondered whether, on closer acquaintance, the young mistress of Steynes-Cote would manifest those Christian graces which had won for Mrs. Fereday the esteem and affection alike of rich and poor.

It was unfortunate for Ida that during the first year of her married life she was so much alone. She had not understood beforehand how absorbing are the duties of a busy professional man, or how unreasonable are the calls made upon his time. She never anticipated that when the summons came he must obey it, and she chafed a little, because their holiday ended abruptly at the close of a very short wedding tour.

Mrs. Crawford at first asked Lady Carnelly to let two of her children come to Steynes-Cote. "Let me have Donald and Rose," she pleaded; "you know how fond I am of the children. You

have so many, you could well spare me a couple for three months. With the five youngest now at home, and the eldest two coming almost immediately, the house will be full. Let me have some of my pets as soon as I am settled at Steynes-Cote."

"The children have been separated for a long time, and that is why I mean to keep them all together for a while. I have engaged an efficient governess, that they may be taught at home. Thank you very much, Ida, but I wish them all to begin and go on under the same teacher," replied Lady Carnelly.

Ida tried to induce her to reverse her decision, but in vain. Her sister-in-law was obdurate, the children and herself bitterly disappointed. They had been so much together in India, where Ida had been useful in relieving the mother from all anxiety about the little people, and she consequently felt this refusal the more.

Lady Carnelly's jealous temper now manifested itself in this fresh direction, and, with the prospect of a new governess to take the oversight, she determined to gratify the feeling by wholly separating the children from their aunt. The tears and disappointment of the youngsters gave her little concern. She had her way, and that was always the first aim of Beatrice Carnelly.

The colonel felt that his wife was treating Ida unkindly, and protested against her decision.

"You might gratify Ida in so small a matter," he said. "By all accounts she has a delightful home in which to receive the children. It would do them a world of good to run wild in the country for three months, and under Crawford's experienced eye. They look too pale and sickly for school-work at present."

"We shall all go to the seaside in three weeks. I told you so before, Lindsay. I shall take care they are not overtasked. Surely whilst the children are young, a mother ought to be the best judge as to where they go and what they do. When the boys are older, of course, I shall hand them over to you."

"I think Crawford and Ida would like us to take the youngsters down to Steynes-Cote. As my only sister, it is natural she should wish me—us, I mean—to see her in her new home."

Lady Carnelly laughed ironically.

"I appreciate the correction, Lindsay. Ida may wish to see you and the children; she will have no sisterly yearnings after my society. It would be all the same to me if she had. It is long enough since I spent a season in town, so I mean to make the most of it, and stay to the close."

"And I am afraid it will be the last you will have for some years to come, unless we can live at less cost than we are doing now. I cannot afford our present expenditure, and remember, Beatrice, Ida's money has to be paid when she is twenty-one."

"That is entirely your affair, Lindsay. I leave business matters to you." By which Lady Carnelly meant paying the bills and asking no questions.

She was trenching on dangerous ground, so she hurried away, perfectly assured in her own mind that her husband would not avail himself of the opportunity to go alone to Steynes-Cote.

She had a sense of petty triumph in the thought of her sister-in-law's disappointment, and said to herself, "Those people amongst whom Ida is located will be less favourably impressed by the "Honourable" before her married name when they find that not a single titled relative crosses her threshold."

It was a paltry triumph, but it was worthy of so small a mind as that of Lady Carnelly. Thus many things concurred to make the first year of Ida's married life a season of comparative loneliness. She had formed no intimate friendships at school, or kept up any correspondence with old companions there. She had left her more recent acquaintances behind in India, and now her brother and his family were separated from her by his wife's imperious will. If only she might have had Donald and Rosa!

Ida shed her first tears at Steynes-Cote over the cool letter in which Lady Carnelly declined the invitation for the children.

Agnes and Mary Isherwood tried to enlist Mrs. Crawford as a helper in Sunday-school and parish work, but these, she owned, were quite out of her line. She was as sweet and good-humoured as possible when the girls asked her, and told them she only wished she could be of any use.

"But," she added, with a merry laugh and amused look, "I should be worse than useless; I should be in other people's way, for I have had no experience in work of the kind."

"We must all have a beginning," said Agnes. "Dear Mrs. Crawford, do come and try."

"You do not know what you ask, dear. I am so hopelessly ignorant that I should disgrace myself in the eyes of the children. Poor little things! I should be sorry for those who want to learn if they had me for a teacher."

It was difficult for the girls to suggest that Mrs. Crawford might learn. By taking a small part at first, she would gain experience to do more. However, they ventured a few words of persuasion, which Ida answered by asking, "Do you think I ought to absent myself from home at all on Sunday, when it is the day my husband is most there?"

"Certainly not, but you could do a little on other days in the way of visiting, could you not? We have heard so much about what Mrs. Fereday did, that it made my brother hope you would, just in a small way, take up her work. It would encourage other workers."

Again Ida, with equal sweetness of manner, pleaded incapacity.

"If I were to go to a cottage door, I should not know in the least what to say, unless to ask how the people were, and to kiss the baby, always provided it had a quite clean face. So many have not, you know. Then I might add that it was a fine day, and then, I am afraid, having got thus far, I should run away, for want of understanding what to say or do next."

The Isherwood girls could scarcely help laughing at the word picture thus drawn, and yet they were almost angry at themselves for the inclination. They tried no further persuasion, but quietly took their leave. What they thought let their own words tell. "I felt quite indignant at Mrs. Crawford," said Agnes; "she talked as if she had not a notion of personal responsibility, either towards God or her neighbour, and she looked so lovely and winsome all the time, like a perfect picture in an exquisite frame, as she sat in the drawing-room at Steynes-Cote."

"Do you remember how angry we were on the day the Crawfords came home, that Mrs. Prattely called the bride 'poor thing.' Well, in my own heart, I called her 'poor thing' to-day, though not for the same reason. She is rich in home and the comforts which surround her; rich in the affection of a good man, and the good-will of many. But she is not rich in the only thing which gives value to the rest, in knowing the love of God in Christ Jesus."

Agnes and Mary Isherwood were both a little younger than Mrs. Crawford, but they had been trained in a different school, and looked at life and its responsibilities with different eyes from hers. Perhaps they might, at one time, have been inclined to think her an exceptionally enviable person. To-day they joined Mrs. Prattely in calling her "poor thing."

Dr. Crawford was troubled at having to leave his wife so much. Even when he was at home there were so many calls upon his time that she merrily told him she must become his patient in order to enjoy a share of his society.

"These calls bring grist to the mill, my dear," he would say. "I did think that by engaging a second assistant I should have more leisure. But the practice still grows, and it extends over such a wide area that we are all kept at work."

"But you need not work so hard; you are not a poor man, Andrew."

"No, Ida, but still I must work. If it were no matter of money-getting, I could not be contented to spend my time idly. It would never do to waste the training and experience of so many years, when they can be used for the relief of suffering, apart from the pecuniary advantage to myself. Then, dear, I have others to look to me for help of a substantial kind, and I can well afford to give it. My dear father and mother have had to bring up a large family on small means, and ever since I possessed any regular income, it has been my pleasure and privilege to add to theirs."

"You are good to everybody, Andrew, most of all to me, for there is nothing you would not give to, or do for me," said Mrs. Crawford. But in one of her idle moments the thought crossed her mind, "I shall not really cost Andrew anything, for Lindsay will pay him the interest of my little fortune. I wonder if he has received it for the first year. He has said nothing about it to me."

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

OLD IRELAND'S CHILD.—You need not send back the photo, as that would be impolite; but you should not give your own to any man to whom you are not engaged. Besides, you must remember that you are a minor, still in your teens, and be careful not to entangle yourself in any way, with strangers especially, likely to give cause of regret when older and wiser. If you have no mother, consult your father, or an uncle or aunt, before compromising yourself by receiving attentions, however respectfully offered. Though not poetry, your "Prayer" in verse has a certain quaintness in style that is not without merit.

TROUBLED TWENTY-ONE.—Show the swelling to a doctor. It may be a wen.

ONE IN DIFFICULTY.—Go at once to the minister of your chapel, tell him you desire to be baptised, and he will both give you instruction and perform the holy rite.

A POOR GIRL.—If anyone that you know should require the stamps for papering a wall or a box, or for making snakes, you may sell them; but do not otherwise attempt to do so, because dishonest people contrive to discharge the official stamp upon them, and, disposing of them as new, defraud the Government. We are glad that the history of a tour in Norway interested you so much.

PHILIPPA.—You say that your father left a business when he died, which your mother, your sisters, and self have since carried on. To whom did he leave it? *Was there a will? If* none, the widow can claim a third, but a third only, and the rest is divided equally between the children. If you can get a respectable lawyer's opinion, you will spend 6s. 8d. well, and may save your mother from considerable difficulty with her proposed partner, and expense in compensating the latter and recouping you and your sisters. Why does she wish to cast you both adrift and keep the whole business for herself? She did not question your several claims until a year after your father's death. Obtain advice and legal aid at once.

PATIENCE.—When a friend is so good as to write a letter of congratulation, the least you could do in ordinary politeness is to acknowledge it graciously. Certainly you may write to us again. Susan Warner was the real name of "Elizabeth Wetherell," the American writer.

LAUGHING WATER.—*Quand même* means "even while," "although." Eadgyth, the sister of Harold, and wife of Edward the Confessor, was not called "of the swan neck." We think you have been reading Bulwer Lytton's "Harold," and are confounding a historical with a (possibly) fabulous character.

LAURA WRIGHT.—It is always undesirable to attract attention in a place of worship. There is a considerable licence necessarily allowed in all churches and denominations of Christians when there is a question of delicacy of health or of old age. Impossibilities are not required of you. Perhaps you could sleep at a friend's house once in a month, or in two months, so as to attend your old church occasionally and enjoy the services of which you speak.

PRINCESS IDA.—For particulars respecting the Princess Louise Home, see vol. xi., page 347.

ROSE, MARY.—The address of the Early Rising Society is 79, The Mall, Newport, Isle of Wight. Beware first of disturbing others by your early rising, who would for health's sake sleep later; secondly, of a long fast before breakfast; thirdly, of going beyond your own garden with an empty stomach, and thus more open to noxious influences.

E. P. G., REGENT'S PARK.—Consult a Peerage. You ought to write copies. "Regent's Park" asks for "a receipt for scurg in the head." We are thankful to say that we are unacquainted with any such description of article or complaint, whatever it may be.

EXILE OF ERIN.—Your verses do you credit in every way, and flow better than the majority sent for our opinion. Nevertheless, no money is to be made by poetry, unless after publishing at your own expense your books were exceptionally well reviewed and took the fancy of the public. But as a rule publishers will tell you that poetry is a drug. Possibly you could make a little class of small children and teach them at home for a couple of hours daily, teaching them to read, work, and write (you should write copies yourself), and relieve their mothers of the care of them for a time.

MARGERY.—April 24th, 1863, was a Friday; March 11th, 1865, a Saturday; April 19th, 1865, a Wednesday. Present our best thanks to your friends for their gratifying message, and accept them yourself.

A. B.—To make scent from rose leaves, see the article by Medicus on "Flowers and Perfumes," page 728, where plain instructions for distilling are given.

PUSSY.—Your giddiness appears to be the result of weakness, but a stranger could not pronounce a decided opinion upon it. What a horrible nuisance you must be to your neighbours if you "sing three or four hours a day!"

PRINCESS IDA.—There is at Weymouth the Girls' Friendly Society Lodge Home of Rest, at 9s. a week for persons not members, for the latter at 7s. We advise you to apply to Miss Wright, secretary, 3, Victoria Mansions, Victoria-street, Westminster, S.W. There is also a House of Rest for Women in Business at Babbacombe, South Devon, at 12s. weekly; or 5s. only with a subscriber's ticket (guinea). The length of stay is usually fixed at three weeks, but lengthened if required. Address Miss Skinner, Bayfield, Babbacombe.

LOUISA STUART.—We recommend your making the case known to the secretary of the Poor Clergy Relief Society, 36, Southampton-street, Strand, W.C.; or of the Friend of the Clergy Corporation, 63, Lincoln's-Inn-Fields; or to the Corporation of the Sons of the Clergy, 2, Bloomsbury-place, W.C. Write also to Miss Mitchell, St. Margaret's Home, 34, Hawley-square, Margate. We regret that your letter should have remained so long unanswered.

A MOTHER.—We thank you for your gratifying letter. See our answer to "Princess Ida." We fancy that you refer to the House of Rest at Babbacombe. For further particulars direct application will be necessary, and a statement of personal circumstances.

SLUICE.—We think the verses show thought on your part, but they have no claim to be considered poetry, for they lack poetic fire and originality. We often misunderstand our questioners on purpose when the question shows us they have not given themselves the trouble to think before they wrote.

TYRIE.—We do not think it hurtful to wear a waterproof cap while bathing, but the head should be wetted at the top before it is put on.

PRIMROSE.—The sun often brings out pimples on the face. We are glad to hear that you sleep so well, and suppose that your nerves and digestion are both excellent.

JESSIE and GRACE.—Eating in the street as you walk along is a very vulgar thing.

ATTY.—Yes, there is a Greenfield-street, Whitechapel, E., crossing Commercial-road.

B. B.—You very probably bite your lips. Do not do it.

M. A. E. S.—There are so many causes for deafness that we could not pronounce on your case. Consult a doctor.

ALISON.—We are much obliged for the recipe. We think your own good health has much to do with the beautiful state of your hair.

FELIXSTOWE.—The 28th August, 1864, was a Sunday. We are glad you were satisfied that the alphabet competition was fairly won, and we think you both brave and honest to write and tell us "it took all the conceit out of you," though you mean to try again.

SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY.—You might try the water bouquet described at page 779, vol. v. We fear there is no way of keeping flowers for years. Sealing the ends with sealing-wax and putting them away in an air-tight box is said to keep them a long time. On being taken out the ends are cut off and the flowers put into warm water. "But evil is wrought by want of thought" is a quotation from Hood's "Lady's Dream."

LILLIE.—By giving the name of the book and the author to any good bookseller near you he will order it for you.

IDA.—Use a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda and another of glycerine to a pint of water as a wash for the hair.

J. P.—We are much obliged for the puzzle; but as it is not a new one we could not insert it in our paper—certainly not without the answer. Why do you not puzzle it out yourself?

"SNOW-DROPS,"

THE WINTER NUMBER

OF

"THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER,"

IS NOW READY, AND CONTAINS:—

Frontispiece:—"THE BROKEN CONTRACT." Drawn by M. Ellen Edwards.

Introductory Poem.

Six Milestones. A Christmas Story. By RUTH LAMB. Illustrated by M. ELLEN EDWARDS, JOHN C. STAPLES, and ISABEL GERTRUDE BRITTAIN.

A Few More Party Dishes. By PHILLIS BROWNE.

A Christmas Rose. A New Cantatina for Girls' Voices. Words by CLARA THWAITES. Music by MYLES B. FOSTER, Organist of the Foundling Hospital.

A Musical Romance. By BEATRICE HARRADEN, B.A.

The Zither Player. A Poem. By SYDNEY GREY. Illustrated by CHARLOTTE HAMPEL.

Christmas Decorations for the Home. By MARY POCOCK.

Miniature Stories.

Beyond the Hills. A Poem. By HELEN MARION BURNSIDE. Illustrated by M. ELLEN EDWARDS.

Poetry of the Snowdrop. By Dr. MACAULAY, Author of "Poetry of the Daisy."

Jewels Rich and Rare. By EMMA BREWER.

Time and Love. A Poem.

Faithful unto Death. A Tale. Founded on Fact. By JOANNA ARMSTRONG.

Christmas Thoughts. A Poem. By SARAH DOUDNEY.

The Heart's Winter. A Poem. By J. R. EASTWOOD. Illustrated by ARTHUR HOPKINS.

A Winter Breakfast Party. By DARLEY DALE. Illustrated

The "Toy Symphony." A Recollected Tale. By JETTY VOGEL.

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The Fairest Flower. A Poem. By WILLIAM LUFF. Illustrated by W. H. J. BOOT and FRANK CARLESS.

Music at Home. By ALEXANDRA THOMSON.

Our Kaffir Pony. A Short Story. By Mrs. CAREY-HOBSON.

John Ruskin and His Life-work.

Base Metal and True Gold. A Complete Story. By Mrs. G. LINNÆUS BANKS. Illustrated by A. LABY.

On a Lamb Sleeping. A Poem. By ANNE BEALE.

A Few Letters from the Editor's "Pigeon-Holes."

The Girl's Own Musical Calendar for 1886.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. VII.—NO. 310. DECEMBER 5, 1885. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

SIBYL.

A TALE OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

"HE NEVER LEFT THE CASTLE BUT HE HAD HIS LITTLE DAUGHTER LIFTED TO HIS SADDLE BOW."

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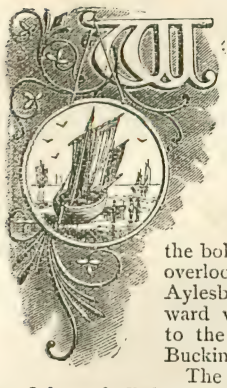
CHAPTER I.

THE CASTLE.



WHEN the weak hand of the third Henry held the sceptre of England, and priest and alien contended which should win the larger share of her rich corn lands and pastures, there rose a powerful castle on one of the bold chalk cliffs which overlook the lovely vale of Aylesbury, and slope backward with a gentle incline to the beech-clad plain of Buckingham.*

The castle had been built by Osborn de Bolebec, a follower of the Conqueror, and much enlarged by his sons Hugh and Walter, so that when it passed with other domains into the hands of William de Valence, created Earl of Pembroke by the loving affection of his half-brother Henry, it was a powerful stronghold, from its position and the strength of its walls well calculated to dominate the fertile country which surrounded it. But the Earl of Pembroke was too wealthy to be able to enjoy all his castles and manors, and his affairs on the Continent often summoned him to his native Poictou, so that he was glad to hand it over in trust to his cousin Aylmer, for whom he also obtained from the king the hand of Eleanour d'Oyley, a wealthy heiress in the neighbourhood, whose fathers had erected a religious house at Missenden on the Chiltern Hills, in gratitude for their deliverance from shipwreck on a return from the Holy Land.

But the times were stormy, and Baron Aylmer was one of those stern warriors who had been bred in arms from his infancy, whose hand was against every man, and every man's hand against him; and when he was now feared by all his neighbours, and full of projects for enlarging his domains and making himself independent of all the world, death overtook him, for he was shot with a cloth-yard shaft between the joints of his armour while engaged in an attempt to dislodge a body of outlaws, who had taken refuge in the woods, and caused much loss and trouble throughout the land.

Baron Aylmer had been a man of mighty thews and sinews, well-skilled in the warfare of that time, and trained in martial exercises. In his youth he had trodden the Syrian Desert with Philip of France, and at that time, perhaps, he might not have been ungrateful to women; but when he became the husband of Eleanour d'Oyley he was already past middle age, and the fair and rather weak-minded heiress found little to gratify either eye or ear in the husband to whom her royal guardian had assigned her. It was hardly to be expected, then, that she should grieve much for him when he was slain. She wept, indeed, as such women weep, with great gushes of noisy grief; and when he was laid in the chapel with his knightly robe about him, and his strong features solemnized by death, the Lady Eleanour, in submission to the entreaties of her old nurse, who had helped to streak the corpse, did come to the door of the chapel to take a last look on her lord; but when she saw the chapel hung with black, and the huge tapers at head and foot of the bier, casting a dim light on the Minorite friars telling their beads as they knelt on either side, her cheek turned pale, and with a loud cry she sank fainting into the arms of her attendants, who half bore, half led her to her chamber.

But Sibyl, her little six years old daughter, who had crept in unobserved at her mother's side, remained standing on the threshold, her dark eyes looking darker than ever, for the pupils were distended and her face pale, almost as pale as that of the silent figure on which she gazed.

"Come away, child," cried Bridget, her nurse, frightened at the steadfastness of her gaze, and trying to draw her away. But Sibyl heeded her not; her eyes were fixed on the face of her dead father, fixed in awe, in wonder, and in love. If Baron Aylmer had been rough to all the world, he had been gentle to his little daughter. The fair young creature, so delicate and sweet, who owed her being to him, like a tender flower shooting from a rugged rock, had been a marvel to him, a sacred trust which might, had he lived, have won him to better things. He never left the castle but he had his little daughter lifted to his saddle bow, and never fastened the vizor of his helmet until he had felt her baby lips upon his cheek, and when he came home from the foray or from the chase it was Sibyl whom his eye first sought on the battlements, for was she not blood of his blood, a true scion of the proud house of Valence?

Sibyl had heard her mother's shrieks when her father was brought home, and she dimly comprehended that he would never again come riding with nodding plume across the drawbridge, but she had not wept; still and awe stricken she had received the caresses of the women, the pitying looks of the men; they knew not why she did not weep, only they feared her exceeding stillness.

"Take her away—take the poor child away!" said Father Eustace, the holy hermit of Cresslow.

And Bridget put her arms about the child to lift her and carry her away; but Sibyl thrust them aside and advanced a step nearer to the bier, her eyes fixed on those motionless lids and on the hands folded on the breast. While the hermit and the nurse looked on anxiously, the Minorite friars paused in telling their beads, and the stern men-at-arms, who stood as sentries at the door, gazed at her in silent awe.

Baron Alymer's staunch hound, Hurlot, who had followed him by flood and field for many a year, and who now lay at his master's feet almost as motionless as he, lifted his large head as the little maid drew near, and turned his sad, wistful eyes upon her, uttering a low moan; and when this sound smote the child's ear she turned her eyes from the corpse to the hound, and, with a great sob, rushed across the chapel floor and fell weeping beside the dog, clasping his soft neck with her little arms, and hiding her face on his shoulder.

It was easy now to lift her from the floor, and Bridget carried her weeping to her chamber, where, laid on soft cushions, the weary heart sobbed itself to sleep and forgot its sorrow for the time.

After Baron Aylmer was laid in the grave, life went on at the castle not brightly or well, but day followed day without any incident worthy of record. It had been early spring when the baron was carried home by his men-at-arms, and the earth had clad herself in beauty, soft winds played among the rustling leaves, the birds sung lustily, and all the earth and air were full of joyous life, as though there were no sorrow in the land.

As Baron Aylmer had left no son, his little daughter was sole heiress of his name and of whatever he possessed; but as he held most of his land in right of his wife, the lady, not unnaturally perhaps, was inclined to take possession of them, and was in no hurry to communicate the tidings of her bereavement either to the king or to the Earl of Pembroke, fearing, as was not improbable, that either of these great personages would at once assume the management of her affairs, might pass her over to some needy follower, or, what would be even less to her taste, relegate her to some convent, where she would be condemned to the society of grave, black-stoled women, and to endless attendance at vespers, primes, and matins.

It was far preferable, in her opinion, to remain mistress in the castle. Baron Aylmer's trusty squire, Robert Passelure, was quite able, she considered, to take care of her and of Sibyl; he had been the baron's right hand, had known his mind as no one else had ever known it, and had caught him in his arms when the fatal arrow pierced his breast; besides, he was a comely, sweet-spoken man, with more deference for a lady's wishes than was common to fighting men. It was he who had procured her the lovely palfrey, with richly chased silver bells, which was the admiration of all beholders, and it was to his care and perseverance she owed it that her horse litter was the most commodious, as well as the handsomest, in the country. It was surely far better, the Lady Eleanour thought, to have good Robert Passelure for a major-domo than to run the risk of having to submit to some creature of the Earl of Pembroke, or to be compelled once more to dance attendance on the court.

Sibyl, it was true, bore no love to Passelure, shrunk from his caresses, and grew pale and silent whenever he appeared; but what could such a child know? She was a proud minion of the true Valence stock, and it would be well that she were schooled to better manners. Between mother and daughter there was unhappily but little sympathy; the child's grave sad looks were a silent protest against the levity with which the lady took her bereavement, for, in good sooth, she would have gladly cast aside her mourning vestments before the leaves got their first autumnal colouring, and thankfully accepted any amusement which the watchfulness of Passelure procured for her; but little Sibyl shrank from the hall when the wandering minstrel told his merry tale or the mountebank performed his marvellous feats. It was her delight to escape from the castle and wander with Bridget by the little river that meandered through alder banks into the valley, to listen to the birds, or see the cottars' children playing in the grass. Nor was Bridget her only companion. Hurlot always bestirred himself to attend her, and with grave dignity followed behind, unless any wild creature of dangerous character came in their way, when he gravely sprung on ahead, and put it to the rout, or destroyed it.

And so the year waxed towards its fulness, the fruits were garnered and winter came with wild sighing winds and deluges of rain, while the trees moaned and the proud banner of de Valence was many a time and oft swept from its place on the castle keep, a sign that boded no good, poor Bridget thought, and not without reason, for the lady was daily more and more under the influence of the squire, who began to bear himself as though he were indeed lord of the castle. Bridget, who loved the little Sibyl as her own soul, was troubled night and day. She had been placed in charge of the child by Baron Aylmer himself, and had been trained by his mother's sister, Margaret Basset, the Beguin, who dwelt among the poor in the city of Westminster, leading a saintly life of charity and devotion. In the castle there was no one with whom Bridget could take counsel, for there had never been much welcome for any grave or saintly person even in the baron's lifetime, and now it was not the pleasure of the lady to encourage anything that could provoke to serious thoughts.

* Buckingham is said to have derived its name from Buckin, a beech tree, in which this region was very prolific. Camden's "Britannia."

The festival of Christmas was approaching, and it chanced one afternoon that Bridget went to the ante-chamber of Lady Eleanour's room to seek a change of apparel for her little lady in the richly wrought cedar chest where the garments were stored; the short day was passing into night, and Bridget's ear, as she bent over the chest, was smitten by the soft voice of Robert Passelure speaking to the Lady Eleanour.

"The child has the heart of her father, lady, be thou sure of that; not a sweet, womanly heart like thine. Sibyl is an iron-willed de Valence, and if she be not trained to better manners she will bind thee with chains stronger than those from which death hath lately freed thee."

"Sibyl is a wilful little maid," conceded the thin, querulous voice of the lady.

"Wilful as a little maid. What thinkest thou she is like to grow to if she be not trained? Harken to me; send her to Glastonbury, to the abbess, Matilda, who will bring her up in pious training which will fit her for the holy life which will best correct her evil nature and save her from harm to come."

"What, Passelure," exclaimed the lady in horror, "shut up the poor child with the cruel Matilda de Burg, the sternest and most dreaded of her order? In truth I die at the thought."

"Then would it be well, thinkest thou, lady, to delay sending no longer the formal tidings of Baron Aylmer's death to the king and to the Earl of Pembroke, that they may assume the guardianship of the child, and appoint some new governor to this castle?"

"Nay, Passelure, frighten me not to death! Thou knowest how I dread the haughty William de Valence; nor should I ever survive it if I were to give up my fortune and my name to another alien, perhaps some Provençal dependant on the queen no better than the Poitevins. And poor Sibyl! better she should go to Glastonbury than be the slave either of a Provençal or a Poitevin. The abbess is my kinswoman, and it may be, as thou sayest, that the poor child should be committed to her care; but, alas the day! to think that I cannot have my own child with me in my widowhood!"

Bridget waited to hear no more. She crept back to the chamber, where the unconscious Sibyl lay in the firelight asleep with her arm round Hurlot's neck.

Bridget laid the fur-lined robe she had brought on the couch, and sat down beside the child to think what she had heard, and the more her thoughts dwelt on the words of Passelure the more her alarm increased. The Lady Eleanour, she knew, had regarded Baron Aylmer more with fear than love, which Bridget felt was perhaps pardonable, for had she not been given to him by the king at the request of his half-brother, the Earl of Pembroke, whom all true Englishmen hated—she a royal ward, well dowered, and inheriting from her Saxon mother, besides her abundant flaxen tresses and blue eyes, rich lands in the valley, which were much more valuable than the sheep-walks of Missenden? Could the fair, self-indulgent lady regard the death of the baron as other than a deliverance? And was she to be blamed if her affection for her little daughter, whose keen eyes and bright black curls were a perpetual reminder of her father, was temperate, and apt to be slightly tinctured with fear? "No," Bridget concluded, and her heart sank within her, "Sibyl was not safe in the castle; she must not be left in the hands of the wily Passelure." If she were once carried away to Glastonbury, who would ever behold her again? And the child, accustomed to the free air and her own sweet will, would pine away and die in those gloomy conventual walls. It must not be. But how to hinder it—to whom to appeal? The castle stood alone on the brow of the hill, and Passelure kept watch and ward night and day; the drawbridge was always raised at sundown. If Passelure once gained the consent of the Lady Eleanour, and Bridget felt that it was almost given already, he was not a man to lose time in carrying out his purpose. It was manifestly his interest to maintain himself in the castle, and to keep the kinsmen of Baron Aylmer ignorant of his decease, for if they once were made aware of it, they would certainly assume the guardianship both of widow and of child, and all chance of advancement to Passelure would be over. While he could maintain the castle in the hands of Lady Eleanour, assuming that she was the natural guardian of her daughter on the principle, as old as the hills, that might is right, he could strengthen himself by every means in his power, and maintain the castle, if need be, against the irresolute king and against the kinsmen of the dead.

The condition of England was such as to give too much encouragement to ambitious adventurers. The king—bound heart and soul to foreigners, both by his more than fraternal affection for his half-brothers, and by his love for his fair Provençal wife and her kinsfolk—was almost at open war with the barons, who were resolute to maintain with him the struggle so successfully carried on by their fathers against the treacherous John; and the citizens of London, always a resolute and firmly compacted body of men, jealous of the favour shown to the queen's foreign retainers, and to the haughty followers of the de Valences, were ripe for mischief, so that Passelure might reasonably hope that if he could only maintain himself for a time, he would find help and alliance with either of the parties between whom the quarrel was ripening, which was to be fought out on the heights of Lewes, when the king and all his chivalry were swept into captivity by the victorious people under the guidance of the brave Simon de Montfort.

All the evils germinating in the England of her day, poor Bridget did not, could not know, but she knew enough to feel that her charge, Sibyl, was not safe in her father's castle, that she ought to be put out of the reach of Passelure; but how to do it—to whom to appeal for protection? These were questions it was hard to answer; and Bridget carried them in her heart all the evening while the little maid took her supper, while she combed her soft hair, heard her simple prayers, and laid her to rest on the couch. Then, when the child's soft breathing assured her that she slept, poor Bridget knelt beside her, and with tears and sighs confided her trouble to Him who can save from castle or from prison walls, and to whom the weakness of man seems often but the occasion of strength.

As Bridget's prayer ceased, and her weary head dropped on the couch, it seemed as though she had laid her burden on One who was able to take it up, for clear and bright, as in a vision, the form of the good hermit Eustace rose before her, and his little dwelling by the willows at Cresslow. Then she fell asleep with her heart at peace, for she knew what she must do, and she felt that help would come to the child.

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

Behind One's Back.—A youngster happened to be playing in the room when his mother and a lady visitor were conversing. Another lady friend called in the meantime, and after she left the two—after the manner of the sex—commenced to discuss her peculiarities very freely. The boy was apparently busy with his toys, but after a little he looked up shrewdly and said to the visitor, "Mrs. Butler, that's the way mamma will talk about *you* when *you* go away!"

Wooing in Haste.

Courtship may sometimes be managed without much waste of time. One day a widower from New York State appeared in Michigan on business, and was making his way to De Witt. When *en route*, he stopped at a log farmhouse to warm his cold fingers. He was welcomed by the farmer and his wife, both of whom were well up in years, and after some general talk, the woman asked—

"Am I right in thinking you are a widower?"

"Yes."

"Did you come out here to find a wife?"

"Partly."

"Did anybody tell you of our Susie?"

"No."

"Well, we've got as bouncing a girl of twenty-two as you ever sat eyes on. She's good looking, healthy, and good-tempered, and I think she'll like your looks."

"Where is she?"

"Over in the woods there, chopping down a coon-tree. Shall I blow the horn for her?"

"No; if you'll keep an eye on my horse, I'll find her."

"Well, there's nothing stuck-up or affected about our Susie. She'll say 'Yes' or 'No' as soon as she looks at you. If you want her, don't be afraid to say so."

The stranger heard the sound of Susie's axe, and followed it. He found her just as the tree was ready to fall. She answered her mother's description, and was swinging her axe like a man. In two minutes he was saying, "Susie, I'm a widower from New York State; I'm thirty-nine years old, have one child, own a good farm, and I want a wife. Will you go back home with me?"

She leaned on the axe, gave a glance at him, and then answered—

"Can't say for certain; just wait till I get these coons off my mind."

The tree was sent crashing to earth, and with his help she killed five coons, which were stowed away in a hollow.

"Well, what do you say?" he asked, as they made an end of the last coon.

"I'm yours," was the reply, "and by the time you get back *from De Witt* I'll have the skins off these coons and be ready for the preacher."

He returned to the house, told the old folks that he would bring the preacher back with him, and at dusk the twain were married. Hardly an hour had been wasted in courting, yet he took home one of the best girls in the State of Michigan.

Happy Marriages.—I have seen a good deal of husbands and wives in my time, and if I have any faculty of observation, it has generally led to the conclusion that the happiest marriages are those in which the bride, when she comes to the altar rails, has in the way of the world's goods precisely what she stands upright in, and no more.—*George A. Sala.*

A Daughter's Criticism.—A lady was singing the other week at a charity concert, and the audience insisted upon hearing her song a second time. Her daughter, a little child, was present, and, on being asked afterwards how her mamma had sung, replied, "Very badly, for they made her do it all over again."

Good Books.—A good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life.—*Milton.*

YELLOW ROSE.

MIRROR PAINTING.

PART I.

THERE are few decorative paintings whose fortunes have been so changeable as that of oil painting upon mirrors. Many of our readers probably never heard of such an art until specimens of it deluged the London shops; and the work so freely there exhibited is not always conducive to fostering a taste for the production, the glaring colours and the stiff designs being far from artistic or reposeful, and quite at variance with the mirror painting of the seventeenth century, of which it is a revival.

Mirror painting was then practised in Italy, Holland, and Belgium by many artists, amongst whom Forani and Carlo Maratti were famous, while in the eighteenth century Jean Baptiste Monnoyer was equally skilful with his brush, and either painted the mirrors at Versailles and the one in Kensington Palace, or employed others to do so. In remote Italian villas, in Venice, in the Borghese and Pitti Palaces the works of old masters are still to be met with, and the exquisite wreaths of vine leaves carried by children, and the ideal rendering of classical subjects there painted, show to what a perfection the art was once brought and what is the right aim of modern workers.

In the ancient style the idea was not to produce a realistic copy of the growth of a single flower and to colour this with the utmost brightness in the painter's power, but every flower was coloured naturally, and with great fidelity as to form and shading, and arranged either as groups, garlands, or as accessories to a composition, with the colouring broken up and balanced; not one or two glaring contrasts used, but several soft tones blended together.

This style is the one suitable for imitation and for the brilliant background of a mirror; a background that will not give the repose and softness to a design that painted backgrounds can be made to, and that needs the colouring of the chosen subject to be pure and soft as well as rich.

Thus in old work the flowers are chiefly pink, cream white, yellow, rich damask, violet, mauve or pale blues; the leaves greens, shading to grey, yellow reds, bronzes, and autumn hues; the fruit grouped as regards its colour with the same attention that would be paid to the same upon a canvas ground; and the figures, when used, that of children or cupids, whose warm flesh tints and light graceful drapery present no violent contrast, and can dispense with a coloured background.

This feeling for harmony between the painting and the surface used is much overlooked by modern artists, with the exception of Mr. Gullick (to whom we owe the reintroduction of the work into England), and the prevailing desire is that the subject shall be replete with crude colour, shall contrast with the background, and bring that in as part of the work; and therefore every combination of bulrushes and water-lilies is painted—not to be despised in themselves, but generally badly drawn and hastily coloured. Kingfishers, painted because of their bright plumage; poppies, corn, and daisies together, for their sharp contrasts of pure scarlet, white, and yellow against the silver ground; and other subjects selected with the same motive, grouped without any notion of composition, and painted, in very many instances, without the care that the same work would require and receive if executed upon canvas.

Contrast such work with that of the old masters. In some we see cupids at play in a vineyard, tearing the rich clusters from the vines, climbing the branches and swinging merrily upon the boughs, or bearing along heavily-laden branches and squeezing out the delicate juice while their companions attempt to steal it from them. Again, we have children sporting with birds or butterflies, chasing each other, pelting with rose-leaves, crowning the favourite with garlands, &c., and in whatever attitude, unconstrained, joyous, and beautiful. When flowers and fruit are treated from a cornucopia or overturned jar, they will spread over the picture, or be wreathed in garlands, or carelessly arranged, and only those of graceful growth painted, trailing over the space with birds and butterflies flying about them. For the groups the most beautiful and varied blossoms that can be picked upon a summer's day will be selected, not for their intense colouring, but for their soft hues and half-tints. Thus masses of roses of every shade are grouped together, and carnations, peonies, hollyhocks, pansies, or anemones brought into requisition, and a flower very rarely shown growing singly, but arranged with others that blend or softly contrast with it.

It is this artistic description of painting that should be followed, as it is the only one that will permanently please, and we strongly advise anyone anxious to attempt the work to study the two styles, and if the old manner of painting and grouping is beyond their present artistic powers, to copy from groups resembling those of the old masters, until sufficiently advanced to design in the same way. Every beginner ought to bear in mind that more is learnt from a faithful copy than by painting a crude design, and that until a just sense of grouping and colouring is attained, copying (if the work is to be exhibited) is better than originality, which should be fostered by studies from nature, and by pictures kept in the artist's studio.

Mirror painting is not a difficult art; the materials are not expensive, and the work is fascinating. The glass used for backgrounds, oil-colours, or prepared enamel colours, brushes, and a peculiar medium, are the requisites. The oils are the ordinary tube colours used in oil painting; or enamel colours, a specially prepared paint sold by Mr. Gullick, mixed with less linseed oil than ordinary colours, and claiming to be of purer tone and more durable than paints ground in oil. The mediums used to fix the colours to the background are either Gullick's medium, Pearse's sosicrystallograph, and a medium sold by the Society of Arts. These mediums are used, like any other megilp, with

the oils, but they are specially prepared for the work, as they fix the colour and dry it, and allow of the finished picture being carefully washed or rubbed with chamois leather without damage. Paints used with the ordinary megilp made for oil painting on canvas remain wet a long time, can be easily removed with turpentine or scraped off with a knife, but the specially prepared mediums lock up the colour securely.

The mirror-glass used is silver-plated and bevelled. The bevelled edges are not absolutely required, but they make the work look richer. The glass need not be new, and many old mirrors that are blemished or dimmed by time are given a new lease of life with this kind of decoration—the only difference in using them to working on new glass being that the painting must be designed so as to be carried over and cover up the spots and defective quicksilver. Looking-glasses in tarnished frames are often to be bought for nominal prices, and clever fingers can soon make such articles into serviceable drawing-room ornaments by cleaning them up and decorating them.

The articles of furniture that mirror-painting can decorate are now much more varied than in the olden time. In those days large square or oval mirrors were the only objects. These allowed of grand designs, but they were expensive and would be too large for some modern drawing-rooms, and they are now supplemented with single square glasses used for fire-screens, folding-screens with three divisions, long narrow glasses let into the sides of overmantels, oval mirrors used as the backs of girandoles, and round and small mirrors, set in velvet, as wall ornaments. Besides these, there are door-panels and door-plates, cabinet-doors of all sizes, glass fitted in recesses or fireplaces, and glass used for the tops of small ornamental tables or boxes, and other decorative objects. The frames or settings of these articles are of importance, as they frequently are decorated with a part of the design, if they are of a material that will take colour. If the frame is of Salviati's glass, of plush or velvet, the whole picture is contained within the mirror; but when the frame is made of broad wood and coloured ebony, white, green, or light oak, or is of a composition that can be gilded, or a real wood, like oak, that will show its grain though gilded, advantage is taken of such surfaces, and part of the design there painted. When the frames are thus decorated, it is only partially; thus the drooping boughs of a flowering shrub or tree fall across the mirror and end on one side of the frame, garlands of roses are caught up high on the right of the frame, and the ends fall down along that side; but the garlands do not droop over in other places, and when groups of flowers are painted, detached blossoms, falling petals, flights of butterflies, and single birds are the details most appropriate for the frames. By the exercise of judgment the extra space acquired by continuing the design from the mirror to the frame breaks up any monotony or stiffness, and gives breadth to the subject; but the chief part of a picture is never taken out of the centre, and only lesser incidents and small details so arranged.

The commencement of mirror painting, if the work is to be an original composition, is the drawing and painting upon plain paper of a copy. This is necessary, as by so doing the design can be tried in the position it is to occupy, the chosen colours criticised, and the arrangements of the work altered before much labour is lost. Another reason for this first sketch is that natural flowers will not last long enough to be painted in oils as one connected group; but their effect can be seized in water-colour while they are still fresh, and the artist can work in each detail with new flowers without injury to the complete effect, as the sketch of the whole is always at hand. The copy once taken, it is always at hand for a new painting, and saves the disheartening result of finding a finished colouring spoilt from some detail or incongruity in the composition being overlooked.

The copy taken, lay over it some fresh tissue paper, and trace upon this all the chief lines; rub the glass thoroughly to clean it, either with spirits of turpentine and a chamois leather, or cover it with wet whiting and rub this away when dry with the leather; polish the surface well, and leave it quite clear. To transfer the design to the glass, lay it upon the mirror with red carbonised paper between it and the glass, and with a finely-pointed pencil follow all the outlines—not pressing hard upon the surface, but enough to reproduce the traced lines as faint red ones on the glass; raise up the paper now and again to see that the lines are made, but do not, on any pretext, disarrange the papers, as a true copy can only be hoped for by keeping them quite steady. The faint red lines will rub out if not secured. Dip a reed pen in lithographic ink, and work over all the lines with this, correcting them by the copy where necessary, and adding leaves, tendrils, centres of flowers, and other details that are not sufficiently marked to require tracing. Some artists do not use the red carbonised paper, but chalk the back of the tracing over with very finely-ground black or white chalk, then lay it on the mirror and go over it as before mentioned. The advantage of using the chalk is that there is only one paper to secure while tracing, and therefore not so much likelihood of its slipping; the disadvantage is that when pressing down the lines on to the mirror the powdered chalk comes off on to the surface and mars the clean, glistening glass.

While tracing, the mirror should not be touched more than can be helped; it is, therefore, laid flat on the table, and the hand marking over the lines raised from the surface by being supported by a hand-rest. These hand-rests are used in china painting, and are made of a long, thin piece of wood raised upon a foot placed at each end. The length of the rest will depend upon the size of the mirror—the height is not more than an inch to an inch and a half. When the tracing is accomplished, the inking-in can be done with the help of a hand-rest if the glass is a small one, but if it is of a large size, the glass is placed upon a strong easel and the hand, while tracing, supported with a mahl-stick.

The design secured, the next step is its colouring. In order to help in this most important matter, we intend to give directions as to the colours required when painting some of the well-known flowers; as, although it is impossible entirely to teach painting by theory, anyone with some knowledge of oils and with a natural flower or a reliable copy of the same before them and our instructions will be able to produce a very good painting. The natural flower will show the worker where the shadows, half-lights, and full lights fall, the directions will give the mixing of colours to produce the tints matching these, and the worker's own taste and knowledge will mix and lay on these colours in the proper places.

Taking an easy subject as a first painting, commence with the tail-piece at the end of this article. This is a description of wild narcissus well known to our soldiers quartered at Gibraltar, as it grows in abundance up the steep sides of the Rock, is in full bloom at Christmas time, and with scarlet geraniums and maidenhair fern is the decoration of all the garrison chapels upon Christmas Day. The design is either intended to be painted upon a glass door-plate the size given, or slightly enlarged and used for small hand-mirrors. The flowers are white with yellow centres, leaves dark green and sheath a faded yellow. The paints used are flake white, black, chrome No. 1, chrome No. 2, yellow ochre, burnt sienna, Antwerp blue, and raw sienna.

To paint the petals. For the very highest lights use white; for all medium tones white mixed with chrome No. 1, to give it a slightly green tinge; for deep shadows, white, black, and chrome No. 1, with more chrome than black for secondary shadows. Paint the inner corolla with chrome and white; for high lights pure chrome No. 2; for middle tones and shadows glaze the shadows when dry with burnt sienna; for the faded sheath work with yellow ochre, shade with black and raw sienna mixed as a green, and work in the wrinkles with pure raw sienna. For the leaves, mix chrome No. 1, Antwerp blue, and white for high lights; for dark shades, black and deep chrome, and soften the two extremes into each other with the addition of Antwerp blue. Make any background leaves of a blue-grey shade, in order to heighten the effect of the foreground greens and bring out the design.

In mentioning the mixing of colours it must be understood that a little medium is mixed with each.

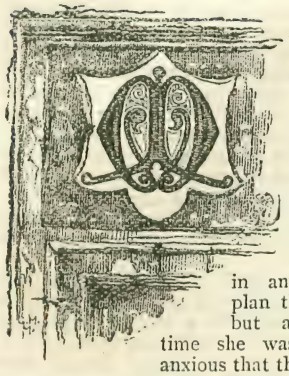
B. C. SAWARD.

WILD NARCISSUS.

WINTER EVENINGS AT HOME.

STAY-AT-HOME GIRLS.

By DORA HOPE.



RS. MAYHEW was delighted that her daughters should begin to take an interest in their poorer neighbours, and was always ready to help them in any benevolent plan they took up; but at the same time she was exceedingly anxious that they should not become so absorbed in their new occupations as to neglect their own family, and especially their brothers. She knew how many young men have been driven to finding their pleasures away from home because nothing has been done to make home attractive to them; and she knew, too, how much of the cheerfulness and life of a house depends always upon the conduct of the sisters in it; so she took every opportunity of reminding Nannie and Elsie that they were to a great extent responsible for the happiness of their brothers.

Jack, the medical student, was a warm-hearted, affectionate young fellow, always ready to do anybody a kindness, but not particularly devoted to hard work, and with a very decided objection to dull, quiet evenings at home; in fact, he very soon tired even of the musical evenings which always contented his older and more steady-going brother, Ronald; so that Mrs. Mayhew was especially anxious that the girls should make the house cheerful for him.

One morning, as he was starting for his train to town, Jack turned back to tell his mother that he wanted to bring a fellow-student home with him from Saturday till Monday. She willingly agreed, adding—

"I know I can trust you, my boy, to bring someone we shall like."

"He's a very nice fellow, has no relations here and very few friends, and I think he's awfully lonely sometimes." Jack knew this statement would touch his mother's heart. "We will take the boat and go a spin up the river, and be in at the usual time," he added, as he ran down the garden path and jumped the little gate at the bottom. It was one of Jack's peculiarities that he never had time to open that gate in the morning. Early rising was not his strong point, and he invariably got through his breakfast with a speed which ought to have ruined his digestion, and started off running to the station after all sensible people were already on the platform.

His friend, Mr. Morton, proved to be a silent, rather shy young man. He was some years older, and further on in his studies than Jack, and so unlike him in every way that his sisters wondered what could have attracted them to each other.

They had a game of chess together in the evening; but on this occasion Jack had the best of it for Mr. Morton's eyes and thoughts wandered round the room from Ronald and Elsie, who were softly, but diligently, practising a difficult passage in a duet between violin and piano, to Mrs. Mayhew and Miss Massingham, who were earnestly discussing some new benevolent project—Mrs. Mayhew emphasising her words with expressive flourishes of her knitting-needle and Miss Massingham eagerly agreeing. From them his glance passed to Mr. Mayhew, tracing out a difficult geological problem, with coloured maps and portentous reports; but it dwelt longest on the sofa where Jeannette lay, her fingers busy with soft, warm knitting, while she merrily joined Mr. Lethbridge in teasing Nannie about her last pet, a miserable little dog which she had rescued from its tormentors and brought home. It was forbidden to come into the drawing-room, but it had managed to creep in unperceived, and was now in a state of abject penitence and terror, shivering when anyone looked at it, and at every movement towards it, turning at once on to its back with four quivering, supplicating legs in the air. "You can see," Nannie was saying, "that it has been very badly treated, and always expects a blow or a kick; I must educate it by love."

"You should strengthen its nerves with a cold bath every morning," suggested Mr. Lethbridge.

"And give him a tonic," added Jeannette.

But Mr. Morton's attention was recalled by Jack, and he heard no more till the game was finished, when they joined the group round Jeannette's couch and found a lively discussion going on about winter evening amusements—especially cards.

"I have played at home all my life," said Miss Massingham, "and have only lately found out how many people object to them."

"Papa was brought up very strictly," explained Jeannette, "and even now he will never play; but he has always left each of us at liberty to decide for ourselves as we grow old enough; but of course we know he does not like seeing the cards, so we do not often play at home."

"Well, for my part," said Mrs. Mayhew, "I do not much like cards; but if my boys must play, I would far rather they should do it at home with their sisters and myself than that they should have to go out to find partners, so I am always ready to take a hand."

"I think," said Miss Massingham, thoughtfully, "before I taught boys to play cards I would make them promise never to play for money."

"Why teach them at all, then, if it needs such a safeguard?" asked Jeannette. "I would have nothing to do with such a dangerous game."

"Because there is no other game worth playing after whist," replied Miss Massingham. "What do you think?" she added, turning to Ronald.

"I quite agree with you that no other games can quite take the place of cards," he replied; "but I see so much gambling in the train every morning and evening, and there are such a lot of weak-minded fellows who are too weak to refuse when they are asked to put a little money on the game, that I have made up my mind not to play any more at all; and, besides, I don't really care for it."

He spoke earnestly, and the colour mounted to his face, for he had only lately come to this resolution, and had never spoken of it before.

"Nonsense!" said Jack, astonished and rather angry; "you are never going to be such a duffer, Ronald. Why, what will you do when you are out with other fellows? You'll never hear the last of it; and there's no danger of you turning gambler."

"I quite agree with your brother, Jack," put in Mr. Morton, in a rather hesitating voice. "Gambling has been a temptation to me; and I know from my own experience how much easier it would be to keep clear of it if there were a few more fellows like your brother, with resolution enough to give it up altogether, and to let the other fellows know it."

This, coming from his friend, had great weight with Jack, and Miss Massingham, who seemed a good deal touched by Mr. Morton's confession, said, "I never thought of it as being a help or hindrance to anyone else; I think I had better give it up too. But what can all you young people do with yourselves in the long winter evenings without cards?"

"That's just it," responded Jack. "Morton is quite right: gambling does lead fellows into a lot of things they had better keep clear of, and I don't know that it isn't as well to keep one's own home free from the taste for cards; but what on earth are we to do? Elsie and Ronald would like to have music every night and all night, but Nannie and I don't care for more than three whole evenings of it a week. I have taught Nannie to play chess, and she plays very well already for a girl, but even chess palls in time."

Nannie did not say how she had disliked chess at first, and how many struggles with herself it had needed before she began to like the game, and to enjoy a battle with Jack. But she glanced up with an expressive little smile of gratification to her faithful confidante Jeannette, who was replying to Jack's arguments.

"I know I cannot contribute much to the amusement of the family," she said, "so perhaps I ought not to speak, but I should like to suggest that we try just for a month to see if we can't do quite as well without cards. You see, Miss Massingham, we already manage to spend a great many of our evenings without them. For one thing, most of our family are fond of reading; even Jack likes someone to read aloud when he has any microscopical mounting to do, or has one of his spasmodic fits of painting. Ronald does not care for listening unless he has some music to copy at the same time, but he is always ready to read aloud, and of course mother and we girls have always needlework of some sort in hand."

"See," said Nannie, aside to Mr. Lethbridge, as she touched the embroidered mantel-board, "in my mind Uncle Remus's tales are worked into this corner, and here we were reading 'The Lady of the Lake.' That little piece is 'The Tempest;' we had the songs in it sung and played, you know. And along here papa was reading extracts from Darwin's 'Earthworms.' Needlework helps one to remember wonderfully."

"But, of course," Jeannette went on, "there are many people who do not care for music, and dislike reading aloud. It is more difficult for them to amuse themselves."

"When we feel very frivolous," said Elsie, "we have paper games—some of them are great fun—drawing games, and critiques, and adjective and adverb games, and dumb-crambo, and ever so many more."

"How do you play? I do not know any of these," asked Miss Massingham.

"We have two kinds of drawing games—one is rather babyish. We each have a piece of paper and sketch the beginning of something on it and pass it on. The next person—not knowing how you intended to complete the sketch—adds a little to it and passes it on; and so on with each paper all round the table, and when it comes back you would not recognise it if you had not put some sort of mark in the corner. We generally reserve that game for when we have children here. For the other games, we decide upon some particular kind of subject—say an incident in English history, or a line from a well known poem. Then each one draws an illustration, without mentioning the subject, and passes the paper round the table, and each person, in turn, writes underneath what she thinks it represents. It has to be written at the bottom and folded over, so that no one knows what the person before has guessed. When all these papers have got back to their original owners again, each one opens her paper, states what the subject really was, and reads out all the guesses. Sometimes they are rather amusing, especially if there are any waggish members of the party who make jokes, like Jack did last night; his picture was a man poking about amongst a lot of laundresses' wash-tubs; and after we had guessed all manner of sensible things, he told us it was King John losing his regalia in the Wash."

"But so few people could draw well enough for that game." interrupted Miss Massingham.

"Oh, yes, that is just the beauty of it—the worse people draw, the better the game is; good artists generally make it too evident what the subject really is. I can't draw at all; so, if my design is very complicated, I have to resort to labelling the things—'moon,' 'mountain,' and so on. Then there is——Oh! you describe the adjective game, Jeannie, as you always write the story."

"Write a story! I never did such a thing in my life," exclaimed Miss Massingham. "I am sure that game would be no use to us."

"My stories are not always original," said Jeannette; "I generally copy a little anecdote from a book, or, still better, part of some very matter-of-fact statement—perhaps out of a political speech, from a newspaper—and leave a space before each noun and verb. No one knows what I have written, but I ask each, in turn, to give me either an adjective or adverb—whichever I happen to require—till one has been filled in to each vacant space in my narrative, and then I read it aloud."

"But it must make sheer nonsense—doesn't it?"

"Sometimes it is rather pointless; but very often the adjectives happen to fit in remarkably well—particularly if I give a hint beforehand of the kind of statement I have written—either that it is political, or literary, or simply an anecdote. Our leading politicians sometimes make the most extraordinary statements in this game."

"And what do you mean by 'critiques?' It sounds very learned," asked Mr. Lethbridge.

"Oh dear no, it is very easy, or I should never play it," responded Nannie; "but of course it is not a children's game—they don't see any point in it. It is something like the old game of consequences, and is played in just the same way, We each have a sheet of paper, and each write the name of an imaginary book and fold the paper over so that the name cannot be seen. Then each paper is passed to the next person, who writes a secondary title. For instance, one may have written as a title, 'Thoughts from My Diary,' and the next 'Every Man His Own Undertaker.' Then the paper is folded as before, and passed to the next person, who writes a motto for the book, and the next adds a critique from a well-known newspaper and puts the name of the paper at the end: if you can hit the style of the paper, all the better. I am not good at that myself, but the way Jeannie imitates the condescendingly superior style of some reviewers is really very fine. Then we have another critique. Of course nobody knows the name of the book they are writing about, so the criticisms are generally absurdly inappropriate. We generally let one person read them all out together at the end, like consequences."

"It seems so cold-blooded to talk of games without playing them. When we have a lot of people here we nearly always have a game or two of clumps," said Ronald; "but I am afraid there are not enough of us to-night."

"I am sorry to seem so ignorant," said Miss Massingham, "but I do not even know how to play clumps."

"It is a very simple game, but a general favourite; even my father takes a scientific interest in the methods of finding out what has been thought of. We divide the whole party into groups, or 'clumps,' and one person from each clump is sent out of the room. Then those who are out think of something—for children, of course, you would choose an easy subject—some person they all know, or some particular ornament in the room; but older people can find out the most unlikely things. We have had 'Nelson's first thought on the morning of the Battle of Trafalgar,' and 'the particular draught of cold wind in church which had given Elsie a cold.' When they have decided on something, each one goes back to a clump (not the one they belonged to), and the point of the game is to see which clump can first find out what was thought of. The members of it may ask any question they like of the one who has been out, but he must never answer more than 'yes' or 'no.'"

"We might have a game of 'man and object,'" said Jeannette, "and then Miss Massingham would see how to play 'clumps,' as they are so much alike. It is just the same, only that we are one large clump instead of several small ones, and we send two people out instead of one."

So Jack and Nannie were sent out, and as they had to think of a person and a thing in some way connected with him, they decided that Jack should be William Rufus, and Nannie the arrow with which he was shot. When they went in they took chairs in the middle of the room, and everyone in turn asked them each a question, and the subject being such an easy one they were very soon found out.

The evening altogether passed so quickly, in spite of having no cards, that the same party met a good many times during the winter; but even when the family were quite alone they managed to pass very merry evenings.

Sometimes they played one of the endless poetry games. Their favourite form of it was the old "capping rhymes." One person began with a line of poetry, the next had to give another line to rhyme with it; it might be either original or not. In another variety, the first recited a couplet, and the next another couplet, beginning with either the first or the last letters of the previous one. For instance, if the first one quoted—

"Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corpse to the ramparts we hurried,"

the next one would have to find a couplet beginning with either the letter "N" or "D."

Then for writing poetry they each had a slip of paper, and each wrote a question at the top, turned it down, and handed it to the next person, who wrote a noun. After this the papers were shuffled, and each drew one and had to write a verse of poetry answering the question on the paper he had drawn, and bringing in the noun. Another form of the game was arranged in the same way, only that the first person wrote two words rhyming with one another, and the next two more, so that each person had to write four lines of poetry ending with the four words on the paper he received. For instance, the first might write "wait" and "bait," and the second "thrush" and "brush," so that the person who drew it would find rhyming endings for four lines of poetry.

Another favourite game, called "conglomerations," was played thus:—A word was fixed upon, which each one wrote at the top of his slip of paper—say "Switzerland"—then each tried who could make the most words beginning with "s" out of it, but using no letters that were not in the original word, such as "sit," "swan," "stand," and so on. When all the words beginning with "s" were exhausted they went on to the next letter, "w," and so on *through the word*. Five minutes were generally allowed for each letter. At the end one person calls out the words she has beginning with "s." At every word she pauses, and those who have not that word in their list must hold up their hands; if two people have not thought of it, all those who have it take two marks; if four, they take four marks, and so on, and at the end all the marks are counted, and the one with the highest number wins the game.*

In addition to all these games, some delightful evenings were spent with the scientific instruments Jack and Mr. Morton brought down occasionally; and when they had visits from children Ronald would delight them by taking their shadow portraits. He pinned a sheet of paper on to the wall, and made one of the children stand close to it, so that a candle which Elsie held would throw the shadow of the child's profile on to the paper. Ronald drew the outline of this with a pencil or chalk, and by afterwards adding a few strokes for the hair, eyes, and ear, often succeeded in getting quite a striking likeness.

They had many other amusements, which it would take too long to describe; but before the winter was over Jack acknowledged, in a confidential chat with Jeannette, that he had no idea one's own family could be so interesting, and that, after all, he thought he would not bother his father any more to let him take lodgings in town.

This desirable end had not been brought about without any self-sacrifice on the part of the girls, who often practised with Ronald or played chess with Jack when they would much rather have done something else; but Jeannette encouraged them by reminding them that our Lord tells us that if anyone would follow Him he must deny himself, and that it is just as true self-denial to give up finishing a piece of fancywork, or reading the end of a story, in order to please one's own brother or sister as it is to bear real suffering and persecution

(To be continued.)

* This game was more fully explained on page 148 of this volume.—Ed.

"'YOU'LL FORGIVE ME FOR PREACHING, MISTRESS, WILL YE NOT?'"

ACROSS THE SNOW.

[See page 153.

ACROSS THE SNOW.

By ARTHUR CLIVE.

SWEET Minnie May, the skies were grey,
The old church road was white,
When o'er the waste you came in haste,
A vision of delight;
Your hazel eyes were bright and clear,
Your soft cheeks all aglow,
A maiden fair, with golden hair,
You tripped across the snow.

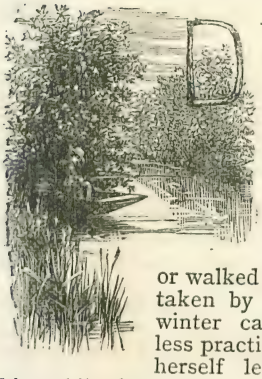
Ah, Minnie May, the well-known way
Is gay with summer now;
The lark sings high in yon blue sky,
The hawthorn decks the bough;
But I could welcome angry winds,
And dark clouds hanging low,
If glad and free you came to me
Once more across the snow.

The years fly fast, and yet the past
For ever will remain;
In faith I wait till kindly fate
Shall send you back again;
Let all the trees be gaunt and bare,
And bitter storm-winds blow,
If Minnie May will come some day
Once more across the snow!

ONLY A GIRL-WIFE.

By RUTH LAMB, Author of "Her Own Choice," &c.

CHAPTER IX.



DURING the first months of her married life, Mrs. Crawford often accompanied her husband in his rounds, and waited for him in the carriage with a book, or walked on to be overtaken by it. But when winter came, this was less practicable, and Ida herself less fit to join him, whilst feeling his frequent absences more and more.

In his affectionate consideration for his girl-wife, Dr. Crawford had been a little too anxious to make her first essay at housekeeping as easy as possible. He knew her to be absolutely ignorant of domestic matters, and that she had never been called on to think or plan for others.

"She will be in good hands," thought the doctor; "Jean Graham will put her in the way of things, and a sense of her own responsibility as the mistress of a home will come gradually and naturally; only give her time."

But time did not effect much change in this respect. Mrs. Crawford was only too well satisfied to let household cares rest on the faithful shoulders of Jean Graham, who was the very essence of capability. Jean had first come to Shelverton, a girl of sixteen, to serve Mrs. Fereday, and with strong recommendations from Andrew Crawford's parents, and had been twelve years at Steynes-Cote when her mistress died. By this event Jean was placed at the head of the household. She had "just guided the house," as she expressed it, until Master Andrew should bring home a proper mistress.

Contrary both to her expectations and wishes, she was allowed to guide it still; for, though Mrs. Crawford nominally took the reins, it was Jean's head that planned and her hands that directed, so that all ran smoothly as before. Jean felt a certain awe of her fair young mistress, because she was "a high born lady," but this was mingled with a sense of pity for her utter ignorance of domestic affairs.

"I cannot make out what her folks must have been thinking of," mused Jean. "They have taught her just nothing. Why, by all accounts, the very daughters of the Queen, when they were bits o' things, used to play at housekeeping and guide a little cottage they had, doing their cleaning and cooking with their own hands. Food tastes sweet when it's flavoured with work, and a spread table has a bonny look in the eyes of those that have planned the dishes, to say nothing of cooking them. It's no letting down to the most high-born lady to know how the homeliest things are done. They were grand housekeepers in the old Bible times, when Sarah was not ashamed, at the bidding of Abraham, to knead the meal and bake the cakes."

Day by day Jean went to receive orders from her mistress, and always with the same result. There would be a pretence at consultation, then Mrs. Crawford would say with her winning smile, "Do what you think will be best, Jean. Everything is certain to be right if you arrange it, for you know what Dr. Crawford likes far better than I do."

"Indeed, mem, I'm much obliged to you," Jean would say, drawing herself up with a gratified air. "It's pleasant to be trusted, but, all the same, I am not afraid of every corner being looked into. And would it not be well for ye, mem, to learn the doctor's likings, and for your own satisfaction to look round a wee bit more and cast up the accounts at the week end?"

"I am quite satisfied, Jean. Even Mrs. Prattely's lovely house is not more beautifully kept than mine. Besides," she added, with that musical laugh of hers, "if everything were not right you would not be so anxious for me to examine the corners and reckon with you for every halfpenny. No, no, Jean, I am not clever at proverbial sayings, but there is one which Dr. Crawford

often uses when people want him to give them medicine for imaginary ailments. It is, 'Let well alone.' I mean to act upon it with you."

Jean Graham had a very soft heart under a somewhat rugged outside, and when Mrs. Crawford smiled in her face she was as wax in the delicate hands that were of so much less use in the world than were her work-hardened ones. She felt as though she had not only the house to guide, but a beautiful child to care for. The faithful woman would have scorned to take the smallest advantage of her young mistress's easy-going trustfulness, which, though complimentary, sorely disappointed Jean. How to rouse Mrs. Crawford into taking her rightful place was a problem that she was constantly striving to solve, but every effort was answered by increased assurances of confidence.

"If it were anybody else but you, Jean, I should see to things. With you it would be time wasted," Mrs. Crawford would say.

"Had ye not better begin with me, mem? Then, whoever comes after, ye will be in the way of doing it."

"Surely you are not going to leave me now, Jean," said her mistress, with a look of dismay.

"Indeed, no, mem, I'm not meaning to leave ye; but life is uncertain, and ye should be ready to take the guiding of things if I were called."

Mrs. Crawford's brow cleared. Was that all? The idea of Jean conjuring up such a bugbear to frighten her with! She was ready to laugh as she looked at her maid's solemn face, and she said, "Why, Jean! you talk as if you were seventy, instead of being a fine, hale young woman of twenty-nine. You are actually a little younger than Dr. Crawford."

"That's true. But, mem, we must mind that the stones in the churchyard have all ages on them, and the prayer, 'So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom,' fits you, my bonny young lady, that are only just into the twenties, as well as it does me, that am getting close to the thirties, or the folk that are older than both our ages put together. Surely it fits us better than it would suit the three score years and ten. It would be almost too late to begin numbering our days then, when we had passed the regular span of human life."

"Well, Jean, now you have done preaching I will take a line out of that same Book, and remind you that 'Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof.'"

"And that's true enough," returned Jean, reverently. "There's always plenty of ill to battle with, and we want more than our own strength to come off conquerors; but we may be quite sure we can never get too much of good into any one day, or start learning a right lesson too soon. You'll forgive me for preaching, mistress, will ye not?"

"You are a dear, good creature, Jean. I don't know what I should do without you," replied Mrs. Crawford, warmly. "But you must go on as you have done a little longer; I cannot begin new ways just yet."

The trusty servant left her mistress's presence, wiping her eyes, and thinking to herself, "There'll be a change by-and-by: she will have something to think for and take up her spare time. There's wonderful wisdom and staidness often comes to a young mother along with a baby. It brings these with it, as well as the love, the poor bit thing!"

Certainly the arrival of the baby girl brought a vast sense of riches to Jean herself, and there were glad tears in her eyes when the doctor said that he hoped the little one would be called after her late beloved mistress.

"God grant that the babe may be like her both in ways and name," she said, as Dr. Crawford bent to kiss the little face of his first-born.

"If she does, she will resemble a good woman, Jean; but I think her face is like her mother's."

Jean laughed.

"Eh, Master Andrew," she replied, lapsing into the old familiar name; "we aye see in a new bairn's face the image of that we love best. Ye're no clearer sighted than the rest o' folk, if ye can find your leddy's likeness in the bit red thing before ye."

The doctor echoed Jean's laugh.

"I daresay you are right, Jean," he said. "Little Grace will have to be very fair to resemble her mother, and very good to be worthy of the name I hope she will bear."

Dr. Crawford said "I hope," because the question of the baby's name had not yet been mooted between his wife and himself. When it was, he was not a little disappointed to hear Ida say, "No, Andrew, we must not call her by such an old-fashioned name. I never liked it, and I am afraid I have cared less for it lately, because I have heard so much of Mrs. Fereday's perfections from everybody who knew her. The name repeated, in baby's case, would sound like a perpetual reproach to me."

The words were lightly said, but they pained him who heard them. At once he resolved that the little one should not be called after his aunt.

"The child shall not bear the name of her I so loved and honoured if the sound of it is to be less sweet in her mother's ears than in mine," thought he. He said nothing of the feeling of pain engendered by Ida's careless words, and even in his mind he did not blame her for them. Love is ever ready with excuses, and Dr. Crawford had one ready for his wife, and said to himself, "She never knew Aunt Grace, or she would now feel as I do."

To Ida the doctor said, "Choose any name you like. With that one exception, all names are pretty much the same to me."

"Then we will call her Doris, for I think our little baby is the most precious of gifts," replied Ida. And the matter was settled.

Baby Doris was just a fortnight old on Mrs. Crawford's twenty-first birthday, and then the doctor pointed triumphantly to the pink and white face, and asked Jean who had been right about the likeness.

Ida was lying on a couch in her room, in the daintiest of invalid wrappers, and looking more beautiful than ever. Rather too beautiful, thought her husband, for her face was more flushed than he liked to see it, and bore a troubled expression.

"The second post is in, Andrew, and there is no letter," said Ida, in a tremulous voice, while the tears began to steal down her cheeks. "I did not think Lindsay would have allowed his only sister's birthday, the twenty-first, too, to pass without a line or a good wish."

"Perhaps he has forgotten the date, darling; men are so often careless about such things. Lord Carnelly could not be wilfully unkind. Depend on it, we shall either see or hear from him very soon."

"I have given up all hope of seeing him here. Beatrice will take care of that, and keep him away always, if possible. She never liked me, and she has used her influence to prevent either my brother or his children from coming near us, though we have been nearly a year married. Besides, if Lindsay did not care enough about me to write a word of congratulation, he ought to have written about the money. His trust in regard to my little fortune ends to-day."

Dr. Crawford became alarmed, as he noticed his wife's increasing excitement, and he strove to soothe her by appearing to make light of the matter. "You may hear from Lindsay yet," he said. "It would be so like him to recollect your birthday when it was too late for writing, and to send you a telegram. I shall not give up hope before midnight. And, darling, remember, I am not only concerned for my wife, but answerable for the well-being of my patient also. If you make a trouble of this little matter, you will do yourself harm and the child too."

Dr. Crawford spoke of Lord Carnelly's neglect as a little matter, but his conscience reproved him as he used the term. He could not think lightly of it himself, though he strove to turn his wife's mind from dwelling upon it. Only the day before, Ida had been so bright and happy, smiling on her child's face, as she told the unconscious little one that her coming had cheated mamma of her birthday party.

"But we will have it by-and-by," she said, "my precious gift; my baby Doris and I will share in it, for it shall take place on the christening day, and celebrate in a simple way my coming of age. We shall hear from Uncle Lindsay to-morrow. I shall not need to beg for the company of nephews or nieces now I have this precious little daughter of my own."

On the following day, when no message came from Lord Carnelly, the sunny look faded from Ida's face, and was followed by a troubled one. Dr. Crawford needed no explanation to tell him that his wife was deeply pained by her brother's neglect, and that it was preying upon her mind. He did not, however, attribute Lord Carnelly's silence to want of affection, but to lack of money, and said to himself, "How could Lindsay write a congratulatory letter without also alluding to business

matters? Poor fellow! He desires to do what is kind and right, but his wife's influence stands in the way of the one, and her extravagance renders the other impossible."

Dr. Crawford had long been aware, through another channel, that his wife's little fortune ought to have been paid to him on her wedding day, and that Lord Carnelly had purposely deferred the payment. He was more really sorry for the want of candour in his brother-in-law than concerned about the money itself. They had been such friends in the old days, and Dr. Crawford thought sorrowfully, "He might have trusted me. Surely I was not likely to be less his friend because of the new family tie between us."

The doctor had abundant cause for displeasure, as even the interest of the money had not been paid, but he was far more anxious about Ida herself, and desirous that she should not be injured by the uneasiness which her brother's silence had caused. He accordingly telegraphed to Lord Carnelly, and begged him to send a message to his sister through the same medium, as she was grieved at his apparent neglect.

The answer was prepaid, and it came in these words:—"Lord Carnelly absent; yachting with a friend. No certain address. Expected home shortly. Telegram shall be forwarded as soon as possible."

Dr. Crawford recognised the name of the sender, John Morris, as that of Lord Carnelly's butler, and wondered a little that no allusion was made to Lady Carnelly.

"She must be from home also," he thought, "and no doubt Morris, who is a trustworthy man, is left in charge, and bidden to answer any such communication as mine."

The doctor was mistaken in this supposition. Lady Carnelly was at home, but did not choose to answer the telegram herself. She therefore bade Morris use his own name, though she wrote the message apparently sent by the servant.

Scanty as was the intelligence thus conveyed, it was better than nothing, and Dr. Crawford hastened with it to his wife's side.

"I telegraphed an inquiry about Lindsay," he said, "and here is the reply. You see, darling, your brother is away, and probably out of postal bounds, so there is a fair excuse for his silence. You will hear from him before long."

The doctor spoke cheerfully, but Ida was not satisfied.

"He ought to have written," she said. "He had no right to pass over this birthday. I did so wish you to receive the little I can claim as my own, Andrew. So little, too, in comparison with Lindsay's share, and yet he withholds it."

The doctor would only treat the matter lightly.

"Then, dearest, we will not make a great trouble about this little, but rather be thankful that we are in no way dependent on it. When you placed this dear hand in mine you bestowed the best you had to give, for I know your heart was given with it."

"No, Andrew," interrupted Ida, with a bright smile. "The heart was yours long before."

"True, darling, and I like to hear you say so, and to see the shadow clearing from your face."

He kissed her tenderly, adding as he passed his hand lovingly over her shining hair, "For ten times the sum your brother holds I would not have you suffer an hour's real heartache. The settlement is only a question of time."

Won back to smiles by her husband's cheery words and bright face, Mrs. Crawford strove to think that this neglect of Lindsay's did not arise from wilful unkindness.

"He never was a good man of business," she said, "and he always put off letter-writing as long as possible. I am sure you are right, Andrew. I will not worry myself and you about what cannot at present be helped. I suppose so long as the interest is paid a little delay can not matter much."

"Certainly not, dear," was the cheerful answer.

But Dr. Crawford did not tell his wife that hitherto he had received no interest from Lord Carnelly.

Before night a second telegram was delivered at the surgery door, and this caused serious anxiety to Andrew Crawford.

(To be continued.)

NORWEGIAN GIRLS.

By FRU ALHED SCHOU, FÖRDE.

If you wish to know something about Norwegian girls, their daily life in their homes, and their customs, I shall try and tell you something about them, and hope my readers will excuse the awkwardness of a foreigner who is not much accustomed to writing in English.

The education of Norwegian girls very much resembles that of the German. During the dark winter mornings you may perceive parties of them tripping gaily along the streets on their way to the schools, the snow falling light and free on their coloured bonnets. A good education is considered of the greatest importance, and that old proverb, "knowledge is the best inheritance," is quoted more than once. Besides their own language, they commonly learn English, French, and German, and lately physics and mathematics have also formed a great part of their instruction.

At two o'clock, school-time then ended, they are in the streets again, hastening home to partake of dinner, which is commonly served at that time.

The mistress of the house and her servants—generally one or two—have been busy during the forenoon—first, rearranging the rooms, then marketing, and at last the mother has superintended, or really cooked, the dinner.

There the mother is standing in the gateway welcoming her husband, who returns from his business, and her children, who are bounding up the stairs rejoicing in their liberty and the prospect of dinner. The children are already standing in the little passage taking off their things, and soon they are in the dining-room where the table is laid. The father is placing himself at the head of the table, the mother at his side; the children arranging themselves according to their age. The eldest one is saying grace, while the little one in his high chair devoutly clasps his chubby hands together. The conversation is very lively; everyone has something to tell, and the topics are discussed very unrestrainedly; praise and blame are distributed as justly as possible.

You would find the *menu* rather meagre, I think, daily fare consisting only of one dish and the soup; dessert is not partaken of every day. Boiled or roasted fish, with potatoes, milk soup, thickened with rice, is served to-day, while to-morrow it may be cutlets with young peas, and fruit soup, the favourite dish of all children. This soup consists of water thickened with rice or sago, while preserves of wild and cultivated berries are added to get the flavour, and it is served quite hot.

As in Sweden, raw and smoked salmon, legs and shoulders of mutton, ox, and reindeer are very much used. We have not the Swedish "smörgåsbord" which I have seen described in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. This food is also used very much by the people; the prosperity of many a peasant is reckoned by the number of dried mutton legs decorating the roof of his larder. Many an old woman in the most secluded valleys guards these treasures as a dragon, and I am rather ashamed to say she is very proud when confiding to an envious neighbour that her "spegekjöd" is ten to twenty years old; they both, of course, regard those yellow, old mummies with enraptured eyes.

Will you take a peep at the parlour, the door from the dining-room standing ajar? The window curtains are of a clear muslin, blooming flowers adorn the window-sill; evergreen plants are placed in the corners. Here is the piano, the bookcase, the *etagére* with all its little trifles. A boudoir and a drawing-room are frequently wishes that cannot be gratified, so the parlour often is the best room; the household work is done in the dining-room and the bedrooms. The stoves, I am sure, you would find hideous; they are described as "black coffins standing erect," and they bear some resemblance to them, to be sure. However, they are very warm and cosy in winter, and it surely will be some time

before a new system of warming will be employed.

From the opposite side of the dining-room, the doors usually lead to the kitchen with the pantry; this we find very convenient. The bedrooms occupy the other side of the passage. The parents frequently have their little ones in their own room, while the girls and boys have the rooms adjoining.

The young girl is very fond of her own room. There she has her writing-desk, her little white toilet-table, with its pin-cushions and its trifles, given by her dear friends. There stands the likeness of her father and mother, framed by her brother when he was at home for his last holiday. The painted scripture text on the wall was done by that dear friend whom the earth already has hidden, but whom she hopes to once meet again. The white counterpane on her bed was knitted by the patient hands of dear grandmother; and the fox, whose skin lies before the bed, was shot by her father while she was yet a child. Sometimes the confirmation marks the close of the girl's school-days. Then she has to learn all the household duties; to make the jam, to preserve the vegetables, to iron and starch; and very proud she is when she is making the dinner alone some day. In the mornings, when the others have left home, she sits with her mother stitching, seaming, and darning. Her mother is very happy having her own girl as her helpmate, and looks fondly at the bright, young face.

Very often the young girl pursues her studies after the confirmation. Sometimes she passes a public examination, which serves her very well if she wishes the place of a governess. Many of our young girls earn their living as telegraphists, cashiers, and clerks. After many a struggle and much resistance, they have now obtained permission to study at the university. This law was confirmed last year, and already now we have female students of law and medicine. If her assistance is not required at home, every young girl has, as a rule, something to do, one or another employment.

This rule is, with a few exceptions, universal with all girls, but you must remember there is little or no class distinction in our poor country. Nobility does not exist, and the daughters of our functionaries and our merchants are most frequently only too happy when able to earn their dressing money.

Our girls are very fond of reading, and we have writers and authors, whom we love very much. In stirring words, they tell of the exploits of their ancestors at the time when Norway was but little known beyond its own bounds, while at the same time they direct serious, sharp, and warning words to their descendants. We have true and beautiful tales from coast and mountains, and the poet peoples in his beautiful fairy tales this mighty nature with marvellous beings. He tells about the hideous gnomes in the dark mountains; about the beautiful wood-nymph, and he gives us the sad song of the unhappy water-sprite. But during recent years our modern poets have shown a great partiality for the modern French novelists, and their latest works are not fitted for young girls. I need not say this is a great sorrow to many a father and mother.

Of foreign authors, I think our girls love the English novelists the best. They know and value the works of Sir Walter Scott and Dickens, while Thackeray and Bulwer are as old and beloved friends to their mothers. Frequently the young girl is permitted to have a reading evening in the week. Then her friends arrive, bright and happy, at six o'clock in the evening, and when the tea and home-baked cakes have been served the knitting and the workbox are taken up, while the young hostess is reading aloud "David Copperfield" or "Ivanhoe."

Music is cultivated very much, but the voices are not so beautiful as in Sweden. The young musical girls generally are active members of the harmonic societies in the towns, where every winter the greater musical works are performed. The girls also very often pursue their musical studies at Leipsic and Berlin. The music of our own composers reminds us of the melancholy wildness of our mountains, but is also as sparkling as the music of the white streamlets and the shining waterfalls. It is very dear to our girls; but they love Schubert, Chopin, and Mendelssohn none the less.

As to pleasures, she is, as other young girls, very happy, and very busy when a dance is given at home. She decorates the corners of the rooms with evergreen plants and candles; she helps her mother in making the jellies and the cakes for the dessert. The supper of such a party very often consists of buttered pieces of various bread. This bread the mother and the girls have to butter in the forenoon, and then the pieces are covered with cheese of all sorts, chopped eggs with anchovies, neat slices of cold ham, meat with pickles, etc. The table is prettily laid with dishes containing the covered bread, while milk and beer are served as beverages, wine usually only at the dessert. All these preparations make a pleasant employment, and many a happy nod she gives mother and the aunts when they in the evening are playing the valses of Strauss and the quadrilles of national melodies.

As to outdoor pleasures, skating is very much enjoyed in the winter, and the blue "fjord," now covered with a coating of shining ice, forms then every day a lively sight, filled as it is by young and old. In the frosty, clear evenings, when the moon is shining peacefully on the rimy trees and shrubs, gay parties of children, girls and lads, are gliding down the slope on hand sledges, the air resounding with their merry young voices.

Our young girls are also very good pedestrians. Many a trip and excursion for the delightful summer holidays is discussed during the dark, stormy winter nights. In the summer you will meet parties of them at the steamer, in the railway carriage, in the mountains, and on the dusty high road; they are travelling alone, and very inexpensively, using their own legs as much as possible.

"But," you say, "we are wishing to hear a little about the fisher girls and the peasants; these young girls have, by your description, a very ordinary European appearance."

To be sure, I must tell you about our fisher-girls living at the stormy, naked coast on these seagirt islands. They are, indeed, very brave and hardy, these fisher girls. During the winter the men commonly sail away to the great fishing places in the north, which provide the Roman Catholic countries with a great deal of their Lenten food.

Then these women are alone—alone with the burdens and the few joys of their serious life. They have to steer the boat, to use the scoop in many a heavy gale, to guard the fishing nets standing in the deep open sea; they have to supply the homes with firewood and food. The minister of the little desolate red church on the island then delivers his sermons to a congregation of women and children.

Think of the talk in the homes of the absent men, the hopes for fine weather and good earnings; the anguish, the dread, and the prayers when the thunder peals are filling the air, and the tempest is lashing the waves.

It is quite a pretty sight, when all these husbands, fathers, and sweethearts are expected home, and the wind is fair, to look at the young girl or fond mother standing on the lonely, grey cliff. She is shading her eyes with the lifted hand while she sends yearning, longing glances outward to the endless blue sea.

There is a great difference between the life of the fisher girls dwelling at the grand, open sea and the life and customs of the peasant girl among the mountains.

The peasant life is secluded and lonely; the tall mountains surround their valleys with an impenetrable wall, secluding the inhabitants not only from the world, but in winter also from the sun. I cannot describe that feeling of loneliness which seized me in my mountain home the first time I saw the sunbeams dancing on the mountains far away, and I suddenly understood that the tall, dark mountain just opposite our house would prevent those blessed rays reaching us, the children and the flowers, for ever so long. So in the long winter, when the sun is far away, and the avalanche is threatening the home, the peasant girl leads a solitary, serious, and industrious life. In the long evenings her mother teaches her how to spin and weave the wool of her own pretty lambs, into blankets with beautiful original patterns. She also is very occupied with the peculiar embroidery used in the mountains, and which is much sought after in the towns.

While a child she has to frequent the parish school three days in the week. She hears about her Creator and the Christian faith; she learns to read, write, and do sums, together with some history and geography.

Every child in the country is able to read and to write, but, alas! the knowledge of household matters is very slight in some places on the coast and in the more secluded valleys.

The poor people in these places do not know how to use all the good things which God, the Almighty, has given them. They cannot prepare their milk, their butter, and their cheese as well as they ought, nor utilise the fat meat of the mountain sheep, or the abundance of fish in the waters. But they are docile, industrious, and good, and I trust that the sense of true economy more and more will be awakened. Their life in the mountains teaches them to be patient and forbearing, while it at the same time steels and hardens their will and energy.

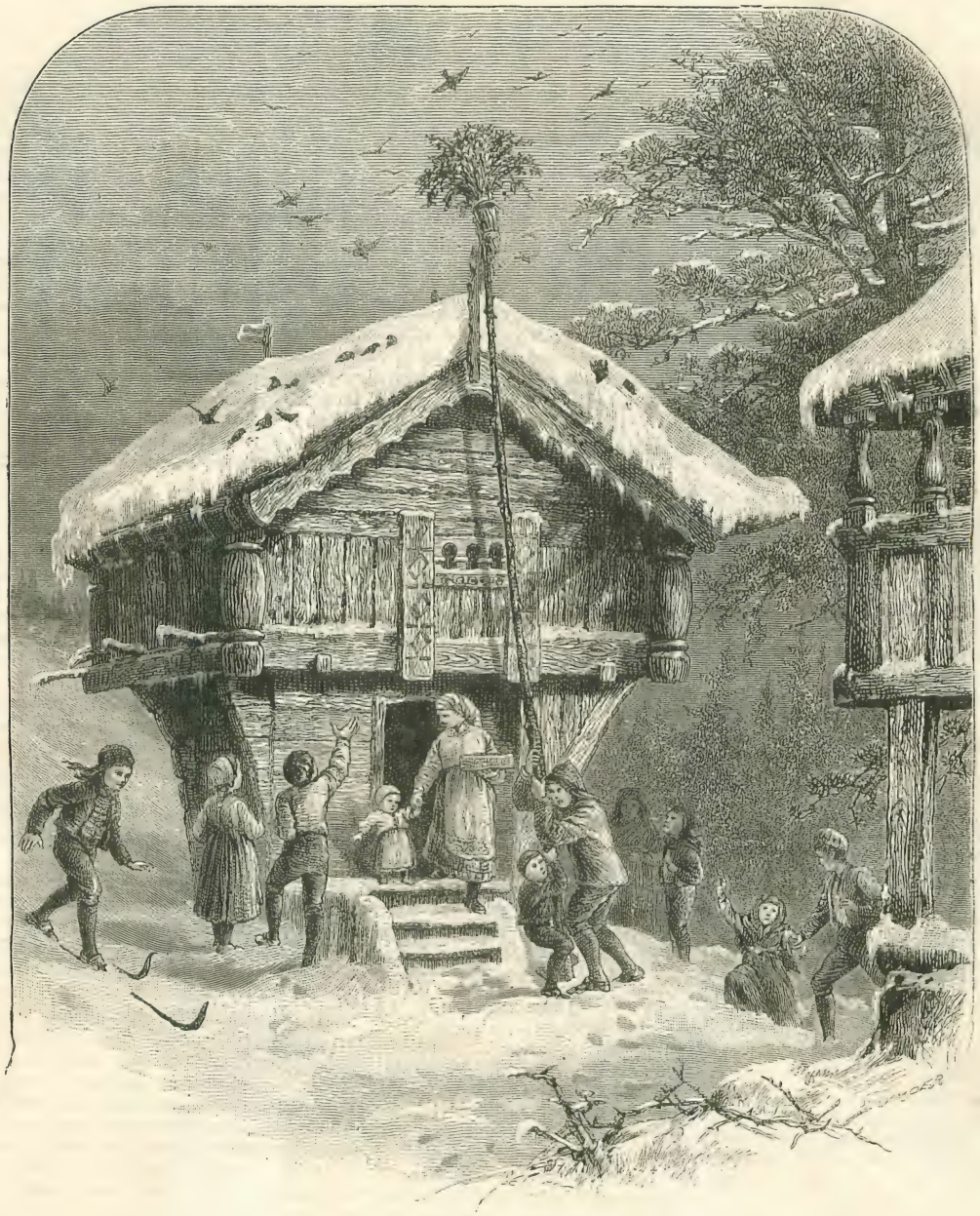
Life is teaching them patience and reliance on the will of God, that is true. Many a burning prayer is whispered, many a hot tear is shed by the mother while she sits waiting by the bedside of her sick child. The doctor is far away; it may be days before he comes to relieve and to soothe the dreadful pains. Perhaps he is coming too late, poor grieving mother!

In the mountains they are very familiar with the thought of death. The old men and women buy their winding-sheets when they are at town; it is a solace for them, knowing that they keep these things in their red-painted chests.

The mountain girl sits at the church on Sundays arrayed in her sober, black woollen dress, her hair scrupulously hidden by a pointed bonnet, both parts reminding of an ancient court dress used in Europe hundreds of years ago.

What a long, toilsome way she has gone to hear the word of God. She forgets the long way homewards, the snowstorm, the mist, and the mountain fog, for the joy of meeting her friends and her relations. She is so happy when singing those dear old psalms of her childhood together with the assembled congregation.

But look at my little valley a bright summer day, transformed, as it is, to life and beauty. The tall mountains dressed in green, with the perpetual snow glittering on their heads, the fresh white waterfalls leaping joyfully from the cliffs, the clear river sometimes running as a



YULETIDE IN NORWAY.

(*From the painting by A. Tidemand.*)

silver string between the green banks, sometimes dancing and bubbling over the stones. Look at the silvery leaves of the trees and the shrubs, at the rich verdure, inhale the pure mountain air, it brings everyone strength and health.

The traveller who on such a day happens to hear the church bells ringing merrily for the bridal procession, forgets, in seeing that pretty sight, the poverty which weighs on many of these homes.

The mighty mountains form a beautiful frame for the picturesque sight. The bridegroom is leading his bride, and very proud he is. To-day, the only day in her life, the girl is permitted to show and loosen her flaxen hair, whose golden waves are flowing down her shoulders. The bridal crown, a holy inheritance from her ancestors, is on her head, glittering, and heavy with silver and stones. Her breast is studded with national jewellery, brooches, and chains. Her red petticoat adorned with golden lace, her white linen bodice shines between the green leaves, she looks like the beautiful wood-nymph herself. At the head of the procession walks the fiddler, playing his finest dances; the relations, arrayed in their festive dresses, are walking behind the bridal pair. Festive salutes resound in the mountains, the governor of the feast makes his best speeches and his best bows; it is a day of sunshine and of joy.

In the mountains a wedding is seldom celebrated in the winter. I believe they want the shining waterfalls, the silvery leaves, and the beautiful sun to look and shine on their feast.

These are a few scattered words about Norway, its homes, and its girls. I have much more I could say about my distant country, but I fear to occupy more space in these pages.

FORLORN, YET NOT FORSAKEN.

THE STORY OF A NURSERY GOVERNESS.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

CHAPTER IX

In which the burden of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world
Is lightened.—*Tintern Abbey.*

THE threatening storm had cleared off better than I had dared to hope, and, much relieved in my mind, I went to find Margaret, secretly expecting some explanation of the past curious scene. For I confess I was puzzled by Corfu's strange behaviour, and as to the affair of the bet, Margaret had not even hinted at it to me. I knew what a frightfully bitter pang the knowledge of it must *have cost her*, and no longer wondered at her changed looks and ways if she had been brooding over this sort of things for months. The bare thought of it made my cheeks burn, and I was prepared to sympathise to any extent. But even I, her friend, could not appreciate all she had endured, for though I could be, and was, sincerely sorry for her, I was ignorant experimentally of the kind of pain she suffered. So I was not in the least prepared for the state in which I discovered her—a state of reaction from the high pressure on brain and nerve which had been going on for nearly a year.

Receiving no answer to my knock, I went into her room and found her standing in the window, her back towards me. "Margaret," I said, softly. She did not reply, and I was struck by something fixed and strained in her position. Going up close, I touched her, and as she turned and looked at me, the dull, rigid expression upon her face frightened me.

"What do you—what—what is it?" she asked, vacantly.

"Margaret, don't speak like that!" I exclaimed, "it's all right now."

She slowly turned her head away, and her lips smiled—oh, such a wan, pitiful smile—but there was no reflection in her eyes.

"Yes, dear, it is all right now." I burst out crying, it was so sad and dreadful, and, throwing my arms round her, kissed her poor, pale face. The temporary cloud passed away from her brain, and before I knew what was coming, she had slipped from me on to the floor, with a wild cry, half shriek, half moan.

"Oh, I can't bear it! I cannot! I cannot!" she gasped, with tearless eyes and labouring breath. "Father! Douglas! Oh, do come and take me away! Oh, do come!"

My first impulse was to run and lock both the doors before trying to soothe my friend. It was useless; she could not even bear me to touch her. Hers was an anguish beyond mortal aid; she must "dree her weird" alone—alone with God.

I went over to the window, and sat waiting for the tempest of agony to go by or exhaust itself in its own vehemence. A plan took shape in my brain as I waited. Margaret must go to my mother. I instinctively felt that she would be the best and safest counsellor in this crisis. There was a good deal beneath and beyond all I had seen, which I did not pretend to understand. Margaret could speak freely to my mother, far more freely, I was sure, than to me, whose experience was that of a child, compared with hers. Who was this "Douglas"? Was his name the keynote of some other chant of tribulation? If so she had never hinted at it to me. She must be got away somehow. She was clearly unfit to remain here, and Emily must be brought to spare her without knowing more than was absolutely necessary. I took for granted that she knew nothing of her governess' unhappiness, and revolved in my own mind various plans which might be adopted to get her out of the house. Meanwhile my every sense was alive to each quivering sob of pain which seemed to shake from head to foot the crouching figure behind me. They were becoming less and less violent, and at last ceased altogether, and she lay still, her head resting on her arms in the wide seat of the low arm-chair. In spite of my intense pity and compassion, I could not prevent myself at that moment from thinking how very beautiful she was. I longed for the hand of a sculptor to fix for ever that attitude of despair. I forgot all that had just passed, and was only lost in admiration of the golden hair crushed against brow and cheeks in curly confusion, and the full, white eyelids closed in utter languor, with a shadow as of death beneath them. She was so unlike other women. Even in this abandon of grief, there was a reserve and dignity which singled her out from the hysterical, sensation-loving crowd. Most women would have looked awkward—she looked grand. I think the secret lay in the fact of her complete unconsciousness. She never seemed to be calculating the effect of what she said or did, I mean for the sake of effect. How proudly she had kept her troubles to herself! I knew blame could not attach to her, but I half wondered whether she had been at all imprudent. Afterwards we learnt that even the shadow of reproof was undeserved.

And, oh, Magdalen! you—nay, even I, at my age, surrounded as you and I have been with every loving care—cannot conceive of the heart-hunger which devours lonely women in Margaret's position. It is a truism to say we are human, yet those three little words wrap up a profound mystery. Young as you are, has it never struck you as enigmatical that some people seem fated to lavish their love upon an unworthy object, or upon one who cannot, in the least degree, reciprocate, whilst others, with every capability for deep and devoted affection, go unloved and uncherished all their days? Do not misunderstand me. Thank God, while this world lasts in its present condition, there are those close at hand for whom we can always show our Christian charity—needy ones requiring our tender ministrations, and calling into active use each gentle sympathy and care. But this is all bestowing, and though we often do get a return, it must not be expected. It is sweet to give love, but is it not equally sweet to receive it? Some natures require so much for their full development. It is the sunshine of their inner life; without it they are withered and stunted. Love begets love. It must be mutual to be perfect, complete in light and sweetness. We have the highest authority for asserting this, and all experience proves it. I believe there are a few, a very few, men and women who seem made to live alone and distribute their affections impartially to all claimants; but, I say it deliberately, I believe it is the original plan, the intended aim for each soul to find its fellow, and to reach the climax of love in another, and all who have once tasted its sweetness need an atmosphere in which they can expand. The irresistible power and force of affection is a marvellous fact; it compasses what to indifference is impossible.

Margaret Fairfax was capable of loving with an intensity of self-abnegation rarely met with, yet her reserve deceived most people into thinking her cold and colourless. I knew her better. Implanted in her nature were yearnings, cravings which would not be stifled, and yet seemed to be all in vain. That is what I meant when I said that an inscrutable mystery is involved in the assertion that we are human. Why should there be implanted in our human, our physical natures, these capabilities, these longings, which stir so uneasily within us, and yet are apparently destined to go unsatisfied, from time to time struggling in a dumb wistful uncertainty? It is incomprehensible to our finite minds. A passage in a book I was reading the other day suggests a possibility which, if true—and I believe it to be true—goes far to allay the poignancy of this present suffering.

"'My lord,' said the prior, 'did you ever purchase a gift for one you loved, and keep it by you, carefully wrapped up, not letting him know till the day came to produce it? . . . . It may be that God our Father does the same at times. I believe that many will find gifts on their Father's table at the great marriage feast of the Lamb, which they never knew they were to have, and some which they fancied were lost irrevocably on earth, and if there be anything for which our hearts cry out that is not

waiting for us, surely He can and will still the craving.'"

Is not that a divine suggestion, Magdalen? And it bears the stamp of truth, I think. Child, you will hardly follow me in these speculations; nevertheless, if men and women would consider these things more carefully, their criticisms would often be less harsh and uncompromising upon those who, from sheer starvation, have perhaps grasped imprudently at kindness or attentions so rarely offered.

Margaret possessed a Spartan faculty of denying herself the dainty luxury of friendship, even though it were spread day after day before her eyes. It was done with an unconscious conscientiousness, which became sublime in its self-sacrifice. Yet she was essentially a womanly woman, and the incessant struggle was too much for a sensitive organisation. Like the moral thoroughbred that she was, she could do it, but she died in the doing. Magdalen, darling, I must finish her story to you to-morrow. Old furrows have been ploughed up in the telling, and my heart is heavy, not for my Margaret's sorrows, which have long since been richly compensated, but for the terrible unknown troubles of those who, in different spheres and circumstances, suffer like pangs of isolation.

* * * *

Come to hear the end, have you? Well, having made up my mind as to how I would get Margaret away, the next move was to rouse her; but she paid no heed to me, and I could not wake her from the deathlike swoon into which she seemed to have fallen. I rubbed her hands and smoothed back her hair, but all in vain. Her stillness began to frighten me, and there were tears in my voice as I implored her to speak. "Margaret, I do beg you to answer if you can. Do please open your eyes."

Slowly, slowly, as if in response to my earnest appeal, life began to return to the inanimate form beside me. A faint tinge of colour crept into the marble cheeks, the pale lips quivered, and the heavy eyelids twitched under some unseen pressure. She was struggling back to consciousness. Very tardily, with many a half-uplifting and a feeble droop, the curtains were finally rolled back, and a crushed, wounded soul dragged itself painfully to the windows, and looked out once more upon the world.

I could not trust myself to speak. I whispered softly to her, "Come and lie down a little while. Come."

She let me help her to her feet, and then stood dazed and bewildered, mechanically touching her tumbled hair and dress with weak, uncertain hands. She was still half-stunned, and putting my arm round her I guided her to the sofa, and made her lie down, while I fetched a shawl to cover her, and a wet bandage for her burning head. All the time her eyes followed me about; they were fearfully wide open, and the scared look in them haunted me for days. As I stooped over her, she clutched my arm, and muttered hoarsely—

"Away. Do take me away."

"Yes, you want a change," I said, in the most matter-of-fact tone I could assume, "and I'm going to persuade Lady Corfu to let me take you home with me to-morrow; so please keep quiet, Margaret. Try to sleep."

My manner was successful, and her "Thank you" sounded more natural as she closed her eyes in obedience to my exhortation.

It was not so difficult as I had anticipated to persuade Emily Corfu to part with her governess. She had noticed her pale woebegone looks, she said, and she would be glad of the change for her. Did I know what was the matter? The question was carelessly put, with a keen glance which belied the indifferent manner. I do not think my answer betrayed anything, but I could not be sure how much Emily knew or guessed. I felt certain, however, that, as a thorough woman of the world, she would never condescend to a "scene" of any sort. After all there was nothing tangible to produce any disturbance beyond the vague uneasiness I had experienced. Margaret had been evidently excited and overwrought, and Corfu was a passionate, self-willed man, bent on having his own way. Perhaps I had made too much out of what had just happened. This just glanced across my mind as I sat talking to Emily—the natural reaction from the tragic to the commonplace. So it was arranged in half a dozen words—this matter I had thought would be so difficult, and Corfu met me at dinner, and chatted in his usual off-hand, easy fashion, without a shade of self-consciousness. It was only when I awoke in the night with that miserable undefinable sensation of a "shivering sinking," that I realised the excitement of the previous day.

I was to leave immediately after breakfast, and Chievely promised to help Margaret and get her ready. She had looked very grave when I told her that Margaret was ill, and was going home with us.

"I'm glad of it, ma'am. Poor young lady!" she said mysteriously, and at once asked me some question which changed the subject. The morning came, and Corfu was in the hall, chaffing me for my amount of luggage.

"But it is not all mine," I said, "some belongs to Miss Fairfax."

"Miss Fairfax!" he echoed, in amazement.

I felt my cheeks burn as I met his eyes, and was angry with myself for being so stupidly confused.

"Underlined italics, and three notes of exclamation!" said a voice at his elbow, and the remark was followed by a short laugh, in which lurked the suspicion of a sneer. "'La belle Fairfax' is going to try change of air and scene. Does your lordship take that in?" continued Emily.

"Perfectly. I am concerned that Miss Fairfax should need it," responded he, with his most impenetrable mask of civility. They eyed one another for an instant, she with her little wintry smile, he with an air of complete unconcern. They both displayed consummate histrionic talent, but the actors did not take one another in. At this juncture the third player in the domestic drama appeared on the scene. I confess I felt anxious as Margaret came towards us, but there was no need. She was quiet and reserved as usual, her step steady, her head erect. She kissed the children, who were aghast at her departure, and scolded little Violet, with a half-quizzical tenderness, for not restraining some dismal sobs. There was a tinge of appeal in her response to Emily's extremely cordial good-bye, but I defy the closest scrutiny to have discovered anything more than ordinary in tone or manner as she shook hands with Corfu, who blandly hoped she would soon be better.

Poor Margaret! The only sign of the tremendous effort to which she had nerved herself was the deadly pallor of her face, and the unnatural brilliancy of her eyes, and Chievely told me afterwards that she had fainted twice that morning while dressing.

I never knew what passed between the husband and wife after we left, though later events proved that there must have been some discussion, probably a painful one. Poor Corfu! His was completely a spoilt life; there was always the sad refrain of the "might have been" breaking, with jarring discord, into the happiest harmonies of his career, for he ended better than one had dared to hope. Trouble softened Emily also, but still the old nature was deep rooted, and she died when Dunraven was fourteen. A few years later, when I had been widowed after eight years of unspeakable joy and bliss with your grandfather, Corfu sought me out, and was bitterly mortified that I would not marry again. Poor fellow! His uncongenial marriage prevented him from understanding me when I told him I could not marry again. But after the first disappointment we continued close friends. He used to tell me bits of his unsatisfactory life, and let me advise and help him to the best of my ability. Politics absorbed much of his ardour, and I believe he would have done great things, but he died very suddenly, when we all fancied him full of health and vigour. Poor Corfu!

And poor Emily! With many good points, a proud mother, bright, engaging, often kind when it gave her no trouble, yet shallow and worldly, the favourite of society, but not the light of her home. Oh, Magdalen, how gigantic is the responsibility of wives and mothers!

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

GERTRUDE.—The North of England Council for Promoting the Higher Education of Women was founded in 1867. Lectures, attended by over 500 women, were given by University professors in several important towns, and in 1868 the council sent up a memorial to the University of Cambridge, which resulted in the establishment of what are now known as the "higher local examinations." The council numbers ten associations. One of its outcomes was the foundation of Newnham Hall.

STUDENT.—For the correspondence classes in connection with Cambridge, address the hon. secretary, Mrs. Peile, Trumpington, Cambridge. Fee, four

guineas for each course, with an entrance fee of 5s. The session extends from October to May.

MISS SKAIFE.—We do not answer privately, unless under very special circumstances. The word meaning a copse, or plantation, is generally spelt "spinney;" but it is also spelt "spinny" and "spiny." According to the best dictionaries, "spinnies" is the plural. Charles Kingsley uses it several times in his books.

SIXTEEN.—You should send the trimming to a cleaners. You cannot do it yourself.

PROFESSIONAL.—No divorce obtained in America between two English subjects would, we believe, be binding. If your husband has obtained a divorce in America without your knowledge, your only way is to try and protect yourself here. Consult a lawyer.

AMY LEE.—There are preparatory classes for female clerkships held at the Polytechnic Institute, 309 and 311, Regent-street, W. At these classes, held under the direction of Mr. J. Barter, late of H.M. Civil Service, pupils are prepared for competitive examinations for the clerkships in the General Post Office. The fees are paid in advance for a term of twelve weeks. For the morning classes, from 10 till 12, fee £2 2s. Candidates must be single women between eighteen and twenty years of age.

ANNIE JAMES.—We thank you for your letter and the information you give in reference to the Essay Club, of which you are the secretary. We are happy to give the address, as there are vacancies for more girls—viz., Miss Annie James, secretary of the Essay Club, Tutshill Villa, Tutshill, near Chepstow, South Wales.

W. A. WATTS.—You can obtain lessons in bookkeeping, as well as in arithmetic and writing, at the Polytechnic Institution, Regent-street, at 15s. for a term of ten lessons. So far as we know, John Van Eyck discovered the use of oil as a medium for the mixing of colours (Temp. Henry V.), and he excelled in their use. Holbein and Mabuse (Temp. Henry VIII.) produced some of the earliest works in oils. It is said that the king, being the patron of Holbein, once remarked to a nobleman, "I can when I please make seven lords of seven ploughmen, but I cannot make one Holbein of seven lords."

WORK.

BRUNETTE.—Navy-blue serges are very pretty when made up as a Norfolk jacket and kilted skirt, and trimmed with white mohair braid. Consult our monthly dress article.

A READER OF THE G. O. P.—For "Swiss Darning," see page 315, vol. i. The article contains both diagrams and information.

GRATEFUL DAISY.—The name "fern-stitch" is given by old writers on embroidery to the stitch now known as "feather-stitch."

TOMMY TRADDLES.—The trimmings for both linen and cotton pillow-cases are in the same "satin-stitch" embroidery frillings or lace. French pillow-cases are very handsomely embroidered with designs in satin-stitch, but in England we generally use frilling.

H. A. (Portadown).—We hope to deal with this question later on, giving patterns and information also.

HEALTH and COMFORT.—You will find the pattern of a combination garment amongst our paper patterns, price 1s. You can make it of serge, flannel lined, or wincey; but to make it warm enough you will require two doubles of woollen material. Run elastic through the tuck at the knees, so as to keep the knee warm, and do the same at the wrist, if you suffer from rheumatism. If you desire any trimming, of course, you can add a little good torchon lace to the neck, sleeves, or legs of the dresses.

MARGARET.—Most of these advertisements are remunerative to the advertiser, and not to the worker and answerer of them, and we think you are only throwing away good money by answering them, as well as bringing disappointment on yourself.

MISCELLANEOUS.

REEDSDALE.—We think your little poem, "Grandmother dear," does your heart credit, and is very fair as a youthful attempt, so much so that had you given your age (there is a limit in case of amateur insertions) and had it certified, it might some day have found a niche in our small specimen gallery. We thank you for your nice, grateful, kindly letter, which is not flippant, and your spelling is good; but your handwriting fails somewhat in the "lines of beauty and grace," though legible and of a fair size.

ULTIMA.—You might cover your soiled cream-coloured parasol with black lace or a canvas handkerchief.

WHITE ROSE would be much strengthened by dipping a rough towel into a basin of sea-salt and water, and when partially wrung, rubbing herself briskly with this, especially down the spine and across the loins. This would be safer treatment than taking cold baths, as well as very effective.

NEARLY EIGHTEEN.—If your father be unable to support you, and you be, consequently, self-supportin in a respectable house, he has no right to remove you from your employers.

HAWTHORN.—Any directions for cleaning gloves, as well as other things, are to be found in the series of articles called "The Fairy of the Family." To wet the head when bathing is desirable; but the hair must be carefully dried at once, at any cost of time and trouble.

ROSEBUD.—Write to the postmaster at the Cape of Good Hope, enclosing a letter to the missing friend, and ask the former to do you the kindness to set up the letter in some place where it will be in full view. Should this plan fail, advertise in some local paper out there.

M. C. D. inquires what she should say when anyone begs her pardon. Bow slightly, make as gracious a smile as you can, and restrain any expression of annoyance if your skirt be torn out of the gathers, or a cat could jump through the hole torn in your lace skirt. On such occasions it is polite, as well as kind, to say, "Don't mention it," "Not at all," and such-like reassuring little phrases. More especially restrain an expression of agony if someone has given you an awkward kick, a poke with an umbrella, half dragged off your bonnet with her parasol, or crunched down on your foot with the heel of her boot. These are trials of temper and good breeding to which you should be always equal. Some people scowl savagely. We hope you never do that. We have seen a cup of café au lait spilt over a beautiful satin dress of a friend of ours, the first time it was worn, and she smiled as sweetly to reassure the awkward man who did it as if it had been the oldest skirt in her wardrobe.

ALICE MARY NOL.—Our Lord adopted the popular style of conveying truths in those days, and in Eastern countries. The prophet Ezekiel (see xvii. 2, xx. 49, xxiv. 3) was said to speak in parables; Balaam "took up his parable" (Numbers xxiii. 7), Job likewise (xxvii. 1, xxix. 1), David also (Psalm xlix. 4, lxxviii. 2), and Solomon (Proverbs xxvi. 7), the prophet Micah (ii. 4), and Habakkuk (ii. 6).

Besides, the majority of our Lord's audience were ignorant people, who could not listen to a philosophical discourse; they were attracted like children by a story. Teaching moral doctrines by means of fables dates back to the time of Æsop, and in modern times we owe many justly celebrated to De la Fontaine A.D. 1621-95, and to Hans Andersen, the Dane.

EGO.—The great fire of London, A.D. 1666, broke out between 1 and 2 a.m. at the house of Farryner, the king's baker, in Pudding-lane. One Robert Hubert, a Frenchman, was hanged on his own confession for having commenced it, although it is generally believed to have been the result of accident. Opinions differ as to good looks; but in reference to Charles II. we do not think he had the reputation of being handsome.

M. B. REID.—Put the necktie into an envelope, and take it to a post-office, and ask what amount of postage will take it to its destination. No duty will then be charged on it. Your writing does you credit. We are glad your mistress and you so much approve of our paper.

WILD FREDDIE.—The quotation, "There is a divinity that shapes our ends," is from *Hamlet*, act v., scene 2. Blue and black serges, trimmed with white mohair braid, are now much worn, and are useful and pretty everyday gowns.

ONE OF THE GIRLS must keep away from the fire at all times, and as her feet are probably always cold, she will find great relief from her unpleasant flushings by wearing thick stockings and using a hot bottle for her feet as she sits in the house at work.

NELLIE G. Q.—Your aunt is, to all intents and purposes, the mistress of the house, and you should loyally and lovingly recognise her claim, and free yourself from any unworthy feeling of jealousy. She should go in last at a dinner party at home, and you should immediately precede her with the youngest and most inconsiderable of the guests. Your aunt takes the highest in rank of the male guests. Do not be "uppish." Your own feeling should have shown you you could not push your aunt out of her place.

ARTEMIS must order Blunt's book of any bookseller, or obtain it second-hand.

A CLERGYMAN'S DAUGHTER.—The Bible presented to the Princess Beatrice by the maidens of England was given to her Royal Highness by a committee of ladies at Osborne before the wedding.

AN ANXIOUS GIRL.—Electricity and magnetism are both recommended for cases such as yours, that have been partially paralysed in youth. Massage or rubbing is generally prescribed by London doctors.

A CONSTANT READER.—Your health is evidently below par. You might find the tincture of benzoin beneficial in soothing you. It may be inhaled from the bottle in which it is contained, long inspirations being drawn into each nostril, the other nostril being held shut by the finger. In the case of a cold in the head or hay fever this treatment will be found efficacious; or the vapour may be inhaled from a closed vessel of hot water, into which a teaspoonful of tincture of benzoin is poured. Benzoin is a rich, fragrant gum that exudes from the Benjamin tree of Siam, and has wonderfully soothing and disinfecting properties. We have given this new remedy at some length, hoping that other readers may also find it of use to them.

A TROUBLED MIND will have a mind still more troubled, we imagine, if she allow herself to cling to or desire a man who has proved himself so bad and unworthy. She will do well to make up her mind to marry the young man who asks her now, who is not only approved by her parents, but also by her own good judgment and good feeling. There can be no happiness in married life without mutual respect as the foundation.

MAID OF KENT.—The motto, *Telle est la vie*, means "such is life." The name of the present Bishop of Rochester is Anthony Thorold, D.D., born 1825, and elevated to the Bench of Bishops 1877. Your handwriting seems scarcely formed. We thank you for your kind observations.

SWEETBRIAR.—Dr. Carpenter, Bishop of Ripon, was quite recently appointed to his see, and the almanacks and other such records for this year were already published, and do not name him.

L. S.—Once more we repeat, apply to our publishing office, addressing Mr. Tarn, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C. The Editor has nothing to do with selling books or magazines. Only the monthly parts are to be had of back numbers.

BROTHER HUMPHREY.—We thank you for a very nice, well-written letter, and regret to say that although the sentiments are good and the story pretty, the versification is incorrect.

CHERRY PIE.—We must refer you to our series of articles on "Good Breeding," as shown in every possible circumstance and position. Look through our indexes. The question you ask has been answered many times in our correspondence columns likewise.

TAMATAVE.—Your wife needs a change in diet, should take but little milk or sweet things, use a good deal of salt in her food and in bathing, and procure suitable medicine from a doctor.

PEPPINA.—The fumes of ammonia or of chloroform will be sufficient to kill the moths if enclosed in a small box. We recommend you to procure a little book published at our office, the "Home Naturalist," by Harland Coultas. Tables and screens may be decorated with Christmas cards, but the best plan is to send them to a children's hospital—there is one at Shadwell, in the East-end of London; or to the Cripples' Home, at 13, Park-place, Clarence-gate, Regent's Park, N.W. They have served their purpose of conveying the remembrances and good wishes of your friends to you, and we feel sure they would be glad that they served another good cause also.

ARLETTE.—Of course, the hair grows after the age of sixteen or seventeen; otherwise, how is it that it needs cutting? But the growth is less remarkable in some than in others. It will grow even in old age. Goldfish are not natives of the sea; they live in fresh water. Zoophites need salt water in an aquarium.

MARIE GREEN.—Catch the rain-water in a barrel under a house-pipe, and strain the water when used for personal ablution through a piece of muslin. A free action of the skin in perspiration preserves the complexion. You have been misinformed.

KITTEN.—To cultivate a loving veneration for our blessed Lord, you should study much all those acts in the course of His ministry, and all the gracious words He uttered, especially those recorded in the Gospel according to St. John. Such a study will tend to draw your heart towards Him. You should also pray much that the love of God may be shed abroad in your heart by th power of the Holy Ghost.

HUMBLE ORPHAN.—Your stepmother would be entitled to her third only, and must account for the rest. Consult a lawyer.

R. M. WARREN.—We do not give the private address of any of our writers; but you may direct a letter to our office for the person you name.

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SIBYL.

A TALE OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

CHAPTER II.

THE HERMIT EUSTACE.

NOT more than two miles from the castle dwelt the hermit Eustace; but his cell was some way from the high road, known but to few, a simple structure raised by his own hands, which afforded him such shelter from the heat in summer and the cold in winter as the climate rendered necessary.

Tall and stately, the brown hair beginning to retire from his straight white brow, and lines of care and thought marking his comely features, even in the long brown serge dress he wore, reaching from the throat to the feet, and gathered in at the waist by a cord, the hermit Eustace looked a man who could hold his own in bower and hall, and one who out of the abundance of his strength could afford help to others. His well-opened, blue eyes, though perhaps somewhat dulled by constant

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poring on his book, shone with kindly sympathy on all who came to him for help and counsel, for even in that stormy time, and in that lonely corner of the land, a good man, like a light set up in a dark place, drew men to him, and testified of the true Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world.

It was now nearly ten years since the hermit had come a stranger to Cresslow, and his simple dwelling had assumed a beauty which was the outcome of his sweet nature. He had fenced off a little garden, where, besides the herbs which he cultivated for the sake of their precious medicinal juices, from which he prepared potions and balsams for the sick and suffering, even so late in the year roses were still blooming, and where the birds gathered in full choir about him, helping him to sing his matins and his vespers, while two she-goats varied his simple diet with their milk, and gave him a sense of tangible companionship. Whence the hermit came, or why he had fixed his home in so solitary a spot, was much conjectured, but nothing known. That some great sorrow had smitten him there was little doubt, but of the simple folk among whom he dwelt there was none who dared question him. Baron Aylmer, indeed, it was believed, knew him and his story, for Baron Aylmer treated him with deference, and would have had him at the castle much oftener than he was disposed to go; but whatever knowledge the baron possessed had died with him, and the hermit remained like a beneficent and gracious star that dwells apart, but spreads light and comfort round it.

It was in the morning after she had heard the threatening words of Passelure that Bridget, closely wrapped in her coif and mantle, threaded the narrow path that led from the great high road to the hermit's cell. Eustace had performed the various tasks which the ordering of his little household imposed upon him, and stood watching with quiet pleasure his browsing goats. As Bridget approached, he lifted his eyes with an encouraging smile of welcome.

"Peace be with thee, Dame Bridget," he said; "thou art early astir. Is there aught in which so poor a man as the solitary Eustace can aid thee?"

"Father," said Bridget, bowing her head reverentially, "there's no trouble for which thy wisdom cannot find a cure."

"Nay, my daughter, say not so; that were but a poor reed to lean on. The cure for trouble belongs only to Him from whom all blessing cometh; thou must pray to Him, and fear not but He will help thee."

"Aye, father, but the Holy One in heaven will hearken more readily to the voice of those who spend their lives in prayer, as it is but just. Do not even earthly kings hearken more readily to the cause of justice if it be pleaded by the voice of those they love?"

"Nay, daughter, compare not the most High to any earthly sovereign," said the hermit, severely. "But open thy heart, dame, for I know that thou art true and faithful, and it may be that I may help thee to lay thy trouble before the Lord, and that He may show us a way of escape."

"Aye, father, that is what I would have said. I am but a poor serving-woman, and know not how to choose my words, but thou wilt set them right, and He who knows my heart will not impute sin to me. Last night, when I was sore perplexed and lay on my bed crushed with the weight of care, I seemed to behold thee, father, as thou standest now before me, and I knew that it was an answer to my poor prayer, and I slept; and when I awoke my heart felt fresh and strong, so I made no tarrying, but came at once to thee, and as I came the sun shone out so brightly on the dewy grass, and the robins sang so sweetly, that I could not but hope that all might yet be well."

"Thou dost well, daughter, to hearken to the cheering voice of nature," said the hermit, kindly. "The Father in heaven speaks to us by the sun, the moon, the stars, by the voices of birds—yea, by the beauty of the poorest weed that clothes the fields. But, tell me, what is thy trouble now; doth it concern thyself, or whom of thy kinsfolk?"

"Nay, father, I and mine are born to toil and to suffering: poverty and sorrow are too often the lot of the common folk to cause them to despair. It is the babe Sibyl for whom I fear."

"The daughter of the Baron Aylmer and of Dame Eleanour?" inquired the hermit, with anxious haste.

"Even so, father; thou knowest that the Lady Eleanour is of a soft and timid temper. She lacks the firm spirit of the Normans, and, in good sooth, it is little wonder, for she is still fair, young, and well dowered, and there are too many strangers about the court ready to snap up such a prize."

"But what evil threatens the child Sibyl?" asked the hermit, impatiently.

"Thou knowest Robert Passelure?"

"Aye, well; a man of ready wit, and supple. What of him?"

Bridget proceeded to explain how Passelure had gradually assumed the superintendence of all things in the castle, and ended by relating the conversation which she had overheard the night before between him and the Lady Eleanour. The hermit listened with a gravity that increased as the tale proceeded.

"Thou hast done well to come to me," he said, when the tale was ended, "and no time must be lost. Men like Passelure do not risk failure by delay. This very night thou must trust the babe to me. Thou mayest trust me, for thou knowest her father had no little confidence in me."

"I trust thee, father; command and I will obey," said Bridget, though her cheek blanched and her hands trembled. "But how can I get the child out of the castle? Thou knowest the ward is carefully kept, and now, under pretext of the unquiet times, we are never permitted to go out and take the air without one or two warders to attend upon us, armed as for a fray."

"I know that it is so, nor is it without some show of reason, for, indeed, the times are unquiet, and the news that comes from the court is far from reassuring; but the child must not be left in the hands of Passelure; he is a fox, and we must not scruple to use craft with him. This is the day when Will the miller takes the flour for the castle. I saw him yester eve; he came to me for some simples for his wife, who is ill. I will bid him take what thou shalt give him and bring it direct to me."

"And what am I to give him, father?"

"A basket such as housewives use for wearing apparel or household linen."

"But how will this aid us, father?"

"Listen, Bridget; the miller will take his man to aid him in delivering his flour. His man Thomas is away in Aylesbury touching some matter connected with his business; I will take his place, and when he carries the basket to the cart it will be into my hands that he will deliver it. Nay, look not so bewildered, woman. Hast thou never heard how the holy Paul was lowered from the walls of Antioch in a basket? And if a grown man, albeit small of stature, could be so saved, why not a little maid who has not yet counted her seven summers?"

"But how can the little lady be made to lie still? She is high-spirited, as thou knowest right well. If I were to tell her of the danger that threatens her, she would go to my lady, defy Passelure to his teeth, and mar all."

"Nay, dame, she must know nothing of it. Thou must give her a sleeping draught which I will presently prepare. When she has taken it she will quickly fall asleep, and thou mayest do with her as thou wilt. Lift her into the basket, and make her a soft bed with warm covering, and she will know nothing until she awakes in the house of the dame Margaret Giffard, whither I will convey her. She will take care of her till we can contrive to put her in a place of safety or until the Earl of Pembroke shall come home again. But thy safety must also be cared for; thou must not be exposed to the wrath of Passelure when he finds that his victim has escaped him."

"Nay, father, I would rather leap from the castle wall into the moat, for I trow the deepest dungeon within its walls would not be deep enough for his vengeance; but fear not for me. When the lady Sibyl is once safe out of the castle I shall manage to find a way out of it also. But whither wouldst thou have me go? Where shall I find the dear child?"

"Nay, daughter, thou must be patient nor seek to rejoin the child at once. Fear not for her, she will be well cared for, and I will let thee have news of her. But go thou to the Abbess Mona at Aylesbury, to whom I will give thee a token, so shalt thou not be suspected or bring suspicion on us; but come now into my cell and rest thee, while I prepare the potion which is to give the child her freedom."

But Bridget preferred to rest on the stone bench outside, where she could gaze on the peaceful fields, a contemplation which did not fail to soothe and comfort her spirit, and strengthen her trust in the heavenly Father who often seems nearer to us in lone country places than in the dwellings of men. So still the air was, so pure and blue the sky, so calm and fresh the broad grasslands, that for the moment Bridget forgot her troubles, and rested in the beauty of the Lord. But when the hermit had prepared the potion, and put it into her hands with many charges as to how it was to be administered, she at once resumed her cares, and bidding the hermit farewell, with many thanks, rapidly retraced her steps, and never rested until she found herself once more in the presence of her little lady, who had wearied at her unwonted absence. Nor did she arrive a moment too soon, for hardly had she doffed her coif, and taken her distaff in her hand, when the Lady Eleanour, attended by one of her maidens only, mounted the turret stair, and, not without some signs of emotion on her fair face, received the embrace of her daughter.

"Bridget," she said, addressing the nurse, "I have occasion to send to-morrow to my kinswoman, the saintly Abbess of Glastonbury, and I intend to commit Sibyl to her care for a season, that she may have the advantage of breathing a softer air, and may, at the same time, be suitably instructed in the arts that it becomes a gentlewoman to understand. I do not love to have her here among these rude men-at-arms, and on this bleak height. See, then, that her garments be prepared, and all things that be needful, for she will start at cock-crow on the morrow."

"Does your ladyship take horse also?"

"Such is not my present purpose. I know not when tidings may come from the court; thou shalt attend the Lady Sibyl, and when she is safely lodged in the convent thou canst return at thy leisure, or abide there, if it be the pleasure of the Lady Abbess, as a lay-sister. I know thou lovest thy lady, and dost esteem it no small honour to have the care of the daughter of Aylmer de Valence."

Bridget bowed her head. She knew that words were of no use, for the Lady Eleanour was but the mouthpiece of de Passelure, and the lady, touched by some dim maternal instinct, and perhaps surprised that her announcement had not provoked remonstrance

from Bridget, drew the little maid into her embrace, and led her out on the battlements with many a soft and tender word; and would probably have defeated the purpose of Bridget and the hermit Eustace till curfew-time by detaining her, had it not chanced that she beheld Cyril, Abbot of Buckingham, approaching the castle, riding his sleek mule with its jingling silver bells, his attendant priests ambling leisurely before and behind him in great state and comfort.

It was always a glad day to the Lady Eleanour when the Abbot Cyril visited the castle, for he was a brisk, lively man, with a reasonable enjoyment of the good things of this world, and always richly freighted with gossip of the court and of the neighbourhood. So it was no wonder, perhaps, that Lady Eleanour forgot her daughter's journey on the morrow, and returned her rather hastily to Bridget's keeping, while she hurried away to arrange her head-tire, which the wind had a little disordered, saying she would send for her when the abbot should be gone.

Bridget, with much joy, received her precious charge, fearing nothing so much as that the abbot should depart and the child be recalled to her mother; but her anxiety was needless. The abbot was returning home from Westminster, and had much to tell of the gaiety of the court, the high favour both of Poitevins and Savoyards, the friends of the queen and of the queen mother, of the pride of the Knights Hospitallers and Templars, and of the discontent of the citizens of London, which broke out in tumults which could not be appeased without the shedding of blood.

The Lady Eleanour had many questions to ask about the fashions of the court, about the queen and the great ladies, about the minstrelsy and the tournaments in which the king delighted, and it was no wonder that both she and Passelure were altogether engrossed in the abbot's talk, and left Sibyl undisturbed with her nurse.

No sooner did the shades of evening creep into the narrow chamber, than Bridget, under pretext of the morrow's journey, laid the little lady in her bed and gave her the hermit's potion, a few drops of dark sweet juice which the child took readily. She seemed singularly wakeful for some time. "Bridget," she cried, sitting up, "hast thou forgotten that I ought to go and ask the holy abbot's blessing? He was always wont to bless me, thou knowest. Surely he does not forget how I used to sit on his knee when father lived at home. I do not love him, Bridget, as I love the hermit Eustace, but I like to see his nice round cheeks, and to feel the soft minever in his robe."

"Nay, little one; speak not without reverence of the holy abbot. But knowest thou not that thou must be up betimes and hast far to ride on the morrow? Lie down, that's a darling! Seest thou not that the sun is gone to bed, and all the good creatures that God has made?"

"Is it only bad creatures that lie awake, Bridget? The sun goes to bed, and so do the birds; and the daisies, they shut their eyes quite fast, and you cannot see one bit of the gold inside."

Then, for some minutes, the child lay still, with half-closed eyes, and Bridget believed that the potion was beginning to work. Her impatience was so great that she could hardly remain still. In a few minutes, Sibyl once more sat up, opened her eyes, and began to talk eagerly.

Bridget was at her wits' end; but all at once the little head fell on her pillow, and the deep sleep from the narcotic overpowered her. No sooner was she assured of this than she lifted her from the bed and laid her in the chest which she had already prepared and made as like a bed as possible.

The lid, carefully perforated with gimlet holes, was scarcely let down when Hubert, a man-at-arms who was on the watch at the postern-gate, came tramping up the turret stair with his mailed feet.

"Ho! Dame Bridget! What's the meaning of this? Here be Will the miller askin' for the basket thou art to give him, and nothin' would do but I must come and fetch it, though the abbot be just gettin' to horse, and I shall miss the benediction."

"Be quick, and thou wilt be in time, Hubert. His reverence will be sure to be some time taking leave. The chest is quite ready, and I will aid thee carry it to the postern, for, truly, the stairs are awkward, and I would not have the corners dinted."

So saying, Bridget laid hold of one handle of the chest.

"Nay, dame," cried Hubert, "I can carry such a bauble as this, though, to be sure, it is somewhat heavy. Bide awhile, and I'll call lusty Tom of Buckingham. If thou makest such a stir about thy kist and its lumber he'll toss it on his shoulder, and make no more of it than if it were a willow wand."

"Nay, good Hubert, there is no need," said Bridget, keeping hold of her handle; "thou and I can fend well enough. Tom is indeed a lusty fellow, but somewhat heavy-footed; I should not care to have him tramping so near my little lady, lest he should fright her from her sleep."

"True," said Hubert, trying to walk noiselessly, "it needs light feet and tender hands to manage little folk. But thinkest thou not that it is strange that the Lady Sibyl was not summoned to the great hall to receive the father abbot's benediction? If the baron had been alive——"

"Hist, Hubert, it is not for thee or me to judge of our betters. Be careful down the steps. Ah, there's the miller and his man. Good even to thee, Will. How doth thy good dame?"

"Better, thank thee, dame! The balsam hath eased her greatly, but with your leave we'll be off. Just shove in thy kist behind, and we'll be off, or the moon will have set ere we reach our journey's end."

"Wilt thou not drive round to the front to see the Abbot Cyril take horse? Truly it is a gallart sight to see the mules and their silver bells, and the good priests bearing the cross and the crosier before him," said Hubert.

"Nay, I thank thee for thy care, but it is a rough road, and we must not tarry longer. Good even to thee, dame. I will take good care of thy kist and thy woman's lumber. Shall I tell my dame that thou wilt bring the Lady Sibyl down to the mill some day soon?"

"Aye, do; and good even to thee, miller."

The miller smacked his whip, and jolted down the narrow lane leading from the castle to the vale of Aylesbury.

Bridget watched till they were out of sight, then with many a prayer of thanksgiving and for the safety of her darling, she hurried back to make preparations for her own flight, which she had determined to effect before morning by lowering herself from a buttress, as, to say the truth, in earlier days she had done more than once before on slighter occasion.

(*To be continued.*)

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.—There is such a thing as good fortune, but, in nine cases out of ten, what appears to be only the result of a happy chance is really due to dexterous management.

A SCARCITY OF KINGS.—When a French king was charged at some country village a louis d'or for an egg, he asked what dearth of eggs there was that could warrant such a price. "Eggs, your Majesty, are plentiful enough," was the reply; "it is kings that are scarce with us."

MEN OF STRAW.—"Man of straw" is commonly used to describe a person of no substantial character, influence, or means, one destitute of capital put forward by way of decoy. The origin of this phrase is interesting. "It used to be customary for a number of worthless fellows to loiter about our law-courts, to become false witnesses or surety for anyone who would buy their services. Their badge was a straw in their shoes. Being utterly penniless and without principle, *a man of straw* became proverbial.

THE BEST KNOWLEDGE.

To know
That which before us lies in daily life
Is the prime wisdom. *Milton.*

IN TROUBLE.—Mankind all suffer alike, but some know how to conceal their troubles better than others.

A LADY'S LETTER.—A lady laid a wager with her husband, on his leaving home, that her first letter would be without a postcript—unlike the letters of almost all other ladies. Nothing seemed more certain than that she would win. The letter was written and signed, and about to be despatched, when she was tempted to add one line, forming the first postscript, "You see, I have written a letter without a postcript." This was not sufficient, for there followed as a P.P.S. immediately afterwards, "Who has won the wager—you or I?"

BEAUTY AND WORTH.

Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll;
Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul. *Pope.*

A MODEST CHARACTER.—Modesty seldom resides in a breast that is not enriched with nobler virtues.—*Goldsmith.*

A GOOD EXPRESSION.—Expression is of more consequence than shape: it will light up features otherwise heavy.—*Sir C. Bell.*

TWO LADY ALPINE CLIMBERS.

MRS. BURNABY—MISS WALKER.

By EDWARD WHYMPER, Author of "The Ascent of the Matterhorn."

In these latter days many ladies have travelled in the Alps, performing feats which have both astonished the natives, and caused a feeling of wonder, sometimes not unmixed with apprehension, in the minds of those who were brought up in the more sober and cautious school of the last generation.

Of the modern school, Mrs. F. Burnaby is, decidedly, the most enterprising and the most remarkable; and she is also, at the present time, one of the most interesting, from circumstances which entitle her to much sympathy. She is one of the most enterprising, for she has, without having the least knowledge of mountaineering, essayed to ascend some of the loftiest peaks of the Alps—summits which even in the summer time are often found to tax the energies of robust men; she is one of the most remarkable, inasmuch as she has not only essayed these things but has actually performed some of them; and, as the widow of the late Colonel Burnaby—an eminent traveller and a distinguished soldier—she has claims to respectful consideration, apart from her own as authoress and Alpine climber.

MRS. FRED BURNABY.

The story of her introduction to the high Alps is so extraordinary that it would scarcely be credited if it were given to the world by any pen except her own; but there is her own authority for stating* that she went for the first time to Chamounix in the summer of 1881, in bad health.† "As for mountaineering, I knew nothing of it, and cared less." Within *three weeks* she attempted to ascend Mont Blanc, but failed, through bad weather. Next year she returned to Chamounix, "not with any intention of mountaineering, however. But before long the desire to go up something grew too strong to be resisted. Still I *did nothing worthy* of note." This declaration is followed by a list of the excursions made that season, and they include the ascent of Mont Blanc twice! of the Grandes Jorasses! and various *minor affairs*. Mrs. Burnaby, it must be confessed, is rather hard on Mont Blanc—the loftiest of the Alps—always considered a mountain of note; and is almost equally cruel to the Grandes Jorasses, which is a mountain of highly respectable reputation, and generally affords fair occupation to anyone who tries to ascend it.

Great benefits to her health Mrs. Burnaby declares resulted from these excursions, and, she says, "at the conclusion of the season (1882) I announced my intention of spending the winter in Switzerland. Doctor—friends—everyone exclaimed that it was madness. I, who had been on the borders of consumption, to think of anything so imprudent. . . . I compromised the matter, and went to Montreux" (a comparatively warm place, on the Lake of Geneva). "Six weeks of damp proved too much for me. In spite of kindly warnings . . . I returned to Chamounix on the 18th of December. Two days later I began my winter ascents." They were carried on from the middle of December, 1882, nearly up to the middle of March, 1883. A few months later, Mrs. Burnaby's book was written, printed, and published; and those who have experienced the delays which occur to authors will be inclined to hold that this last feat is not the least that Mrs. Burnaby has performed.

The principal object of this book appears to be to show that persons of consumptive tendency may and do derive great benefit from experiencing cold in lofty situations. She maintains that such health resorts as Algiers, Hyères, and Mentone are a mistake, so far as consumptives are concerned, and that Chamounix, the Col du Géant, and other frigid places are preferable. Upon this matter a word will be said at a later point. All will agree that if Mrs. Burnaby has discovered any method by which consumption can be staved off or cured, she has made an important discovery, which will justly earn her much gratitude. The interest of this volume thus lies more in the experiences which produced such beneficial results than in the particular localities which were visited, and some of these experiences are accordingly given.

The book opens with an ascent of the Grandes Jorasses, one of the loftiest of the peaks of the range of Mont Blanc, which is a noble object both on the French and Italian sides, and is not generally regarded as an easily ascended mountain. Its summit is 13,700 feet above the sea, and is about 9,500 feet above the village of Courmayeur, the starting-place of the expedition. On the first day the party went only a few thousand feet up, to a rude hut which has been constructed to facilitate ascents, and left this on the following morning at *half-past three*, getting to the summit at eleven o'clock. It is not stated at what hour the descent was commenced, but by the time darkness had set in (which in the middle of September is about seven o'clock) they had not regained the hut, and endeavoured to get downwards by *candle-light*, ultimately stopping about 10 p.m. on the middle of a snow-covered glacier, from sheer inability to get lower. The invalid lady and a porter remained here, in a hole dug in the snow, for five hours, while two guides ventured downwards in the darkness to fetch more candles from the hut. They returned at 3 a.m., and the whole party then descended, and reached the hut at half-past four in the morning. Thus from the hut and back to it again occupied 25 hours, which seems a rather long piece of exercise for a lady on the borders of consumption. Mrs. Burnaby's account is as follows:—

"We started in hot haste for the descent, as it was most important to reach the cabane before dark. Not once did we stop, and yet, just as we were getting off the last rocks, the night overtook us. Our bit of candle remained, but what a small piece it seemed with which to do the hour and a half which must elapse before we could hope to reach the cabin! We economised it as long as we could. At first we had our steps in the ice to guide us, and could feel for them with our feet. Then came hard snow, crevasses abounded, and we had to light our precious candle. For half an hour we descended by its light, walking as fast as we could; but the numerous 'schrunds' took up a great deal of time, and, all too soon, our light began to flicker. Tenderly we placed it on the edge of an ice-axe, carefully gathering all the drops of grease around its wick. On we pressed. Would the glacier never end? We were just crossing a large crevasse, my turn had come to crawl over the frail snow bridge, when our candle went out, and once more darkness overtook us! . . . Then my fears got the better of me. I declined to advance a single step further! The porter behind me muttered, 'Better make a night of it here than break our necks in a crevasse!'

"The others said that it certainly would be wiser to remain were we were—'if madame won't be frozen?' 'Certainly, I shall not,' I answered. . . . We began to arrange our impromptu bivouac. First a deep hole was dug in the snow. One knapsack was placed in it for me to sit on. I took off my boots, wrapped a silk handkerchief round my feet, and put them in another. . . . As for wraps, I had a warm red Indian shawl. After half an hour Proment" (one of the guides) "got impatient. He wanted to take one of the porters to try to find the cabin, and return to us with

* In *The High Alps in Winter*. S. Low and Co., 1883.

† Later in the book (p. 187) it is said, "on the borders of consumption."

candles. . . . It was then 10 p.m. They started with the full length of the rope between them. After twenty minutes they returned; it was impossible to advance at that point. They then tried the other side, and presently called to the porter who was with me to come to help them. They were descending a steep slope, with a crevasse at the bottom of it. He put his ice-axe at the top, twisted the rope around it, let them down, and then returned to me.

"What a dull time we had up there. . . . At last I dozed off. On awaking it appeared to me that I had slept for some hours. I determined to keep awake in case the others should call, for it was important that we should be ready to answer. As I was turning this over in my mind a cry was heard. . . . Below shone a light. It advanced steadily, and, at 3 a.m. our companions arrived, well provided with candles. We went down at once to the cabin, and got there at 4.30. . . . I can thoroughly recommend," adds Mrs. Burnaby, "the ascent of the Grandes Jorasses to all mountaineers of tolerable ability. . . . The ice-slopes are steep," indeed she might have said that the whole ascent is continuously steep, one of the most rapid in the Alps, affording very few places where slopes ease off, for a little breathing-time.

This ascent terminated Mrs. Burnaby's summer season in 1882; but she seems to have been strongly bitten by mountain madness, and returned to Chamounix in the middle of *December*. Winter ascents are not yet fashionable, nor is it desirable that they should become so, for there is much more risk in travelling in the winter than in the summer, especially in the neighbourhood of lofty snowy summits, and for two principal reasons, namely, the shortness of the days and the uncertainty of the weather. It is always well on mountain excursions to have a good margin of daylight, but in the winter this is impossible, as the days are only seven or eight hours long. The risk of being surprised by night in inconvenient places is therefore considerable, and a fifteen or sixteen hours' night, in an exposed situation, in bad weather, would kill many persons. Mrs. Burnaby, however, went through her campaign, and declares that she was benefited by her experiences!

During the whole of this time she was under the leading of a Chamounix guide named Cupelin, who is described as a person of unusual agility. "'How difficult it would be,' Mrs. Burnaby remarked to him, 'if one were to meet in the mountains with a piece of rock like the walls of this chalet, to ascend it, supposing, of course, that one received no help from any one else.' 'Not a bit of it,' answered the guide, who at once began to climb it like a monkey. A cornice hung from the roof, but at last, by the aid of his ice-axe, he arrived on the top, and proceeded to jump down again. Presently I asked, 'Could you do that with the tea-things in your hand, and break nothing?' 'To be sure!' and with the tea-pot in one hand and the cream-jug and cup in the other, down he sprang, arriving on his feet, nothing even spilt." He goes up and down more or less perpendicular places, apparently like a fly, with his employer after him, and is, says Mrs. Burnaby, "without exception, the very best guide I know."

MONTE ROSA FROM THE GORNER GRAT.

To a gentleman who can skip about in this nimble way mountaineering naturally comes easy. The first excursion made under the guidance of Cupelin is called the passage of the Col du Tacul. The nature of this may be partly inferred from a reference made to it which is given towards the end of the book. "'The last part was *so*,' said Cupelin, standing his ice-axe bolt upright on the floor, 'and if you fell you would have gone *so*,' passing his hand down it in a suggestive manner till he came to the boards." Mrs. Burnaby says of this pass (p. 21) that "it led from nothing—nowhere," and her description of their arrival at its summit is as follows.

"We saw the Col only about ten feet above us. Ah! those ten feet! They were not to be won so easily. Steeper and steeper grew the slope, a cornice hung over us. . . . Auguste crawled under it, and told us to keep our heads down while he cut it away. We did so, but, getting impatient, I looked up, and received a reminder on my nose, in the shape of a piece of ice, which hurt a good deal at the time, and left a mark for long afterwards. With axes deeply buried in the snow, rope passed around them, and our bodies flattened against the slope, we waited. At last a loud 'hurrah!' announced that Auguste had got his hands over. But it was less easy for him to follow them. However, by aid of violent pushes from his brothers' ice-axe, he got up, and was soon dragging us after him. . . I gazed down the slope up which we had come with enormous satisfaction."

After an interval of a fortnight, Mrs. Burnaby set out for *another* ascent of Mont Blanc, and went, according to the usual custom, to the cabane on the rocks called the Grands Mulets to pass the night. "The snow in the upper regions was simply atrocious! . . . We floundered upwards, and presently gained the rocks and the cabin. A quarter of an hour was spent in removing the snow which had drifted against the door. When, at last, we could open it and go in, what desolation met our eyes! Piles of snow on the shelves, a coating of ice on the floor, and everything frozen. Wine bottles smashed from the congelation, the chimney full of snow, and suffocation when we tried to light the fire. Simon poured gallons of petroleum on it, but to no purpose. However, after an hour's work the place began to look more comfortable.

"We had arrived at the cabin before 3 p.m. The next morning at 3.30, the guides knocked at my door, saying, 'the weather is lovely." . . . The thermometer in my room was at freezing-point during the night. Outside the cabin it stood at 13 degs. of frost. At half-past four we started. . . The Grand Plateau was reached at eight o'clock without serious difficulty, though the softness of the snow made the ascent a tiring one. On the Grand Plateau the thermometer marked twenty-three degrees of frost, and a fine snow had begun to fall. . . We toiled across. Endless it seemed on that winter's morning, as with our eyes rivetted on the white cone above, enveloped in the lightest of mists, we calculated the chances for and against our fortunes. The Corridor came at last, and we began to mount it; but a mighty bergschrund swept across its entire width, and a single bridge crossed the yawning gulf, and showed us our passage. It was not by any means a solid-looking bridge. Would it bear the weight of a human body? This was the point to be decided. Our leader, Auguste, dropped on his hands and knees to try it. The others kept back, and watched. He safely reached the

middle. Crack! he and the bridge disappeared. A gap in the snow told us that our leader was below in the crevasse. We pulled; he yelled. We redoubled our efforts, till an exclamation of 'Don't pull like that, unless you want to manufacture a tunnel through the bank!' caused us to stop. Cupelin advanced, lay down, and looked over. His brother had fallen on a convenient little ledge, from which, by our mistaken zeal, he had been lifted. The rope had become deeply imbedded in the bank, and had, in consequence, pulled him against the side of the crevasse. A little judicious cutting away of its edge released him, and he got out, none the worse."

The end of the matter was that they did not get up Mont Blanc, and returned to Chamounix; starting after another fortnight for the ascent of the Aiguille du Midi, one of the peaks of the Mont Blanc range. "In some places the snow did not lie thick enough to admit of a good step being cut in it. It had in that case to be removed until a ledge was found beneath, and the rocks were then wet and slippery. They were smooth and polished in the Cheminée, and without foothold or handhold for a person of my small stature. I mounted them on my knees, my hands spread out against the rougher portions of the rock. A considerable amount of tugging from above was necessary, and Cupelin, from his lofty perch, looked like a fisherman landing an unwieldly salmon. . . . In a few minutes we all stood on the top." While descending, says Mrs. Burnaby, we "wondered what more we could do to make the good people below open their eyes."

The succeeding excursions do not call for notice until we come to the passage of the Col d'Argentière on February 7. This Col gives grand views, it is very lofty, and it is considered, even in the summer time, to be one of the more difficult of glacier passes. Mr. John Ball (a very competent authority) says in his *Alpine Guide* that the sheer descent on the eastern side is positively startling. Mrs. Burnaby, however, says she was *not* startled, so no more need be said about it, except that her party occupied *eighteen hours* going from their starting-point to the village of Orsières, walking mostly over snow, which again seems a rather long piece of exercise for an invalid.

A considerable interval followed this excursion, and then the party set out across the St. Bernard pass to make one or two more ascents before the spring commenced. "I carefully planned a programme," says Mrs. Burnaby, "for the following week. Its two principal items were the Matterhorn and Monte Rosa." After remarking that the former mountain might prove troublesome, she continues, "as for Monte Rosa, it had never before been ascended in winter, and, unless beaten by bad weather, we were sure to do it."

The passage of the St. Bernard was successfully made. It is said of the monks that no summer tourist has ever "seen the holy fathers attired in anything so unclerical" as the costumes they were wearing in the winter, which were made up of "top boots and gaiters, snuff-coloured knickerbockers, short coats, woollen gloves, and fur caps. . . Dinner was quickly prepared, and very hungry we were. First came soup, then fish cooked with cheese and eggs, and finally a dish of curious little black creatures, quite new both to A—— and myself. We had eaten about half of them when A—— suddenly put down her knife and fork, and exclaimed,—

"I know what they are!"

"Do you?" I said. "What are they, then?"

"I don't like to tell you; you won't eat any more if I do," she answered.

"I don't mind so long as they taste good," I replied.

"Well," said A——, "I think that they're ——slugs;" and Mrs. Burnaby, most contradictorily, did *not* eat any more.

They pushed on rapidly through Aosta to the Val Tournanche; went up that valley; passed a night in the hut on the top of the Col Théodule, and started on March 4, to try to get up Monte Rosa. The cold was great, and the wind grew into a gale. "So far my men had not uttered a word as to the cold. The other guides had already grumbled once or twice to them. A more furious gust than we had yet felt made me exclaim 'if we persist we shall all be frozen,' and they one and all declined to advance a step further. . . . As we were talking, I saw Michel's eyes opening to their widest extent.

"The nose of Madame, the nose of Madame!" he screamed, and to my astonishment everyone began rubbing my poor nose with all their force.

"What is the matter?" I asked.

"Rub; rub hard!" was all the answer I got.

Presently the amount of rubbing which it received seemed to satisfy them, for Cupelin exclaimed, "Ah, it is beautiful now!"

"Beautiful! What do you mean?" I inquired.

"Yes," answered my guide, "it is now getting quite black!"

At length they enlightened me. It seemed that my nose had got frost-bitten; that its turning white was the first sign of the catastrophe, and getting black afterwards showed that it was cured. I felt no pain, owing to the intense cold, when it came to, but it burnt as if held before a fire for several days afterwards. . . . The thermometer sank as low as it could (13 deg. below zero, Fahrenheit), but all were agreed that there were many more degrees of cold. . . . We turned and fled down the slopes as fast as we could run, and only halted when we got some 2,000 feet lower, where an enormous sérac, which had fallen from a glacier above, gave us shelter from the wind. . . . Chicken, soup, champagne, in fact, everything except the cognac, was frozen as hard as a stone. Every time anything had been poured into the glass half of it had frozen instantaneously to the sides. It was now a queer medley of white and red wine in layers one over the other." Zero of Fahrenheit is 32 degrees below freezing-point, so no wonder chicken, soup, etc., were frozen. The attempt to ascend Monte Rosa was abandoned, and they descended to Zermatt, having, apparently, been afoot from 1 a.m. to 8 p.m., that is for nineteen hours!

The extracts which have been made from Mrs. Burnaby's book give a fair idea of its readable nature. In quoting them, however, we by no means endorse her opinions. It may be considered an established fact, though one which is not yet half appreciated, that persons with weak lungs may and do derive benefit from going to live at considerable elevations above the sea, in pure and dry air, and to that extent we are entirely in accord with Mrs. Burnaby; but we take leave to doubt whether it is advantageous for persons in indifferent health to tax their strength by undertaking excursions extending to 18 or 20 hours of continuous labour, still less can we believe that it is desirable for them to be dragged through snow by ropes around their waists, to experience great and rapid alternations of temperature, or to have their noses frost-bitten. We do not, therefore, counsel anyone to follow her example; but all may read her book, and after doing so most persons will be inclined to say, "Well, if Mrs. Burnaby could do these things as an invalid, what *could* she not do when in a robust state of health!"

Our second lady Alpine traveller—Miss Lucy Walker—was a celebrity almost before Mrs. Burnaby was born. Twenty to five-and-twenty years ago, at the little after-dinner chattings which take place at most Alpine hotels, there were many inquiries made after Miss Walker. "Has Miss Walker come out?" "Have you heard that Miss Walker has been up the Monte Jumbo?" or "the Needlespitze?" "Do you know that Miss Walker is going to try the Dummihorn?" "Can you tell me where Miss Walker is now?" and so forth. It is no secret that Miss Walker excited much curiosity, and inspired a large amount of talk. Some individuals professed to disbelieve in her existence, and said there never was such a person, and regarded the questions as mere badinage; and others said they did not care a fig for Miss Walker (of course, *they* belonged to the *rude* sex), but they generally ended by becoming just as curious as the others, and were presently heard making similar inquiries.

Frequenters of the Alps soon became convinced of Miss Walker's reality; for she did not always live on mountain tops, and descended sometimes to the level of ordinary mortals, and was even occasionally encountered upon high roads. Whether she ever failed in any of her enterprises cannot be told, as a discreet reticence was maintained regarding them—if there were any; but year after year fresh rumours circulated of new conquests, until one got to believe that Miss Walker's appetite for peaks was quite insatiable. It required a bold person to say what she had *not* done, for she seemed ubiquitous, and we could not have ventured to draw out a list of her achievements without inquiry and assistance. The following table of ascents which have been made by her has not heretofore been published, and we have Miss Walker's kind permission to print it in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. It contains the names only of mountains 12,000 feet high and upwards, and it will be almost as much a revelation to those who are usually well-informed on Alpine matters as to those who are not:—

In the Pennine Alps—

1. Mont Blanc (15,780).
2. Aiguille Verte (13,540).
3. Monte Rosa (15,217).
4. The Dom (14,935).
5. Lyskamm (14,889).
6. Weisshorn (14,800).
7. Matterhorn (14,780).
8. Täschhorn (14,758).
9. Grand Combin (14,100).
10. Balferinhorn (13,900).
11. Twins (13,880).
12. Alphubel (13,800).
13. Rympfischhorn (13,790).
14. Strahlhorn (13,750).
15. Breithorn (13,685).
16. Allaleinhorn (13,235).
17. Weissmies (13,225).
18. Mont Vélan (12,350).

In the Graian and Cottian Alps—

19. Grivola (13,000).
20. Mont Pourri (12,490).
21. Monte Viso (12,640).

In the Eastern Alps—

22. The Ortelerspitze (12,814).
23. Bermina (13,290).

And in the Oberland—

24. Finsteraarhorn (14,020).
25. Aletschorn (13,800).
26. Jungfrau (13,760).
27. Mönch (13,438).
28. Schreckhorn (13,394).
29. Eiger (13,045).
30. Viescherhorn (12,700).
31. Wetterhorn (12,150).
32. Balmhorn, first ascent (12,100).
33. Blumlis Alp (12,040).
34. Galenstock (11,950).

She has also crossed the following passes, besides very many of an inferior nature:—

1. Lys Joch (14,040).
2. Felik Joch (13,400).
3. Schwartz Thor (12,777).
4. Morning Pass (12,750).
5. Mischabel Joch (12,650).
6. Alphubel Joch (12,474).
7. Adler Pass (12,461).
8. Monch Joch (12,093).
9. Ried Pass (11,800).
10. Col de Valpelline (11,087).
11. Bies Joch (11,645).
12. Trift Joch (11,614).
13. Col du Sonadon (11,483).
14. Col d'Erin (11,418).
15. Col Durand (11,398).
16. Col du Tour (11,213).
17. Jungfrau Joch (11,095).
18. Col du Géant (11,030).
19. Strahleck (10,994).
20. Lauteraarjoch (10,663).
21. Gauli Pass (10,500).
22. Wetterlücke (10,359).
23. Oberaarjoch (10,264).

Although this most remarkable list does not include the *whole* of the chief Alpine summits it is not far from doing so; and, omitting the peaks ascended by Miss Walker, it would be impossible to frame another list of Alps half so important. It is probably correct to say that no candidate for election in the Alpine Club has ever submitted a list of qualifications at all approaching the list Miss Walker could produce; and we are not acquainted with any work written by a single person which treats upon so many mountains from personal knowledge. Strange to say, when young, Miss Walker suffered acutely from rheumatism, but was never troubled with it after she commenced mountaineering; and she was able in her fiftieth year to make the ascent of the Petit Mont Cervin (12,750 feet) without fatigue.

Should Miss Walker ever give to the world some account of her unparalleled experiences, her book would be unique of its kind; and, amidst descriptions of scenes such as it has been the lot of few to enjoy, we may be sure she would not forget to do justice equally to the loving watchfulness of father and brother—her constant companions—and to the tender care of the faithful Swiss, their incomparable leader, whose ability and prudence have never failed in this long series of expeditions, and whose sterling qualities have long since justly earned for him the title of Prince of Guides.

MONEY OBLIGATIONS.

By ARDERN HOLT.

THERE is a great deal more mischief done in this world by want of thought than from *malice prepense*, and this remark more particularly applies to matters relating to money, especially where they concern women.

As a rule, women are not only careless, but extremely ignorant about money matters, such ignorance being more culpable than ever now that the recent Married Women's Property Act recognises that the fair sex are capable of managing their own affairs, and, moreover, gives them the power to do so.

For the first time they are made legally responsible for their own acts. If they overspend, their husbands are no longer liable, and their creditors can come upon their own separate estate for payment. They may invest their own money as they will, provided it is not vested in trustees; they may trade on their own responsibility, and they may go to law on their own account without the intervention of their husbands. If, then, as married women, such grave liabilities will in the future rest on women's shoulders, they cannot begin too early to learn the value of money, and the duties which its possession entails.

Every girl, to my thinking, ought to have an allowance for dress and her own small personal expenses proportional to her position in life, for it is the only way by which they will realise what money will do, how far it will go, and how much art there is in the manner of spending it.

Taking for granted, then, that my girl-readers have an allowance, I should advise them, simultaneously with obtaining it, to invest in an account-book, then to sit down quietly and dot down on a piece of paper what the items of their expenditure are likely to be in the year and quarter, and how to apportion the sum to their wants. Twenty pounds, ten pounds—even five pounds—seems a large sum of money when you have it for the first time, and do not quite realise how far it has to go and how quickly it will slip away when the sovereigns are changed to shillings and sixpences. But forethought and prearrangement do wonders, and enable you to buy twice as much as you otherwise would, or else you are very likely to invest in a new dress or a new mantle, or perhaps only two or three pairs of shoes, which seemed cheap and desirable, and so take up a much larger share of your income than you can afford. There is an old saying, "Take care of the pence, and the shillings will take care of themselves;" and on this theory I always begin with the little things that must be had, and see first which of them are absolutely necessary.

For example, I should begin on a long slip of paper by apportioning a certain sum to gloves, shoes, ribbons, collars, cuffs, laces, handkerchiefs, umbrellas, parasols, flowers, and other such knick-knacks of dress; then pass on to underclothing, hats, bonnets, and veils, dresses—morning and evening—and mantles. These are the principal requirements of dress. Having decided how I am to spend the sum I have for these, I should then see what was left for stationery, needlework, presents, and last, but most important of all, charity. Everbody, however little money they have, should take a certain sum, before they spend any of the rest, for charity. This is a money obligation which brings with it a rare harvest of blessing.

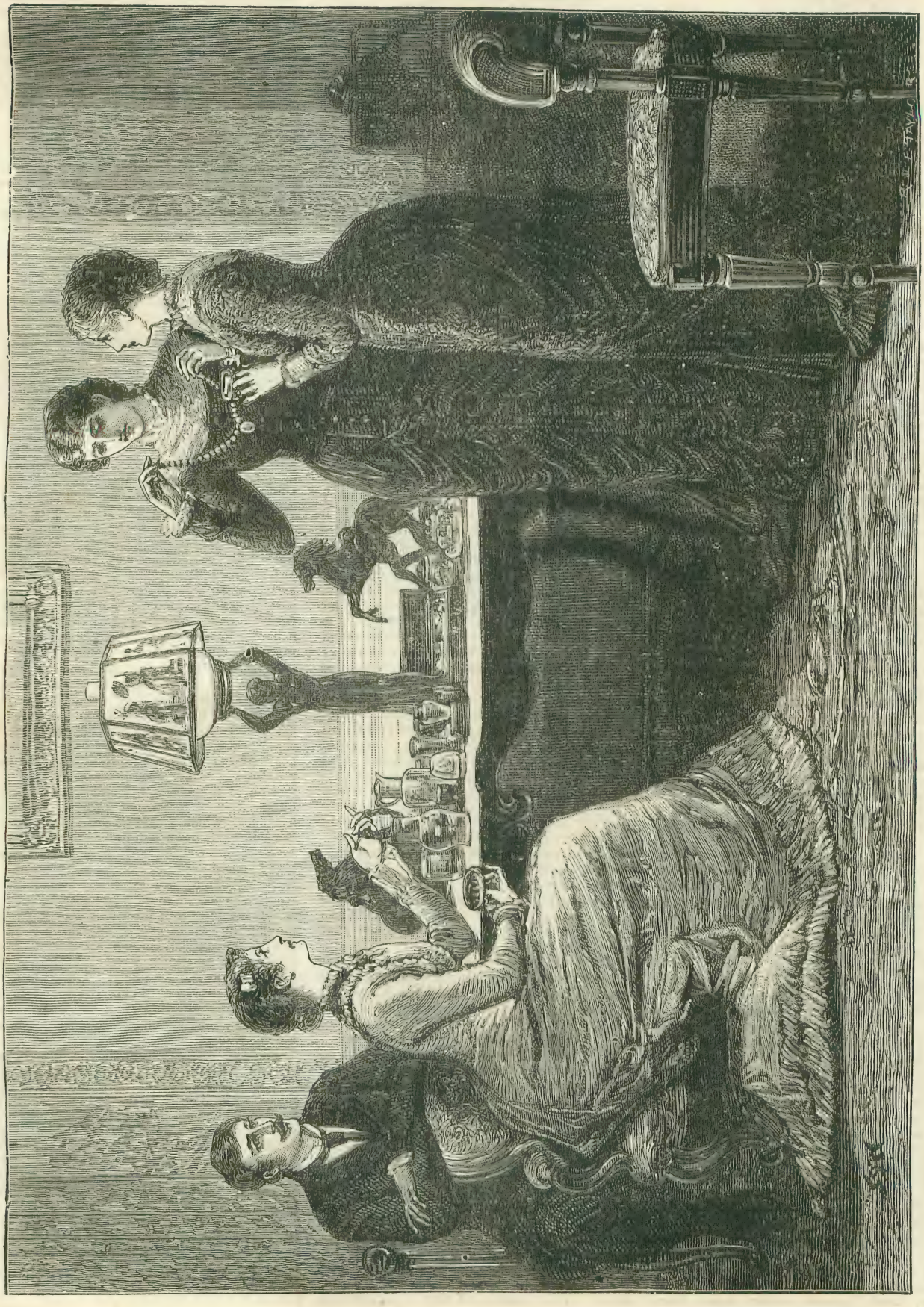
As years go on, you will find that the happiness of your lives depends far less upon the outward surroundings—wealth, prosperity, and the like—than on yourself, your own capacity for happiness, which, after all, is one of the greatest blessings that comes to us here; and one of the chief things which gives real happiness is helping others. Money troubles are not to be lightly esteemed. Spending annually a little over your income brings endless annoyance—a little under, much comfort and much self-respect. It is not given to all women to do great things—to be successful novelists, or leaders in the political and social world, or even the mothers and wives of successful men, who make a noise in the world. Every year, more and more women have to give up any hope of becoming wives and mothers at all, but have to content themselves with quiet paths. Possibly they are freer from the grave anxieties and the deepest sufferings of life, while they lose a few of the sweetest and holiest joys; but little duties are always within woman's sphere, and it is with these little duties, that bring such great results, that money has so much to do.

Money is the root of all evil—granted; but it is the root of all good, and such a powerful lever, exercising such an amazing influence for good or ill, that we are very wrong and foolish to esteem it but little.

A few pounds—sometimes a few pence—make all the difference between happiness and misery; and you have to understand a good deal of the life of the very poor before you really know what money's worth is. Think what it must be to work from morning till night, as many poor workwomen do—yes, and into the very small hours of the night—and but earn one shilling a day. Many of the dressmakers you girls are likely to employ may very possibly be living from hand to mouth; and if you, in your heedlessness, omit to pay the small account you owe them, the chances are they will have but a meagre dinner on Sunday, and very possibly be stitching from morning to night, with nothing to support them but tea and bread. The chances are they are beginning entirely on their own resources, and have no parents to fall back upon. Very poor people get so accustomed to the sea of suffering that they live through that they do not complain, fearing to do so, lest it may stop their small earnings. It might do many of you girls a deal of good, and teach you a lesson of patience and sympathy, if you could only see into the heart of the poor woman who is trying on your dress with far more troubles before her than the disappointment that she has not fitted you to perfection. It is a duty in life, and a great one too, to be very prompt and particular about money payments, and the well-to-do have duties as well as the needy. With a well-filled purse it may be a great saving of trouble to pay just what is asked without going into items, but overpaying is as wrong as underpaying—you are thereby making it harder for those who are not so well off, and raising unduly the market value of time or produce. "To be true and just in all our dealings" is not so very easy after all, and entails self-denial, as most of life's duties do. We cannot live for ourselves; our interests are bound up in others; nor did we come into this world to seek and ensure our own happiness. We are sent here to fulfil the great purposes of God, and even the weakest of us are capable of doing His will and living for His glory. In doing so, we promote our own happiness, which a selfish struggle to attain our own ends never will do.

When you can, my girl readers obtain and study deeply Smiles' book on "Thrift," a work which, to my thinking, embodies the whole science of money obligations. Thrift is not meanness nor unworthy economy; it is making the best of everything, turning all to the best advantage—money, time and opportunities for our own good and for others. Life is no summer holiday. There are heavy trials and disappointments before all of us, but with the suffering there is always compensation; and the lessons of adversity are sweet, though the teaching may be bitter. Doing our best will help us through all, and in this I include taking large and noble views of life. We may be poor and generous; meanness and poverty do not necessarily go together. People who know the world well will corroborate what I tell you—that it is far better to have money transactions with poor people than rich; they know better the value of money, so are more particular in the discharge of small debts, and, alas! are more generous.

If you begin when you are young to recognise the importance of money obligations and the misery of debt, you are laying by a small fortune for yourselves. Learning how to spend money means many pounds a year in your pocket.



WEDDING PRESENTS.

EPITHALAMIUM.

By ALICE CARY.

In the pleasant spring-time weather—
  Rosy morns and purple eves—
When the little birds together
  Sit and sing among the leaves,
Then it seems as if the shadows,
  With their interlacing boughs,
Had been hung above the meadows
  For the plighting of their vows!

In the lighter, warmer weather,
  When the music softly rests,
And they go to work together
  For the building of their nests;
Then the branches, for a wonder,
  Seem uplifted everywhere,
To be props and pillars under
  Little houses in the air.

But when we see the meeting
  Of the lives that are to run
Henceforward to the beating
  Of two hearts that are as one,
When we hear the holy taking
  Of the vows *that cannot break*,
Then it seems as if the making
  Of the world was for their sake.

ONLY A GIRL-WIFE.

By RUTH LAMB, Author of "Her Own Choice," &c.

CHAPTER X.

THAT second telegram might well trouble Andrew Crawford, for it brought the tidings that his father was lying speechless and helpless through an attack of paralysis.

"Come, if possible. You can surely do something for him." This was part of the message which came from his mother, and it would be hard indeed for Dr. Crawford to refuse compliance. Yet how could he go? He might leave his other patients, but there was Ida to be considered. He had but just succeeded in soothing her wounded feelings and bringing back a smile to her fair face. How would she endure the thought of his leaving her?

Dr. Crawford decided to take counsel with Jean Graham, knowing that the faithful woman might be relied upon to care tenderly for her young mistress during his own enforced absence.

"Eh, Master Andrew, but I'm sorry for ye," said Jean. "This news is a sore trial to ye, but a far away worse one to your mother. Ye'll be wanting to set off without loss o' time. The sight of ye will be her best comfort, to say nothing of what ye may be able to do for your father, poor man!"

"I want to go with as little delay as possible, and, but for my wife, I would start by the mail train to-night," said the doctor.

"And why should the mistress hinder ye, sir? Has she said ye must not leave her?"

"I have not told her about the message yet, Jean. I feel half afraid to carry bad news to her, for she has already been more excited than I liked to see her about another matter."

"But the mistress is doing finely now, and looking bonnier than ever. At the fortnight's end ye may surely feel content to leave her for a day or two. Ye may trust me, Master Andrew, I'll watch over her and the baby whilst ye're away, and if there's the least thing amiss with either of your treasures, I can send a message to bring ye back."

"I know how good and faithful you are, Jean, but your mistress is so young and inexperienced, and seems to want me at this time more than ever. If there were only some kind, motherly lady in the neighbourhood who would come in and out during my absence, I should feel more easy about my wife."

A little pang of jealousy passed through Jean Graham's breast as she heard the doctor's words. Could he not trust Mrs. Crawford to her alone? Would any outsider, lady though she might be, care for her bonny young mistress as she would do, to say nothing of the nurse, who was older still and chosen by the doctor himself as exceptionally qualified?

But the character of Jean Graham was far too noble to permit of her harbouring petty jealousies. The thought was scouted almost as soon as it was conceived, and she began to consider who could be found to fill the mother's place to Mrs. Crawford whilst the doctor was away.

"Doctor, there's Mrs. Prattely," said Jean, as the result of her cogitations. "She's very fond of the mistress, and a real, kind body too, though she talks a bit fast and enough for two ordinary ladies. Still there's no harm in her. Ye cannot say of Mrs. Prattely that she's o' the sort that carry the poison of asps under their lips, for she advises folk for their good and says ill things of nobody. There isn't a sting in a twelvemonth of her talk. And, eh, Master Andrew, if ye set her over the mistress she'll be as proud as a hen with one chick. She has been a mother, too, though she has no child living."

Dr. Crawford was very sensible of Jean's large-heartedness in making such a suggestion, for, if there was a human being who could rouse a spirit of antagonism in her breast it was Mrs. Prattely. But with Jean Graham the question was not, "whom should I like to have coming in and out?" but "who would act a mother's part to the girl-mistress of Steynes-Cote?"

Very gently did the doctor tell Ida of the bad news he had received, but it was with a mixture of thankfulness and disappointment that he saw how little she was stirred by the intelligence. He did not want to see her beautiful face flushed with renewed excitement, but he did long for sympathy with his own sorrow and anxiety on account of his parents. It is true that Ida said, "I am very sorry about your father, Andrew," but the words had a matter-of-fact ring with them, and immediately afterwards she spoke of some trifling matter, as if the trouble were already dismissed from her mind.

"I am afraid I must leave you for a day or two, Ida, darling," said the doctor, gently. "I am the eldest son within reach, and my professional knowledge may be of some use to my poor father."

"Leave me! No, Andrew, you must not think of it; I cannot bear you to go now. Why, my birthday, even, is not yet over, though I wish it were, for it has brought nothing but trouble, and I had reckoned on its being so bright."

Just what the doctor feared had come to pass. His wife had received the tidings of his father's illness with calmness, but at the first mention of his leaving her she had broken down utterly, and was now sobbing on his shoulder.

Ida might be indifferent about many things, but never as to the presence or absence of her husband. The faults of this girl-wife were the results of wrong training, for her nature was essentially sweet and tender, and with her to love once was to be true always.

Dr. Crawford held her to his breast,

and strove by quiet words to show her how impossible it would be for him to disobey such a summons as that of his mother. "Think, darling," he said, "how terrible it would be for me in after life to look back upon this time, and to feel that I had refused to go at my mother's call to what may be my father's deathbed. You are doing so well that I have no fears for you, if you will only keep quiet and avoid agitation. You will have our good Jean, and she has suggested that I should ask Mrs. Prattely to act a mother's part and spend as much time as possible with you."

Mrs. Crawford was very fond of this kindly lady, and appeared to take comfort from the very thought of having her at hand. But she would not consent for the doctor to set out before the morning, and he reluctantly yielded to his wife's wish and remained with her, though by doing this he lost time, the journey would be longer, and the early morning train a comparatively slow one.

Whilst travelling northward, the doctor had ample time to think over all that his father's illness might involve. The pastor might never be able to mount the pulpit again, and if he were strong enough to resume his duties, there would be constant danger of a second attack. Or he might be spared, to be for years a helpless invalid, needing constant care and nursing—he who had been so helpful, and made such a blessing to his flock.

There were still two children at school who would need years of further training before they would be able partially to maintain themselves, much less to assist their parents.

Hitherto Dr. Crawford had been the staff on which his parents had leaned, and found it never fail them. Their other children were willing to help, but some were already married, and none had much to spare.

"I am still the rich man of the family," thought the doctor; "they will look to me to supply all deficiencies. Thank God, I can do my part, and He knows how willing I am to do all. But if my father's health has utterly broken down, they must leave the Manse, and there will be another home to find for them, and four to support entirely. I did not trouble myself yesterday about Carnelly's neglect, but if the worst come to the worst, Ida's little fortune would be of more importance than I considered it to be a few hours ago. She must wonder that I have never alluded to the income arising from it, and which Lord Carnelly ought to have paid direct to herself, according to my request. My poor Ida! I cannot bear to let her know the full extent of her brother's neglect."

This was a mistake of the doctor's. Kindly meant but unfortunate in its results, as everything but perfect confidence must always be where husband and wife are concerned.

When Dr. Crawford stood by his father's bed his worst fears were confirmed; he could see that the pastor's earthly work was done.

To his mother's eager pleading look he replied, "I think he will rally; most likely he will be spared for years." But he had not the heart to add, "Probably of helplessness." Indeed, he took shame to himself for giving up hope so soon; he who had so often striven to cheer others by telling them that none should despair while life remained.

So Dr. Crawford strove to make the best of things, and to comfort his mother and the two sorrowful-faced lads, whose looks of mute appeal touched him deeply. They had profound faith in the skill of that brother of whom they had heard so much and seen so little, and followed the expression of his face as if it settled their future with unerring certainty.

Two days passed and brought no appreciable change in the patient, and Dr. Crawford was beginning to think of returning to Steynes-Cote. On the third, however, he was cheered by receiving a few pencilled lines in his wife's handwriting.

"I have had a delightful letter from Lindsay," she wrote. "He expected to reach home several days ago, but the yacht was delayed by contrary winds. You will be as glad as I am to know that he did not neglect me intentionally. He has sent me the loveliest opal and diamond bracelet—quite too handsome for country wear—and Beatrice a pendant to match. They say I shall find them useful when I pay them a visit later on, and that I must take our baby with me, as they are so used to a tribe of children that one, more or less, makes no difference. Beatrice says that her present would have reached me sooner but she waited for Lindsay's return in order that both articles might come together. Lindsay says he is going to write to you about business matters, so all will be made right. I am so glad, for I had felt terribly hurt at his neglect. You need not be the least bit anxious about baby or me. I am feeling quite well, and my wee darling is lovelier than ever. Do not scold me for writing. It is better than medicine for me to send you a few lines with my own hand, and I really take as much rest as you could wish if you were here. Mrs. Prattely is staying at Steynes-Cote altogether, her husband being away from home at present. She watches over me with the most jealous care, and makes me feel as if I had a mother. You see that you may be quite easy about me, dear Andrew, so if you can be a comfort to your mother by all means remain with her until your Shelverton patients need you here."

Then there were loving sympathetic messages to Dr. Crawford's mother and the family, and lastly a postscript in which Ida wrote—"I do think the coming of our dear baby will be the greatest possible blessing to Mrs. Prattely, who seems positively enriched, as if Doris were as much her property as ours. She is the kindest creature, and I am very fortunate in having such a good motherly neighbour. You will hardly believe it, Andrew dear, but she has actually talked less than other people usually do ever since she came to look after me."

When Dr. Crawford read this postscript he could not help laughing. For good Mrs. Prattely to become such a quiet companion manifested an amount of self-devotion which deserved to be appreciated.

The whole letter, so far as it concerned those at home, was very cheering to the doctor, and he was so rejoiced to have it that he sank the professional man in the husband, and did not scold Ida for writing in those early days of motherhood. He was sure from the tone of the letter that it would have done her more harm to stay her hand than to allow her to write.

Then, again, he was pleased at the consideration she manifested for his mother, and reproached himself for having thought her indifferent. Ida had really seen so little of his parents that they were almost strangers, and it was, perhaps, hardly to be expected that she could feel his father's illness very deeply, especially as she could not yet understand all that it might involve.

The doctor read that paragraph in the letter which referred to the costly presents sent by Lord and Lady Carnelly, and the very thought of them made him feel angry.

"Ida writes with almost childish pleasure about these baubles," said Dr. Crawford to himself. "She does not value them as ornaments, but because she regards them as tokens of affection from her brother and his wife. I doubt very much whether they have even been paid for, though no doubt they will cost me a sufficiently high price."

This conjecture of the doctor's came close to the truth. Lord Carnelly had returned home in a rather desponding frame of mind, and not in the least regretting that those contrary winds had rendered postal communication with Dr. Crawford impossible. He would have been thankful to defer it indefinitely, for to him Ida's birthday was the "evil day," the dawn of which he so dreaded.

Lady Carnelly watched her husband as he opened and read one after another the pile of communications which had arrived during his absence. They were not of a character calculated to raise his spirits, and as he laid down the last he said to his wife, "Beatrice, we cannot go on spending at our present rate. Twice our income would not suffice to meet it, to say nothing of money now owing, and I see you have purchased two costly articles of jewellery within the last few days, though I positively forbade your buying anything of the kind."

"My dear Lindsay, they are not for my own wearing; I merely chose them on your behalf to save time, and I hope you will think them suitable. We could not possibly allow your sister's twenty-first birthday to pass without some such recognition."

"She will be expecting its recognition after a different fashion," replied Lord Carnelly, "or Crawford will, which is the same thing. Has he written lately?"

"He wrote soon after you left home to announce the arrival of his first-born, a girl, and this telegram came on his wife's birthday. It seems your silence was too great a trial for Ida's sisterly

(Drawn by R. Catterson Smith.)

AN IMPROMPTU.

affection to endure." And Lady Carnelly laughed in a mocking way.

She touched a tender spot when she did this, for Lord Carnelly loved his one sister, and was now more weighed down by the knowledge that he had not acted rightly by her than by all the other worldly anxieties which were pressing upon him. He did not tell his wife how much she pained him by her mockery, but asked what reply she had sent to the telegram.

"Oh, Morris answered it. I told him not to allude to my whereabouts in any way, only just to tell Dr. Crawford that you were yachting and your return uncertain. That would relieve Ida's sisterly anxiety, you know." And again Lady Carnelly laughed.

"She would be troubled, Beatrice. Ida is very tender-hearted, and cares more for me than I deserve."

"And Dr. Crawford cares about the money, though he always professed to be so disinterested. Of course it was that he wanted to hear about, but he made Ida's anxiety the excuse for telegraphing."

"My dear, you wrong Crawford; he has never written one word to me about Ida's money. We were friends, and he has trusted me implicitly, and I owe him to-day the full five thousand pounds, with a year's interest in addition. What I am to do I know not. I never invested the money separately from my own, and at this moment I could not command five hundred pounds to save my life. What shall I do?"

"In the first place, send a very penitent and affectionate letter, and I will enclose a note along with the bracelet and pendant. Ida is after all a bit of a simpleton, and will be so charmed with these that she will forget the greater matter. You had better look at the articles, Lindsay, and tell me whether they do credit."

Lord Carnelly scarcely glanced at the jewels, but replied, "I never doubt your good taste, Beatrice, though I do feel ashamed to send these things."

"Why? Are they not good enough?" asked Lady Carnelly.

"You know they are good enough for anyone, but it seems so hateful to make presents at the cost of a jeweller. I know not when they will be paid for. However, I suppose the things must go, and I will tell Ida that Crawford will hear from me on business matters in a day or two."

These were the circumstances attending the despatch of those costly articles on which Mrs. Crawford had looked with glad eyes, as the outcome of an only brother's love.

(*To be continued.*)

NEW MUSIC.

Stanley Lucas and Co.

Du bist die Ruh. Duet for soprano and contralto. English translation and music by Maude Valérie White.—A quiet, graceful duet, as musicianly as all Miss White's works have been, and warmly to be recommended.

Careless Love and Faithful Love. Song by Mary Travers.—Easy to sing. Compass from C to E (in the lowest key). The copy before us is so full of misprints that we advise girls to wait for a revised edition of this little song.

The Broken Flower. Words by Mrs. Hemans. Music by Sebastian B. Schlesinger.—A musicianly song, needing more than a cursory glance to appreciate it, and sing it with justice and effect. It is for soprano voice.

The Promise of the Spring. Words by Jetty Vogel. Music by Summerton Heap.—Charming words set to descriptive music of an ambitious nature, the chief fault being that the song is too high, and keeps the singer constantly upon E and F sharp.

So she went drifting. Song. Words by Walter C. Smith. Music by Ethel M. Boyce.—A well-written song. In the third line of page 3, Miss Boyce appears to have "drifted so deep" as to take the resolution of her dominant 7th with her; but otherwise it is very well written, and the accompaniment is most effective.

J. B. Cramer and Co.

Peace, troubled heart. — Sacred song. Words by Jaxone. Music by Pinsuti. A beautiful setting of beautiful words.

E. Donajowski.

Technical Exercises for Pianoforte. By Dr. F. Sawyer. — These studies will commend themselves to the notice of our young friends who are desirous of becoming good musicians. The exercises on touch, scales, *arpeggios*, octaves, and embellishments are well worthy of attention.

Dans les Champs. Written by A. Thompson McEvoy.—A bright and pleasing composition.

Marriott and Williams.

Album of Six Songs. Whewall Bowling.—Above the average songs a long way, and in some places reminding us of Sterndale Bennett. Accompaniments difficult for an ordinary reader, and each number requiring earnest musicianly treatment by both singer and player.

If I a bird could be. Words translated from the German by M. A. Baines. Music by W. C. Levey.—An extremely pretty song, with flowing accompaniment, music and words harmonising. Is sure to become a favourite.

Come, oh! come where fancy bids. A fairy song. Words by M. A. Baines. Composed by Herbert Baines.—A pretty, characteristic song; will be welcomed by many of our young vocalists.

Patey and Willis.

Two Part Songs. For girls' or boys' voices. By Herbert F. Sharpe.—A style of composition much needed by our schools, combining simple two-part writing with all the care of a cultured musician. The accompaniments are printed in far too small type.

Noel.—Twelve Christmas carols, by such well-known men as Sir A. Sullivan, Dr. Bridge, and Dr. Gauntlett. Appropriate to the coming season.

Rigadoon. For piano. By Allan Macbeth.—A capital, inspiriting little dance, and worth learning. The Rigadoon is an old English jig, and there are specimens extant by Henry Purcell and others.

Pastorella (second gigue). By Michael Watson.—This quaint piece suggests at once a May morning on the village green in days gone by.

Fisher-wife's Vigil. Song. Composed by Frederick Bevan. For a contralto.—A tale of storm and shipwreck, but ending in the happy return of the fisherman. A vigorous and straightforward song, and a story that would require telling well.

I saw thee weep. Music by A. C. Mackenzie, the composer of *Colomba* and the *Rose of Sharon*.

Out of Fashion. Music by A. H. Behrend.—A touching ballad, of the "Auntie" school, and as free from any originality as the last-named song.

Osborn and Tuckwood.

The Pilgrim's Shrine. Words by H. L. D'Arcy Jaxone. Music by Vernon Rey.—An expressive and well-written song, sympathising with the feeling of the composition.

The Freebooter. Words by Lindsey Lennox. Music by Morton Elliott.—A well-written song, with pleasing melody, and within the compass of ordinary baritone voices.

Drucie. A pianoforte piece by A. J. Carpenter.—An agreeable and easy gavotte for small hands.

C. B. Tree.

Danse Elégante. By Alberto Kessler.—Is extremely pretty and interesting. We recommend it to our young friends.

Robert Cocks and Co.

Œnonë. Gavotte by William Mason.—The same may be said of this piece as of the one preceding.

Weekes and Co.

Sheltered. Song by Fred. C. Atkinson.—A weak imitation of Blumenthal.

The Last Farewell. Words by F. Strange. Music by Ernest E. Vinen.

Phillips and Page.

Constant Still. Words by Rosa Carlyle. Music by Leigh Kingsmill.

Henry Klein.

Which would you be, dear? Words by Oonagh. Music by Henry Klein.

The London Music Publishing Company.

Loving Still. Written by Edward Oxenford. Music by Joseph Spawforth.

The above four songs may be commended.

Morceaux de Salon. Par Alfred Burnett. Pour violin ou violoncelle, avec accompagnement de Piano.—Why all this French over six very effective little English pieces by an Englishman? The two before us (Nos. 1 and 5) we can heartily recommend to our young violinists or violoncellists as easy, and suitable to their instruments. The bowing, &c., is carefully marked.

F. Pitman.

Apropos Gavotte. By Jessie Morison.—Light and graceful, but not over original. We thought that the appetite for the gavotte form had been satiated by now.

Musical Monthly Magazine. Vol. II.—A wonderful shillingsworth as far as quantity and variety are concerned, and worth that sum for the old English airs alone, which are shouldered by such terrible companions as the march from *Le Prophète*, arranged as a banjo solo (!) and by ultra-sentimental ballads. The volume contains, in addition to portraits of our best singers, pieces for stringed, wood, and brass instruments, pianos, and harmoniums; and songs, glees, catches, duets, etc., in both the old and the Tonic Sol-fa notations.

FORLORN, YET NOT FORSAKEN.

THE STORY OF A NURSERY GOVERNESS.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

CHAPTER X.

"She who ne'er answers till a husband cools,
Or if she rules him, never shows she rules."

Moral Essays.

"The saint sustained it,
But the woman died."

Epitaph.

To return to Margaret. Once in our house, and the long strain relieved, she collapsed entirely, and for days was only fit to lie still, all but speechless and motionless. Gradually my dear mother's patient care won her back to life and a semblance of strength, and then, bit by bit, the sad story came to light. I could not tell you all, Magdalen, it would be impossible, but some day you may hear; and remember that there are thousands who carry about with them every-day burdens of sorrow quite as heavy as my poor friend's.

Who was "Douglas?" He was a Captain Lyle, who had engaged himself to Margaret, with her father's consent, when she was only sixteen. When General Fairfax died, Captain Lyle was in China, and wrote begging her to keep up a good heart, as he hoped to come home the next year and take her back with him, if she would go. But no application for Captain Lyle's furlough was ever sent in. He led an exploring party into the interior, and died in twenty-four hours of an epidemic fever, raging in a hamlet through which they marched. Only one other officer was with him, a young lieutenant, who was slightly acquainted with the Fairfaxes, and knew of the engagement, and to him Captain Lyle gave the command.

"You'll collect my things and send them to my little girl, won't you, Connaught? I've no relations left to care for anything of mine."

"Yes, of course I will, Lyle. But I say, old fellow, don't you be so down; you'll get better."

"No, I'm going fast. Tell her—Connaught, I can't see you—tell my darling how I loved her to the end, and—and—I shall be on the look-out for her."

They were the last words he ever spoke, and at dawn they buried him. I have heard it often from little Connaught himself, for we knew his family, and met him in after years. Even then he could not speak of it without choking, for he told me that Douglas Lyle had been like a brother to him, kept him out of much mischief, and been the making of him, he said. There was some mistake in the address, and for nearly two years, through a series of blunders, Margaret never heard of her loss, and all that time, spent with her rich relations, she waited and longed and prayed for tidings of the man she loved, but in vain. Six days out of every seven, throughout two weary years, she woke each morning with fresh hope that the thin, rustling letter, with its well-known handwriting, would be brought to her; and each night she laid her aching head on the pillow, baffled, dispirited, heart-sick, stretching out longing arms into the empty darkness in a tearless despair. Then came the end, as death comes at last after a protracted watching by a loved one, with almost a sense of relief. The enemy has done his worst, farewell alike to hope and dread, and we may sit down now and fold our hands in unforbidden grief.

"'REALLY, MARGARET, YOU MAKE ME AS RIDICULOUS AS YOU ARE YOURSELF.'"

I have told you how Margaret determined to be independent, of the pangs of pride, the isolation, the incurable loneliness of her life. On this last episode in which I was concerned she touched very lightly, leaving my mother to draw her own conclusions from the facts. She decided that Corfu had been led into showing too much interest in Margaret, through a mingling of kindliness, admiration, pique, and self-will. No doubt she was right. Besides, she knew very well (though Margaret never hinted at it) that had Emily been to him what a wife should be, this and many other matters would never have reached their present crisis.

Magdalen, it is a fatal mistake when wives cease to make themselves attractive to their husbands. A woman needs to take far more pains to please and captivate after she is married than before. Someone once said, "Security is fatal to passion." Read in another sense this should be a beacon-light to wives, who, relying on the security of their position, neglect to practise on the husband those graces which charmed the lover. It is seldom that the former continues to love with the same passion as the latter, but there is an abiding, ever-deepening affection, better still, which should be the result. I maintain that to a very great extent it is the wife's part to cultivate this sentiment. Isn't it dreadful to see newly-married men wofully disillusioned before many months of matrimony are over? Even where there is real love, many a man discovers with a sharp, unavailing regret that the woman he loved and the mistress of his household are two very different beings. It is a frightful error into which women fall, that of thinking a man is bound in chains because he is married. Why, the task of winning him is only just begun. Before that, he is generally blind to failings, oblivious of faults, and views the beloved through a rose-coloured glamour, if he is really "in love," as people say. It is afterwards that he begins to criticise; and it is our part to disarm criticism, to allure with innocent arts, to fascinate afresh, and to delight as only a good, pure, loving woman can, a good man. There is, of course, much to be said on the other side, and a very black side it is sometimes, but I prefer to let the men deal with one another, while I faithfully scold my own kind, and show the wife wherein her wisdom lies, as I believe.

Emily was continually making her husband feel her sense of superiority over him, and her remarks were not infrequently tinged with contempt. Now man is, on the whole, a generous being—at any rate that is my experience—but few men can pardon a woman's contempt, or, at least, if he is noble enough to forgive, he cannot forget. I am sure that the tender bloom is swept away for ever from conjugal affection when the one indulges in scorn or sarcasm at the expense of the other. I am well aware that there are husbands who are indeed despicable creatures—Edward Scanlans in the flesh. But very often the superiority of the gentler (?) consort exists only in her own opinion, and is by no means shared in by the world at large. Yet granted some instance where the wife is really the better half, if she be a true woman, self-assertion will never occur to her. There is a quiet influence reaching far beyond that whirlwind of grit and dust. Undoubtedly her rightful position is second—first only in his love and esteem and protecting care, second in everything else. What a fearful storm I should raise among the women's rights women if they could hear my sentiments! Never mind, I cannot help it. Man was made first, and woman second, out of a very small piece of man, and the lesser cannot include the greater. She was not taken out of Adam's head, but out of his side, showing that she was equally precious in God's sight; nearest his heart, that he should love her as himself; under his arm, for a shield and protection. If only we women all agreed to take up this position for ourselves, man would soon realise this ideal woman, and her rights—highest, holiest, happiest rights—would be settled upon her for ever, and her wrongs—her grievous wrongs—would become things of the past. There are plenty of wives who pointedly talk of their "lord and master," but I am always rather afraid of them. So much of the discomfort and misery arises from hasty, ill-assorted, worldly matches, or "patches," as someone once said they should be called. But where there is true wedlock, an union of souls, there is no difficulty, no need of adjustment, for the law of heaven rules, and each takes the proper place. The stronger supports and cherishes, the weaker looks up to and confides in, while both mutually yield, strengthen, and cheer one another through weal and woe. I suppose I am terribly old-fashioned and behind the times; but, Magdalen, those who have tasted this sweetness can wait through years of separation with a glad, tranquil anticipation of that meeting which shall take place when death has reunited husband and wife.

I often wonder, when I see jarring, jangling couples, what will become of all the marriages which are no marriages at all in the highest sense, for the question, What makes a marriage? has never been satisfactorily determined. I wonder if the past of some lives can be obliterated—swept away as useless and unprofitable. For our life here is not an excrescence, a chapter in the beginning of the volume which has nothing to do with the rest of the story. It is to the life to come what the acorn is to the oak; the rill to the ocean; the first tiny circlet on the lake's surface to the untraceable convolution rippling into infinitude.

But, child, it is unfair to keep you listening to my speculations, which you may think have not much to do with Margaret Fairfax.

She had been with us for about three weeks, I think, and was very much better. My mother, after some consideration, advised her returning to Emily, for a time, at least.

"I feel convinced you will have no more trouble, my dear. Your own good taste and right feeling have decided that point, and you must not dwell upon, or make too much of the past. I do not see any occasion to do so."

So counselled my mother, and no doubt she was wise in looking at the affair from a common-sense aspect. For with all her delicate sympathy, no tragedy had ever stalked dismally through the chambers of my mother's life; and perhaps we are all too apt to be provokingly practical and commonplace in dealing with experiences which have never been our own.

But we would not let her go till she was quite herself again. So it took me very much by surprise when one evening Margaret came to my room and begged me to let her go to Mandefort-square, where the Corfus were staying. We were all in London then; it was March, the House was sitting, and my father was constantly in his place. The Corfus' house was some little distance from ours; too far for Margaret to walk unattended, as it was quite dark. I laughed at her, and demanded to know the cause of this sudden desire.

"Oh, don't laugh at me, Sybil," she said, earnestly, coming and kneeling beside me, as I sat in my armchair by the fire. "There is such a strong impression upon me that I am wanted. I cannot describe to you the curious sensation that has been creeping over me all day. Something seems to be drawing me, pressing me on. Sybil, something is going to happen, I am certain!" she exclaimed, impetuously, pressing both hands tightly over her eyes.

"Of course something is going to happen, and I will prophesy to you what it is," I said solemnly. "You are going to dress, and eat your dinner. Why, Margaret, you are nervous and excited."

She looked at me half-reproachfully, and I was struck by the lustre of her eyes, and a most peculiar underglow, which shed a subdued, yet brilliant effect of colour over her face, resembling more nearly than anything else the effect of strong light through a tinted transparency. It startled me a little, but I made up my mind she had been thinking too much, and was overwrought.

"What have you been doing?" I asked, judicially. "Do try and dispense with your imagination—it is far too lively."

"I have tried," she answered, quietly, "but it's no use."

"What do you mean by 'sensations?'" I asked, incredulously. "Why should you have such odd, uncomfortable things?"

"I don't know—I've had them before. I cannot explain it, Sybil—only it is true. I must go."

"You are too visionary, Margaret, really you are," I said, discontentedly. "You ought to fight against such nonsense."

She smiled faintly, but I could see she was unmoved in her resolution. I confess I felt cross with her for being so unreasonable and foolish, as I thought.

"Do go and dress, Margaret. You shall go early to-morrow morning. Won't that do?"

She shook her head. "I know Lady Ann will send for a glass coach for me,"

she said. "I am not ungrateful, Sybil, because I cannot make you understand me. Please do not be vexed."

As she spoke the last words she laid her head on the arm of the chair, and her hair brushed my hand. I started at the sudden thrill which ran through me, *affecting my nerves* like an electric shock. I sprang to my feet.

"Really, Margaret, you make me as ridiculous as you are yourself! Your hair has made me tingle all over."

"Perhaps it is your imagination," said she, gravely.

"I expect it is," I retorted. But I was a trifle daunted in spite of myself as I went along to my mother's room to see what could be done. She was equally surprised, and even inclined to censure Margaret for yielding to weakness. Instinctively I began to defend my friend from a breath of blame, and what between real vexation at her fancifulness, and fear lest she should incur my mother's displeasure, I was fast becoming excited myself. Mother, seeing *the state of things*, cut short the discussion.

"Just tell Margaret I will arrange for her to go, but she must have her dinner first. Now run and get ready, my child."

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

ALONE IN THE WORLD might enter a family as nursery governess if she feels that she cannot do anything else. In writing to us you should have given more particulars, as you do not say what you can do.

A. W. L.—Miss A. S. Woods is the secretary of the reading society to which we suppose you refer. Her address is Merton, Thetford, Norfolk. The rules will be sent you on receipt of six stamps. It is a "half-hour" reading society, and prizes are given. If any brothers of yours would like to join it, tell them that they are equally eligible as members.

EMILY YOUNG.—You ask four questions, and some of a character so comprehensive and wide that we could not enter into them. Write to the secretary of the College of Preceptors, C. B. Hodgson, Esq., 42, Queen-square, Bloomsbury, W.C. Fees for pupils in for schools, 10s.; for diplomas, one to five guineas. Ask for a prospectus.

FIELD FLOWER.—We congratulate you on the appointment of your old schoolfellow and friend as the resident dispenser of the Warneford Hospital, the chief amongst the institutions of that kind in North Warwickshire. Her successful candidature against eighteen mixed competitors should serve as an encouragement to other female students of medicine.

PAPA'S WEE DOTTIE.—If you really know as much as you say, you should be able to command a very good salary. Either a good agent or an advertisement would be the best way. Perhaps from £86 to £100 a year.

ROMNEY LEIGH.—Your letter was laid aside to be deciphered with other long ones that needed both thought and time, your handwriting being so difficult to read. Most clever men and women have been omnivorous readers, devouring everything in their way; but the taste or the special inclination should develop itself some time or other. If yours be for astronomy, go in for that with all your will; read everything connected with it—biographies, history, ancient and modern—and make it your special subject. If not astronomy, choose anything else you may fancy, remembering that that science will involve a good deal of acquaintance with mathematics, physical geography, etc. Novels are bad for many minds, for they fritter away mental power, excite the imagination unduly, and enervate the will. But, on the other hand, to many a hard-working man and woman they afford relaxation and rest, and give a healthy change after mental effort. Write to us again by all means; we shall always be glad to help you. Keep duty before you, and let principles lead you, not fancies.

HOUSEKEEPING.

RACHEL.—See page 699, vol. vi., for instructions in making pickles, preserves, and vinegars.

SEE SAW.—For the prevention of dry rot many processes have been originated. The most successful of them depend upon the effectual filling up of the pores of the wood with some chemical, such as creosote, chlorides of zinc and lime, silicate of potash, etc. You should place the sideboard where there is a free circulation of air, and have all the very bad parts cut out. Wood thus affected may be charred also, and likewise washed with a solution of sulphate of iron. Corrosive sublimate is said to stop dry rot.

ALWAYS ANXIOUS TO LEARN.—The presence of moths in a house is usually a sign that the airing and cleansing of closets and cupboards used for clothing have been neglected. Sometimes, however, they may be already in the furniture, if purchased at a cheap rate. Plenty of air and great care in destroying them before they lay their eggs is the best cure, also camphor in small quantities; but, after all, care is the best thing to depend upon.

A BLUE RIBBON.—You can purchase any coloured paint by the pound in tins at any oilshop at a very moderate rate, and, supplied with a brush, you will find no difficulty in repainting your old chest of drawers. But first they must be well scrubbed with soap and soda to free them from grease and dirt.

SEEKING JENNY.—A little of Judson's brown dye might refresh your leather chairs, and you might afterwards apply a little white of egg as a varnish, or gum arabic. We should not recommend American cloth as a covering, for it does not wear well.

ROSEBUD.—Steel articles, such as fenders, fireirons, and knives, should be greased when not in use, to prevent their getting rusty. Water-bottles may be cleaned either with tea leaves or raw potato cut up into small pieces and shaken up with water, which should be left in over night.

SIDNEY J.—Many people prefer to have nothing on the drawing-room walls, and if they be of a pretty colour pictures are not really essential. Very large Japanese fans for the corners, or a Japanese umbrella over a sofa, are pretty ornaments, and two or three folding screens in different parts of the room. Small tables scattered about, a comfortable straight sofa, no two chairs being alike, seem to be the requisites of the modern drawing-room. Do not forget a writing-table, on which are writing materials really fit to be used. You are very young yet, only seventeen, to worry about your voice, and probably you have made it husky by over practice and singing when too young. Rest it, and try some simple tonic like gentian root. Any chemist will tell you how to infuse.

ART.

MARY.—The best way to paste on photographs is with gelatine. Put a little into an earthenware pot with some cold water, then, after the gelatine is soft, put it beside the fire till it be melted. This is a photographer's recipe.

IVY THORN, and ONE OF TEN.—There is but one way of "earning money by painting cards,"—study a manual of instruction, practise well, and take your work to shops where such things are sold. You may then obtain orders from the trade. "One of Ten's" specimen card might be sold in a country village, not in London nor any large place. Do not spell "Xmas," "Exmas."

A. D. W.—For painting on American cloth oil-colours are the best. The 31st October, 1872, was a Thursday.

THERON.—You can paint upon glass with oil-colours by mixing them with Gullick's or one of the other mediums sold for mirror painting. Some articles upon this subject will shortly be published.

DUCHESSE MARY.—Velveteen will take oil paints if the latter be mixed with mastic varnish.

FAITH'S HOPE.—See page 66, vol. iv., for the article on painting upon satin. See answer to "Eugenia Cripps," in this year's part for September. It gives directions for modelling in clay. Pronounce Diana in three syllables, Elise as "El-lees," Adele as "A-dale," and Minnehaha as "Min-nee-ha-ha."

UNSUCCESSFUL.—It is never safe to paint with ready-mixed greens. You should prepare them yourself on your palette. Use megilp with oil colours, mixed before application. The glaze on the water-colour picture was a thin wash of gum arabic laid on when the paint was dry.

ONE DESIRING TO LEARN.—Slides for magic-lanterns are painted in water-colours, the foregrounds being touched in with oils. Varnish colours are those already mixed with varnish, and are very sticky. They are applied to the slide, and fixed by means of warming at the fire.

EDITH STUART.—Plain glass photo frames are sold for 6d. or 10d. each, and oil colours are to be used for their decoration. They require to be mixed with some fixative. Some drawing-rooms are still decorated with wooden tambourines, although we do not admire the style, and some of the work hung up for the same purpose it is painful to contemplate. It is a debased form of artistic ornamentation.

TORN PICTURE.—To mend an oil-painting on canvas through which a bullet has passed, take it out of the frame and glue a piece of fresh canvas at the back of the hole. Of course, where the paint has been removed by the injury it should be carefully restored. But if the picture be an heirloom and the bullet hole historical, even if only of family interest, we should not mend it.

JESSIE S.—It is a difficult matter to paint your own portrait, as the expression is not likely to be that habitual to you. A great genius may do so. We advise you to copy a good photograph, correcting the usual defects of shadows which fall, but temporarily perhaps, and present the face and expression in an unfair as well as unfavourable aspect. This is more especially remarkable in the photographs of women as compared with men, strong lights and shadows and hard outlines being more favourable to the latter than otherwise. But women suffer much from such effects, and if passed into middle age there may be very unbecoming shadows at the corners of the mouth produced by the falling of the cheek, if fat, extending the apparent width of the mouth and giving a sour expression. Study your face also with a glass, and correct the photograph by the original.

WORK.

DER FREISCHUTZ.—None but the best kid gloves are worth buying, we think, and we suppose your annoyance and disappointment arose from your having purchased cheap ones. Light-coloured gloves will clean once, and sometimes twice, but cannot well be done at home. Always pull out your gloves and put them away safely in a box when you take them off. Many ladies wash their *gants de Suède* in a lather of white curd soap on their hands, pressing and squeezing as dry as possible with a towel when clean, and they finish the drying slowly on the hands.

DRESSMAKING.—Astrachan fur will be much used this winter, both as a trimming for dresses and mantles. Woollen shawls converted into dresses and used as tunics and bodices form also one of the new styles. One of the fringed corners of the shawl is used for the pointed front of the tunic. The shawl may be a plaid or a bordered one.

MATTY.—High velvet collars are used as much as ever. They may be bordered with beads, and have a narrow white lace round the throat if you prefer it. The cuffs are the same. Of course you can make them for yourself. They require lining with stiff buckram, and some have a wire sewn at the edge like the edge of a bonnet shape. These collars are the most becoming to those who have long, thin necks.

COOKERY.

MISS DOMBRAIN.—We thank you for the following recipe for preserving eggs, which we insert with pleasure:—Take of quicklime three pounds, of salt ten ounces, of cream of tartar one ounce, and one and a half gallons of boiling water. Mix and stir the whole well together, and as soon as quite cold begin putting in the eggs, day by day, keeping a cover on the crock. The lime will probably sink to the bottom, but if the liquid cover the eggs that will be of no consequence. If necessary, more may be mixed and added when cold. Of course, the eggs should be perfectly fresh and completely covered.

HANNAH.—The London National School of Cookery is in Exhibition-road, South Kensington, S.W. Fee, £18 18s. for fourteen weeks for the training for a post of cookery instructor. There is a school of cookery for ordinary private classes in Fitzroy-street, Fitzroy-square, W., in connection with the college for working men and women. Your second query is unsuitable for our pages.

SOUTH LOWESTOFT.—We thank you for your recipe for polka pudding. Take half a pound each of flour, suet, treacle, and potatoes, the latter boiled and mashed and the suet very finely chopped. Mix all well, and boil for three hours. Serve with sweet sauce.

SWEET TOOTH.—The addition of carbonate of soda to rhubarb jam would by no means improve it.

TARAWERA (New Zealand).—For chocolate creams, see page 399, vol. i. (part for June, 1880). You should not make a tour of the room to shake hands with everyone there; only those close to you if your eyes chance to meet, and you know them very well. To many of these a bow will sometimes suffice if you look smiling and pleasant. Beware of looking morose and malignant when bowing even to a stranger.

MESSINA AVENUE, A. H. R.—We are much obliged for your recipe.

CHERUB, CHERRY, and VIOLET.—There are all kinds of potted meats to be purchased, as well as tinned beef, mutton, and brawn, and ready-cooked ham and beef, so that you need not do any cooking for breakfast. August 12th, 1871, was a Saturday.

MAGGIE.—Baking powder mixed with flour would be the same as self-raising flour, and would make unfermented bread. The advantage of the latter would be that it would be better mixed by machinery than the baking-powder could be with the flour? What is called "Graham flour" is wholemeal wheat passed once or twice through the stones, so called from Sylvester Graham, an American diet reformer, born 1794, died 1851.

MUSIC.

JENNY.—There is a society for encouraging music practice, of which the president is Miss Garrett,

Blacklands Hall, Cavendish, near Sudbury, Suffolk. The half-yearly subscription is 1s. 6d., entrance fee 6d., payable in advance. Every student must practise for one hour, or half an hour, daily on any instrument. Books or music to the value of three shillings can be chosen for prizes, and the same will be forwarded post free. Yes, it is true that black does not represent mourning in all countries, even in Europe, for cardinals wear purple instead of scarlet, and in Turkey they wear blue or violet, while in the days of ancient Greece and Rome it was white. The Chinese wear the latter, the Egyptians yellow, and the Ethiopians brown.

RETA.—If you can obtain violin lessons on leaving school it would be better to postpone them and devote your time to other lessons till then. The violin demands so much practice, that it is scarcely a school study. Besides, it is an accomplishment only, and more suitable for a grown-up girl, whereas English and modern languages should be mastered before you leave the schoolroom. If you desire to love and strive to serve God, your heart is in the right place. Your trouble as to the inadequate love, feeble faith, and poor and faulty service, show that you are not "dead," but the Spirit of God is "striving" in your soul. So continue prayer and diligence. You write well.

MISCELLANEOUS.

W. D. S.—An ordinary index is intended, *i.e.*, an index of subjects in a book.

LAURA SCOTT.—Many thanks for the poem, which is very well written for a "ten year older."

MAY.—There is no law to prevent any church or chapel having as many bells as they can procure, and, so far as we know, they most of them take full advantage of the freedom. But some persons disapprove of both bells and organs, you know, and that is the reason, though your friends did not say so.

SADIE and HOUSEMAID.—We cannot quite comprehend how you can get grease into Minton's tiles if they be glazed and fired, as the grease could only rest on the surface, and could be scraped off. Sadie will find a little ether or chloroform will take the grease spots from her books.

ZENA.—Both your questions are so wide that we do not feel able to answer them. Can you not make them less vague? We try to give instruction as well as amusement in our paper.

SPEAR MAIDEN.—We have heard the story of the gold that was mixed with the pence and halfpence in 1864, but we do not know whether it is true.

BRAEMAR.—We should think pale blue or perhaps a pretty green both good colours for a drawing-room with a sunny aspect.

ANNIE LEA.—You have left your young chickens out in the rain, or allowed them to stray into wet grass. You should be careful to cover up the coop during rain and on chilly nights.

MISERABLE GIRL.—The feeling of home-sickness is the most dreadful in the world. Indeed, people have been known to die of it. But we hope that by this time work has had its quieting influence on your mind, and that you are more contented. Remember you "must show yourself friendly" in order to obtain friends, and should show a bright and smiling face to all around.

A LONDON BEAUTY.—Your face becomes red from over-heating, and that is one reason why late hours and hot rooms destroy the beauty of complexion. Rise early the next morning, and take a good walk (after taking a scrap of bread and cup of milk), and when you return take a bath and put your feet in hot water. This will perhaps help you. You can boil a bottle by putting it on in cold water first, if you particularly wish to cleanse it.

SPATZ.—You might write and inquire of the Society for the Employment of Women, 22, Berners-street, Oxford-street, W., if they would help in the establishment of a lady dressmaker. There is plenty of demand for good dressmaking.

LA MERLE.—We quite agree with you on the subject of old postage stamps and the danger of increasing dishonest practices by collecting them for any purpose, charitable or otherwise.

IVY LEAF.—See the paper on "Girls' Christian Names," pages 39, 134, 235, 355, and 381, vol. iv. A good manager and one who can afford the time can furnish a house for very little. The beds and bedding must be new, and most of the kitchen utensils, but after that get as little as possible and furnish by degrees. With stained floors in every room, to be rubbed with turpentine and beeswax every week, a few rugs are enough to make the floors pretty, and all kinds of curtains are very cheap and pretty, too.

KENILWORTH.—We have read your letter with much sympathy, and we shall be always glad to hear from you in your troubles. Your first quotation is from Sir Walter Scott's "Lady of the Lake;" your second from Tupper's "Proverbial Philosophy on Friendship." Get a box of felt plasters and wear one always.

MARTHA.—The translation of "Nephelococcugina," which heads a chapter in Kingsley's "Hypatia," is "Cloud Cuckoo City." See "The Birds" of Aristophanes.

HEATHER.—You have made a mistake in the spelling of the name, which is Masson, not "Massin." Professor Masson was born in 1822, and held the professorship of English literature in University College, London, from 1859 to 1865, when he went to Edinburgh, having been invited to hold the same post there in the University of Edinburgh.

IGNORANCE should put a handful of oatmeal in the water of her ewer, and use it for her hands and face.

JACKDAW.—You can only make any bird talk by talking to and taking notice of it, and rewarding it for attempts to talk with sugar, etc. Send the apron, if worth it, to a cleaner's.

JESSIE W.—Freckles are better avoided than cured. Wear a shady hat and veil, and do not expose yourself to the sun too much. We are glad to hear from you at any time, and you have our best good wishes.

PRIMO MAGGIO, 1885.—There is no rule in England as to what presents the bridegroom should give to his bride, or *vice versâ*. The origin of the idea that the opal is an unlucky stone seems unknown. It is not the ancient belief, for the opal is the stone dedicated to the month of October, and it meant "hope."

CICELY.—The "Queen o' the May" came out in vol. ii., pages 22 to 436. A jeweller would clean the earrings best, as they have been so long laid by.

MABEL MARRISSE.—Take the creaking shoes or boots to a shoemaker, and get him to open the sole at the side and insert a pinch of French chalk and then close it up again.

CYRIL F. DICKSON.—Use the camphor and borax as an ordinary hair-wash. Apply it with a sponge and wet the hair, then brush the head till dry. "Margaret Trent" was finished in vol. iii., at page 805.

GRANNY REILLGO.—The riddle, "Twice two of us," etc., appears to be of very ancient origin, as one of our correspondents says it may be found in the parlour of a village in South Wales, framed and hung up. We fear you were in such haste to find fault that you did not wait to discover whether you were right or wrong. No one claimed the riddle as original, but our correspondents sent it in as a good one which they had heard. Do not be in such haste next time.

MARJORIE DAW, and Others.—Do not on any account collect stamps for any purpose, even though it be represented to you as a charity. You are only encouraging a dishonest trade in cleaned stamps, sold over again to defraud the Government. The legacy left by a "stranger in blood to the deceased" would pay ten per cent. A fresh will must be made. "Sensible Girls" seem grasping. Why should they interfere with their eldest brother?

TATTY CORAM.—The line—

> "When Greeks joined Greeks, then was the tug of war,"

comes from the drama of *Alexander the Great*, by Nathaniel Lee. The reference is to the obstinate resistance of the Greek cities to Philip and Alexander, the Macedonian kings.

SHOBDON.—Many thanks for the box of flowers.

GARNET and RUBY.—We are obliged to you for your information. You had better ask a surgeon.

A PATIENT, LONG-SUFFERING READER will find her question about parasites in birds answered in a recent number. The story of the tree of such blood-thirsty tastes appears to be true from recent researches.

SOUR SIXTEEN.—You may stain a hat black with what is called Berlin black at the oil and colour shops. Apply with a brush. Many thanks for the recipe for curing chilblains by roasting them in an early stage before the fire and repeating the process till cured; but we do not endorse it.

APPRECIATION.—Your sentiments are very correct. We are told that "there are so many kinds of voices in the world, and none of them is without signification." We do not remember having heard from you before, and regret that your letters should not have had replies—if, indeed, that be the case and you have not overlooked them. Accept our best wishes. We are glad you find our paper so useful.

EILIAN CHICKLEY.—We congratulate you on gaining the first and second class certificates in our literary competitions, and thank you for the warm terms in which you speak of our work for girls. In legal phraseology a "title" means a right of ownership, and the term is applied to ecclesiastical matters. A "title to orders" means a right to orders. A deacon having served for a certain time as such, is certified as being eligible for priest's orders, conditionally on his likewise passing an examination in theology, the Greek language, etc.

TINY 46.—If you made no conditional stipulations in the first instance you have no legal right to postpone your daughter's marriage. You can only lay your reasons for desiring a delay before her, and appeal to her natural desire to please you. Be quite sure, however, that you do not set her an example of selfishness.

J. ROWLAND.—The question as to whether any aquatic bird does more than dive for its prey has been settled definitively by Mr. Charles St. John. He says that the water-ousel "runs about on the gravel of shallow streams scratching with his feet among the small stones, and pecks up little insects and animalculæ. He also commits much havoc in the spawning beds of salmon and trout." See "Wild Sports and Natural History of the Highlands," by this author. He does not make this statement from hearsay, but tells us that he used to watch the water-ousel, and to see him running about on the bed of a stream.

MAY FLY.—Ladies of small means needing a little change of air and rest might obtain them by applying to Miss Price, Fern House, Coleshill, Warwickshire. It is a very salubrious place; the house stands on a hill, and has a large garden. Sharing a room with another lady, the terms are 17s. a week. If a residence be required for three months, a reduction would be made.

WATERWITCH had better write for all particulars of the swimming classes held at the Polytechnic Swimming Bath, 309, Regent-street; private door, 11, Cavendish-place, W. A course of ten lessons, £1 1s. Address the secretary, Mr. R. Mitchell.

HYACINTH.—If the ring be a valuable one, you had better let a jeweller clean it for you.

MARGUERITE.—*Sabaoth* is a Hebrew word, meaning "hosts," or military bodies prepared for war. Thus, the "Lord of Sabaoth" means the Lord of Hosts. Sabbath is also Hebrew, and means rest.

LOLLIPOPS.—The lady of the house would wait to hear what her unexpected visitors had to say to explain their coming.

IVY.—The young ladies of the house would rise to receive the visitors, and would find them seats.

SALOME.—Oatmeal-cloth is washed like anything else; but to restore the colour some people prepare some hay-water, by boiling a wisp of hay, and rinse the oatmeal-cloth through that. There is nothing to be done with a cat that eats her kittens but to avoid disturbing her at her motherly avocations, and leave plenty of food in the usual place. She will probably prefer to hide her offspring.

PRIMROSE.—There is nothing to prevent your becoming upright if you choose to stand on both feet, draw long breaths, and throw your shoulders back. It is only a question of will.

SWEETY WHITTLE says she "appears at a disadvantage in company, as she is very abrupt, ungraceful, and has nothing to say." She had better "turn over a new leaf" at once, and cultivate politeness and sociability, and begin by trying to forget herself and her deficiencies. You need not be "abrupt," although if a "dumpy" girl you might fall short of looking graceful. But even the dumpy and plain may make themselves very attractive by means of good temper, kindliness, and the charm of pleasing manners.

FORGET-ME-NOT.—Robert Raikes, the founder of Sunday-schools in England, was the editor and publisher of the *Gloucester Journal*, and was born at Gloucester in 1735. Forks are named in inventories of the twelfth and later centuries, but not often before the fifteenth century. In the sixteenth century they were in use in Florence, Rome, and Venice. A knife and fork united were known in England long prior to that date for use in carving, not feeding, in the pre-Norman period. An English traveller brought home a fork and used and wrote about it in 1611, and after much ridicule the fashion was generally adopted at table. The earliest date at which we have any record of forks was supplied by the late George Smith, who found a two-pronged bronze one at Nineveh. Knives were in use in very remote ages, and some hundreds or more of years in England before the introduction of forks. A Greek Princess brought one of the latter from Constantinople to Venice as an article of great luxury at the close of the eleventh century.

WALMER.—Although the lavender-water you made from the directions given in "Flowers and Perfumes" was defective in colour, looking milky instead of transparent, we are glad that it proved satisfactory in other respects.

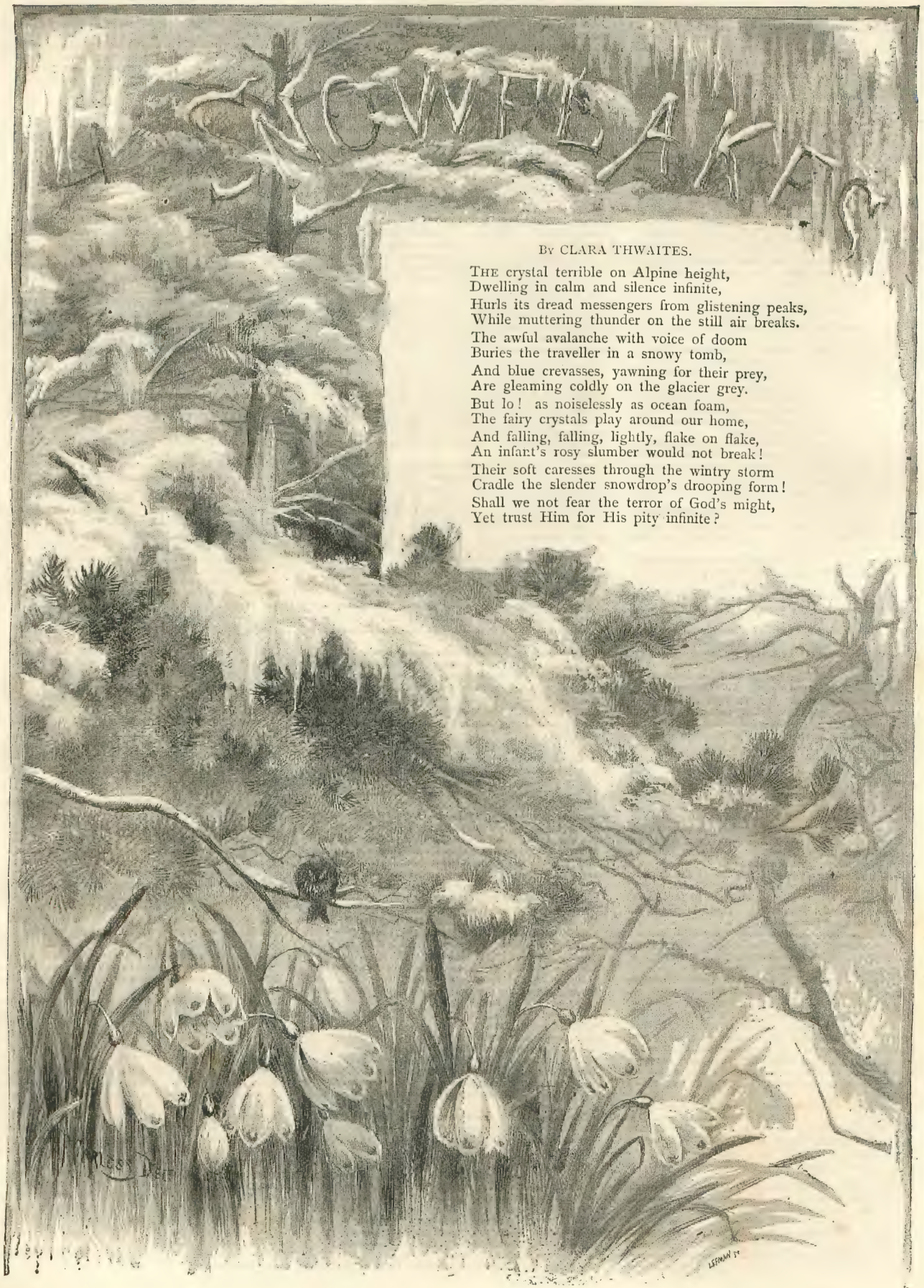
GAMMY inquires, "When and by whom was butter first made?" We can only propose to her what we consider a fair bargain—viz., that if she will tell us when bread was first made, and who invented it, we will then endeavour to guess her riddle and send her the result. Her handwriting promises well, but she should write copies daily and cross every "t."

A VIRGINIA GIRL.—We regret that we cannot assist you in obtaining a correspondence with some English girl for you. Perhaps amongst your friends you might obtain an introduction to some English family visiting your country, and then you might arrange a correspondence should you meet with a sensible and agreeable girl willing to keep up an intercourse with you by letter. Your handwriting is not formed, and you ought to improve it by writing copies daily.

SHRUNY.—The individual who invents a cure for headaches will become a millionaire before long, and deserves all he makes by it! But Shruny forgets that this complaint is merely the effect of a cause, and that the latter is not one and the same in all cases. Completely in the dark as to your constitution, habits, surroundings, age, condition in life, etc., how could we divine the cause of your headaches or venture to prescribe for them? All that we know is that you write from Brighton, and with some people the sea air does not agree, especially if there be much seaweed on the shore, giving forth exhalations pregnant with iodine. But we do not think this to be the case at Brighton. It is so at Weston-super-Mare.

VIOLETS.—*Audax omnia perpeti* forms part of a sentence of Horace, which means "Daring to every extent of guilt, the human race rush onward in their wild career, setting at defiance all laws, both human and divine." This portion quoted by you often forms a motto to some discourse concerning the wickedness of the age.

DAISY TYNWOOD.—You had better consult a dentist, and have the tooth extracted.



By CLARA THWAITES.

THE crystal terrible on Alpine height,
Dwelling in calm and silence infinite,
Hurls its dread messengers from glistening peaks,
While muttering thunder on the still air breaks.
The awful avalanche with voice of doom
Buries the traveller in a snowy tomb,
And blue crevasses, yawning for their prey,
Are gleaming coldly on the glacier grey.
But lo! as noiselessly as ocean foam,
The fairy crystals play around our home,
And falling, falling, lightly, flake on flake,
An infant's rosy slumber would not break!
Their soft caresses through the wintry storm
Cradle the slender snowdrop's drooping form!
Shall we not fear the terror of God's might,
Yet trust Him for His pity infinite?

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. VII.—NO. 312. DECEMBER 19, 1885. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

SIBYL.

A TALE OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

"'WILT THOU LEARN TO READ THIS BOOK, LITTLE MISTRESS, AS THE PRINCESS WOULD HAVE THEE?'"

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CHAPTER III.

"BRING the chest into my chamber, an' it please thee, miller. Hast thou the key?"

"Here on this chain, Dame Bridget hung it round my neck. Methinks she was mighty particular about her gear; but I suppose that comes of dwelling with great ladies. The kist must only stand one way in the cart, and it must on no account be turned topsy-turvey—you'd have thought it was a full-blown rose or a dish of cream, instead of a lot of women's gear."

"Never heed Dame Bridget's fidgety ways, Will; she's a good woman, and I'll be bound thou art careful enough about thy flour sacks, art thou not?"

"Maybe I am, dame," said the miller, who by this time had deposited his burden safe in the chamber of Dame Ursula Giffard, the Beguine,* who dwelt in her own house at Wingrave, to whom, by the hermit's direction, it had been consigned.

"Take a draught of new milk, Will, and tell thy good wife that I am coming to taste her cowslip wine and to see how thy little Wilfrid progresses in his learning; the good Hermit Eustace speaketh much of the little lad's quickness, and though he be too frail for out-of-door work, maybe the time may come when thou wilt have good reason to be proud of him."

The miller shook his head and took his leave.

Dame Ursula Giffard, to whose care the chest had been conveyed by one altogether ignorant of its precious contents, was a woman in the prime of life, tall, and of a supple figure, with a countenance which, with its fair hair and blue eyes, showed her to be of the race of those who suggested to the Roman monk the play upon their national name—*non Angli sed Angeli*. Though her fair hair was now somewhat scant, and the earnest sympathy of her nature had lined her brow, no one ever looked on her without feeling that she was a woman to be loved and obeyed. Simple as was her present mode of life, she was well acquainted with the court. She had been in the household of Isabella, the sister of the king, and had attended her when she went in great pomp to wed the Emperor of Germany, Frederick of the Ruddy Beard, and, indeed, had only returned to England when that gracious princess died—alas! too prematurely—in childbirth, after she had worn the imperial crown, to the joy of her husband and of all his people, for nine years. During those nine years Ursula Giffard had lived out the romance of her life. The brave German knight whom she had loved and to whom she had been affianced had been slain fighting bravely against the Tartars, and Ursula, whose true heart could accept no second love, had followed the example of many good German ladies, and devoted her life to succour those who were in need, feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, and ministering to the sick.

It was to Dame Ursula Giffard, at Wingrave, that the hermit had directed the miller to commit the chest which he believed to contain clothing for the poor. He had won her consent to accept the charge, well knowing that she had courage to defend the child from her enemies, and that Robert Passelure, even if he should learn where she was, would hardly attempt open violence, seeing that Dame Ursula still maintained close relations with the royal family, and that her brother, the learned Hugh, was tutor to Prince Edward and to the king's children.

The miller was no sooner safely on his way than Dame Ursula proceeded to unlock the chest, and heaved a long sigh of relief when she beheld the child sleeping peacefully in her strange cradle. She at once lifted her out, and carried her to a bed in an inner room which she had already prepared for her. Dame Ursula's dwelling was but a wooden tenement; but as the royal children, and sometimes the queen herself, resorted thither for safety, or for health's sake, the bracing air of the chalk hills being recommended as an antidote to the soft and relaxing climate of the Thames valley, some of the inner chambers were furnished with a costliness strangely in contrast with those tenanted by Dame Ursula herself.

The bed on which she laid Sibyl was soft and warm, the frame richly carved; the walls were hung with tapestry, the work of Dame Ursula's own hands; and the little window was curiously set with glass, and made to open or shut at the pleasure of the occupier.

Dame Ursula knew from the hermit that the effect of the potion would not pass away for twelve hours. It would be long to tell how she watched with prayerful anxiety, how the slumber, which from time to time overpowered her, was broken not by any movement of the child, but by the anxiety of her own heart. The sun was up, and she had swept her house and put everything in order before Sibyl showed signs of waking; and when at length she recovered consciousness it was with a feeling of pleased wonder that she sat up and looked about her.

"Bridget," she cried, and her sweet child's voice thrilled the pulses of Ursula's kind heart. "Bridget, dear, where art thou?"

"Be not displeased, lady, that Bridget is not here to attend thee, but accept from me the tendance thou needest."

"Nay, thou art not my nurse," said the child, eyeing her curiously. "Did the Lady Eleanour send thee, or art thou perhaps the fairy of the ring that Bridget talks of? Or art thou——"

"I am called Ursula Giffard," replied the Beguine, "and I am well accustomed to wait on noble ladies. Here is water for thy hands, and a fair towel to dry them on. See, here in the corner is the imperial crown. Hast thou heard of the Empress Isabella, the sister of King Henry? But, alas! how shouldst thou? Thou wert not born when the dear saint was called to her rest. Is it not soft? The empress had it from Flanders, and I was embroidering it for her when her cruel trouble came. Now, dear, here is thine own comb, which Bridget hath sent thee. Trust me, I will comb thy hair gently and not tear it, unless, perchance, thou wouldst rather comb it thyself."

"Thou art very good," said Sibyl, fixing her large eyes on the Beguine. "Tell me again what I must call thee."

"My name is Ursula—Ursula Giffard; but thou mayst call me Mother Ursula."

"Nay, I have a mother, thou knowest, the Lady Eleanour, and thou art not like her. I will call thee Dame Ursula. My father's aunt in Normandy, who is an abbess, she is called Ursula; he used to tell me about her, and he was going to carry me to see her; but he is dead, thou knowest—dead and buried in the dark chapel, and I don't believe that anyone is the least bit sorry but Hurlot and me."

"Nay, say not so; thou canst not tell what is in the hearts of others. It is not always those who seem careless who do not grieve."

Sibyl shook her head softly, but she said nothing, apparently enjoying the gentle ministrations of the Beguine; but presently her thoughts reverted to the strangeness of her situation and to the absent Bridget, and Ursula explained to her, as simply as she could, that her father's friends had saved her from pressing danger, and that she must be content to remain for the present at Wingrave.

"But how did I come hither?" inquired the child; "for surely, Dame Ursula, it seemeth like a dream from which I may awake at any moment. I went to sleep, with Bridget beside me, and dear old Hurlot lying at the door. But, look! there is Hurlot, the dear old dog; where did he come from? Who brought him?"

The Beguine went out in some alarm to see who had brought the dog; but there was no trace of anyone, either on horse or foot, and she came to the conclusion that the faithful beast had, by some mysterious power, been able to track his mistress. The presence of the dog seemed perfectly to reconcile the child to her new position; and Ursula's abode was so retired that the fact that there was a deer-hound there was not likely to be known, and if the circumstance should come to the knowledge of any local noble, her connection with the court would protect her. And so Sibyl dwelt with the Beguine, Ursula Giffard.

When she had been there now some six weeks, the rugged chalk cliffs began to be clothed with scant grass, and in the hollows the buds of the primroses were showing yellow tips. The small domestic duties of the day were ended, and Ursula, as was her wont, was teaching the little lady to read out of her beautiful book of prayers, her greatest treasure, when the sound of horses' feet startled them, and there came sweeping up the hillside a troop of riders, the foremost of whom had greatly outstripped his companions, and now leapt from his horse at Dame Ursula's gate.

She had no time to hide the child, for the new comer fastened the bridle of his horse to the gate, and at once entered the house-place where the two were sitting.

"Ah, dame," he exclaimed, looking at the breviary, "like my good master, ever intent on teaching; and who is this little one who is so happy as to have Dame Ursula Giffard for her teacher?"

"The daughter of a neighbour, an' it please thee, my lord," replied Dame Ursula, not without some anxiety, "a poor child who has lost her father," she added, in a lower tone.

"Ah, dame, there are too many children in her position; would they had all such guardians as thou art! But I come with a message from my mother; our Katharina is sick, and no one can tell wherefore. She droops and is as pale as a lily flower; she eats no more than the sparrows, and if she do but take a turn in the park she is weary even to faintness, so my mother, calling to mind thy good tendance of her last year, would gladly send her to thy keeping while the court tarries at Reading, that she may be at peace and run wild as cottars' children do, an' such a charge will not trouble thee."

"Nay, noble prince, even were it a trouble it would be but my duty to do what the queen commands, and thou knowest how dear the sweet princess is to my heart. Last year she had no attendant but Maria Bassett, her foster mother."

"Nor shall have now; she comes to be free from tendance, to try to gather strength on these bare hills. O, dame, if she could only come to look like this damsel, the most precious jewel in my father's crown would be but poor largess to thee."

"I should want no largess, prince, as thou knowest right well, and it is all the better that this damsel is here, for she is nearly of the same age, and will be a better companion for the princess than the cottars' children."

"Thou sayest truly, Ursula, and this little maid will be good to our Katharina, wilt thou not, little one?" And the prince, stooping down from his lofty height, as it seemed to Sibyl, fixed on her his bright blue eyes with a look that seemed to read her heart,

* In the thirteenth century numerous persons, both men and women—but especially women—devoted themselves to a religious life. These persons wore a simple, but not uniform, dress, and were bound by no vows. They were called beguines, and were so numerous that in the City of Cologne and in its neighbourhood there were over 2,000,—*Matthew Paris*.

"If your Katharina is good to me I will be good to her," replied Sibyl, returning his look, no way abashed.

"Heed not what she saith, prince," said Ursula; "she has never had a playfellow, and there is no fear but that she will love her dearly; indeed, who could help loving the sweet Princess Katharina."

"True, dame, and her infirmity wins her more love; she bears it so sweetly," and a tear trembled in the prince's eye. "In good sooth, I do believe that of all her children our mother loves Katharina best; but thou wilt prepare this little maid to love and honour her. How is she named?"

"Her baptismal name is Sibyl, her paternal name I am bound not at present to mention."

"Come hither, Sibyl," said the prince, nodding in acquiescence. "Come hither; thou art no common child, I see it by thy look, I hear it in thy voice. To-morrow I shall bring thee my sister, the Princess Katharina, to abide here with thee. Wilt thou be good to the daughter of King Henry and Queen Eleanor? I see it in thine eyes thou wilt. Alas, little maid, I would almost give my princely coronet if our Katharina could be such a one as thou art. God hath given her a sweet nature, and a lovely countenance; but, alas! Sibyl, He hath locked up the powers of speech and hearing. My sister cannot hear her mother's voice, or say a prayer for her father."

"But God knows when she wants to pray," said Sibyl, regarding him with large, wide opened eyes, "and she can make you know when she wants anything."

"Those who love her know, and Dame Ursula knows, and she will teach thee if thou wilt learn?"

"Aye, that I will," said Sibyl, and she added, confidentially, "I do know what dumb creatures want. Hurlot is dumb, but he talks to me with his eyes, and he and I understand each other."

"Hurlot!" said the prince, whose attention had been too much engrossed with the business he had in hand to notice the old dog. "Ah, Ursula, how comes such a noble hound here in thy house?"

"The poor dog did but follow the little maid. She is of noble race, as thou seest, prince. He belonged to her dead father, and with the noble instinct of his race hath followed the bereaved child; he is old and quiet, and there is no forest within ten miles where he could start a deer."

"Fear not, dame, no one shall touch him; the princess will have no attendants but the good nurse Maria in thine house; yet fear not, there will be those who will keep a heedful watch that no harm shall approach the place of her abode, and now fare thee well. To-morrow towards eventide expect thy guest!"

Dame Ursula hastened to offer the prince such refreshment as she had, but with characteristic hardihood he declined to taste even a cup of milk, seeing that it was impossible for her to provide food for the little troop which awaited him outside.

"We shall be home by curfew," he said, gaily. "King Harry's board is ever well spread, and we shall sup the better that we break not our fast now. Farewell, dame; farewell, little Lady Sibyl. Thou shalt have a princess for thy playfellow ere to-morrow's sun be set."

CHAPTER IV.

THE PRINCESS KATHARINA.

No sooner had Prince Edward and his little troop swept out of sight than Dame Ursula set herself busily to prepare for the reception of her guest, being aided therein by Martha, the shepherd's wife, who pastured the sheep on the chalk downs.

The stir and novelty could not fail to please the active-minded Sibyl, who did her best to help, and was not at all displeased that she would have to surrender her pretty chamber to the princess, and to content herself with a smaller apartment, which was wont to serve Master Hugh Giffard on his occasional visits to his sister. Indeed, the fact that one of Master Hugh's precious books was laid on a shelf, wrapped in a silken cover, gave the chamber an honour of its own in the eyes of the little maid, who associated the idea of books with the hermit Eustace, whom she loved so well.

When all that Dame Ursula could do for the comfort of her guest was completed, she sat down and instructed Sibyl in some of the signs, by means of which the princess communicated with those about her, and Sibyl was so anxious to learn and to hear all that Ursula could tell her that the time passed very quickly, and the sun was still far from the west when the same troop of riders came in view, but now riding slowly, at little more than a foot's pace, in front of a horse-litter shining with gold, and hung with rich tapestry. On one side of the litter a middle-aged, comely woman ambled on a quiet jennet, while on the other Prince Edward, mounted on a low palfrey, kept pace with the sleek mules who drew the litter. Four men-at-arms, in flashing morions and with curtal axes at their saddle-bows, brought up the procession.

No sooner had they reached Dame Ursula's door, where she and Sibyl stood awaiting them, than a little hand drew aside the curtain of the litter, and a sweet face, set in a halo of golden hair, looked out on Ursula with a cry which smote the ears of Sibyl as the saddest sound she had ever heard, while both hands, such fair, thin hands, that the light of the westering sun seemed to shine through them, were stretched out with a gesture of love and longing that seemed to make up for the want of words.

Tears came into the eyes of Dame Ursula Giffard, strong woman though she was, as she kissed those tender hands and lifted the princess in her arms out of the litter and placed her on the ground.

"She is quite content to stay with thee, dame—yea, more than content," said the prince, who had dismounted to assist his sister. "And where is the little lady who is to be her playfellow? I have told Katie of her, and of the good old hound. Aye, here they are; true as pole stars. In good sooth, Lady Sibyl, I shall have to vow myself thy knight, an' thou wilt win the love of the Princess Katharina, the sweetest lady in Christendom."

Following the direction of her brother's eye, the princess turned to Sibyl as she stood behind Dame Ursula, and Sibyl felt the greeting of those sweet, sad eyes.

Katharina was perhaps two years older than Sibyl, but the delicacy of her constitution made her look like an etherial being beside the sturdy daughter of Baron Aylmer. She was slight to a fault, and scarcely the faintest tinge of colour relieved the fairness of her cheek; her abundant golden hair was gathered into a net of gold set with pearls, and her long, close-fitting robe, with open sleeves lined with ermine, showed her arms and hands, which, with her eyes, served her instead of her tongue to express her feelings to those around her.

Such and so fair was the creature who for more than a minute gazed on the bewildered Sibyl; then, with a painful, sob-like cry, which was all the speech she had, she held out her arms, drawing her the while, as it were, by royal command with the earnestness of her sweet eyes. Sibyl obeyed the unspoken order, and, approaching, knelt at the feet of the princess; but Katharina, with a flush of anger, raised her from the ground and imprinted a kiss on her forehead.

"The princess loves thee already, Sibyl," said Dame Ursula. "He who hath denied her so much hath given her His own power of reading hearts; she loves thee, and here at least at Wingrave ye may be friends. Is it not so, prince?"

"Only give her something of thine own vigorous health, maiden, and not only here but in the sight of all Christendom ye shall be friends. The queen will not know how to reward thee."

But Sibyl was too much engrossed with the princess to heed what her brother said. In her solitary life she had hitherto had no child companion, and the sight of this girl—so nearly of her own age, so wondrously fair, so touchingly bereaved—filled her heart with love and longing. She had lived so silent a life, that it was not natural to her to express her emotion in words, and with a deep sigh of happiness she yielded herself to the caresses of the royal maiden.

"Show the princess which is her chamber," said the Beguine; "Dame Maria will attend her directly."

Prince Edward watched the girls as they entered the lowly house hand in hand.

"The Princess Katharina inherits her royal father's faculty for bestowing his affections at first sight," he said to Dame Ursula, smiling rather sadly, "and for once, I believe, a Plantagenet has judged rightly. Your little Lady Sibyl is of the true heroic temper, is she not, dame?"

"The blood of heroes is in her veins," replied the Beguine, "but he who committed her to my charge hath not permitted me to tell her name. So much wilt thou say to the queen, and trust me, I think if there be any specific that can bring colour to our Katharina's cheek, it will be the society of such a playfellow."

"Right, dame; but thinkest thou not that the damsel will weary for amusement?"

"Nay, my lord, I have been assured that the child has led a solitary life, and from my own knowledge of her I can tell that she is singularly quiet, and seldom speaks but to that old dog that followed her hither."

"Of a surety, dame, I do believe we have at last found the nostrum which will do our Katharina good, and if this Sibyl only helps her to health and happiness, I will pledge myself to be her knight as soon as I can win my spurs, and to maintain her cause against all comers."

The Princess Katharina remained all through the spring in the charge of Dame Ursula Giffard; for though the wind was sometimes keen, the sun had ever-increasing power, and the two girls seemed so happy in each other's company, and the reports of those who were sent by the queen to visit her daughter were so favourable, that her stay was protracted long beyond the time originally intended.

One of the first messengers from the queen was Master Hugh Giffard, the brother of Dame Ursula—a grave and reverend man, as became the tutor to the Royal children. To him the Princess Katharina was dear as his own eyesight; she had sat on his knee when an infant, and it was his keen sense that first discovered the affliction of the child. Between him and her there subsisted a confidence and an intelligence which almost seemed able to do without words.

Katharina's first care, when she had ascertained that her parents were well, and had expressed her delight at seeing him, which she did with many fond caresses, was to bring Sibyl and place her at Master Hugh Giffard's knee; then, taking his hand, she put it on her head, and gently drawing from his breast the MS. which he carried, she spread it out on his knees, pointing to Sibyl, and running her finger along the lines.

Master Hugh Giffard smiled and nodded; then gently patting Sibyl's head, he said: "Wilt thou learn to read this book, little mistress, as the princess would have thee?"

Sibyl had already made an essay to read in Mistress Ursula's book of prayers; but that was beautifully coloured, with fair pictures at the corners of the pages. The book that Master Hugh carried was larger, thicker, and all in black letters—such a book as she had seen many times on the knees of the hermit Eustace—and it did not commend itself to the little maid as a charming occupation for a summer day to bend her brows in the attempt to decipher those strange lines; but the princess gently patted her on the shoulder, and, pointing to her feet—the sign she always used to intimate her brother Edward, who was noted for his extraordinary swiftness of foot, she nodded many times.

"She means, Sibyl," interpreted Master Hugh, "that Prince Edward learns to read books, and that he will not be pleased if thou dost not learn to read also; and what thou learnest thou wilt be able ere long to communicate to her."

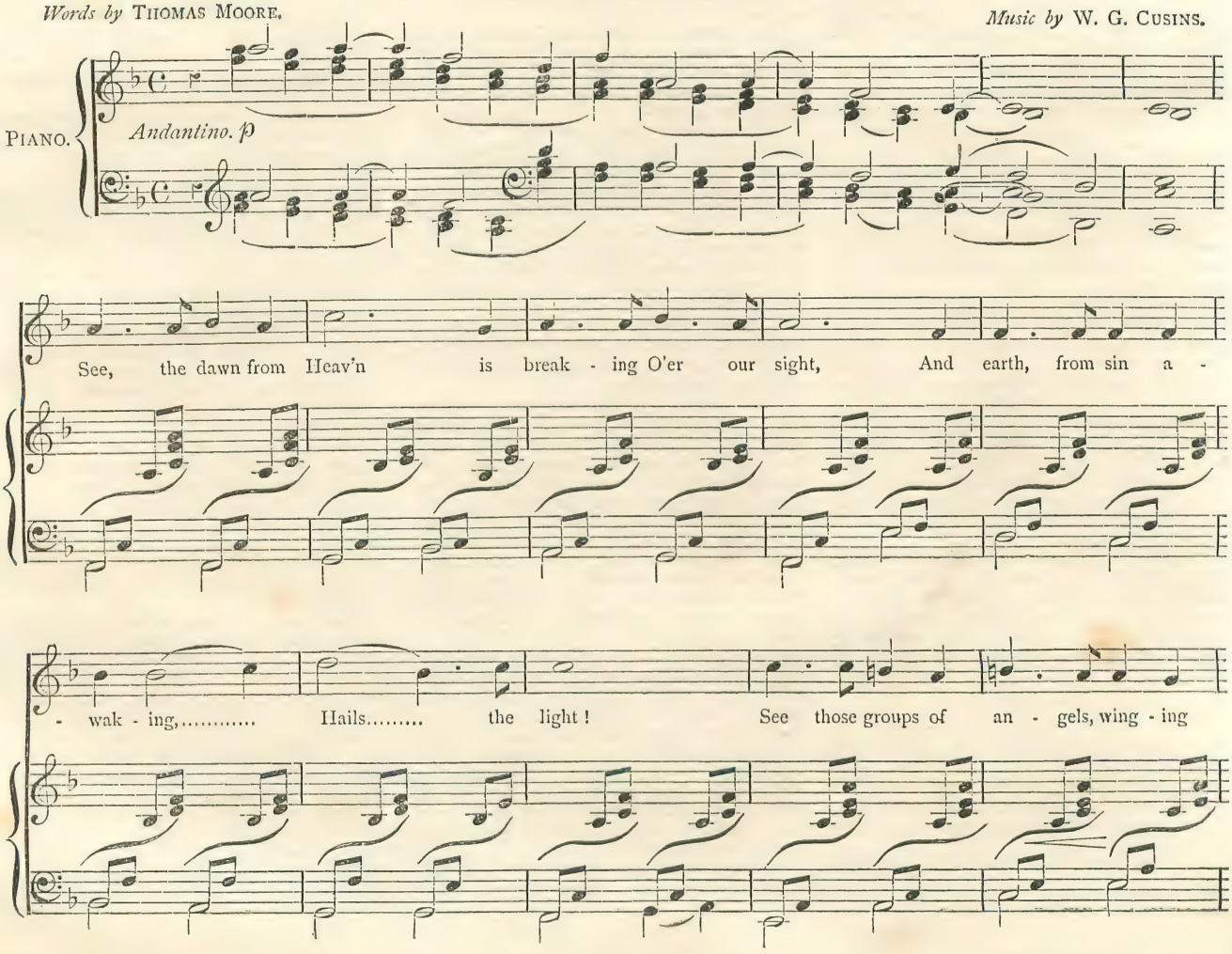
Sibyl now looked at the book with more favour, and henceforth, whenever Master Hugh came to Wingrave, part of his time was given to instructing the little maid in the art of reading—an instruction which was well followed up by Dame Ursula in his absence; and many a sweet and holy hymn did the child learn in the noble Latin tongue from the lips of the pious brother and sister.

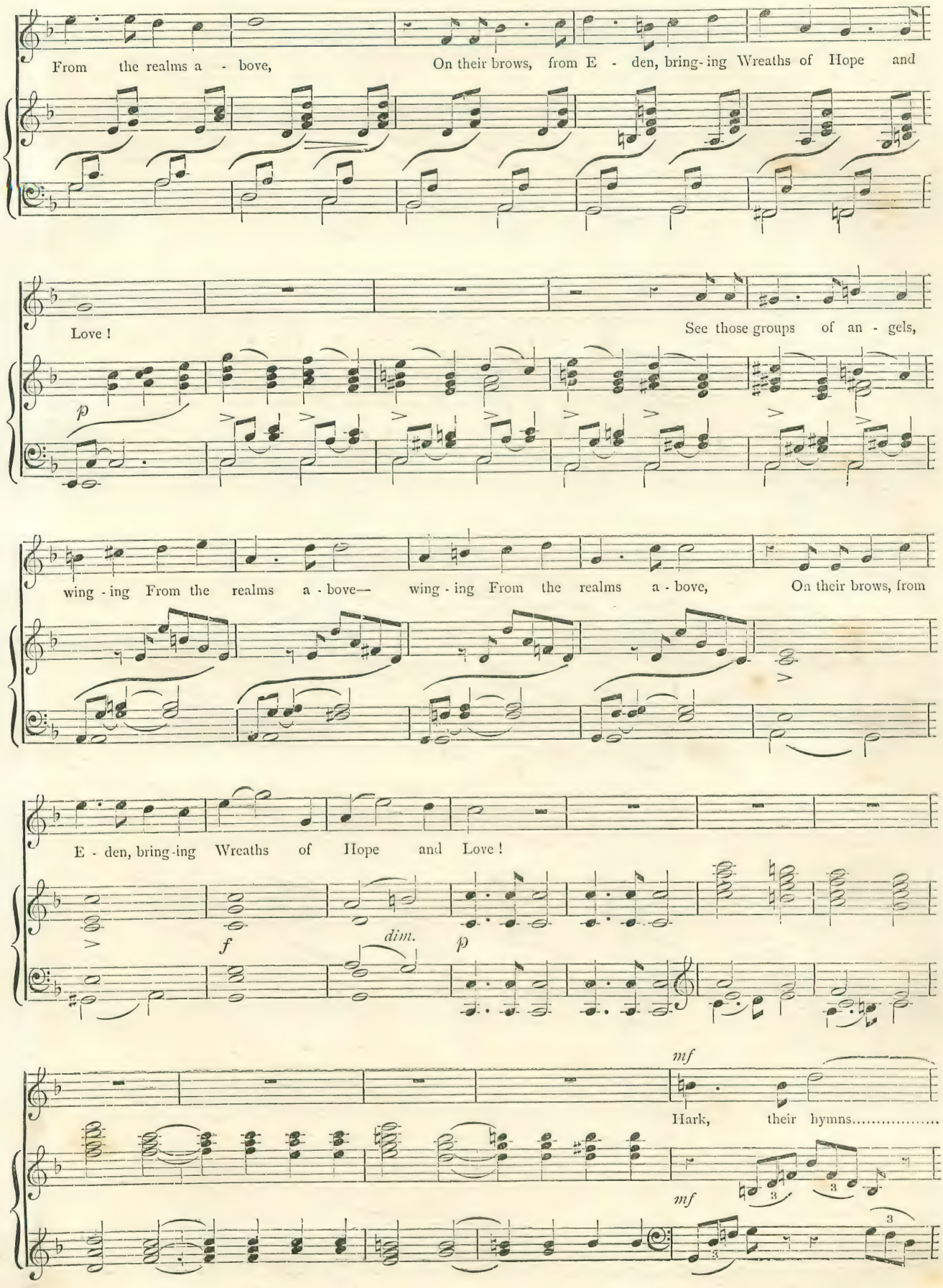
(*To be concluded.*)

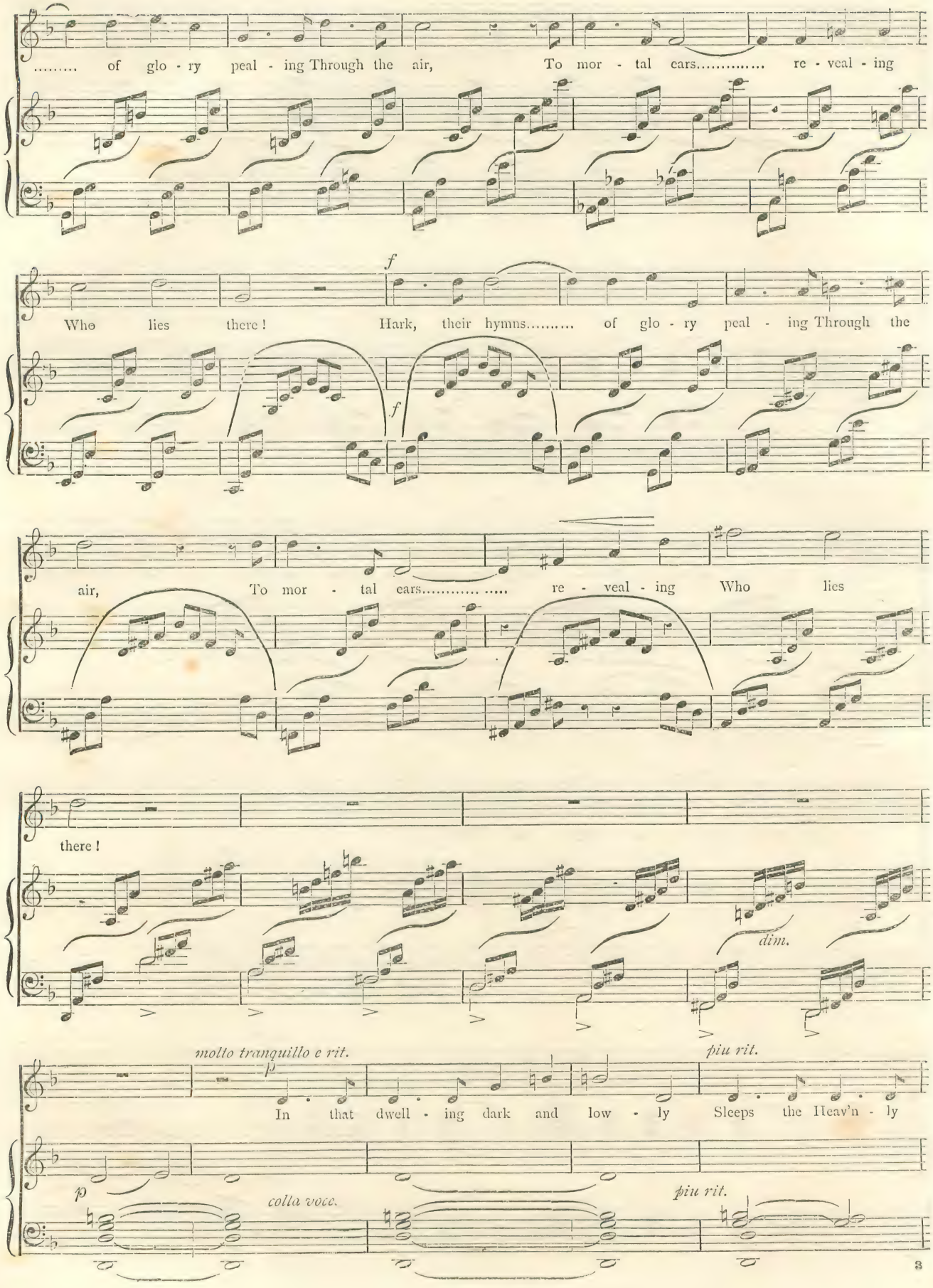
SEE, THE DAWN FROM HEAVEN IS BREAKING!

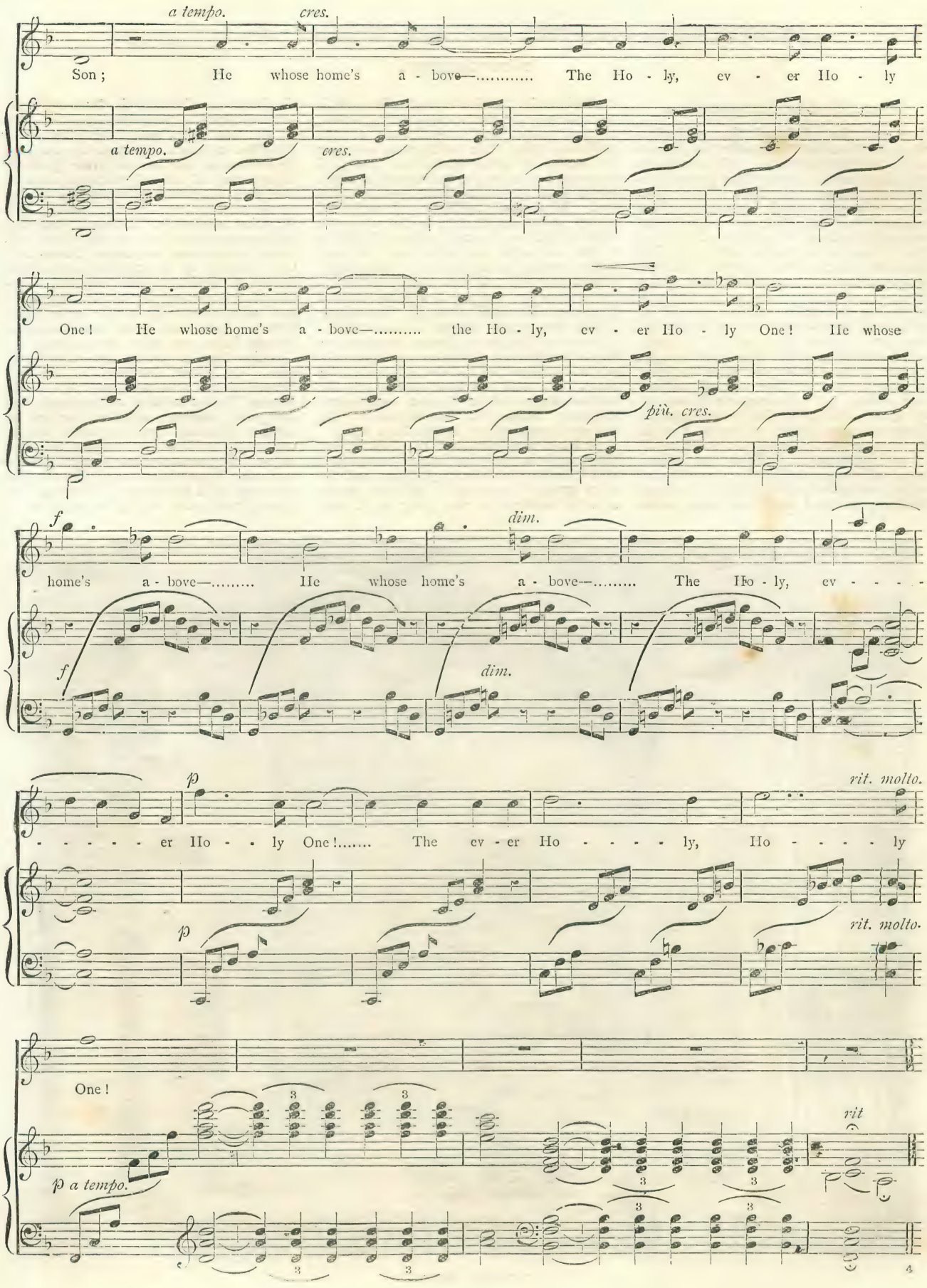
A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Words by THOMAS MOORE. *Music by* W. G. CUSINS.




From the realms a - bove, On their brows, from E - den, bring-ing Wreaths of Hope and
Love!
See those groups of an - gels,
p
wing - ing From the realms a - bove— wing - ing From the realms a - bove, On their brows, from
E - den, bring-ing Wreaths of Hope and Love!
f
dim.
p
mf
Hark, their hymns.....
mf


..... of glo - ry peal - ing Through the air, To mor - tal ears..... re - veal - ing
f
Who lies there! Hark, their hymns..... of glo - ry peal - ing Through the
f
air, To mor - tal ears..... re - veal - ing Who lies
there!
dim.
molto tranquillo e rit.
p
piu rit.
In that dwell - ing dark and low - ly Sleeps the Heav'n - ly
p
colla voce.
piu rit.


a tempo.
cres.
Son; He whose home's a - bove—..... The Ho - ly, ev - er Ho - ly
a tempo.
cres.
One! He whose home's a - bove—..... the Ho - ly, ev - er Ho - ly One! He whose
più. cres.
f
dim.
home's a - bove—..... He whose home's a - bove—..... The Ho - ly, ev - - - -
f
dim.
p
rit. molto.
- - - - - er Ho - - ly One!..... The ev - er Ho - - - - - ly, Ho - - - - - ly
p
rit. molto.
One!
rit
p a tempo.

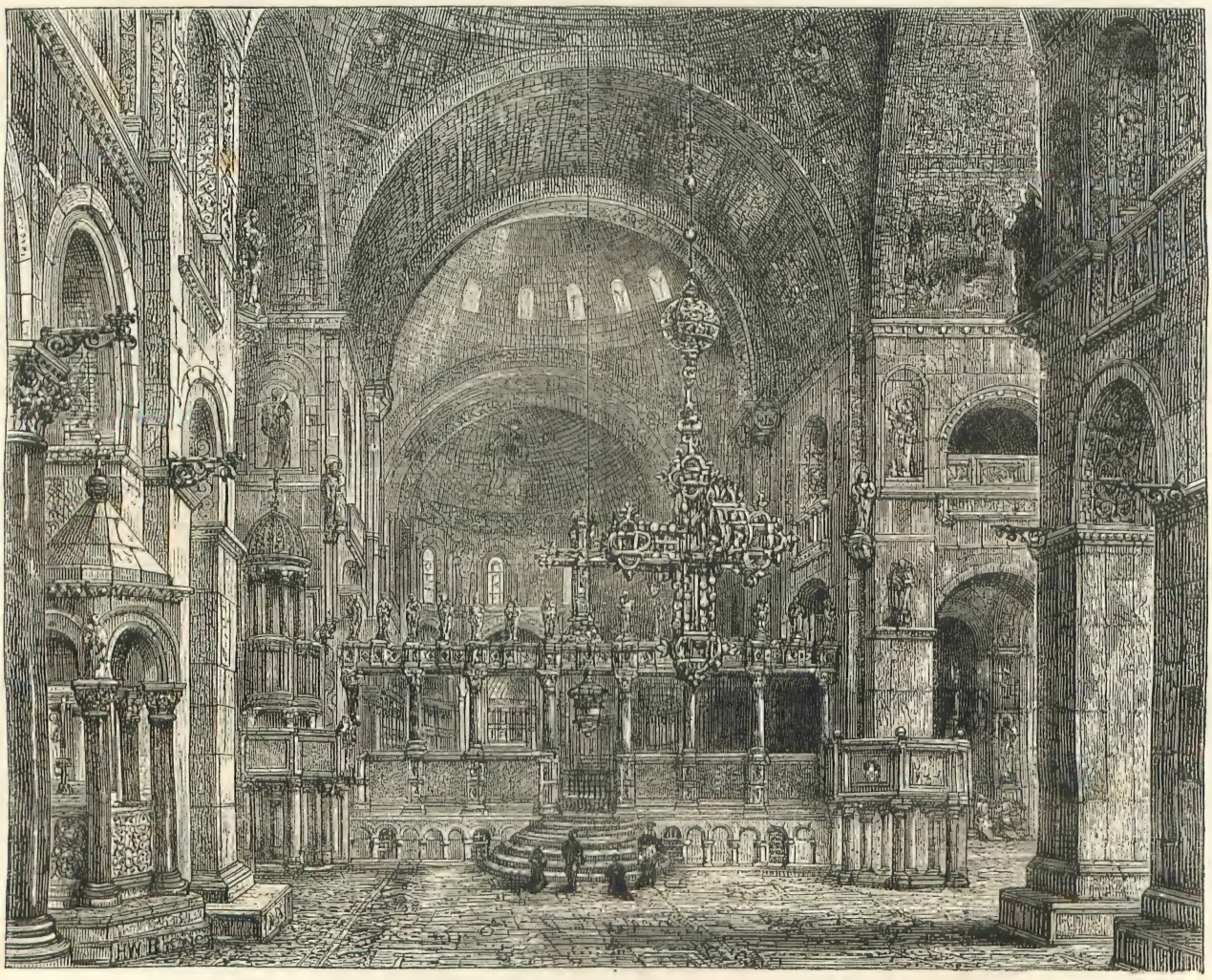
ARCHITECTURE; OR, THE ART AND HISTORY OF BUILDINGS.

By H. W. BREWER.

Part III.—The Christian Era.

Hitherto the whole of the architecture which we have had to consider has been of pagan and heathen origin. We have shown that the Semitic race and their descendants had no distinctive architecture of their own. Even Solomon's temple appears to have possessed very little that was original, and was certainly, from an architectural point of view, inferior to the temples being erected in Egypt and other heathen countries. But now we approach an epoch at which all the glories of pagan architecture were to be far outstripped by the sublime edifices erected by Christianity in honour of the one true God. Great as was the magnificence of the Parthenon, perfect as were its finish, its sculpture, and its delicacy of line, noble as were the great Egyptian temples with their vast columns and huge solidity, yet all disappear before the lofty grace, aspiring loveliness, awe-inspiring dignity of a great Gothic cathedral. For the first time in the history of the world architecture has to preach in brick and stone a gospel of love, of purity, of self-sacrifice, of sublime aspirations, of humility and freedom. The heavy trabiated architecture which seems to bind men's thoughts down to this earth is to make way for the heaven-pointing spires, pointed arches, and vertical lines of the mediæval styles. The buildings are no longer to consist of stolid, motionless blocks of masonry, but are to give the impression of life and motion, ever rearing itself upwards to the sky. In classical buildings and works of pagan nations, architecture is always passive and motionless; in mediæval and Christian works it is active and full of life. It must not, of course, be supposed that Christianity immediately effected this change in architecture; on the contrary, it was the result of many centuries of toil and study. It was long before the ancient features of constructive elements of classical architecture were to give way before the new principles and thoroughly original constructive theories of the Middle Ages. We shall now trace step by step the various stages which Roman architecture underwent before the pure Gothic of the thirteenth century was developed out of it.

At the commencement of the Christian era the struggle between the Græco-Roman style, with its imitations of Greek porticoes, and the more purely Roman style with its simple arcuated construction, was going on all over the Empire, and when the Roman Empire became Christian, there was a question which of the two styles would be adopted for Christian churches. At first the trabiated style seems to have been in favour, probably because most of the early Christian churches were simply the old pagan temples converted to the service of the true God, with as little alteration as possible. However, one may justly suppose that from the early Christians, during the times of persecution, having held their worship in the catacombs, a certain feeling of familiarity with arcuated architecture and cavernous forms of building would have accustomed them to the more purely Roman style, and hence we have again brought before our mind the origin of the Christian form of architecture—that is, the cave. Of course, however, for the first century or two after the conversion of the Roman Empire existing architectural ideas had great influence, and thus we see the earliest Christian churches rather verging towards the trabiated than the arcuated style. As we have previously stated, pagan temples were very frequently converted into churches with very slight alterations. This was done by simply using the "cella," or sanctuary, of



ST. MARK'S, VENICE.

WORMS CATHEDRAL.

the temple as a place of worship, leaving the porticoes unused. This is the case, and may still be seen at the churches of Santa Maria, Egyptiaca, and St. Lorenzo in Miranda, at Rome (see Fig. 1), but as this gave such a very small place for public worship, the walls of the cella were pulled down, and the spaces between the columns of the portico walled up, as is still to be seen in the church of St. Nicolo in Carcere, Rome, and many other ancient churches (see Fig. 2). When this was still found too small for public worship, the columns of the side and end porticoes were left standing, and the walls built outside them, so that the columns, instead of being external to the church, became internal, the spaces between them and the new walls forming aisles or passages, and the internal arrangement of the building thus assumed the form of a basilica (see Fig. 3) rather than of a temple, as is the case at Sta. Maria in Cosmedin (the "Bocca della Verita"), Sta. Francesca Romana, etc. This form of church has received the name of basilica. It was a favourite theory with writers thirty years back that the Christians converted the old basilicas into churches, and that this accounts for the ancient churches being called basilicas; but, unfortunately for this theory, we cannot find a single example of a basilica being converted into a church in early times. Then, again, no one has yet been able to tell us exactly what a basilica really was in pagan times. The word basilica is the same as the Latin *reggia*, and simply means a portico. In the Scriptures we find the expression, "The king sat in the porch giving justice." Probably any buildings with internal columns would have been called basilica by the Romans, and hence they gave the name to Christian churches. After a short time the Christians seem to have become dissatisfied with these buildings, adapted from their pagan ancestors, and in the East—probably in Byzantium itself—a new form of church arose, which consisted of a number of cubical or polygonal compartments covered with domes. How this form of building originated it is difficult to say, but there can be little doubt that the architects who invented it were of Greek nationality. It spread with rapidity all over Greece and the East. The great church of St. Sophia at Constantinople was (before it was modernised by the Turks) its greatest glory; the smaller but more perfect church of St. Mark's, at Venice, which was, *in all probability, copied* from St. Sophia, gives us the best idea of this style of ecclesiastical architecture. It will be noted that the cavernous appearance of this building is very remarkable indeed, notwithstanding its richness of decoration. The earlier portion of the cathedral at Aix-la-Chapelle is another example of this style. The circular baptistries of Italy and the round churches of England, France, Germany, the modern Russian churches, and the Mahomedan mosques are all to be traced to it. The Latin Church, however, does not seem to have favoured this form of ecclesiastical edifice for general use in places of worship, and thus we find it, with few exceptions, confined to baptistries, monumental chapels, and pilgrimage churches, and the like; but for parochial, cathedral, and monastic churches, the oblong basilica plan was retained and ultimately developed into the Gothic church, with its nave, aisles, and chancel.

The changes which the Christian basilica underwent as time went on were, firstly, arches were used instead of the straight lintel, or entablature between the columns, as we see in the basilica of St. Paul at Rome, St. Apollinare at Ravenna, and more perfectly still in the beautiful cathedral of Pisa.

Later on, about the tenth century, we find the old wooden roof of the basilica gives place to the arched roof, called "vaulting," from its being composed of a series of vaults, and the style or styles called Romanesque, Lombardic, Saxon, and Norman became developed. The Lombardic and Romanesque styles were really nothing more than geographical varieties of the same architecture.

When the old basilica type of church, with its heavy beam roof and almost innumerable columns, often only a few feet apart, had ceased to satisfy the lofty aspirations of Latin Christianity, when the Greeks had already inaugurated a new style of church architecture, only one of two courses was left to the Latins—either to adopt the Greek style or to improve upon the basilica form of church. After considerable hesitation they adopted the latter alternative; and it is most fortunate that they did so, because, owing to the oblong plan being indefinite as to length, it produced the glorious Northern cathedral, with its "long-drawn" nave and aisles, deep transepts, and beautiful varieties of form and outline; whereas the Greek cube form of church which became prevalent in Greece and the East was incapable of any great development. The length being circumscribed by the width of the square or polygonal compartments, it was found impossible, for instance, to reproduce these without monotony, and each cube necessarily being the same size, little feeling of scale or variety could be obtainable. In the East, however, where they seem rather to have favoured the erection of small churches, this cubical form of building suited well.

The vaulted basilica churches soon became common over the whole of the North of Europe, and perhaps two of the most important examples remaining in an unaltered condition to our time are the Cathedrals of Speier and Worms, in Germany. The former of these dates from the eleventh century; it is a vast and dignified church, the largest purely Romanesque building in existence, remarkable for grandeur and simplicity, but exceedingly plain, being almost devoid of mouldings, and entirely so of sculpture; it has recently been covered with frescoes by modern German artists. The Cathedral of Worms is almost a reproduction on a smaller scale of that of Speier; though more elaborate and ornamental, it does not possess the dignity and grandeur of the former church. In France the churches at Caen, especially St. Stephen, which was built by William the Conqueror, is a most noble type of Romanesque work; it is quite different in character to the two former buildings which we have named, and possesses the characteristics which we meet with in our Anglo-Norman Cathedrals, such, for instance, as the naves of Peterborough, Ely, and Norwich, of which it may not unjustly be regarded as the parent. This Norman style, with its varied forms of columns, moulded and recessed arches and vaulting, soon superseded the old Saxon style which had previously existed in this country. Of this so-called Saxon style few examples now exist. The tower of Earls Barton Church, Lincolnshire, Sompling, Sussex, and St. Michael's, Oxford, are fairly good examples. Unfortunately we know very little about the dates of Saxon buildings, but in all probability few if any of them date farther back than forty or fifty years before the Norman Conquest. They are singularly rude and barbarous, and show how very much our Saxon ancestors were behind the Italians, French, and Germans in architectural skill. Some writers think that most of the so-called Saxon buildings existing in England are really later in date than the battle of Hastings, and that they were erected by Saxon workmen but in Norman times. The Saxon builders do not appear to have understood "vaulting" sufficiently well to have roofed over any large space with stone, and for this reason alone the style soon gave way before the Norman, which of all early styles was the most advanced in this respect. As vaulting has had such an immense influence upon the various developments of Romanesque and Gothic architecture, we must say a few words about it, in spite of being a little dry.

When the arch came into constant use, as it did at the decline of the Roman Empire, it became evident that if the smaller spaces were arched over from column to column the larger spaces looked inconsistent when covered with a flat roof, and the continuous arched roof called a "barrel vault" was introduced (see Fig. 4), and was in use for many centuries. The chapel of the White Tower, in the Tower of London, is an excellent example of the simple barrel-vaulted roof. There are, however, several grave objections to this form of roof. In the first place, it is enormously heavy, and requires very thick walls to support it, not only on account of its weight, but also its "thrust." As we are anxious that our girls should thoroughly understand what we mean by "thrust," we will explain that an arch is really a bow, and is elastic. Let any of our readers take a piece of whalebone or cane, bend it into an arch or bow, and tie the two ends with a piece of cotton about half the length of the whalebone or cane. Now it will be found that the two ends of the piece of cane or whalebone do their utmost to part company as far as possible, and stretch the string (A, B) very tight. Now let our reader then place two books one at either end of the bow at right angles to the arch so formed, and cut the cotton; you will find that there is a strong pressure exercised by the ends of the bow against the books—so much so that it will throw the books down, if they be not heavy. Now this is exactly what takes place with buildings, and this force which an arch or bow exercises against the walls or objects upon which its ends rest is called "thrust," and it is the various methods invented by mediæval architects to resist this "thrust" which have produced those exquisite features—the buttress, the flying or arched buttress, and the pinnacle. When our girls look at some beautiful cathedral—Amiens, for example—with its flying buttresses and forest of pinnacles, let them recollect that all these are caused by this troublesome property of an arch or bow called "thrust."

Now let our girls reconstruct the model according to our diagram, *Fig. 5*. But this time let her place two books at right angles to the former ones at C and D, and she will find that when the cotton is cut the ends cannot knock down the books as they did before. Why? Because the books (C and D) act as counterforts or "buttresses." Should they, however, be insufficient to prevent the whalebone arch from throwing down A and B, put a lead weight on both C and D at E and F, and it will be found that C and D remain firm and steady. Now this is exactly the use of a Gothic pinnacle; it is a weight placed upon the buttress to steady it by exercising a downward pressure.

The "cross vault" is composed of two vaults or continuous arches cutting through each other at right angles (see Fig. 6). The advantages of the cross vault over the barrel vault are that, instead of having a continuous thrust all the length of the wall, the thrust is confined to certain points in the length of the wall which can be counteracted *by buttresses*; it also allows of the windows being higher up and larger than is the case with the barrel vault. Now there is no difficulty about constructing the cross vault over a space which is perfectly square; but when the space is oblong a difficulty at once arises, and it is precisely this difficulty which probably led to the adoption of the pointed or Gothic arch. If the space to be vaulted over is oblong, it will

be found that the two vaults which intersect each other cannot possibly be of the same size, and the vault which has a smaller diameter will describe a smaller semicircular arch against the two walls than will be the case with the larger vault.

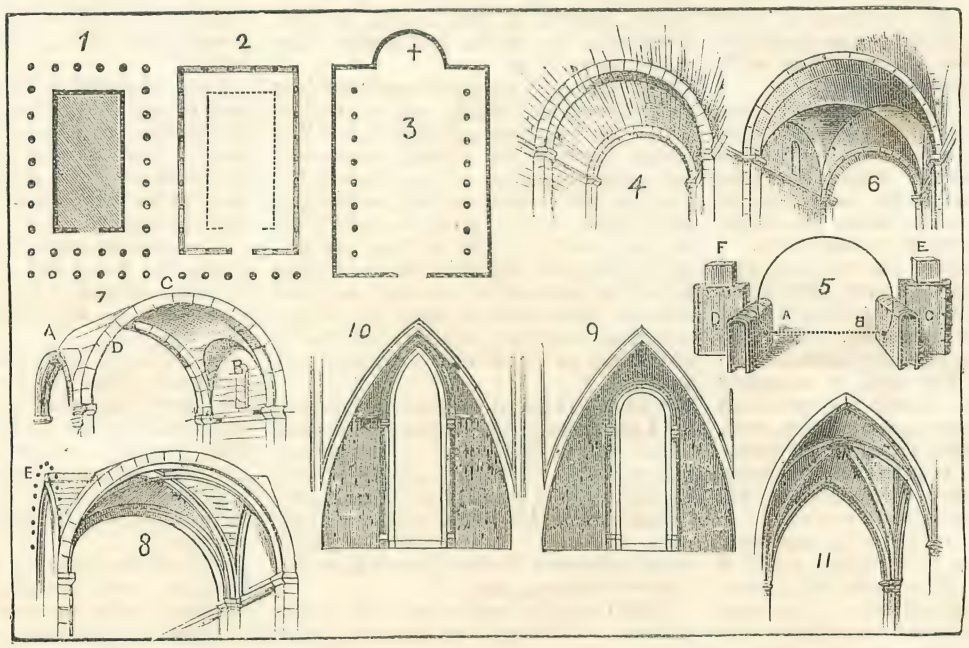
Now look at Fig. 7, and you will see that the arches A and B are lower than the arches C and D. But suppose we want to make the arches A and B the same height as C and D, it is evident that the vaults A and B must be either oval or pointed. At first they were generally made oval (see the dotted line E, Fig. 8), but it was soon found that the pointed arch was easier of construction and looked better.* When these ends of the pointed vault had windows or arches under them it was evident that they had to be made pointed as well. By looking at Figs. 9 and 10 it will be seen the effect of the round-headed window under the pointed arch is very displeasing; and moreover it leaves an ugly black shadow space above the window; whereas the point of the window running up into the pointed arch in Fig. 10 looks far better, and avoids the ugly dark space above the window. The perfected Gothic vault is shown in Fig. 11.

question whether the Gothic style would be come a round arched or pointed arched style. In Germany and Italy the round arch seems to have held its own, and continued to be used right through the Middle Ages; thus in the cloisters of the cathedral of Treves w find Gothic windows with all their "traceries" and "lights" round-headed; in England and France, however, the pointed arch soon gained a decided victory over its rival.

Perhaps it may be advisable here to say a few words about the various theories concerning the introduction of the Gothic arch. That the form of the Gothic arch was known many centuries before it was used in Europe is certain, because we find it in cisterns and tombs in Egypt, Syria, and Arabia, dating long before the Christian era; and the theory that it was discovered by making two semicircular arches intersect, as is so commonly done in late Norman work, cannot for a moment be held. Still less reasonable is the poetical fiction that Gothic cathedrals were copied from an avenue of trees, because it so happens that it is not the early but the later Gothic churches which bear this fancied resemblance to an avenue of trees. That it was introduced

"Alt Deutsche" style, and this in face of the fact that the earliest pure Gothic church in Germany—the Liebfrauen Kirche at Treves—was commenced in the year 1227, that is to say, nearly sixty years after the erection of the great cathedral of Notre Dame, Paris, which was begun in 1168, and is in all probability the first cathedral that was erected in the pure Gothic style. There are, however, in France portions of churches and cathedrals which are quite Gothic in character which date back a few years earlier even than this. In Picardy and the Isle of France the Gothic style may be said to have become thoroughly established by about the year 1175; in Normandy, about ten or fifteen years later.

England was rather later than France in adopting the pointed style. Our earliest purely Gothic cathedral is Salisbury, which was commenced in 1220 and completed, with the exception of the tower and spire, in 1260. Some of the beautiful abbey churches in Yorkshire, however, exhibit the Gothic style in great perfection. The exquisite, though, alas! ruined, choirs of Rivaulx and Fountains Abbeys were commenced in 1199 and 1200 respectively. Probably the next country to adopt



There are, all over Europe, very numerous examples of buildings, more especially churches, with both round and pointed arches. They usually date from the twelfth century, and are exceedingly interesting, not only on account of their own remarkable beauty, but also from the light which they throw upon the history of the introduction and gradual perfection of the pointed arch and Gothic architecture generally. The splendid choir of Canterbury Cathedral; the ruined abbey of Glastonbury, in England; the glorious cathedrals of Chartres and Sens, in France; those of Bamberg and Limberg, in Germany; Avila, in Spain, offer such notable and magnificent examples. In the churches and buildings of this date we find a dignity, a grandeur, and a solidity, combined with severity and purity of detail, which make many architectural writers prefer them to the more sumptuous and graceful churches of later times. It is curious, in studying the buildings of this date, how evenly the balance is often held between the pointed and the round arch, and it was really a

from the East by the Crusaders is very unlikely; in fact, that it was introduced from the East at all is most improbable, because, if it had been, we should have found it first making its appearance in Hungary, Transylvania, Poland, Bohemia, and Russia; but it so happens that these were just the very last countries in Europe to adopt the pointed arch. In fact, we find churches in Transylvania and Servia erected with semicircular arches in a style resembling our Norman work as late as the fifteenth century.

All available evidence seems to go to prove that the Gothic style originated and underwent all its earliest developments in the north-west of Europe, and penetrated slowly and by degrees to the south and east. With regard to the pointed arch, the most reasonable assumption is that it was thoroughly well known to builders of all ages, but they considered the semicircular arch the more convenient until the difficulties respecting the cross vault to which we have previously alluded brought the Gothic form of arch into use.

Some German writers have claimed for their country the invention of the Gothic style, and have absolutely gone so far as to call it the

the Gothic style was Spain, evidently under French influences, and possibly with the assistance of French architects. The two superb cathedrals of Burgos and Toledo bear a strong resemblance to Rheims and Amiens, in France, and it is very interesting to compare their dates. Rheims was commenced in 1212; Burgos in 1221; Amiens, 1220; Toledo, 1227. There are possibly Gothic buildings of a still earlier date existing in Spain, and it must be acknowledged that the Spanish Gothic churches are very nearly equal in dignity and artistic development to those of France and England, whereas, in point of size and richness of detail, they are not surpassed by the churches of any country. Unfortunately we know little about these superb buildings. The late lamented George Edmund Street has, however, in his book about Spain shown enough to make us greatly regret that architects and art writers who have visited that country should have confined their attention to such pretty trivialities as the Alhambra and other Moorish buildings, and should have overlooked the far more grand and dignified mediæval architecture of the Christians.

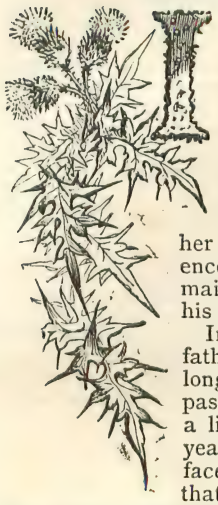
(To be continued.)

* The late Professor Whewell and Sir Gilbert Scott both held this theory of the introduction of the pointed arch into mediæval architecture.

ONLY A GIRL-WIFE.

By RUTH LAMB, Author of "Her Own Choice," &c.

CHAPTER XI.



IT was fortunate for Dr. Crawford that Shelverton folk could do without him at a time when his presence was so much needed elsewhere. Still more fortunate that Ida did not fret after her husband, but rather encouraged him to remain with and comfort his parents.

In the case of his father, his care was not long needed. Once the pastor seemed to rally a little, and a wistful, yearning look on his face led them to think that he was conscious and could understand what was said, though he was unable to reply.

But the light soon faded and was followed by complete unconsciousness, and then by the sleep from which there is no earthly waking. Naturally many arrangements had to be made, and it was fully three weeks before Dr. Crawford was able to return to Shelverton.

During his absence Ida was surprised by a visit from Lord Carnelly, who came to Steynes-Cote without having written to announce his intention. But this mattered little to Mrs. Crawford. Lindsay was under her roof, a voluntary guest this time. Surely his presence was in every sense a good augury, and, in spite of a year's apparent estrangement, which had cost her a good many tears, the old love was warm in her brother's heart as well as her own.

Never had Lord Carnelly appeared more affectionate to his sister, and if it had not been for the uncomfortable consciousness that he had failed in the trust reposed in him by his dead father, the days spent at Steynes-Cote would have been the happiest he had known for years. Indeed, the harassed man tried to forget his cares and to enjoy the peaceful surroundings amid which he found himself.

"You have a beautiful home, a good husband, and now I suppose you are also the richest of young mothers, Ida," said Lord Carnelly, as he watched his sister's beautiful head bent over the cot of her sleeping baby. "We have had so many baby treasures that I am afraid I hardly appreciate them as I did when the first came."

"You ought to do, Lindsay; yours are all lovely children, and so they ought to be with such handsome parents."

"I will repeat those pretty words to Beatrice, my dear. She will never be too old to value a compliment on her good looks, though sometimes I half wish her share of beauty had been smaller, or that it had been less admired. A love of admiration grows with age in some people, and is as bad, in its way, as a craving for gold. Take my advice, Ida, and do not yield to it. Be happy in the love of the good man who has chosen you to be his wife, and contented with the portion of this world's goods with which he has been able to endow you."

"I may well be contented, Lindsay," replied Ida; "but still I did not come to my husband quite a penniless wife." And the girl drew herself up with a little satisfied gesture which brought a hot flush to her brother's face. She had never spoken to him about money matters since her marriage, but in the absence of her husband and at this time she thought she ought to do so.

"I suppose you are wanting to arrange about paying over my little fortune, Lindsay," she said. "I am so sorry Andrew is from home, but you know what has called him away. Can I do instead?"

Lord Carnelly gave an inward shudder as he heard these words, but he tried to smile as he answered lightly, "You forget, my dear girl; your money was not settled upon you at your marriage, and you are a mere nobody in the eye of the law. When Andrew said 'With all my worldly goods I thee endow,' he knew quite well that as he walked out of the church he not only retained absolute possession of them, but of you and your worldly goods in addition. I shall have to settle with Crawford, not with you."

"That will be all the same, or better, for I am an utter ignoramus about business. If you were to pour my money into my lap, I should gather up my skirts, run with it to Andrew, and say, 'Please, dear, take this gold and turn it to account. You know far better what to do with it than I do. It is too heavy for me to carry.'"

Lord Carnelly laughed outright at this picture. Nothing could have better portrayed his sister's innocence of business matters than this imaginary scene in which he was supposed to pour her little fortune into her lap in the shape of so much golden coin. But the laugh ended abruptly, and the picture faded as one impossible of realisation.

Subsequently it was arranged that Lord Carnelly should meet his brother-in-law in Edinburgh, where the doctor would be detained by business on his homeward way.

As the former left Steynes-Cote, he took comfort from the thought that his sister was well provided for. "Crawford has a right to be angry, and I am prepared for some plain speaking on his part, but I know he is not the man to visit my sins on his wife's head," he thought; "she is safe enough, both in the present and for the future." That the withholding of Ida's money could be of any serious consequence to Dr. Crawford never entered into the colonel's head.

The men met with a mutual misunderstanding to begin with. When Lord Carnelly arrived at Steynes-Cote, Ida took it for granted that he was come for the special purpose of paying over the five thousand pounds, and she wrote to tell her husband so. Dr. Crawford was agreeably surprised at the intelligence, and after an exchange of inquiries and expressions of condolence, he began to speak of business matters to the colonel.

"Ida tells me you want to pay over her little fortune, and I am not sorry for this, Carnelly," he said. "You know my family affairs so well that I need hardly tell you that my poor father's death will, for a time, entail additional expenses for me to meet. I have always helped my parents. Now I must do more, as I am the best able. The next three years will be the worst, then the young ones will begin to maintain themselves."

Lord Carnelly hesitated, stammered, and finally said, "Ida scarcely understood my object in running down to your place. I am sorry to say I am not quite prepared with the money. I have the interest to the date of Ida's birthday, but the principal——"

The speaker paused, and his eyes fell before the grave look of Dr. Crawford, as he answered, "I thought I understood you to say that it was safely invested."

"And so it was, Crawford, but not separately from my own. Of course I am worth far more than the amount owing to Ida; but we have spent rather more than we ought to have done, and I am short of ready money. I thought, perhaps, you would take the year's interest and wait a little longer for the principal."

"I will do anything I can to accommodate you," replied the doctor, "though, owing to recent circumstances, I cannot now so well afford to do without the money. You see I expected it to be paid over to Ida, and, believing she would have this, I made a little more liberal provision for my mother than I should have felt justified in doing without it."

"I should hardly have thought that such an addition to your income would make an appreciable difference," said Lord Carnelly.

"And yet you say the paying of it would inconvenience you who have, or ought to have, four times my income," replied the doctor.

"But I have now eight children, and you have only one."

"I do not see what our several families have to do with this matter of business, neither has the fact that you and I have always been friends since we first knew each other. The question is one of right and wrong. You and I both know that Ida ought to have received her portion when, with your consent, she became my wife."

"I wish you had spoken about it; I could have paid it then by making a push. It would have been a true kindness to insist, instead of letting the time pass over."

This remark was rather hard upon the doctor, who had trusted his friend so implicitly, and he could not help saying, "It was for you to speak, Carnelly, not me."

"I know it, I know it," said the colonel. "I have been a dreadful coward; I meant to make all right, but I was over persuaded. But my sister shall not lose a penny; I will give you a second mortgage on my Lincolnshire property."

"A second mortgage! Oh, Carnelly, has it come to that already?" said the doctor.

"What could I do?" groaned the colonel. "We had spent too much even in India, and since our return the money has seemed to fly. Beatrice was so resolved on having a season in London, and could not be contented with anything second-rate. 'It was just for once,' she said, and I was foolish enough to yield, when I knew I could not afford the cost. She is such a pretty woman, you know, Crawford, and sets off everything she wears, and, naturally, she likes to look as well as her neighbours," said the colonel, with a touch of the old pride in his handsome wife. "She is perhaps too fond of being admired, and I can't help feeling proud of her, too, when I see people's eyes following her, and know that not a girl in her first season attracts more attention than Beatrice does even now. Her dress is always the perfection of taste, and really, sometimes, I feel so proud of her that I forget the cost. You know she can be so very charming, Crawford."

The doctor was both touched and indignant, as he listened to Lord Carnelly. The colonel was so brave on the battle-field, so cowardly where it was a question of doing right at the cost of contradicting the wife of whom, in spite of all her faults, he was so proud. He knew how fascinating Lady Carnelly could be, and with what grace and dignity she could hold her place in society, and he knew, too, that the gallant soldier was as wax in the hands of his wife, who appealed to his pride in public, and ruled him in private by force of a strong will and a selfish disposition.

Dr. Crawford hesitated a little before he answered Lord Carnelly. At first he felt inclined to say, "I will not take a mortgage." Then he decided to give a contrary reply, feeling convinced that by so doing he would rather help his brother-in-law than otherwise.

"If I do not accept Lindsay's terms, he is pretty certain to raise the money to meet some other claim. By accepting them I shall keep a hold upon the property and do him a service, whether I ever press my claim or not." So he said, "I will let the money remain, but on the terms proposed by you, and shall be glad to have a definite settlement as soon as possible."

Perhaps the colonel thought that his brother-in-law would be contented to wait for the money and trust to his promise without further security. However, he could only thank him for past forbearance, and say that the mortgage deed should be prepared at once. It cost him an effort to add, "Would you care to put on another thousand, taking the two hundred and fifty of interest towards it?"

He was ashamed to ask, but ready money was scarce; it would be a wrench to part with any, and his wife had bidden him try to retain this.

"Thank you, no," replied the doctor, "all my spare money is invested. I was afraid I should have to call in a little owing to heavy recent demands, but the interest will prevent this." So the colonel could only pay it.

Then the doctor mentioned the jewellery which Lord and Lady Carnelly had sent to his wife.

"DR. CRAWFORD LOOKED IN HIS WIFE'S FACE."

"I ask this in all kindness," he said, "but are the things paid for?"

"Not yet, but they shall be, Crawford, believe me. Trust me in this, whatever stands over, those trinkets shall be paid for."

"I shall take care of that," replied the doctor. "Ida *shall* wear no diamonds at the cost of a jeweller. You meant to be kind, Carnelly, and I thank you all the same, but it was a mistake to send such costly articles. Ida has no longing after new trinkets. She would tell you that the bright eyes of her first-born are more to her than all the diamonds in the world. She only values these because she thinks them a proof of a brother's love."

"You will not take them from her, Crawford?" said the colonel, with a look of distress.

"Certainly not. And more, I will not tell her a single word that has passed between us respecting them. But I shall pay for them. The name on the case told me where they were purchased. Give me the bill if you have it. It shall be settled at once, and Ida shall remain happy in the thought that she wears her brother's gift."

It was humiliating for the colonel to hand over the jeweller's account, but he knew he could not pay it, and would certainly never have incurred such a debt but for his wife. The look on the doctor's face was kind, and his tone and words conveyed no reproach as he said, "This shall be our secret, Carnelly. Do not breathe it even to Beatrice." An injunction which the colonel thankfully decided to obey.

He thought to himself, "Whilst Beatrice thinks the trinkets are owing for, she will not go near the shop, so I shall be doubly relieved."

It was not gratifying for Dr. Crawford to discover that more than half of the money he had received from Lord Carnelly must go to pay for these so-called presents, but if the whole had been required he would have paid it cheerfully, rather than allow the matter to stand over indefinitely.

When the doctor reached Steynes-Cote, Ida met him with tender welcoming words and expressions of sympathy. "It has been such a sad time for you, Andrew," she said. "I have thought of you hourly, and of your mother, too. I wondered if she would like to come and stay with us for a time; it might cheer her a little to have the change."

"She is best in her own neighbourhood, I think, dear," replied the doctor. "Besides, she has the boys to care for, and hers has always been such a busy life that inaction would be bad for her now."

"But when the boys are away how lonely she will be! And how sad to think that your father could not say a word of farewell. I do not think anything could give me comfort under such circumstances."

"I hope you may never be called on to pass through such a trial, my darling. But if you should be, may you have the same comfort which sustains my dear mother in her loneliness and trouble. The blessed sense of her Saviour's presence cheers the one. The knowledge that her husband sought the Lord in his youth, and served Him all though life, takes the sting from her bereavement, and gives her the prospect of an eternal reunion. This is what I look forward to, Ida, for you and me, not merely to be united on earth, but after death in the presence of God for ever."

Dr. Crawford looked in his wife's face as she clung to him with girlish trust and tender clasp, but she did not speak in answer to his solemn words. She did not say, "I, too, have a hope which reaches beyond time." Her next words had relation to Lord Carnelly and his meeting with her husband.

"I suppose Lindsay went into business matters with you when you met in Edinburgh," she said. "Is all settled now?"

"It will be soon, dear. Your money is to be invested on a new security, a mortgage, in fact. Carnelly paid me a year's interest, so you must always come to me as your banker, the same as before."

This was enough for Ida. She took it for granted that everything had been arranged to her husband's satisfaction, and dismissed the subject from her mind.

In after days Dr. Crawford regretted that he had not given his wife his full confidence. It would have saved much subsequent misunderstanding.

(*To be continued.*)

FORLORN, YET NOT FORSAKEN.

THE STORY OF A NURSERY GOVERNESS.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

CHAPTER XI.

THAT last meal that Margaret ever took with us was an eminently uncomfortable one. My mother was kind, as usual, but very grave. My father, preoccupied with the thought of an important bill to be passed that night, spoke little. Margaret was wistful and "distraite," and I was troubled at losing my friend, vexed with her, and vexed with myself for being vexed. My father was going to take her with him in the carriage, and leave her in Mandefort-square, which was not much out of the way to St. Stephen's. She took leave of us all with an agitation foreign to her manner, and yet there was an air of solemnity about her farewells which perplexed me. One could not look into that lovely appealing face and harbour displeasure, and my mother's kiss was a very warm one.

"Remember, my dear, I quite expect to have you back again to-morrow, for I do not feel quite satisfied about you yet."

I leaned over the balustrade to say a last good-bye, and to-day if I listen for old echoes I can hear the rustle of her dress, and the swift, gliding step. I can see the stately figure, with its grand curves and proportions, the queenly head poised so erect, and just then thrown backward to look up at me from below with that pure, sweet face framed in a halo of golden glory. Is that too gushing and enraptured a description for this *nil admirari* age? Ah, you have never seen her, as I did, standing there, gazing with all her soul in her eyes.

The carriage steps were shut up with a crash, the hall-door banged in a fierce gust of wind, the servants' voices sank into subdued murmurs, and I stood at the window listening to the sound of the wheels rattling through the square, until it was suddenly absorbed into the stream of traffic. I felt rather desolate, and a vague presentiment of evil oppressed me.

"Suppose there is something in it after all, mother," I said.

"I do not see any reason for thinking so, dear," answered my mother, quietly. "Poor Margaret is too imaginative, and when physically weak one is very likely to be carried away by fancies, and attach a mysterious significance to what might be easily accounted for on ordinary grounds."

An hour later my mother, who had been in a deep reverie, suddenly looked up at me.

"I am very glad I let her go, Sybil; very glad," she repeated, emphatically.

* * * * *

I shall tell you the rest of the story in proper sequence, not in the bits and scraps of information which we gathered at the time.

My father, having set down Margaret at the Corfus' door, and seen her safely received, hurried down to the House, and she—her eager inquiry if all were well being answered in the affirmative—passed noiselessly upstairs, indulging in a little laugh at her own expense.

While we had been seated at dinner, Morpeth and Violet had been playing in the drawing-room of 12, Mandefort-

square. For a wonder there happened to be no one staying there, so the children had their father all to themselves for a good game of romps, and took full advantage of his particularly genial mood. Presently he tired of the play, and taking up the newspaper began to read, while the boy and girl sat down on the carpet close to his chair, and were soon in the full swing of an animated whisper.

"Father," said Dunraven, pinching the toe of Corfu's boot.

"Well."

"Why mayn't I read in bed?"

"I don't know."

"Well, but may I?"

"Eh?"

"May I?"

"Oh, I suppose so. Don't bother me, boy."

But "boy" having got all he wanted would have been quite satisfied but for the soft voice of his little mentor.

"Oh, Dunnie, do you think Fairfie would like it?"

"I don't think she'd mind—much."

"But I think you ought to have told."

"Bother! Well, all right," said Dunraven, rather crossly.

"Father."

"Um?"

"Fairfie told me not to."

"Who? Not to what?"

"Why, read in bed. You said I might, you know, and she said I wasn't to."

"You ruffian! Of course you are not to disobey your governess, or I shall have to pack you off to school to-morrow."

Poor Dun looked very disconcerted, and all his sister's attempts at consolation were ungraciously repulsed.

"What's that?" asked his mother, without glancing off the book which apparently engrossed her. "What do you want, Dunnie?"

"I want to be allowed to read in bed, mother."

"Well, why shouldn't you? You may."

"I have just told him not to do so," observed Corfu, shortly.

"Oh, have you? I thought I heard you give him leave a few minutes ago. I suppose I was mistaken."

"No, you know you were not, Emily; but finding how matters stand, I took back that permission, of course."

He spoke quietly, but there were patches of white at the corners of his mouth and nostrils, which Emily knew perfectly well were storm signals. But for all her indifferent manner there were two burning spots high up on her cheeks, and a fierce angry light in her eyes. She knew that he knew that none of the foregoing conversation had been lost upon her, and all that she said was with a venom, all the more bitter because at the bottom of her poor little heart there was a consciousness that most of it was undeserved, entirely by one, and what was merited by the other had been occasioned by her own shortcomings.

She threw herself back in her chair with her small, scornful laugh.

"Really! How droll! I laboured under the impression that I was mistress over my own children. What an amiable delusion!"

Her husband took no notice of these remarks, and his silence stung her into madness of anger.

"Dun, as far as I am concerned I give you leave to do as you like."

There was a dead pause. The children were drinking in the painful scene, not understanding the real point at issue, but fully alive to their parents' quarrel.

Corfu laid the paper across his knees, and leaning forward fixed his eyes on his wife, compelling her attention.

"I have given my orders. Am I master here, or are you?"

The question was put deliberately, in a very low voice, but with a white heat of determination, and a savage purpose not to be disregarded. Emily knew it. For weeks, months, she had been brooding and simmering over the unmistakable alienation of her husband from herself, and at times fairly boiled over with blind fury at the logical consequences of her own line of conduct. That she had herself to blame mattered not one jot. Yet it was this frantic jealousy which showed that poor Emily was not all bad. Had she been, she would not have cared, but have let her husband go his way, while she went hers. But at this moment the wild desire to rule him, as she had done in the first years of their married life, was predominant, and the feeling that through her own fault she had lost her power, drove her almost beside herself. Yet in spite of her temerity she quailed before the murderous spirit she had herself evoked, and her malice cowered beneath the wrath of the man she had often despised, and for the time being hated with all the intensity of a small nature. And so, with that marvellous control of which such women are capable, she was able to laugh lightly, and shrug her pretty shoulders with a gesture of disdain, ere immersing herself again in her novel.

(To be continued.)

VARIETIES.

A Good Wish.

Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice.
—*Wordsworth.*

"Only Apparently Dead."

Hans Christian Andersen, the great Danish writer, was of an excessively nervous temperament. The most amusing feature which this nervousness produced in him was a perpetual fear of being buried alive, so that when he went to bed at night he always placed by his bedside a piece of paper on which was written, "I am only apparently dead."

Trying to Know the Unknowable.

There is a kind of divination sometimes practised by the chance selection of a passage from an author's writings. It is known as *Sortes*, the Latin plural of *sors*, lot, decision by lot. This was a practice common in ancient times and in the Middle Ages.

The method pursued by the ancients was generally to write a number of verses of a favourite poet on separate slips, put them in an urn, draw out one at random, and from its contents infer good or bad fortune. This means of arriving at a knowledge of the future was known as *Sortes Homericæ*, *Sortes Virgilianæ*, and so on, according to the name of the poet from whose works the lines were chosen.

Among the Christians of the Middle Ages the Bible was used for a similar purpose, the book being opened by hazard or a pin stuck between the leaves, and the first passage catching the eye was considered as indicating the inquirer's fate. Such lots were called *Sortes Biblicæ*.

Spiritual Pride.

Spiritual pride spoils many graces.
—*Jeremy Taylor.*

A Holiday Thought.

If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work.
—*Shakespeare.*

The Improvement of the Mind.—Though the faculties of the mind are improved by exercise, yet they must not be put to a stress beyond their strength.—*Locke.*

A Striking Dress.—A dress that is so peculiar as to be striking, either from its brilliancy of colour or from any other cause, should be adopted only by a woman who has many changes of raiment, and so may wear it only occasionally, or the sight of it becomes tiresome, even if at first it is interesting from its novelty.

Word-Squares.

What are known as word-squares are squares formed by a series of words so selected and arranged that the letters spell each of the words when read across or downwards. Here is an example:—

O A R
A R E
R E D

The Pursuit of Pleasure.—Pleasure is one of the great blessings of human life, both for its own sake and for its indirect influence on character; it therefore demands not contempt or indifference but thankful recognition. It is not pleasure, but something evil that may sometimes be associated with it, that needs weeding out from our lives; and if sociality had no other claim than the simple and innocent happiness it creates it would still deserve a high place in our regard.

Art as a Race.—Art is an eternal race, and those artists are destroyed for art as soon as they entertain the delusion that they are at the goal.

A Hint for the Beautiful.—The pearl ignores its value, the flower its perfume; to be like the pearl and the flower, young girl, ignore thy beauty.

ART.

TABBY.—For painting in oils upon wood, use Roberson's medium. This contains a varnish, as well as a megilp, and the work will not require any extra varnishing.

S. B.—Wash the unglazed terra-cotta with turpentine, and then with soap and water.

MOTHERLESS.—Of course, you cannot dispose of school drawings, particularly as they are copies. If you think for a moment of the numberless excellent drawings that are daily offered to the public, you will understand why there is no sale for works of the description you name.

WARE.—The articles upon repoussé appeared in pages 116, 260, and 456, vol. vi.

SNOOKS.—Flesh tints are made by mixing white, yellow ochre, carmine, and pale blue together in various combinations. The white and yellow for cold parts, crimson added for cheeks and nostrils, white and blue for some cool shadows, and white, blue, and crimson for deep shadows. We can only give a rough summary of colouring in our limited space. You had better consult a manual of figure painting.

NELLIE H.—Drawing is included in the list of acquirements taught by the Improvement Society, of which the Rev. G. V. Collinson, of Brynhyfryd, Pandy, Abergavenny, is the president. For a copy of the rules, write to Miss E. S. Knapp, secretary, Ivy-place, Hampstead-road, Handsworth, price 3d. Four hours in the week are to be devoted to drawing and sketching. You can obtain advice of the same society in reference to educational books.

EDDIE, FISHIE, WEE-WEE.—We feel obliged by your correction, but you did not understand the question, which was, that some other liquid than water was desired to paint with water-colours, not "to render them soft when they had become hard." We have mentioned glycerine hundreds of times in our correspondence columns. You will find an article on "Crystoleum Painting" in *Silver Sails*, the holiday number of the G. O. P.

WAITING FOR AN ANSWER.—The eyes in crystoleum painting are painted on the photo, not on the second glass. Paint the hair also on the photo. The article on this subject in *Silver Sails* is quite exhaustive. Why do you not study it?

M. B.—The "sleeping children" in Lichfield Cathedral are the work of the famous sculptor Chantrey.

SAIDAPETTA.—We should suppose that you meant the death of "Dido," not Dado; but you say that the subject was a "he," and ask "when he lived?"

F. STONE.—To obtain a copy of the engraving, "Lady Jane Grey," you must apply to some of the best known London printsellers, and take your number of the G. O. P. with you to show them what you require.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BANNERDOWN.—The pseudonym of Thomas Ingoldsby was assumed by the Rev. Richard Harris Barham, 1738-1845, in the authorship of "The Ingoldsby Legends." The work was a collection of legends in prose and in verse, supposed to have been found in the family chest of the Ingoldsby family, and related by Thomas Ingoldsby. You must be very much lacking in powers of appreciation if you cannot see the quaint drolleries of these in their true and attractive light.

HOUSEKEEPER.—White wax is beeswax melted in water and bleached in the sun and air.

A SAILOR'S MOTHER.—Tasmania was formerly known as Van Diemen's Land. It was discovered on November 24th, 1642, by the celebrated Dutch navigator, Tasman, and named by him Van Diemen's Land, out of compliment to Van Diemen, the governor of the Dutch Indies, who had commissioned him to explore the south coast of the Australian continent. Tasman was not aware of its insular character, however. On December 13th he discovered the southern island of New Zealand, and on January 6th the Fiji Islands. Tasman set out on another voyage in January, 1644, to explore the coasts of New Guinea and Australia, and never was heard of again. The name of the island was altered, in compliance with the wish of the colonists, from Van Diemen's Land to Tasmania, the change taking effect January 1st, 1856.

ELLEN WATERS.—The origin of the term "honey moon" has, we imagine, been already explained. It is derived by us from the ancient Gothic people of Germany, who drank "metheglin," or mead, during a period of thirty days, or one month, after a wedding. This mead is a description of wine extracted from honey, hence the season to which we refer was called honey month, corrupted, it would seem, to honey-moon. The term "infantry" does appear an inappropriate term as applied to fighting men; but it is derived from a Spanish source. The "infante" (not signifying a baby, as in English) is the title of the heir apparent to the throne, and was once applied to a body of foot soldiers collected together by the then Infante of Spain for the purpose of rescuing his father, the king, from the Moors. The enterprise having proved successful, the appellation was thenceforth applied to foot-soldiers in general, and adopted by us.

AMICA should arrange her dried leaves in flat bouquets on cardboard, and put them under glass. A few grasses and fern fronds will improve them.

AN ADMIRER OF G. O. P.—There is much good feeling and prettiness about your verses; but the lines are of unequal lengths, which should correspond respectively with each other, and thus the beat or emphasis is thrown out of place. In "My Choice" this error is the most remarkable. Such faults are easily rectified.

SANDY.—"Torpids" are races rowed at Oxford in the January term in eight-oared boats with fixed seats. Each college and hall is represented on the river by a boat. The crew of each boat is generally made up of the junior boating-men of the college, and from those who have rowed with credit in the "torpid" the vacancies in the crew of the "eight" are generally made up. The "eight" are the summer races, rowed in the term with sliding seats. As in the case of the "torpids," each college is represented in them. The "torpid" boat is of heavier build, but fully outrigged, and is uncovered bow and stern; but if the weather during the race be stormy a temporary cover is put on to prevent the swamping of the boat. The summer "eight" is lighter, and is always covered with canvas, bow and stern. It is supposed that the name "torpid" is due to the slow pace of the boat compared with that of the summer "eight."

R. A. M.—Royal mourning has been of any and every colour. Anne Boleyn wore yellow mourning for Katharine of Aragon, and purple is the royal colour for the purpose. Being a widow, Mary Stuart would probably have worn white on the occasion, and afterwards the dress in which you see her represented in pictures, with the cap known by her name.

LONELY MARION.—The accident at the Tay Bridge took place on the evening of Sunday, December 28th, 1879, during a severe gale. The central portion, about one-third of a mile in length, was blown down, and not one of the seventy-five inmates of a train that was passing escaped.

MOURNE MOUNTAINS.—We think "the shorn lamb fears the blast" is only an incorrect rendering of the famous phrase in Sterne's "Sentimental Journey." The 7th of June, 1857, was a Sunday, and the 10th of December, 1870, was a Saturday.

A MAID OF SKYE.—You ought, of course, to feel sorrow for past sins of omission and commission; and all the more so, because it offended one who was so merciful in accepting your repentance. Your second question is one that we have ceased to answer; and refer you to our indexes.

HYPATIA.—The "Lady Dressmaker" has already issued a paper pattern of a full skirt, price 1s. Apply to the "Lady Dressmaker," Mr. H. G. Davis, 73, Ludgate-hill, E.C. A kilted skirt may, however, be made by using a deep yoke, and sewing the kilted portion of the skirt, which is plain and straight, to it. It will not require a lining unless you need great warmth.

DORA CRAWFORD.—The name, "Pilgrim Fathers," was given in North America to a party of seventy four English Puritans and twenty-eight women, members of John Robinson's church, who sailed in the "Mayflower" from Leyden to North America, and landed on Plymouth Rock, in Massachusetts, where they founded a colony, on December 25th, 1620.

A DISTRESSED HOUSEKEEPER.—If it be not convenient to send your moth-infested carpet to be baked in an oven, your only method is to go over every portion of it with a very hot iron, and so destroy both the moths and their eggs, and the grubs as well. This ironing can be done on the floor while the carpet is down. If you put an embroidered or painted front into your piano, both the pleated silk and the fret-work are taken out, and the work is mounted on a very light wooden frame that just fits the opening of the front of the piano. It will require stiffening with gum, and the most careful mounting, and even stretching.

LITTLE NONDESCRIPT JEMIMA is thanked for the pretty flowers she was so good as to make her messengers to convey kind thoughts and thanks to us. She has our best wishes.

ROSEMARY.—Pound finely equal parts of whiting and soda; mix together with a little water, and lay it over the Parian marble as a paste. Leave it there for a day and night, or more; and then rub well.

IVY GREEN.—The taming of a canary will not interfere with its singing. You write very well; but must remember that in the active participle of a verb the rule (with very few exceptions) is to drop the final 'e," as in "truly," "taming," "loving," etc. We appreciate all the kind things you say respecting the G. O. P., and should be glad that all our readers agreed with you in the sentiment that "it is getting better and better every day."

ALLEY.—There are manuals to be had on the game of lawn tennis; and any stationer or librarian would procure one for you. But you could obtain practical teaching at the Polytechnic Institution in Regent-street, W. For a course of twelve lessons, £2 2s. for one pupil; but a lower rate is charged when two or three of a family take them together. There are classes every day.

EUNICE.—The article on Pharmacy as an Occupation for Girls, was in vol. vi., page 443. All the monthly and yearly numbers of the G. O. P. can be obtained from the office, 56, Paternoster Row, E.C.

DAISY.—The word "daffodil" is said to be a corruption of the French *D'aspodèle*, or the Italian *Affodillo*; but the flowers are not the same. The *Asphodelus ramosus* is the ancient Asphodel. Its roots were eaten by the ancients, who also planted them near tombs, under the belief that the spirits of the dead lived on them also. The meaning in the language of flowers is "regret." The flower was dedicated to Pluto, and the ghosts of the departed beyond Acheron were said by Pliny to roam through meadows of asphodel, in order, if possible, to reach the waters of Lethe, or Oblivion. The asphodel belongs to the *Liliaceæ* order, the daffodil to the *Amaryllidaceæ*. The term "Lotus eaters," or *Lotophagi*, was applied to a people who ate of the lotus tree; the effect of which was to make them forget their friends and homes, and lose all desire of returning to their native land. A lotus eater cares only to live in ease, luxury, and idleness. The lotus belongs to the Buckthorn tribe; the botanical name is *Zizyphus Lotus*. It is a prickly shrub, bearing purplish berries, with stones as large as sloes. The Arabs of the present day call it *secdra*, or *sadr*; and they convert the fruit into bread by exposing it to the sun, and then pounding in a mortar to separate the pulp from the stones. The flavour is like that of the date. A wine is also made of it, which, however, will not keep more than a few days. The lotus is sold as an ordinary article of commerce in the Barbary markets.

MUG inquires "Who was the first king that slept on an iron bedstead, and what chapter in the Bible is it in?" We are not prepared to say "who the first king was" who possessed such an article of furniture, but we know that Og, the King of Bashan, slept on one nine cubits in length, and four in breadth. "Mug" is mistaken in thinking that this huge piece of antiquity is in the Bible, as we are therein told that it was "in Rabbath, of the children of Ammon." It is always better to take your own racket to a tennis party than to take chance for a loan of one; and, certainly, to take your own shoes than to wear those of anyone else.

KIT, NANCE, and BETSY.—We have heard of two-headed girls, and Siamese twins, but as you say "I remain yours sincerely, Kit, Nance, and Betsy," we suppose that triplets in some such curious form exist. Certainly you should not accept a ring from any man (a father, uncle, or brother excepted), unless engaged to him.

AJAX.—We do not know what light employment you could undertake, except teaching a few pupils or doing bookkeeping for someone who needed your services. But you must exert yourself to find the work, for it will not come to you.

VOL. VII.—NO. 313. DECEMBER 26, 1885. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

COURTLEROY.

BY ANNE BEALE.

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CHAPTER I.

CONCERNING ADOPTING A CHILD.

"I SHOULD like to adopt a child, my dear," said Mrs. Prettyman to her husband, as they sat over the fire one frosty winter's evening.

"A child! What has put that into your head, Lou?" returned Mr. Prettyman, aroused from a doze.

"Well, in the first place, you know, we haven't any of our own, and we're both very fond of children; in the second, that stirring evangelist I heard the other day said he wished all the ladies who went about with lap-dogs would adopt city arabs instead of pugs; in the third, as you know, we have no heir to speak of, only cousin Joseph, who doesn't want our money; in the fourth, a child would be an interest and give me occupation, for now we're rich I seem to have nothing to do; in the fifth——"

"Four heads are enough for any sermon, Lou. What if we give up this grand house in our square and return to the lodging at Canonbury, where you used to cook the chop while I steamed the potatoes? I have never since tasted such chops and potatoes. Nowadays meat is tough and potatoes ain't mealy. To be sure, they're always mashed, and chops are turned into *côtelettes à la* something. 'Work is its own reward,' as somebody said, and our reward was appetites larger than our dinners. Suppose we begin life again!"

"Perhaps we should, Joe, if we adopted a child." Mrs. Prettyman said this reflectively. She had been meditating on her subject ever since she had heard the evangelist whose words she quoted, and fancied she had thoroughly digested it. She was, or supposed herself, a great thinker, as well as a great talker, and she had come to the conclusion that a child in the house was an absolute necessity.

"I see but one objection to your plan, Lou," said Mr. Prettyman, who was somewhat of a wag, and as great a talker as his wife. "Suppose he was to turn out a thief or a murderer? For, you know, we mightn't be sure of his parents, and there's a great talk nowadays of heredity, as they call it, of crime. Or if it was a she, perhaps she would elope with the footman, as her mother would probably have been—well, not the best of women; a drunkard, or worse, if worse could be."

"How you do run off, Joe! Of course we must have a he, and we should be careful to inquire particularly into his parentage. He must be 'the orphan of respectable parents'—as the polling-papers and candidate cards always say."

"Then you wouldn't like a gutter-child, after all, Lou?"

"Well—not exactly; for, since you subscribe to so many orphanages, I should think we had a claim on them, and I daresay they would let us pick and choose, and make inquiries as to the boy's antecedents."

"I daresay they would; but where did you pick up that grand word, Lou? Somebody asked me the other day about my antecedents, and I said I had none—if thereby he meant my past. I shut my friend up by telling him that I had always made up my accounts day by day, both secular and religious, and I reckoned the present moment all I knew about."

"That's quite my opinion, Joe; and if we adopt a child, the sooner we do it the better. I suppose I picked up the word from Milly Heath, who is always talking about hers."

"Poor soul! I shouldn't think she had any to boast of."

"She doesn't mean her ancestors, Joe; only what she has gone through all her life up to the present moment. And now she is as anxious as possible about Mrs. Le Roy, who she thinks is really dying. I looked across the square this morning and saw the doctor's carriage, as well as her son's, at the door."

"She has been dying ever since we have been in the square. But here's Sampson at last, and our *côtelettes* and *pommes de terre* are cooked for us without our superintendence."

"Hush, my dear; the servants needn't know!"

Mrs. Prettyman whispered this last sentence as she took her husband's arm, and they went into a comfortable dining-room, where a substantial dinner awaited them. But it was not, as the worthy Joe implied, either French or Russian, but essentially English.

He and his wife looked, as they sat side by side at the large round dining-table, as well-to-do and happy a pair of model London citizens as the greatest capital of the world could produce. They always sat side by side, except on state occasions, and always kept up a perpetual flow of talk. Sampson was in their confidence in most matters, and his master appealed to him occasionally to decide on some disputed point on which arbitration seemed desirable. His mistress was not always pleased with these measures, and was wont to say, as soon as the butler's back was turned, "I declare, Joe, I will never speak again all dinner-time—one can't say a word without your dragging Sampson into the conversation."

She said something of the kind on the present occasion, for while Sampson was removing the remains of some excellent fried soles—fried whole and not filleted, be it understood, fillets being one of Mr. Prettyman's many prejudices—her lord and master said abruptly to his man:

"Sampson, what do you think of an adopted child?"

"I often wish someone would adopt one or two of mine, sir," replied Sampson, whose wife and family lived in the neighbourhood.

"There, my dear, an opportunity at once!" said Mr. Prettyman, nodding to his wife. "What should you think of our adopting a child, Sampson?"

"They make a deal of dirt, sir," was the cautious reply.

"Ask what they think about it downstairs, Sampson," said his master, glancing mischievously at his wife.

"I pray you will do no such thing, Sampson," cried she, offended; and there the conversation ended for the moment, to be resumed on occasion.

That occasion soon came; for Mrs. Prettyman was in earnest, and when she had "made up her mind, she had made up her mind," she was wont to say—though a more amiable and yielding woman, when let alone, could nowhere be found. And Mr. Prettyman was wise enough to let her alone, in a general way, making only this proviso, that she would let him alone also. This unusual wisdom caused the current of their lives to flow smoothly; for half our miseries are caused by small interferences on indifferent matters.

Accordingly, when, after dinner, his wife returned to the subject of adopting a child, he told her she might do it if she liked, but he would not promise to adopt it also.

"That would be awkward, for I should like to bring him up as our own child," said she, thoughtfully.

"A false position, Lou. You can't make an Ishmael into an Isaac. But suppose we make a tour of some of the orphanages? I suppose you don't mean it to be 'first come first served?'"

"By no means, Joe. I must select. He must be handsome and rosy, and have curly hair and round limbs; and I should like him full of fun, and with a laugh that I could hear from the nursery. Dear me! how funny it sounds!"

"It certainly does!" interjected Joe.

"But he must have no spiteful tricks, such as pinching and kicking, and must be absolutely without a friend in the world," she continued.

"The Foundling Hospital is evidently your place, Lou. Suppose we go there to church to-morrow? You can then look well at the children, and may chance to fix your affections on one who never had a father or mother."

"How shocking! What do you mean, Mr. Prettyman?"

"Why, you and I are discontented because we have no children, and others get rid of theirs without compunction."

Mrs. Prettyman's countenance fell—if so plump a cheek and dimpled a chin could be said to fall; but her kindly blue eyes suddenly clouded, and the lids drooped over them. She was engaged in knitting. She was, indeed, always knitting, when not occupied in household affairs, paying or receiving visits, or helping to superintend a large ragged school at the back of the aristocratic square. Socks, comforters, caps, cuffs, petticoats of every colour and dimension, were framed by her deft fingers and speedily transported to members of the ragged school aforesaid, in which not only she but Mr. Prettyman taught.

The Prettymans, as they were familiarly called, lived in a large, handsome, well-furnished corner house, and at this moment were located in a snug room known as the library. Bookshelves had, however, gradually given place to pictures; for Mr. Prettyman was not much of a reader, but was an amateur artist and picture fancier. The house was, indeed, full of valuable paintings, ancient and modern. Of course there were books, good and bad; but not a superfluity. Mr. Prettyman was a merchant, much esteemed for his probity, who had risen from clerkdom to his present position by his own honest labour. His wife had neither family, fortune, nor overmuch education to boast of, but he had married her because she was very pretty, and he fell in love with her. Her fair hair had as yet no grey streaks in it, and she wore it in curls by his wish, who had first seen her so adorned. She had once essayed to arrange it differently, but in this he would not "let her alone," which was foolish on his part, since half a woman's happiness consists in varying and distorting her locks according to current fashion. He also set himself against caps, although he had a weakness for the mob, as seen in the paintings of Reynolds and Gainsborough. They both liked bright colours and handsome ornaments, and Mr. Prettyman made his Lou presents of dresses innumerable, of silk, satin, or other fashionable material, the hues of which were ever of the rainbow or the forget-me-not.

An æsthete would not have admired Mrs. Prettyman as she sat in blue silk and lace ruffles and collar, but her husband did, which was more to the purpose. Indeed, her plump, if somewhat short, figure, her fine complexion and beaming blue eyes were admirable enough for anyone who did not prefer art to nature. Mr. Prettyman was reckoned a very good-looking man; but descriptions of ordinary men are usually insipid, and he was indifferent

to the judgment on his person of all save his wife.

"We must be up in good time to-morrow, Lou, if we are to walk to the 'Foundling,'" said Mr. Prettyman.

He had an old-fashioned prejudice concerning his horses, and would not use them on Sunday. He was, in short, a Sabbatarian, as it is the fashion to call those who respect the Lord's Day, and was even antiquated enough to declare that good example was worth all the lectures in the world. Accordingly, since he would not step into his own carriage of a Sunday, neither would he put foot in cab, omnibus, nor train, announcing that if he did not employ his own servants and horses he saw no reason for using other people's.

As everything was managed like clock-work in the square, they had no difficulty in reaching Guilford-street in time for the service in the chapel connected with the Foundling Hospital. Mrs. Prettyman had never before attended it, and she knew not which to admire the most, the five hundred children, the fine organ, or the choir, composed principally of the foundlings themselves. But when she bethought herself of selecting one for adoption she was overwhelmed by numbers. When the service was over, her husband took her to the great dining-room to see the children at dinner, and left her awhile to wonder and admire, while he went after his hobby—the pictures presented to this great institution by Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Wilson.

He soon rejoined her, and asked her if she had made her choice.

"How can I, amongst so many?" she said, perplexed. "They are all such dears that I could never select. We must talk it over, and come again."

They talked it over on their way home, and the upshot of the conversation was that Mrs. Prettyman decided that she must adopt a boy who was "quite an orphan, and of respectable parentage." She was so much in earnest that Mr. Prettyman grew interested, and began to think it might be as well to humour her. All that evening they were occupied in studying the handbook of the charities of London, and Mrs. Prettyman, who only knew about them secondhand, was much oppressed by their multitude.

"Why, there are at least a hundred homes and orphanages for children," she exclaimed, despondently. "What a number they must hold!"

"Tens of thousands, Lou,' returned her spouse, compassionately. "If charity continues to be the fashion, I say that we must turn London into one huge orphanage. What a field you would then have for your choice

"I should, indeed!" she sighed. "I will visit some of them next week, and when I have found exactly the child I want I will take you to see him."

They had arrived at this point when a visitor was announced. It was the Miss Heath of whose "antecedents" Mr. Prettyman had spoken so slightingly. She was a tall, thin, pale woman, with marked features, and iron grey eyes and hair. She was well enveloped in furs, and entered with a shiver and an apology.

"Excuse my interrupting you at this hour, Mr. Prettyman; but I just ran across to speak to Louisa. I have not been out all day, and, as Mrs. Le Roy has fallen asleep, I ventured to leave her for a breath of fresh air."

"Ah! my dear Milly, you are the very person!" cried Mrs. Prettyman, jumping up, kissing Miss Heath, and seating her in her own easy chair. "We are going to adopt a child, and I want your advice. You have seen so much of life, and know everybody's secrets——"

"But never divulges them. An excellent, but exceptional thing in woman," interrupted Mr. Prettyman.

In truth, Miss Heath looked as if she might be a machine made on purpose to keep secrets. Will someone take out a patent for such? Her mouth was firm, her eyes unfathomable, her brow lined with thought. She was about Mrs. Prettyman's age, but might have been fifteen years her senior. They had been schoolfellows and friends all their lives, and Mr. Prettyman never ceased to wonder how such opposites could have come and kept together.

"Adopt a child, Louisa! I daresay it might be nice," said Miss Heath, who took in everything and gave out nothing. "But in what way could I advise you?"

"Well, as to the sort of child, you know. You have had so much to do with children."

"True, but what does Mr. Prettyman say?"

"He does not object. He is sure to like it."

"I will think it over, Louisa; but you and Mr. Prettyman know your own affairs best."

While Miss Heath uttered this commonplace, her mind was evidently concentrated on the question. Mr. Prettyman smiled and inquired for Mrs. Le Roy, whose companion Miss Heath was. She had previously been her daughter's governess, and was too valuable and reticent a person to be parted with when Miss Le Roy married.

"She is much as usual," replied Miss Heath to Mr. Prettyman's question. "As you know, she is always an invalid."

"Her son must be as rich as Crœsus to keep up so many separate establishments—his own in Kensington, his place *in the* country, and his mother's in our square," said Mr. Prettyman.

"I do not know what his means are," said Miss Heath. "I mustn't stay longer, Louisa, lest Mrs. Le Roy should awake and miss me," she added, rising. "We are anxious about Colonel Marmont, who was in the last battle; and Emily writes from the Cape that she is not well." Colonel Marmont was Mrs. Le Roy's son-in-law.

"How is the little girl with the pretty name?" asked Mrs. Prettyman.

"Mimica seems well. Her mother calls her Mimi," was the reply, and Miss Heath withdrew.

(*To be continued.*)

THE ART OF TRAVELLING.

CHAPTER III.

HAVING, in the two preceding chapters, discussed the important questions of expense and equipment, we must now consider the no less important subject of time—when to start on our tour, and how to make the most of the time at our disposal.

We may, I think, assume that with all those for whom we write time is a most important consideration. I am not writing, as I said at the commencement, for those whose purses are unlimited, or who are absolute masters or mistresses of their own time, but for those who wish to see as much as they can as cheaply as possible, and whose holiday is necessarily strictly limited.

When to take a holiday must, of course, depend much on the various duties and employments of different people. Some, perhaps, can only get away in the late autumn or early summer; some, it may be, only in the winter, or for a very short period at different seasons. Most people, however, look to the summer months—roughly speaking, May to end of September—as the season of their holiday, and prefer that time because they have warmer weather and longer days than at other times of the year. But then, it must be remembered, if we are going abroad there are many places which it would be highly undesirable, if not dangerous to health, to visit in the summer. For the south of Europe, for example, the months named, if we except May and very early June, would be most unsuitable and unpleasant for those accustomed to northern latitudes; while they are the best for mountainous countries, and for our own Highlands and coasts. In the winter months, people, as a rule, prefer, and I think wisely, to remain at home, as in that period of the year most of our work is done, and educational, artistic, and social life is busiest. Of course, I know it is the misfortune of some to be obliged, by the call of health, to seek warmer and more genial shores than our own in these months; but they are, after all, but few, and we have to deal generally with people who are not so unfortunately circumstanced.

There is one exception, perhaps, to the rule that people had best choose the summer time for their holiday, and that is in visiting a large city. Very often—in fact, we might almost say always—it is more pleasant to visit a city in winter than in very hot weather. Few like the greatly increased fatigue which it entails in visiting large towns with their galleries, museums, etc., and if a big city, such as Paris, can be visited in the winter, it will probably prove as pleasant a time for seeing the buildings and works of art as in the height of summer. Doubtless there is the drawback of missing the beautiful gardens and flowers, and the excursions to the environs which generally accompany a visit to a large city; but for the town itself, pure and simple, its buildings and associations, they can be seen and enjoyed just as well in winter as summer, and certainly with less fatigue.

The spring and autumn have great attractions for many; and certainly for country places it is often hard to decide which is the best—whether we will view everything with the freshness and new-born beauty of early summer upon it; the living verdure of the trees and grass, the activity of all life reawakening after its winter sleep, seemingly so full of all the joy and glory of life that we feel even "every flower enjoys the air it breathes." Or, on the other hand, the beauties of the autumn, the "season of mists and mellow fruitfulness," when the universal green of spring is changed by the wondrous hand of Nature and the "maturing sun" to every hue of brown, of red, and of gold; when the sense of maturity and completion takes the place of the budding promise of spring, and the *Harvest* song of praise is substituted for the Rogation prayer.

These questions, however, I must leave my readers to decide for themselves. It is well for us that all our tastes do not coincide; if they did, it might be, to say the least of it, awkward in many details of life. We must come to a more practical question—the economy of time.

Few busy people can afford much more than a month's holiday in the year. Many have to be content with much less than this; and that being so, it becomes a matter of very great

importance that we make the most of the time at our disposal. Apportion it well, so that we shall not either be too much hurried, which would spoil all pleasure and hinder our getting the benefit we ought to derive from seeing new places, or waste our time over parts of the journey which are least interesting, and so be obliged, perhaps, to leave out altogether some place we wished to visit, or to greatly curtail our view of it. There are, of course, a great many people who, when they get a holiday, simply take the train or steamer to a certain place, and remain there without leaving it until the holiday expires. For them, of course, we are not writing. A journey of a few hours, say, by rail, and an occasional clamber over rocks or stroll through fields, does not require a deep insight into the art of travelling. And though I am sure many enjoy this, and it probably does them good, if they usually lead a very active life, yet we wish to write something which may be more useful to those adventurous spirits who desire to "make the most of a holiday," and see as much as their purse and time will permit.

Nowadays you can accomplish a great deal in a very short sime, the facilities of travelling having increased in such a marvellous degree. A week will now be enough for what it would have taken months to accomplish a generation ago. Still, however, it is most prudent to plan out our course well beforehand, and though declining, if necessary, to keep to the exact letter of what we have planned, it is best to adhere to the main outline of our tour, if judiciously arranged.

Many people prefer to select some place as a centre, and to make excursions in the neighbourhood, a plan which works very well if the facilities of travelling are such as will enable you to do this, without repeatedly going over the same ground. It has the advantage of making you thoroughly familiar with the part of the country you visit. This can be done very well, for example, in Scotland, by selecting some place on the Clyde, where you can easily spend a month or more in visiting the various places of interest which lie all round that famous frith—the lakes, the mountains, the wild glens, the large cities, and historical sites. Or, to take a Continental example, one of the many beautiful spots about the Bernese Oberland, or Salzburg, with the Salz Kammergut and Bavarian Alps so near it. A plan such as that often saves both time and money, and will well repay a tourist.

I have alluded to a careful planning of an excursion before you start. This I believe to be one of the best ways of economising time. Unfortunately, we cannot get more than twenty-four hours out of a day, and when our time is limited to, say, fifteen or thirty days, it becomes a matter of vital importance that we use well the time we have. When you have therefore decided upon the place you purpose visiting, and know exactly the time at your disposal, you must proceed to plan out your tour. The best way to do this is to go to some friend who has been there, and who knows the country, and ask him to map it out for you. If, however, you are not fortunate enough to possess such a friend, you must get the best guide-book to the country you visit, and by the aid of its maps and various routes mark out your way. This can, as a rule, be easily done by following some of the outline tours, generally given in guide-books; but they are often too elaborate, and give details which a person whose time is limited could not enter into.

For those who are able to do it, travelling by night is not a bad way of saving time, especially in hot weather, and if there is a long tract of uninteresting country to be passed over. But for those who are visiting a country for the first time, it is well, if it is at all interesting, to see it by daylight. Thus, for example, those who pass the Rhein for the first time, say, on a journey to Switzerland, should on no account travel in the night by the railway which runs along it, but take the steamer from Bonn to Bingen, and see its many beauties *en route*. But if on a second or third visit, time may be saved by travelling from Köln direct by rail, and at night. Crossing Holland, on the other hand, if you do not intend to stop at any of the towns, it would be mere waste of time to go by day for the purpose of "seeing the country," as there is almost nothing of interest to be seen.

It is a very false economy of time never to allow a day's rest. Some people wish to be always on the move, and are never contented to remain quiet a single day. If time is very limited, it may be necessary to confine our stoppages to Sundays, when we may expect English people, at least, to show some regard for that day, but, "if necessity so require," to make on it not more than a "Sabbath day's journey." Many people simply spoil all the pleasure of a holiday by being always on the move. No sooner do they arrive at a beautiful spot than they are off to another. They rush across a country, and get all the different places so jumbled together in a confused mass, that they lose much of the subsequent pleasure of recalling the scenes through which they passed. If they have but a mixed and muddled idea of certain cathedrals, pictures, mountains, lakes, and glaciers, how can they ever expect that these beautiful scenes will, when at home—

> "Flash upon that inward eye
> Which is the bliss of solitude?"

Allowances must be made, however, for different temperaments, especially in places where we are under the potent spell of Nature unalloyed (unenlivened, some might say) by the works of man. With many it has a most exhilarating effect, producing oftentimes a sense of unrest, and a desire for constant movement. With others it is different. "Nature, the good old nurse," soothes and calms them, producing a sense of quiet and satisfaction, not perhaps unmixed with awe, when we consider the sublime calm of Nature. This idea is wonderfully expressed in those lines of Goethe, quoted by George Eliot in one of her essays, "Three Months in Weimar":—

> "Ueber allen Gipfeln
> Ist Ruh
> In allen Wipfeln
> Spürest du.
> Kaum einen Hauch
> Die Vöglein schweigen im Walde,
> Warte nur balde
> Ruhest du auch."

Which effect Nature has upon them I must leave my readers to decide. I have merely mentioned these influences to explain a not uncommon phenomenon among tourists.

But to return to the saving of time. It may be done in many of those ways which I have suggested—having a distinct and well-arranged plan of a tour, travelling by night, and passing quickly over uninteresting scenery. But, remember, it is no real saving to be always rushing on—it undoes most of the good to be gained by travelling, and makes life a burden, not a pleasure. I hope in some subsequent papers to give practical examples of what may be done in a short space by a judicious apportionment of our time in travelling, so that we may get as much value as possible for ourselves out of the time we devote to this very important part of a liberal education.

One general caution I may perhaps suggest—do not be in a hurry. There is no more excellent way devised for wasting time than always being in a hurry. With some people it becomes a second nature. They leave everything to the last moment, and then all is hurry and excitement, and they forget half the things they wanted to do, or bring with them. They miss their trains, and often lose a whole day which might have been spent in seeing some new place. The Continental plan of booking luggage, which requires you to be at the station at least a quarter of an hour before the train starts, will help to correct this unpleasant habit, and make the lives of those who are addicted to it—and, in no small degree, the lives of those who travel with them—much more enjoyable.

No matter how you may economise your time, it is, of course, obvious that you can hardly expect to be able to see everything, and every object of interest on your way. This can only be accomplished by repeated visits; but those who travel should aim, as much as possible, at gaining a clear, general idea of the country they pass through, its people, and their characteristics. After all, it can only be general, but yet those who train themselves in habits of observation will, even in passing though another land on a holiday excursion, very often bring back with them ideas of a country and its people more accurate, perhaps, than even those of people who may have lived long there, but lived with their mental eyes closed.

THOMAS B. WILLSON.

THE NEW YEAR.

By HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

ONLY a garland of withered leaves;
Only the wail of the wind that grieves
Over the dying year.
Sadly we listen; our hearts are full,
As we stand on the year's dim verge to cull
All memories sweet and dear.

As the sunset's flush in the western skies
Deepens in splendour as daylight dies,
So the glow of the holy tide
Touches with lingering, tender grace
The fading smile on the old year's face—
The face it has glorified.

Under the garland of withered leaves,
Lulled by the wail of the wind that grieves,
Is sleeping Spring's fairy train;
And gaily its ladder of stars there climbs
The musical peal of the new year's chimes,
Bringing hope to our hearts again.

"I ONCE KNEW AN EARL."

A GIRL'S GRATEFUL MEMORIES OF THE LATE LORD SHAFTESBURY.

By H. A. M'CAUL.

NCE on a time—so runs the tale—a very foolish young man stood mute at an evening party, unable to find any subject of conversation wherewith to entertain his fair companion of the hour, and much mortified to hear the fluent eloquence of another pair who stood opposite to them. This other couple were discussing, much at their ease, the merits and personal affairs of sundry grand folk whom they claimed for acquaintance; and our simple youth listened, with inward chagrin, to the titled names which fell so freely from their lips. At last he heaved a deep, deep sigh, and said, sorrowfully, "I once knew an earl, too, but he died!" . . . But the remark so silly, the regret so vain, in these unwise lips, might fall from sager ones this year, 1885, when we have indeed known "an earl"—an "æorl," or "elder," in very deed—and death has taken him from amongst us. Innumerable grateful hearts are ready to own how long it must be ere they shall see in our midst so good and great a man as the Earl of Shaftesbury; many and many a tongue, all unused to flattery or tuft-hunting—is proud to claim even a small knowledge of that noble Christian who has so lately been carried with all honour to his last, long home. True Christian knight, worthy peer of England, sworn defender of the oppressed, it is an honour to have known such a man, a privilege to have clasped the brave hand that wrought such gallant deeds for England's weal; and we will tell you quite frankly, girls, that—as earthly favours count—we reckon it side by side with the good fortune of having lived long enough, and been blessed with a sufficiently good memory, to remember the courtesy of one wayside salutation from the greatest soldier of the century, the Iron Duke, of Waterloo renown. Duke and earl—their fame is fitly coupled together; one fought and conquered visible foes, the other met and vanquished invisible but yet more insidious ones that threatened his country's overthrow. It is difficult to estimate how vast the services of either were to rescue England from absolute ruin.

Our personal reminiscences of Lord Shaftesbury date so far back as to be a nursery tradition that melts into the haze of earliest recollections. The large interests of his career, the amelioration of the condition of the poor and needy, the conversion of the Jews to Christianity, and kindred subjects, were keenly shared by one whose wide sympathies made our home a training school for every such true source of education; and the letters marked without, with the Hebrew seal, שלה שלם ירושלם ("Oh, pray for the peace of Jerusalem"),* and addressed within to "My dear Rabbi," on all questions most important to the welfare of Christendom, were a familiar sight, when our stature was yet too diminutive to reach quite easily up to the letter box, and our childish hands were proud to be entrusted with its key and allowed to fetch the letters therefrom. And before the small mind had grasped entirely what "church interests" might mean, it had entirely mastered the fact that these letters would come more frequently if there was any special excitement rife on this or that religious question, and that Lord Shaftesbury had, above all, at heart the appointing of good and earnest pastors to any larger field of usefulness that might be vacant in the Church of England. It might be about the same year that we learned to comprehend this much, that the genial frank face—now so universally missed—began to be familiar; certainly a misty recollection of it hovers between memories of the Papal aggression and the first visit of Napoleon III. to England, and takes shape clearly in the year 1852, when all London was set aglow by the description of American slavery in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and the petition of the ladies of England against its horrors was sent from house to house to be signed. We knew all about that, too, and thought it a great deal more interesting than discussions about new bishops and prime ministers' appointments; and were woundily affronted at being told "you are much too young to sign the petition." We appealed to fatherly authority, and were overjoyed at permission to write a letter to Lord Shaftesbury himself asking for leave to sign it, despite our less than seven years. What pains that letter cost, and what sort of a document it was when written, history does not relate, and we should be very sorry to have to vouch for at this distance of time. But evidently it contained an exposition of our infantile views as to the preferability of suffering injustice to being an inflictor of it. A rather lonely childhood had developed thoughtfulness, and some curious theories about the great questions of right versus wrong; and the pathetic story of "Uncle Tom's" life and death had fired these notions into enthusiasm. Judge, therefore, of our satisfaction when, within a very short interval, the following letter arrived to delight our eyes:—

December 1st, 1852.

"MY DEAR LITTLE FRIEND,—Your nice letter has pleased me very much; and I am very glad that, though so young, you have learned, under your good papa, to hate slavery, cruelty, and everything that is not according to God's word. You are quite right in what you say; it is far better to suffer ill than to do ill; you will see all that in the life of our blessed Lord, and the good book that He has left us. Good-bye, my dear child, may God preserve you! Your affectionate friend,

"SHAFTESBURY."

"Give my love, and my wife's love, to your sister, our god-daughter."

This letter is a truly characteristic act. At the time it was written Lord Shaftesbury was in the very vortex of one of the busiest, most exciting, careers the present century has seen. Whosoever had a good cause to advance, or a public wrong to remedy, a philanthropic aim to promote, or a needy clergyman to recommend for preferment,—went to Lord Shaftesbury. His correspondence must have been something enormous, and yet he could find time to sit down and write these kind words to a child of under seven. Even the postscript is characteristic. He always kept a kindly memory of his god-children; and, a few years later, after opening a bazaar in aid of certain undertakings for the welfare of the poor Jews of Jerusalem, we met him wandering about Willis's Rooms in search of my sister, with whom he wished to shake hands.

"Are you my god-daughter?" he said, holding out his hand, as he stopped before the stall where I was proudly undertaking the duties of small shopkeeper. "No? But let's shake hands; and where is my god-daughter? I want to know." He was duly piloted onwards, in the right direction, to find my sister, and say a kind greeting to her before he was obliged to hurry away to other more pressing engagements.

His love of children was a very conspicuous feature of that most benevolent character. A brother of ours was present at another public gathering in which he took part, where a ragged little boy followed him on coming out, and stared most unwarrantably. At last the earl said, "Well, little man, do you want to see if you will know me again, that you stare so hard?" Then his eyes fell on the poor little feet peeping through their dilapidated boots; and he added, "I'll tell you what I will give you. You shall have a pair of new boots!" and forthwith made provision for the bestowal of this much-needed gift to cover the small toes.

Of his own personal self-denial, his honourable retrenchments on the death of the previous earl, his strict integrity in the clearing off debts, and willingness to submit to actual inconvenience rather than incur new ones, we used to hear such frequent accounts, that their repetition would savour of gossip; but surely none of his more public labours was nobler than this strict attention to the rights of others at great self sacrifice? "Faithful" in these "fewer things," who can doubt that, *therefore*, he was called to the "many" and greater things which have made his name renowned all over Christendom?

One small story, contrasting the simplicity of his true breeding with the petty vulgarity of those who have it not, will certainly be none the worse for preserving in this age of pretension and false pride. He and my father were deep in discussion over some subject of church interest one day in his library at Grosvenor-square; the fire languished, though the talk waxed more and more animated, and at last Lord Shaftesbury jumped up to rescue it from absolute extinction before it should be too late. After some minutes' careful use of poker and tongs the hearth looked more cheerful, and "There," said Lord Shaftesbury, returning to his chair and the conversation; "I have three footmen kicking their heels yonder in the hall, yet if I rang the bell there would be such a commotion and such a disputing as to which of the three was bound to attend to my fire, that I had rather replenish it myself than have the trouble of deciding which servant ought to bring the scuttle and put on the coals!" . . .

Of the width and largeness of his charity, none who had personal experience could doubt; that any were in distress was the key to Lord Shaftesbury's heart and purse. Within the last ten years of his life we were entreated by a friend to collect help for a poor invalid, who was at a French school, and seemed deserted alike by her Romish instructors and her English relatives. So destitute and sad was her case, that we sought aid here and there,

* Lord Shaftesbury had this seal cut for himself and for a dear friend and habitually made use of it; later, his envelopes were stamped with this inscription.

and among others wrote to ask it from Lord Shaftesbury. Almost by return post came back a handsome donation, enclosed in a most kind letter, apologising for the sum being no larger, and saying how difficult he found it to meet the many such applications for assistance which he would so gladly help, did his income permit. The same kind and ready courtesy was always shown to those who had occasion to ask for his votes for any of the innumerable charities in which he had an interest. Busy as he was to the last, one could not help contrasting the polite promptitude of *his* attention to such matters with the negligent tardiness of much smaller personages.

This is no sketch of his life—only a very, very small memento of our own purely personal knowledge of so great and good a man. But when, three weeks ago, we sat in the gathering-place of England's highest chivalry, and listened to the Dean of Windsor's eloquent description of the departed Christian knight, whose banner must now no longer wave in St. George's Chapel, it was a thrilling remembrance that—just that once—the kind hand and brave heart of that true elder (earl) among his peers had sent us such words of personal greeting and goodwill. They were not written in vain; the letter was laid aside to be kept for after years, and its actual phrases were soon forgotten; but the germ of a good purpose was securely lodged in one childish heart, and the passionate longing to be enlisted in the great army of those who fight against all kinds of wrong and fraud, took root, and grew apace from that hour. And when the echo of those knightly vows, by which all who receive the order of the garter are bound, seems to linger about the beauty, and melody, and glorious worship of that royal shrine—the vows to combat wrong and wage war against evil in the name of Christ—it is a pleasant thought to us that one day yet, when innumerable rescued ones, from ragged schools, mines, factories, give their testimony how Lord Shaftesbury's hand was the one to redress their sorrows and aid them to better things, we too may be allowed to thank him for help given to choose the higher quest—"*to suffer ill rather than do ill*," to "buy the truth and sell it not."

THE GIRLS OF THE WORLD.

FACTS AND FIGURES.

By EMMA BREWER.

CHAPTER III.

EDUCATION OF THE GIRLS AND WOMEN OF THE WORLD.

"Education is the guardian of liberty and the bulwark of morality."—*De Witt Clinton.*

"The object of education is to develop in the individual all the perfection of which he is capable."—*Kant.*

I SHALL try in this chapter to place before you the result of investigation concerning the education of the population of the various countries of the world, the attainments of girls as compared to those of boys, and the amount of education noticeable in girl criminals.

In these days education is appreciated and sought after by all classes and in all countries. None are thought too young, too old, too rich, or too poor to learn. Individuals and the states to which they belong are alike energetically working for the same end, a highly educated population, in the firm belief that, if education be accompanied by sound religious principles, it will elevate the nation, strengthen the national character, and check vice, intemperance, and pauperism. We owe our happiness, usefulness, and profitableness in after life to the class of education and training we receive in early days.

Our minds do not remain blank nor our nature innocent as when we were born; each day and hour as they fly swiftly by leave their mark upon us for good or for evil; if good seed be not early sown and carefully tended, weeds will grow, and at such a pace as to choke every aspiration after good, every desire for freedom. We shall be bound hand and foot by our own evil habits.

War against ignorance is being waged in all directions, and rightly so, for it is a great power for evil and an obstacle to all improvement. I remember reading many years ago the following lines upon the recklessness of ignorance, but I do not in the least know whose words they are:—"Knowledge certainly is power, but who hath considered or set forth the power of ignorance? Knowledge slowly builds up what Ignorance in an hour pulls down. Knowledge works patiently through long centuries to enlarge discovery, and, at length, makes record of it. Ignorance, wanting its day's dinner, lights a fire with the record, and the work of ages is shrivelled up in blackness."

Education and refinement may have their evils, but they are infinitely less than those which result from ignorance, and we must never forget that not only our own happiness and prosperity, but that of future generations, depend upon our uniting in a crusade against ignorance, which is another name for bondage.

Statistics have been the means, not only of placing before us the giant strength for evil possessed by ignorance, and its power of tyranny over and enslaving those who bend beneath its yoke, but they have at the same time shown us the means of escape. We must, each one in her capacity of good citizen, consider the education of the young a paramount duty; we must publish the necessity of this way out of the difficulty, and show clearly the beneficent results of education in checking vice, and producing freedom, order, and happiness. Perhaps there is no surer test of the real condition of a country than the position of its women and girls, and there is no denying that in these days it is a noble and important one in most of the civilised countries of the world. It remains with us to strengthen this position by every means in our power, and carefully to put aside everything that would tend to foster decay in it.

To us women and girls is allotted the rule and government of the homes of the land. We are the companions of fathers, brothers, and husbands, and it is our privilege to influence them, often to work with and for them, and not rarely to comfort and sustain them.

If we keep these homes of ours pure, refined, and virtuous, we wage war against decay, and occupy the proud place of helping to build up the country, and strengthen the hands of the State. Loving, moral, and religious must be the character of the women and girls of a country if the homes over which they preside are to be pure, restful, attractive, and refined. Wherever the homes of the land fall below this standard, statistics prove that the strength, life, and progress of that country is sapped, notwithstanding its armies, its laws, and its institutions.

A great German writer* says, "It is in the home that the true sphere of woman's greatness lies. It is here that she is called upon to comfort those who suffer, to be content with a little, to do nothing for herself and all for others, and quietly but efficiently give new attractions to the uniformity of home life."

The same writer says, "For house and family the husband is everything; within the family the wife is all; she is the inspiring, embellishing, and controlling power. Home is the central point for all the exertions of the man; for home he traverses, searches, conquers the world; the wife rules by goodness over the sanctuary for which the man has exerted his powers."

Luther, in speaking of the influence and rule of girls and women in the home, seems as though he could not speak too highly of them. He says that good home rule is the basis on which all good governments are formed, and that God ordained it to be the first and most important of all rule—for where the home is well and properly governed all else is well provided for.

You see, then, how noble is our position, how far extending is our influence. There is not one among us, be she ever so poor and lowly, but has the power of forming the thoughts and habits of those among whom she lives,* and through them of contributing to the morality and strength of the country.

Our privileges are great, our position noble, and it must be our care so to educate ourselves that we do not fall short of what is required of us. Until a girl is well educated she does not know what she is or what she is capable of.

By education I do not mean merely reading, writing, and arithmetic, for these are only the implements by means of which we may acquire and communicate knowledge.

By education, I mean the cultivation of the head, the heart, and the hand, so as to enable us to diffuse knowledge, provident habits, morality, piety, and happiness among those with whom we associate. In short, I mean the full and healthy use of all the faculties God has bestowed upon us.

This sort of education has been gradually increasing of late years among the women and girls of all lands, and wherever it has been at work there may be seen clearly a steady progress among the people in social and domestic virtues; there is less crime, less drunkenness, less scandal, less improvidence: a greater power of thinking, a greater desire for improved condition.

If education did nothing more than teach the poor habits of strict cleanliness, it would be a wonderful blessing in the amount of disease it would prevent.

It is not possible to overrate the influence of women and girls for good if they will have it so—for evil if they neglect the duties their privileges entail. The education possible to

* Zchokke.

* Do you remember in the story of "Seven Years for Rachel," how the heroine, a poor servant girl, influenced master, mistress, child, and fellow-servant for good?

girls at the beginning of this century and that which is now within their reach is widely different—the one so meagre, the other so liberal. It is stated that one of the reasons of the early emigration of our forefathers was the difficulty of securing an education for their girls in the old country. Even fifty years ago the education of the people was left almost entirely to private industry. There were no good schools in the United Kingdom for girls, and those that existed were as a rule held in ill-ventilated rooms and presided over by very illiterate people—people who were quite incapable of exercising and training the intelligence, and who certainly were not competent to exercise any good moral influence on the girls.

As short a time back as twenty years England ranked last of all the civilised nations of the earth with regard to education. A great statistician, speaking of the education of the English people at that time, said, "The schools are very bad, and yet much more is being done in them than formerly."

In 1872 education was made compulsory in England, and, indeed, it was time for the Government to make a vigorous effort in that direction, seeing that a large proportion of the population of both sexes was unable to read and write, and statistics showed that out of every hundred men who married, thirty-two were unable to sign their names in the register, and out of a hundred women forty-eight were unable to sign it. And this is not all. Ignorance of common words and phrases amongst the girls was quite remarkable. The following is but one example.

I was on a visit at a vicarage about ten miles from London, when one afternoon a respectable-looking girl of about twenty and a young man came to the church vestry to announce their desire of "being asked in church." The clerk, in a business-like manner, with his book before him, addressing the girl, asked—

"Your name?"

"Mary Bean, sir," was the answer.

"Spinster?" he continued.

Receiving no answer, he looked up, and, to his astonishment, found the girl looking very red and angry. At the question being put a second time, she broke out in choked voice and with angry gesture, "Spinster! No, indeed! and I should like to know how you dare to call respectable girls such names, trying to take away their characters. No, sir, I am not a spinster, I am a respectable servant, and my mistress will speak to my character." And turning to her companion, said, "Come away, John, I'd rather not be married at all than be married here, where decent folk are insulted."

And away they went, to the great distress of the clerk, who came to tell the vicar the occurrence.

Ours was not the only country in which the education of girls was neglected. In Italy fifty-three out of every hundred girls and women were unable to write, and thirty seven per cent. could neither read nor write. In Belgium girls' education was almost entirely neglected. In France thirty-seven per cent. of the female population could neither read nor write. In Sardinia the education of girls was not only entirely neglected, but considered superfluous and dangerous. In Russia the little that was done to educate girls was done so badly as to be worse than useless. In the States, south and south-west of New York and New Jersey, notwithstanding the efforts made, nearly all the girls and women were without the commonest education.

In Algiers there were a few boys' schools in which the boys simply learned to read, but there was no provision made for teaching the girls whatever. In China only one woman in a hundred could read. In the West Indies it was forbidden to teach the Negro either to read or write. In India scarcely a girl in ten thousand could read or write, or play any musical instrument. The women were kept in ignorance, some by their poverty, some by the jealous fears of their husbands, and more than all because no provision was made for teaching them. Ignorance was esteemed the safeguard of rank and morality. For the very few who could read the books were too corrupt to place in their hands, and thus it ever is where the women are kept in ignorance and deprived of their influence. In fact, look where you will, with one or two exceptions, such as Holland, Saxony, and Prussia, you will find that fifty years ago scarcely any provision was made for the intellectual improvement of women and girls. The picture is very different now, as you may see by the figures at the end of the chapter.

The cry is not an uncommon one that we are spending too much money on education in this age; but statistics prove that the money so spent is the best outlay the world ever made—that by its means the criminal population under thirty is decreasing rapidly, and much of the sordid poverty and depravity common among some classes are gradually being got rid of. Take, for example, the work of education in London; it has reduced the number of criminals fifty per cent., and so marvellously has it dealt with the habits and manners of the people that the head of the police declares that if things go on as now, there will soon be nothing left for the police to do.

To transform an uneducated population into a well educated, responsible, thinking people is not the work of a moment. It requires years of steady working to develop the physical, intellectual, and moral powers of a people. That this country and many others have made rapid strides in this direction no one doubts for a moment.

The increased opportunities of education and intellectual improvement have had a most beneficial result on the character of the girls of all lands; it may be seen in a hundred ways by the most unobservant of onlookers. They are less idle, less improvident, less depressed, less inclined to turn to frivolous pleasures in order to drown their sorrows, less given to gossiping and scandal. They are better daughters, better wives, and better citizens; their pleasures and recreations are of a higher class; they are more careful to preserve the dignity of woman, because they are awaking to its existence. Even in the poorest homes you may see the effect of the better education, in the struggle to keep up appearances, by a greater cleanliness and neatness, and by a desire to avoid debt. In the higher social position the good result of a better class of education is equally noticeable, and we have the assurance of Mr. Mundella that never in the history of our country has there been so much real and effective religious instruction going on as at present.

It has been a matter of great interest to discover how much power of learning girls have—whether there are any subjects better learned by them than by boys, and what subjects they fail to do as well.

Of course, there are two subjects peculiar to girls' schools, and with which boys have nothing to do, viz., needlework and cooking. The first of these the various Governments of the world encourage in every way, and it is the opinion of examiners that needlework, properly taught, develops in girls moral and intellectual qualities in a very marked degree. Their opinion is that it trains them in habits of observation, precision, patience, neatness, and order; that it teaches forethought, contrivance, and economy.

These are qualities which tend at once to sharpen the wit and strengthen the character, and which prove valuable to girls of every condition of life—indeed, a good practical knowledge of needlework is essential to mothers; the saving it effects is in itself an income.

"No home," says an inspector, "can be attractive to a man where the wife is slatternly and the children in rags; when there is no stitch in time to save the nine, and where the waste caused by unmended clothes is an incessant drain on his slender resources." It is a shallow prejudice which regards needlework as beneath a clever girl's notice.

Cooking is now being taught in many of our schools, and that girls are enjoying and profiting by the lessons may be seen in the fact that last year the Government grants were bestowed on 7,597 girls in England and Wales, and the result may be seen clearly in the agricultural districts, where the food of the poor is much better and more economically cooked than formerly. These two subjects special to girls, if well taught and made practical, will make their mark in many homes and give an increase of comfort and order to a large portion of the population. Everything which tends to increase the comfort, order, and happiness of our homes is worth cultivating.

(*To be continued.*)

OUR LAKE.

By Clara Thwaites.

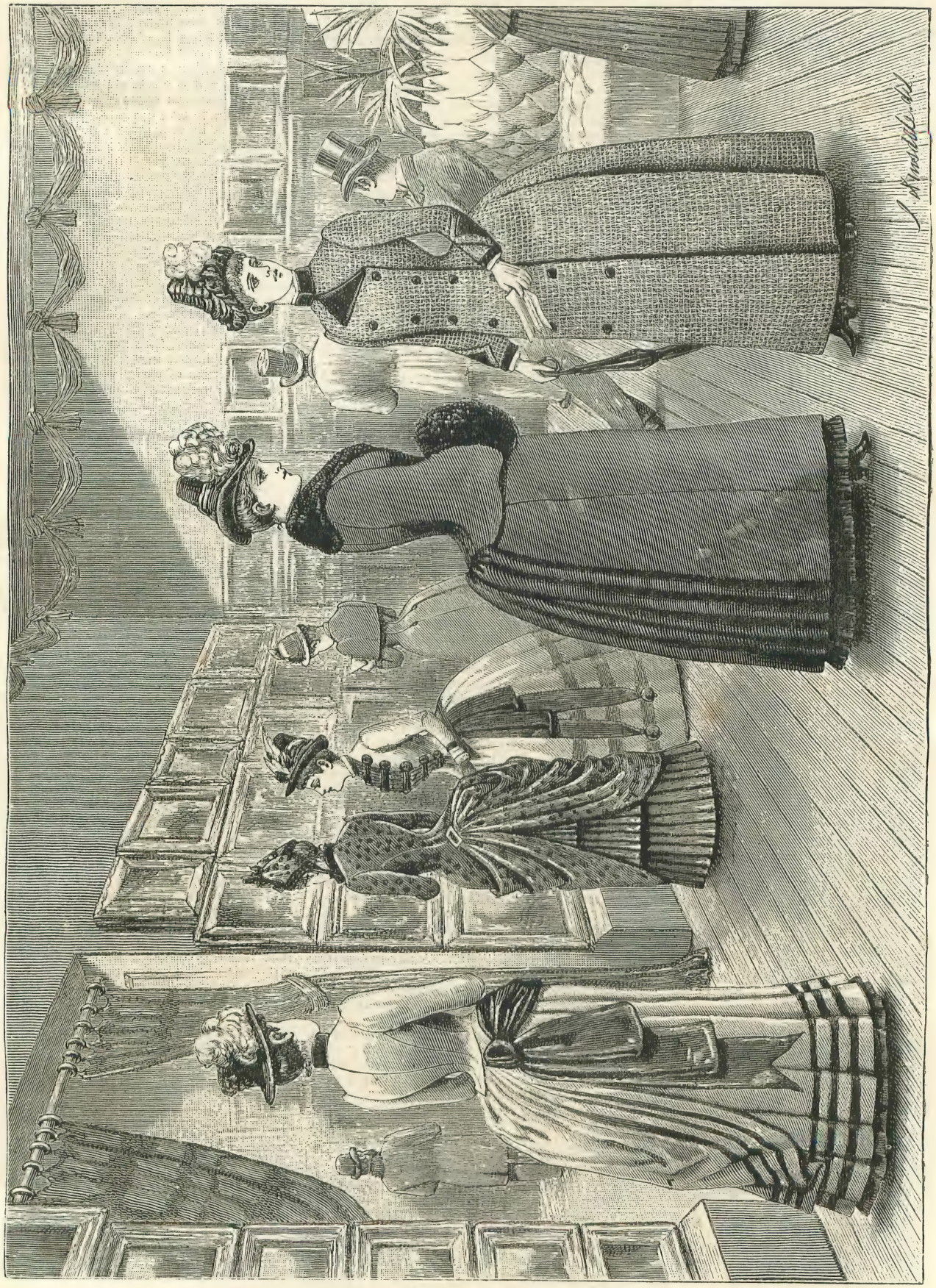
Even Christmas trees lose their charm in time, and we set our wits to work to find some novelty for the children, some new environment for gifts and toys at Christmastide.

To those who frequent bazaars and sales of work "Our Lake" will be no novelty, perhaps, but to many a quiet country home it may prove a happy thought, as it did in our "home among the hills." Secrecy in preparation is a great matter in our pleasant scheme. Keep doors shut, dear mothers and elder sisters, while you call into existence in some large recess in your home, or in some boudoir, a gleaming lake surrounded with waving ferns, orange trees, or whatever forms of beauty you can find in your own or a neighbour's conservatory. The neatest housewife need not feel uneasy at bringing a lake into her pretty domains, as the materials composing it are dry.

Procure from your ironmonger a large sheet of polished tin (you can probably hire it for a trifle) and a sufficient quantity of Virginian cork to form an irregular border around it. Some stout brown paper, folded double, should be placed around the edge of the tin and surrounding carpet to preserve them from injury by damp pots and ivy. The cork will form a pretty border when placed irregularly and informally among the drooping ferns, *Osmunda regalis*, and other feathery growths, which will cluster around our mimic lake. Hide the pots with wreaths of ivy and evergreens, and on one side of the lake form a rustic bridge, over which the young anglers can cast their lines. (A small bench, with a back to it, from the village school, will answer this purpose, *faute de mieux*, or you will devise something to your mind.)

Our "fish" are candies, bonbons, preserved fruits, or more valuable gifts, folded in papers that are gold, silver, pink, or yellow, and neatly tied up. Each tiny parcel has a loop attached to it, which the hook of the skilful angler will catch up. Put some of your fish in the pond, keeping a reserve which may be thrown in when the pond is empty.

Our fishing-rods—let there be two—may be of the simplest description, with a string and hook attached to each, and the young anglers find it an exciting amusement to catch fish in "Our Lake."



WINTER GOWNS AND NEW ULSTER.

DRESS: IN SEASON AND IN REASON.

By A LADY DRESSMAKER.

PRINCESS UNDERDRESS.

PERHAPS a short time ago we should have expressed our utter disbelief, had anyone chanced to suggest it, in the prophecy that at a future time we should wear woollen and leather bonnets! Yet such is now the fact; and they have been adopted everywhere, and admired as well. To the home milliner they are invaluable, for she can purchase her bonnet, a few yards of the new woollen ribbon, and adding to it a little of her dress, she has a simple yet stylish erection which will be becoming, and also cheap. The same may be said of hats; and I hope all our girls have tried their hands at this easy style of millinery with this winter's headgear.

There are so many promises of cold weather for this winter that many girls, especially in the country, are looking forward to skating in January or February. It is only people with plenty of money that can afford to have one dress devoted to skating only, and others not quite so well off are obliged to make the usual walking gown do. In this the pretty small jackets so much used this winter are extremely helpful, for nothing can be more suitable for the purpose. Velvet and velveteen are both favourite materials for skating dresses; but nothing seems so inappropriate as this clinging, dragging material, and an ordinary woollen or even cloth is infinitely preferable. The jacket worn should be tight-fitting, or nearly so; and there should be no flying ends of ribbon to flutter in the breeze. The muff and the bonnet or hat should match, if possible; and some of the collars of fur, with muffs attached to them, are very convenient for skating; with them may be worn a cap of Cossack shape to match. Nothing should be tight in a skating dress; everything easy in fit, with long, graceful lines, and simple outlines.

There are but few changes to mention in regard to ordinary dress; there are so many ways of trimming and of cutting bodices that there should be no difficulty in finding some-

NEW SHAWL GOWN - A PEASANT'S SKIRT WITH SWISS BODICE.

thing to suit everyone's taste. The movable waistcoasts are very useful, and there are Zouave jackets—semi-Zouaves, as those attached only to side seams of an ordinary tight-fitting bodice are called. Polonaises are only made in woollen materials, and they will probably be much worn in the spring.

The method of making skirts remains very plain, and the small kilted frill or *plissé* is no longer worn with them. These skirts are almost equally full all round, and do not appear to be tied back at the sides, and, while full, are only moderately so.

All neck-bands are still very high, and it is rather difficult to get used to the naked appearance presented by the absolutely untrimmed necks, no frill, and only occasionally a small band of white or colour sewn round, like one of the rouleaux round a widow's cap in shape. The great difficulty is to get these bands cut high enough, for the dressmakers have not yet got used to them, and a poor dressmaker cannot make them fit easily and well.

The new shapes for bonnets appear to be covered smoothly and quite plain, and while hats are high, bonnets are lower and smaller than they were. Very few felt bonnets are to be seen, and stockinette is the most used of anything, and both it and velvet are stretched plainly over the shape. The newest bonnets, which are not yet seen out of the first-class milliners' showrooms, have the trimming put on very far back and the feathers wave forwards. We have had these hard bunches of feathers, wings, ribbon ends, and fitted trimmings standing up in front like soldiers, so long that a decided change in the spring will be pleasant. One of the last ideas for a lady's hat is to have one for evening use which will crush up like a man's opera or fold-up hat.

Of course people who have fur capes will wear them out, and they are so useful that it seems quite a pity that they have been dethroned; but the popularity of the small jackets is so great that nothing else seems worn. The new mantelettes in fur, just a little longer, and edged with tails, are much warmer, and really more becoming, and people who have capes of really valuable fur will do well to try and have them altered. The short boa is much used with tailor-made frocks that need no outer covering, and also with the tight-fitting redingotes. The fur of which they are made is long and black, like bearskin dyed, and some of the boas reach to the hem of the dress—they are of such extreme length.

Nearly all the muffs one sees come under the denomination of "fancy," and they have a thick handle across the top, which makes them look like bags. The newest are of velvet, made with deep frills at the ends, each end being lined with a colour. The fur is put across the front of the muff, and there are streamers of ribbons at one side.

The "rosary," or wooden beads, are used to trim everything—dresses, hats, and bonnets as well. They are of all kinds—round and plain, or facetted and chased; and they have one recommendation—that they can be made into bead fringes with little trouble at home.

Swede, or chevrette gloves of a yellow tan colour, are used with any costume, and this winter everyone seems to have adopted mittens, woven of fine cashmere wool, quite as fine as stockings. Cuffs of fur and throatlets of the same, with springs in them to clasp the throat closely, are sold in many of the best shops, and these will be worn without lace or linen in the house with all woollen dresses.

The high fitted throatlets with falling showers of beads are very useful and pretty; but I cannot say I care for the turned-back collar and cuffs of coloured canvas, embroidered in tambour work, which some young ladies wear, nor do I like the velvet and gold bands in imitation of an officer's uniform.

Very little jewellery is used, and necklaces seem to have gone out of favour wonderfully soon, considering how they were liked by the æsthetic dressers amongst us. Smallness is the chief thing desired apparently, and very small brooches, earrings, and watch-chains are the craze.

The hair is still turned up by many people, but there is no doubt that the coil of small, fine plaits, wound round and round at the back of the head, are really the most admired form of hairdressing.

Our large illustration gives one of the new ulsters, and the best and most stylish of the long cloaks used this winter. In the background will be seen a polonaise, and the most distant figure wears one of the new side sashes, made of double material — silk, satin, velvet, or the material of the dress—which are one of the newest ideas, and probably will be more accepted in the spring than at present. The young lady with her back to us shows the new way of draping the peasant skirt by extending it in length at one side and forming a back drapery with it, to which a sash is added in front. The bodice is simply cut round at the back, and the whole gown is girlish and useful.

The return to a style of more simplicity in draping skirts is a great advantage to many people, but none of our readers must forget that in case of thin, unformed figures it is mere cruelty to them and others to put them into a perfectly undraped frock, and that intelligence and taste must always be brought to bear on all such questions, whatever fashion may dictate at the moment. Fortunately, too, we are now more emancipated from the old-fashioned ideas of costume, and there is more room for individual taste and thought in all matters.

The subject of dress alterations and improvements is one that always comes up at this season of the year or a little later, just when our winter dresses become a little shabby, and when, the shortest day being past, the improved light makes us see them with clearer eyes. Everyone's gowns show wear, first at the front darts, under the arms, on the front of the bodice, the points in front, the under part of the sleeves, and indeed, with stout people, at all the salient points. In woollen materials the effect of wear is to make them shine, as if a well-used blacking-brush had been applied to the places where the pressure comes. To remove this glossy look there is nothing better than cold water applied with a sponge. After this is effected, there are several small additions which can be made. If the fronts and points are shabby, we can add a plastron of some kind, which generally consists of a plain straight piece of material the length (or a little over) of the front of the bodice. This is arranged in any way that may be liked. One of the prettiest new plastrons for both young and old girls is that made of a half handkerchief, the two points of which meet under a bow at the back of the neck, the centre at the waist being formed of the third point; the fulness is arranged in long folds, the centre pinned across the front of the neck straight under the throat. The Figaro or Zouave jacket is another useful addition to an old bodice which has given way under the arms. It may be added in front of any dress in velvet or silk, or may be made with a back to wear over any bodice, beaded net being a very fashionable material for them. As regards the alterations of skirts, they are never very difficult now that we can use two or even three materials to one dress. The housemaid skirt can be revived by the addition of a tunic or sash, and a Zouave jacket or plastron to the bodice; but I fear that those of my readers who have invested in those very tempting canvas cloths will find them very difficult to make over, as they so soon grow shabby.

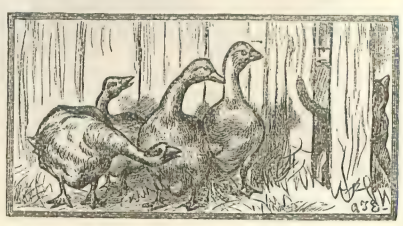
In the smaller illustration for this month, I give two of the newest dresses. The shawl dress, with a jersey to match the principal colour, showing also the new long pleats, which are the favourite style of making skirts this winter. Nothing can be more easy than to drape a skirt in this style, as the foundation being made, the upper part is cut out and arranged in one long piece, without shape of any kind. The other dress is the tucked peasant's skirt, and Swiss waist, a charming costume for young girls, the bretelles added to the plain bodice giving fulness to the figure.

For the paper pattern this month I have chosen another article of underlinen, or underdress, as it would be more rightly called perhaps. This is the Princess petticoat, bodice, and skirt in one, which so many women and girls are adopting as a second garment over a combination, to supply the place of stays, petticoat bodice, and two petticoats. Of course it may be made in any material, but for the winter the best and most sensible materials are alpaca or cashmere, and flannel lining, or else a very thick stuff which will stand instead of both, such as flannel-cloth, serge, blanket-cloth, &c. Everyone who has adopted this garment, more especially the old, feel its comforting qualities of lightness and warmth. It is so easy to put on, and does away with half the trouble of dressing. It is easily made and inexpensive.

Though our artist has invested it with a certain amount of decoration in the way of tucks and a frill, both of these are needless if lightness is desired; and their place may be taken by a kilting made single, and not very full. If the tucks are desired, they must be allowed for in the length of the garment; and our pattern gives sleeves quite to the wrist, which will be, perhaps, thought unnecessary if the combination has long sleeves also.

There are six pieces in the pattern—two sleeve pieces, front and back, side piece, and back of skirt, all of which are notched to show how they are put together. The amount of material taken for it is three yards and three-quarters if the stuff selected be thirty-six inches in width. This is, of course, exclusive of trimmings or tucks. One size only is sold, *i.e.*, thirty-six inches round the chest, and no turnings are allowed. The pattern can be obtained from the "Lady Dressmaker," care of Mr. H. G. Davis, 73, Ludgate-hill, E.C., by letter *only*, enclosing postal note for one shilling.

The patterns already issued can always be procured, as the "Lady Dressmaker" constantly shows, in her monthly articles, how they may be used. Each one can be had for one shilling (postal order) from the "Lady Dressmaker," care of Mr. H. G. Davis, 73, Ludgate-hill, E.C. The following is the list of those issued: April, braided loose-fronted jacket; May, velvet bodice; June, Swiss belt and full bodice; July, mantle; August, Norfolk jacket; September, plain or housemaid skirt; October, combination garment (underlinen); November, double-breasted out-of-door jacket; December, Zouave jacket and bodice; January, princess under-dress (underlinen), under-bodice and skirt combined.



SIBYL.

A TALE OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

CHAPTER V.

THE COURT.

WHEN it was discovered that the child Sibyl was no longer in the castle, and that Dame Bridget had also disappeared, consternation filled the hearts of everyone, especially of Robert Passelure, who thus found all his plots confounded. The Lady Eleanour wept and grew pale, turning with hopeless imbecility from her maids to her esquire.

"What is to be done?" she exclaimed. "What is to be done? The child is stolen. Alas! alas! and well-a-day! Who, think ye, can have stolen her, and why?"

"There is treachery in the castle, lady," exclaimed Passelure, fiercely, "foul treachery; the child must be recovered. Doubt not that it is someone who would wound thee through the child, and bring trouble upon us all."

"Alas! good Robert, if I had only heard thee sooner, and sent her to the good Abbess Matilda!"

"Aye, indeed, lady, but thou knowest that the child even like thyself is a ward of the Crown now that the baron is dead, and it is well-nigh treason to do anything concerning her without the consent of the Crown, and with such a king on the throne thou wottest well how royal wards are disposed of."

"Nay, speak not of it, good Robert; thou knowest that I know only too well. I have once been the prize of a successful warrior who cared no more for me than I did for his rough jests. Oh, good Robert, abandon me not to the risk of such a lot again! Save me from being the prize of a man whose speech I understand not, and whose ways are strange. Rather slay me, and let me die before thine eyes."

"I know but one way to save thee, lady, and that thy high-bred prejudices will not admit."

"Nay, good Robert, talk not to me of breeding or of prejudices. I, a poor fenceless woman, a widow bereaved of my only child."

"There is but one way which I can see which would give me the right to act for thee and for the child. Give me the right of a father over her, and I will dare everything in defence of thee and of her."

"Alas and well-a-day! good Robert, how can I do that? Thou art not of my degree, and the king, or those who act in the king's name, would disallow such a marriage."

"Nevertheless, lady, marriage is a strong bond, and will need the Holy Father himself to annul it. If thou wilt wed with me I will hold this castle against Pembroke—aye, against the king himself—to the last drop of my blood. An' thou wilt not, I can make no head against our troubles. I can but die for thee like thy poor but faithful squire."

It needed not much more to persuade the lady that it was inevitable to submit to the course he urged, and while he hastened the preparations for his nuptials, Passelure did not omit to prosecute his inquiries about Sibyl; but so secretly had the removal of the child been contrived that no news could be gathered of her whereabouts. It seemed as though all that was pure and innocent were leaving the devoted castle; for when, in despair, Passelure sought the hermit's dwelling, he found it deserted, and the unmilked goats came bleating to him as though asking help; the dog, Hurlot, had also vanished, and no one had seen him since Sibyl and Bridget disappeared, it was believed, together.

In the gloom of the evening, by the voice of a foreign friar brought to the castle for the purpose, and who disappeared as mysteriously as he came, the Lady Eleanour was wedded to the squire, Robert Passelure, in the dark chapel, with her foot on her husband's grave, amid the white faces of her women and the knit brows of men-at-arms. And henceforth Passelure assumed the name and arms of D'Oyley in the right of his wife, and openly exercised the lordship of the castle and the surrounding country.

Meanwhile the little Sibyl and the Princess Katharina dwelt with the Beguine, Ursula Giffard. Their days were days of sunshine and of beauty; the girls were allowed to wander along the downs, sheltering from the heat in bosky hollows or gathering wild flowers in such places as they could grow, and Dame Ursula saw with delight that a touch of colour was beginning to stain the marble paleness of the princess's cheek, and that the communication between the girls grew daily more complete, a code of signs being established between them as brief and as rapid as the telegraphic code of a modern merchant.

Just before midsummer, Dame Ursula received a message from the queen that the affairs of the kingdom rendered it imperative that the court should go to London, and informing her with many expressions of favour and gratitude that Sir Hugh Giffard, with a suitable escort, would come to Wingrave to convey the princess to Reading, whence she could journey with the court to Westminster; and because she had heard from Prince Edward, and also from Sir Hugh Giffard, that the princess had conceived a strong affection for a noble damsel residing with Dame Ursula Giffard, the queen commanded that the said damsel should attend the princess, that she might suffer the less from her change of residence.

Dame Ursula received this message not without alarm, and resolved that the queen must be informed of the parentage of Sibyl, and of the reason that had led to her removal from her mother's care, which was done through Sir Hugh Giffard. The queen intimated her willingness to become temporary guardian of the little girl, expressed pleasure in knowing that she was of a rank which justified her intimacy with the princess, and promised to look to her interests. And so it came about that all the glory of that pageant-loving court was revealed to the wondering eyes of the little maid.

The king, graceful and active in person, tenderly attached to his queen, and indulgent to his children, surrounded by bevies of Provençals and Poitevins, the retainers or relatives of his mother or of his wife, gay in apparel and excelling in music and the arts that while away the time, was an object to excite the admiration of a child, all the more, perhaps, that the delicacy and infirmity of the princess prevented the girls from taking any active part in the business of the court.

The lovely abbey at Westminster, which was to be his most enduring monument, was now rising in its fair proportions, and it was the greatest pleasure of the princess to be rowed in one of the royal barges from the Tower, where she was lodged, to Westminster to watch the masons at their skilled work, and it was here that they most frequently met the king, who spent all the time he could snatch from business or the pleasures of the court in watching the realisation of his dream; and so it came about that his eye became familiar with the little maid, who was to his poor Katie what troubadour and minstrel were to him, and many a time his hand rested tenderly on her dark head, and he bade God bless her; but it never occurred to him to inquire her name, being quite content to know that his daughter loved her, and perhaps judging by experience that the less that is known of the antecedents of a royal favourite the better.

But for the care of Sir Hugh Giffard, our Sibyl might have remained as uninstructed as though she had been still in her mother's care; but he, good man, considered himself responsible for her training, and provided that she should have suitable instruction. The Princess Katharina, indeed, took much pleasure in working at tapestry with her mother and the ladies of the court; but for tapestry work Sibyl had little aptitude, and thus she dwelt in the court, yet not of it, until Christmastide.

Now, it came about that when the king was keeping the festival in great state, there came a holy man, travel-worn and spent, who entreated in Christ's name to be admitted to the royal presence, saying that he had news of deep import from the West.

Sir Hugh Giffard, who happened to be in presence, was despatched by the king to learn the quality of the holy man and the nature of his news, and on his report the king was induced to put off a contest in the "belle science," as the calling of the troubadours was named, in order to give the stranger audience. Taking with him his eldest son, he withdrew to a small oratory, and commanded Sir Hugh to introduce the stranger.

"Who art thou, father?" asked the king, reverently, as the stranger bowed before him. "And what can so poor a man as Henry of Anjou do for one who would seem to have little to crave here on earth?"

"Alas! lord king," said the hermit, boldly, "I crave what it will tax thy power to give—justice to the poor, protection to the weak."

"Whence art thou?" asked the king, anxiously.

"From Whitchurch, lord king, which is become a robber's stronghold; yea, all the fair lands between Aylesbury and Buckingham are like to be the spoil of one who makes his might his right."

"Whitchurch?" said the king, looking to Sir Hugh Giffard. "Methought that was the fief of one of our kinsmen."

"Aye, my lord, of the Earl of Pembroke, who committed it to his cousin, Baron Aylmer de Valence."

"Aye, we remember; thou comest to make no complaint about the manner in which Baron Aylmer exercises his rights?"

"Nay, my liege, Baron Aylmer has rendered his account to a higher judge; it is more than twelve months since he was slain in an attempt to clear the Chilterns of the robbers that infest them."

"How comes it that that fair damsel, Eleanour D'Oyley, whom we gave him for his wife, sent us no tidings, that order might be taken about her and her estate? I remember me well she was a fair damsel when I gave her to our trusty friend Aylmer at my good brother William's instance; it was the very year that our sister Isabella went to Germany—by our Lady! ten years ago. If she has children, they will be too young to marry; but they must be looked to. But injustice and oppression proceed not from the weak hands of a widow, and Dame Eleanour, I wot, was not the woman to harry lands or injure country folk."

"The Lady Eleanour, my liege, has con-

tracted a marriage with Robert Passelure, her husband's squire, a bold man and crafty, who holds the castle in the name of his wife, and harries the country round."

"How!" exclaimed the king, the blood of the Anjevins flushing cheek and brow; "a squire marry with a royal ward, the widow of our own kinsman, and no tidings sent to us? Doth our brother William know of this, father?"

"Nay, my liege, I know not. Could not the Earl of Pembroke be inquired of?"

"An esquire dare such deeds!" interrupted Prince Edward, fiercely; "it were good, father, that some one were sent at once to chastise him."

"True, Edward, true! but we cannot spare thee. This is William's affair. We will at once send a message to our brother, holy father; he is in Poitou, and doubt not but he will speedily take order about this matter."

"Alas! my liege, the poor folk look to thee for help. Hadst thou seen their homes in flames, their starving wives and children exposed to this inclement season! Oh, have pity on them. Let not my weak speech cause thee to set aside thy duty as a belted knight, as a crowned king. Let the Earl of Pembroke be thy steward, if thou wilt, in the castle of the Bolbecs; but do thou, with thine own right hand, defend the orphan and the widow and the poor folk who have only thee, under God, to look to."

"Hath Aylmer left a son?" asked the king, much moved.

"No son, my liege, but a daughter—a little daughter of seven years old.

"A daughter of seven years old," repeated the king. "It must be looked to, looked to at once; a child of that age would take harm in a den of robbers."

"Nay, my liege; nearly six months since the Squire Passelure conceived the design of spiriting the child away, but his plot was overheard by her nurse, and with my assistance she contrived to remove her out of his reach and to place her under the care of a virtuous lady, Ursula Giffard by name, who dwells at Wingrave.'

"By my troth, an' she be little Sibyl, our Katie's playfellow," cried Prince Edward, eagerly. "I am bound to be her knight this many a day."

"It is even so, noble prince," said Master Hugh Giffard; "the queen knows the parentage of the little maid."

"The black-eyed damsel who stays with poor Katie!" exclaimed the king.

"Even so, sire," said Master Hugh Giffard; "and this holy man who is thy suppliant, and whom people know as the Hermit Eustace, is no other than the valiant Eustace Beauchamp, whose deeds of arms are well known to thee, and who resigned his lordship to his brother that he might spend his life in succouring the weak and comforting the sorrowful; it was by his help that Bridget, the nurse, was able to remove the Lady Sibyl from the castle, and to place her in my sister's care. That the Princess Katharina also came to Wingrave and found strange delight in the companionship of the child, I can regard it only as the mysterious working of the Father of the fatherless, who thus raised up friends to the lonely child."

"Nay, Sir Hugh, it is fit matter for a ballad; our Katie's playfellow, the daughter of our good cousin, Aylmer de Valence, and not in faith,, without some shadow of kinship to ourself. Take the holy father to thy quarters, good Sir Hugh, they will suit him better than our gay halls; we will commune with him again, and at once take order for the punishment of this audacious squire, and the safe keeping of Dame Eleanour. This will be great news for the queen, unless perhaps she knows it already."

"She knows at least that the little Sibyl is an orphan and oppressed," cried Prince Edward; "argument enough for her pity and protection, even were she not well born. By my troth, I knew that there was noble blood in those veins!"

"She is indeed a bright and fearless child; but come, Edward, let us leave the holy man to his repose, and see, good Sir Hugh, that the members of our council be summoned to meet us on the morrow at our Palace of Westminster, that we may take measures for the instant chastisement of this proud malapert squire."

So saying, the king left the oratory with his son, and Sir Hugh Giffard lost no time in conducting the hermit to his own apartment for refreshment and repose.

Unlike many of the promises of King Henry III., that made to the hermit was not forgotten, perhaps because the Queen and Prince Edward were equally earnest that prompt measures should be taken to redeem it. Passelure, unable to make head against the organised force sent against him, abandoned the castle, and taking with him the Lady Eleanour and such treasure as he could carry, took ship at Bristol and sailed to Tunis, a power with which the King of France was then at war, and perished miserably in a private brawl, a renegade alike to his Maker and to his country.

The Lady Eleanour's beauty might have won for her another mate, but the unhealthy climate brought on an ague, from which, refusing to adopt the remedies prescribed by the people of the country, she died prematurely, comfortless and in despair. But Sibyl grew from a bright and fearless child into a noble and brave woman; she lived with the Princess Katharina until her sweet life ended in the year 1257, to the inexpressible grief of the queen and the sorrow of the whole court. Prince Edward did not forget his promise, but when he brought home his noble wife, Eleanour of Castille, he placed his sister's friend, Sibyl de Valence, very near her person, and when the princely pair joined the Crusade she was one of the small suite that accompanied them to Palestine.

THE END.

INSIDE PASSENGERS; OR, THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF LUKE AND BELINDA.

By A LONDON PHYSICIAN.

CHAPTER IV.

A REAL GOLD MINE.

"WELL, what were your glorious thoughts, Pill?"

"The first glorious thought is that now we are here, and are so small, it would be very foolish of us to leave this place without thoroughly exploring it. We shall never have such a chance again, and, luckily, I made a point of getting up my physiology. I see no reason why we shouldn't write a book about it afterwards; for I suppose no one has ever seen what we shall see." And bright visions of a thick volume, lettered "Courteney's Travels in the Interior: a Manual of Practical Physiology, tenth edition," flitted before Luke's mental vision.

"Well, I'm quite willing to learn, Pill; I think it is shameful that we girls are taught nothing about our 'insides;' if we were, perhaps we should not spend so much time in adorning our 'outsides.' But I think I know all about the mouth," added Belinda; "I've often looked at mine in the glass."

"We'll see, Bozy; but now for my other thought. You observe this roof; it is solid gold, probably at least two of our yards thick! Why should we not take, say, about a yard of it, and then if ever we got big again we should be millionaires, if our gold expanded with us?"

"What, and rob poor uncle? You wicked boy," said Belinda, with horror.

"Well, as to robbing, Bozy, it's no use to him; and, after all, it's only a little scraping off the stopping of his teeth. I'm sure he would not grudge it to us."

"It seems like robbing, anyhow," said Belinda; "the gold is his."

Luke looked puzzled for a moment, but his resources were never exhausted. "Bozy," he answered, solemnly, "we'll get some down and pack it up, but we won't take it away without asking him first."

"Asking him!" said Belinda; "how?"

"Oh, we'll just step up and ask him, Bozy. I'll promise you he will answer, too; but not just at present," replied Luke, enigmatically. "First of all," he continued, "take this." And he handed Belinda half an H. F. D. pill, swallowing the remainder himself.

"Is this all I'm to have?" asked Belinda, with a dissatisfied air.

"All? Why, in one of these pills there is as much nourishment as there is in twelve ounces of bread, eight ounces of potatoes, six ounces of roast beef, and one pint of porter."*

"How wonderful, Pill! but you know I mustn't take the porter." And she pointed to a small piece of blue ribbon fastened to the front of her dress.

* See diet table, London Hospital, 1882.

"You may take the pill, though, child; it is quite free from alcohol, and I think you'll want nothing more at present. I've got two large boxes in my pocket, so that we shall not starve. Besides," he added, "if the worst came to the worst I don't see there would be anything wrong in taking some of uncle's——"

"You *are* a thief, I knew you were, you disgusting boy," said Belinda, energetically. "You surely wouldn't take anything out of there!" And she pointed to the cavern beneath.

"We shall meet with many things that would be disgusting, Bozy," observed Luke, philosophically, "if we were larger. But being so small they are simply wonderful. I feel all this time just as if I were looking *through* a microscope. Don't you remember that old cheese at home, when you saw all the little bits of dust moving about, and you said 'How disgusting!' but when I showed you what they really were through the microscope you said, 'How wonderful!'"

"Well, I must say, Pill, that though we are here, I don't feel anything like disgust; at present all seems so new and strange."

"Now for work," said Luke, taking off his coat and hat, and producing a large pocket-knife with a long curved steel "picker" (used for taking stones out of horse's hoofs), and

gazing up at the roof on which the full rays of the electric light were now directed.

Such a gold mine never dazzled miners' eyes before. Fully twenty yards square and of unknown depth, the mass of precious metal was of enormous value. Just at one corner it appeared to be loosened from the ivory "rock" in which it lay imbedded. Here Luke determined to commence operations, and, mounting on a little ledge in the wall, he found that by simply inserting his hand up the fissure he could detach a large mass of the pendent metal, which fell with a crash on to the floor. Delighted with his success, Luke continued his operations all round the ivory roof, and soon had the floor covered with huge nuggets of virgin gold.

"I think we've got enough now; if we took much more it might make uncle's tooth ache, and that would never do. Besides, we shall have as much as we can carry."

With Belinda's aid, after about an hour's hard work, he managed to collect the precious *débris* into two masses, each about two feet square and one foot high. Luke then powdered part of the floor thickly, moistened it well with his flask, and produced a thick sheet of guttapercha.

"LUKE CONTINUED HIS OPERATIONS."

"Now, Bozy," he said, "lift that side while I put the guttapercha underneath."

"I cannot move it, Pill; it weighs tons," said Belinda, who was straining every nerve.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," politely replied Luke, "I quite forgot."

So saying, he produced out of his coat pocket a small silver case containing a twisted coil of wire *two yards in length*, composed of alternate strands of platinum, iridium, and magnetised steel.

"Take hold of that end, Bozy, and help me to draw this wire under the gold," he said.

After some difficulty they inserted the wire beneath the mass, and dragged it at least half way along underneath.

"The gold has now just lost half its weight, but not half its value," Luke said, triumphantly.

"How is that, Pill?" asked Belinda, in wonder.

"The thing is very simple," answered Luke. "The only wonder is that it was not found out before. You know, Bozy, that *weight* simply arises from an invisible force which we call gravitation drawing the body down to the earth. If we then can degravitate the body by breaking this force, it is evident the substance at once loses its weight. This 'the degravitator'* (as this wire is called) does. The mass, however, is still too heavy, Bozy. Just move the wire forward a little further."

This was done. It was then withdrawn.

"Now try and lift it," said Luke.

"Why, it's not much heavier than a bonnet-box," said Belinda, raising it in both arms.

"That will do nicely," said Luke, "and whenever we wish we can restore its weight again."

The second pile having also been degravitated, he then proceeded to wrap both the masses up in the guttapercha, and secure them with wire rope.

"I cannot see," said Belinda, "when you can do such wonders, why you should have doubted the power of the 'gateaux évanouissants.'"

"*My* wonders," said Luke, "are purely scientific, and based on well-known laws; not so with those vile sweets."

"Now, Pill, show me some of the sights," said Belinda. "I'm quite tired of working; perhaps after all I don't know everything that's in my mouth."

At that moment the cavern opened a little, and admitted the daylight and fresh air. As it remained so Luke thought it a favourable opportunity for showing that his M.R.C.S. had been fairly earned. "Come and sit here, Bozy," he said, seating himself at the mouth of the cave. "Just count these hanging columns. How many are there?"

"Sixteen, including the one we are in."

"And the same number of pillars below?"

"Makes thirty-two. I didn't know I had thirty-two teeth before," said Belinda.

"That's just like a girl. Always rushing to conclusions. *You* have not got thirty-two teeth. Your wisdom teeth certainly are not cut, and I have some doubts about your back double teeth, so that you have only twelve or fourteen teeth at most in each row."

"Quite right, Pill, I've got fourteen," said Belinda, who had been feeling in her mouth. "Go on."

"Well, just take the upper row. You see those four front teeth (called *incisors*) have a thin sharp edge. They are like chisels, and are for cutting the food. In animals which live by gnawing, such as rats, hares, and guinea pigs, these teeth are of enormous size. The pointed one *(canine)* on each side of them is very strong, and is for tearing. In lions, tigers, dogs, and all carnivora (or flesh-eating animals) whose food is torn, these teeth are huge fangs. The two next on each side *(bicuspids)* are broader, and are used for cutting and grinding. These three behind on each side (you see our cave is in the middle one) are for grinding and pounding the food *(molars)*. These, again, in cows and horses, which grind all their food, are of enormous size. Now, Bozy, this great variety of teeth shows that we are adapted for a great variety of food, and are certainly not intended for vegetarians, and also that the food is meant to be thoroughly cut up and ground before it is swallowed."

"We're not intended to live on H. F. D. pills, Luke, that's evident. But go on, I'm getting quite interested."

"Our incisors and canines are small, as the principal part of their work is done with a knife and fork, and even our molars are degenerating from having too little to grind, while wisdom teeth will soon be a thing of the past. But just notice this tooth closely, Bozy," said Luke, warming up, as he gave the column in front a smart tap with his iron-pointed stick that he had retained through all his adventures. "You see how hard that is. That is enamel. It is far harder and whiter than ivory, and covers the whole of the tooth outside the gum. The ivory (or *dentine*) forms the substance of the tooth, and the part that is inside the gum. Ivory is merely firm, hard bone, and would soon wear away were it not for this coating of enamel, like porcelain. This enamel itself is covered with a fine hard glaze that has great power of resisting acids. Inside the dentine is a cavity somewhat the shape of the tooth, and filled with a soft pulp full of fine nerves which enter by the fangs Once the enamel-covering of this pillar gets worn away it is never replaced, and the rest will soon go, as you will see from this cave. Just come to the edge, Bozy, and look here. You can see distinctly the enamel outside and the ivory within, and, if you look through my telomicric, you see all the ends of the hexagonal rods of which the enamel is composed, looking like a honeycomb. In decay, first of all a small hole gets worn in the enamel, exposing the dentine inside; this soon softens, and eventually air gets to the pulp, and the tooth begins to ache. It is then generally too late to have it 'stopped.' If it is left alone the decay goes on, and probably the nerve dies, and the tooth does not ache for a while. Presently it begins again, worse than ever, from the inflammation set up by the dead nerve; and the tooth feels as if it was raised, and a gumboil forms at the base. The nerve inside the tooth is very sensitive to cold and heat. Ices make bad teeth ache dreadfully, and in some hot coffee does the same.

"What destroys the enamel, Pill?"

"Any sort of acid (if the glazing is worn off), and of course at the surface continual wear and tear, especially from eating anything gritty or sandy. A common cause of its destruction is the lodging of particles of food at the bases, and between the teeth, where they not only form a chalky deposit (called 'tartar'), but produce an acid that eats away the enamel just above the gum, where it is thinnest. Another common cause is from the gum getting unhealthy, and receding, leaving the ivory part bare. This soon decays and destroys the enamel above. Uncle, you observe, has splendid teeth. I think this is the only one gone at all, and it is just an illustration of what I have said. This hole has been formed in the side of the tooth near the gum, leaving the crown quite sound."

"Yes, dear, go on."

"That's all, I think, Bozy, except that of course you now see how necessary it is to take away with a brush every particle of food from the base of the teeth inside as well as outside, to keep the gums sound and healthy, and not to use any gritty and wearing substance for tooth-powder. You also see why camphorated chalk is so popular; the chalk at once counteracting the acid deposits round the teeth. If people only cleaned their teeth at night with some such powder (to *prevent* the mischief) instead of in the morning (after the food has lodged there all night) there would be less work for dentists to do."

"Well done, you old quack, you know a great deal. I suppose you want me to try a box of Courteney's tooth-powder, warranted free from grit. But look down below, that tongue is going to move. Supposing it comes up here, we shall get all wet."

(To be continued.)

* *We not only cannot hear of this invention*, but we do not believe that it is possible to alter the gravity of any substance. If Mr. Courteney should see this note, we should like him to call and say where these inventions are to be bought. They were not at the "Inventories."

PHOTOGRAPHY FOR GIRLS.

Part III.

Our first plate exposed in the camera, we will now consider the next step necessary to the production of our photograph. At present, if we were to inspect the plate, we should find it to all appearance just as it was before exposure, and should not be able to trace the slightest impression of the object photographed upon it; but the latent image is there, nevertheless; that is to say, the light has so acted upon the molecules of the silver salts incorporated with the gelatine with which the plate is covered as to make those salts capable of certain reactions when brought into connection with certain other chemical substances. The rendering visible of the latent image, or, in other words, the reduction of the silver salts acted upon by the light, is the next process, and is known as the development of the photograph.

There are several different methods of development, but all those which are likely to be of any practical use to our readers may be grouped under the two heads—oxalate or iron development, and alkaline development.

The first process we shall describe is that known as the ordinary iron development, this being, we consider, the most simple for a beginner; and if the instructions given in the first paper of this series have been followed by our readers, they have now at hand a supply of all the chemicals necessary for this purpose; but whichever method of development is adopted, it is equally necessary to use the utmost precautions against the exposure of the plate to any but a deep ruby-coloured light. Either we must shut out all white light from the room in which we work by means of a shutter in which is an opening filled by a piece of ruby glass of about eight or nine inches square, or we must wait till after dark and then proceed with our development with the aid of a lantern—such as may be bought of any dealer in photographic apparatus—the light of which shines only through glass of a deep ruby colour. Probably the latter is the more convenient plan when photography is only an

occasional amusement, but when many photographs are taken it will be much better if we can contrive a proper dark room; even a good-sized cupboard will often answer the purpose, and will at least prevent our having to wait till nine or ten o'clock at night, as we should otherwise be compelled to do in the middle of summer, before we could commence our development and satisfy ourselves that our negatives were all that we desired them to be.

In either case it is imperative to stop up every chink and crack which could possibly admit any other light than that which comes through the ruby-coloured window or lantern, and if we have a proper dark room it will be well to have also a blind or curtain of ruby-coloured cloth to draw across the window when the light is very strong, especially during the earlier stages of the development.

If our dark room should happen to have water laid on in it, so much the better; indeed, a good temporary dark room may often be made out of a bathroom or back kitchen; but if a water-supply cannot be obtained, a large jug of water and a pail must be provided. The developing dishes should be placed on a table near the window. Of these dishes it is best to have three, one for each solution, and to keep each for its separate purpose.

Now we have to make our developing solution, and we take for this purpose 6 ounces of oxalate of potash and dissolve it in one pint of warm water. This is to be put in a bottle which should be carefully labelled, and, being a poison, this fact should also be notified. It will keep for an indefinite period. In another bottle dissolve 3 ounces of sulphate of iron in half a pint (10 ounces) of water. This solution will keep good for a few days, and may be used so long as it retains its bright green colour, which it is most likely to do if kept in a stoppered bottle just large enough to hold it. In a third bottle, which should be tolerably large (say a wine bottle), make a saturated solution of alum, that is to say, as much alum is to be dissolved in water as the water will take up. Another solution is to be made up of 5 ounces of hyposulphite of soda to one pint of water; this is called the "fixing" or "clearing" solution. All these solutions should be made up some little time before they are required, as the salts ought to be completely dissolved, and the solutions quite cold when they are used.

Now, into dish No. 1 pour three parts of the oxalate of potash to one part of the sulphate of iron solution; say, for instance, that we have three half-plates to develop, 6 ounces of the former solution and 2 ounces of the latter.

Into dish No. 2 pour sufficient of the alum solution to well cover a single plate when placed in it.

Into dish No. 3 pour about half a pint of the fixing solution.

Our solutions being now ready, and the water and pail close at hand, we must carefully exclude all white light, and may then take the first plate and place it in dish No. 1, giving the dish a slight rocking movement, so that the solution may flow quickly and evenly all over the plate. Now examine carefully, and see if there are any air-bubbles sticking to the plate; if so, they must be quickly removed by touching them with a small paint-brush kept for this purpose, otherwise each bubble will show as a black spot in the finished picture, and as the same undesirable effect is produced by particles of dust, it is as well to dust the plate before commencing its development with a soft camel's hair brush. All the time the plate remains in this developing solution (dish No. 1) the dish should be gently rocked, in order that the development may proceed equally all over the plate.

The time occupied in development varies considerably according to the subject, season of the year, and so on; but the image should begin to appear when the plate has been in the solution about two minutes. If it flashes out almost immediately after the plate is placed in the solution, it has probably been exposed too long in the camera. The high lights will be the first to appear—that is (supposing the subject photographed is an engraving), the white parts of the paper, which on the negative will of course appear black; the half tones will next be seen; and lastly, the shadows will begin to darken. As soon as this happens, the plate must be removed from the developing solution and a little cold water poured over it, after which it must be left for three or four minutes in dish No. 2. No change will appear while it remains in this solution, the use of which is simply to harden the gelatine film and prevent its slipping off the plate in the subsequent washing. With some plates it answers better to place them in the alum bath immediately after development, without any washing between.

On leaving the alum bath, the plate must be well washed and then placed in the fixing solution (dish No. 3), in which it is to remain until the unused silver salts are dissolved out, which will be shown by the disappearance of the yellow tint from the shadows when the negative is viewed on the glass side by reflected light. When this yellow colour has entirely disappeared, white light may freely be readmitted to the room. The negative has now only to be washed and dried; but the washing must be very thoroughly done. It is best to first wash well under a tap, then to leave the negative standing in water for about half an hour, changing the water two or three times, and then again wash under the tap. After this, it should be stood on edge to dry, with the film side towards the object against which it leans, so that the dust may not settle on it. It will be dry in a few hours.

If we require only a few prints, the negative may now be considered complete; but if we wish to preserve it, we had better protect the surface of the plate so that it may not be so easily scratched or affected by damp. To do this we must varnish the plate with negative varnish. First make the plate as warm as the back of the hand will comfortably bear, then hold it by one corner with the left hand—or it is still better held by a proper plate-holder. Now pour a little of the varnish in a pool on the lower end of the plate, and then, by gently tilting it round, the varnish is to be made to flow evenly all over the plate, and this may be done after little practice without spilling a single drop. Lastly, the surplus varnish must be poured back into the bottle from the corner opposite to that by which the plate is held. The plate must now be rocked from side to side for a few minutes to prevent the varnish from drying in ridges; it dries very quickly, but it is best to leave it to harden for some hours before attempting to print from the negative.

The following is another formula for making the iron developer: Dissolve 2 ounces of oxalate of potash in 8 ounces of warm water, and, when dissolved, add half an ounce of oxalate of iron (ferrous oxalate). Pour off the clear liquid, which should be used in a dish in the same way as the developer first given; it should be kept in a stoppered bottle with a few pieces of clean iron wire in it. It will keep good a long while, and may be used several times over, if it is occasionally strengthened by the addition of a little more ferrous oxalate.

The fixing solution must be thrown away after use, and a fresh one made for each batch of plates. Care must be taken to rinse the hands well after fixing one plate before touching another, otherwise brown, metallic-looking stains will appear on the finished negative wherever the hyposulphite solution has touched it before development.

If there is any reason to think that the plates have had too long an exposure in the camera, it will be well to add to the developing solution 1 to 2 grains of bromide of potassium or bromide of ammonium for every ounce of the solution; this restrains the development from proceeding too quickly.

What is known as the alkaline development will not appear quite so simple to the beginner as the above, but in practice it will be found to present no real difficulty. We will first take the most simple form of the alkaline developer. Make a solution as follows:—Water, 1 ounce; citric acid, ½ grain; sulphite of soda, 8 grains; bromide of potassium, 1½ grains; liquor ammonia, 3 minims; pyrogallic acid, 2 grains.

Leaving out the pyrogallic acid, this solution may be mixed some time before it is wanted, but the pyrogallic acid must be added only just before it is used, as the solution will not keep after this acid has been added. If the negatives are found to come out too dense with this solution, the quantity of pyrogallic acid should be decreased to 1 or 1½ grains per ounce; if not dense enough, slightly increase the quantity. If the plates develop too quickly, and come out hard with little or no half tone, increase the quantity of bromide, and if they develop too slowly, increase the ammonia very cautiously and decrease the bromide.

This solution is to be used in the same way as the iron solution, and followed by the alum bath.

All the developing solutions given above, while they have the advantage that one mixing will do for a whole batch of six or seven plates, which can be developed one after another in the same solution, have this disadvantage, that they do not admit of the development being varied to suit each individual plate. We now give a formula which allows this to be done.

Make a solution of bromide of ammonium, 1 drachm; liquor ammonia (·880 specific gravity), 1 drachm; water, 10 ounces, and call this solution No. 1. Take also of pyrogallic acid, 30 grains; sulphite of soda, 1½ drachms; water, 10 ounces, and label this solution No. 2.

No. 1 may be made up in any quantity, as it will keep well; but No. 2 should only be made up a short time before use. When developing, two other bottles should be at hand, one containing a solution of 1 drachm of liquor ammonia in 1 ounce of water, and the other containing 1 drachm of bromide of potassium in 1 ounce of water.

Now, in order to commence the development, place the plate in a dish and pour over it a sufficient quantity of solution No. 2 to cover it; then pour this back off the plate into a measure and add to it an equal quantity of solution No. 1; now pour the whole again on the plate. Should the image flash out too quickly, the developer must be immediately poured off the plate back into the measure and a few drops of the bromide solution added to it; but should the development proceed too slowly, a little of the ammonia solution may be added, one drop at a time; and again, should there be a want of density in the negative, add a little more of the pyrogallic solution. Thus it will be seen that we can, with this preparation, suit the development to each particular negative, and thus save many a plate which has been over or under exposed.

The possible variations in the above formulæ are almost numberless, but the way to work with the solutions once learned, no difficulty will be experienced, and with most of the plates sold the exact formula is given which has been found to suit that particular make the best.

Supposing the exposure to have been rightly timed, and the development correctly carried out, our negative will, after fixing, be ready for varnishing according to the directions already given; but it is sometimes found after fixing that the negative is not sufficiently dense to give good prints. To remedy this we must intensify with a solution of pyrogallic acid, 3 grains; acetic acid, 6 drops; citric acid, 1 grain; water, 1 ounce. Take also of nitrate of silver, 20 grains; water, 1 ounce.

After the negative has been thoroughly washed, pour over it a little of the first of these two solutions, which must then be retured to a measure, and a few drops of the silver solution added to it. Let the mixture then flow over the plate till the latter is sufficiently dense, then wash again thoroughly and dry.

Another intensifying solution preferred by many consists of a saturated solution of bichloride of mercury, in which the plate is immersed until it turns white; thence, after being well washed, it is transferred to a solution of liquor of ammonia (one minim to each ounce of water) until sufficiently dark; with this intensification the negative will be of a brownish colour, and should not be made too dark.

The bichloride of mercury solution is very poisonous, and great care must be exercised in using it, guarding especially against its coming in contact with any cut or crack in the skin. It may be put back into its bottle after use, and used again and again, but the ammonia solution must be made up afresh for each lot of plates.

Before leaving this part of the subject, we again strongly urge upon our readers the necessity of carefully labelling all the solutions used, so that no mistake may at any time occur in consequence of their being put out of the way for some time and so forgotten.

(To be continued.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

CLEMATIS.—There is no preliminary examination for a correspondence class. The St. George's Hall classes are excellent, but we think you would do better, perhaps, with those of Miss Roberts, Florence Villas, Torquay, Devon; or the Society for the Encouragement of Home Study, secretary, Miss A. C. Moore, Oakfield, Eltham; subscription one guinea. Papers are reviewed and prizes given.

A WILD GIRL.—The University of St. Andrew's grants higher women's certificate (two guineas) and the title of *LL.A.* The examination is in April. Secretary, Professor Knight, University of St. Andrew's, N.B. The standard of this examination is the same for pass and honours as that of the St. Andrew's M.A. degree in the same subjects. It is held at several centres in England—London, Halifax, Bristol, Leicester, and Birmingham.

TROUBLED WIDOW.—We do not see how your daughter can sit for her certificate if she has not passed her scholarship examination successfully. She must, we think, go up again next July.

FANNY OF JAMAICA.—Read our article on "How to Improve the Education," pages 637 and 794, vol. ii. You could join a correspondence class.

LADY G.—You do not name the profession of the gentleman incapacitated for work. There are charitable institutions connected with the several professions and trades, from which grants are sometimes to be had to assist in the expenses of a child's education—as, for instance, the Sons of the Clergy Corporation, who help the poor clergy in the education of their children, and the Solicitors' Benevolent Association, for the relief of necessitous solicitors and their families (secretary, Mr. James T. Scott, 9, Clifford's Inn, E.C.). There is also the Universal Beneficent Society, to assist those in necessity, of good character, without distinction of class or nationality; secretary, G. Stormont Murphy, Esq.

V. G.—We have not published any serial story by Mrs. Molesworth.

ART.

NELLO.—Mirror painting is not a modern form of colouring. It is a revival of a description of painting well known in the eighteenth century.

ENQUIRING BEE.—Fire screens can be decorated with paintings upon china, glass, or other materials. One of the newest shapes for the screen are low two-fold screens, with a ledge placed across the middle large enough to hold a teacup. The spaces above this ledge are decorated with flower or fruit designs, painted upon pale-coloured satin or upon gold canvas. The spaces below the ledge are filled with stamped leather or plain dark velvets.

IGNORANT.—You cannot use the same brushes for oil or water-colour and lustra painting. Your own common sense should have shown you that cleaning a brush in turpentine and soaking it in oil is not a good preparation for laying on successfully the delicate washes required in water-colour work.

BABY.—Crewel painting, Kensington painting, and pen painting are the same description of painting, christened anew by the firms who sell them. It is oil-painting upon velveteen or satin that appears like coarse crewel-work. The oils are mixed with mastic varnish and laid thickly on the material, and stroked down in short ridges with a fine steel pen.

ETTA.—For large fully-coloured terra-cotta plaques, varnish with the best copal varnish. For a little painted spray on a small article, use white, hard spirit varnish.

M. B.—You can frost evergreens by dipping the leaves in gum-water and dusting crystallised Epsom salts or plain flour over them.

WORK.

S. A. WRIGHT.—There will be no discontinuance of the articles by a "Lady Dressmaker," as we are well aware of the value of such instructions as hers to multitudes who have to ply their own needles and economise both money and materials.

NELLIE.—You asked what could not be expected. In the first place, we do not write to order; we supply our readers with what we think generally desirable, and do not put in long recipes for knitting or crochet, which would occupy too much space for the interest thereby supplied to all. The majority of readers must be considered before two or three. Procure a sixpenny knitting manual for the petticoat you require, and the gloves.

MOSS ROSEBUD.—Patterns of crochet edgings are sold, we think, in little books in the workshops, at a penny or twopence each.

A VILLAGE LASS.—Put a little glycerine on the tea-stain before sending the counterpane to the wash.

NESTA.—Instead of washing knitted woollen shawls, many people clean them by rubbing them in flour, bran, or oatmeal, which cleans them equally well without otherwise spoiling them. Great care is needed to get all the flour or bran out, and the person who undertakes to do them should be well covered up.

MYRTLE.—Half-a-dozen of each article is the usual number for a plain trousseau (not trouserou); one plain, warm dress for everyday wear, one for best, and, perhaps, two common dresses would be sufficient. If you had given us any idea of how much you had to spend, we should have known how to advise.

SUNFLOWER must advertise for such a situation if she cannot find it by inquiries amongst her friends. The salary of a companion would vary with her duties, from £20 to £50.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CHUMPY DRAYMEA.—Copper and bronze coins have been in use from the earliest ages. You can use up the pieces of short wool by purchasing a piece of coarse canvas large enough for a rug or mat, and then double the pieces of wool in the centre; pull the doubled end through each alternative hole of the canvas, and then back again through the next, and lastly put the two ends through the loop. In this way you can make a handsome mat. You will need a crochet hook to work with. We are much grieved to hear of your suffering state, and hope you may be given patience and grace and faith to trust in God's goodness and mercy.

AN ANXIOUS GIRL.—The bit of flower you sent us was too much spoilt to be useful. We have given the fullest information possible in our articles last year on "Work for All," and must beg you and all our readers to refer to them.

EMU (Belmont House).—We imagine the goldfish probably enjoy the tub and the fresh air; but we think you would obtain more pleasure from them by having them in the glass globe. In either case, the water must absolutely be changed.

A CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER.—We do not know what you could do to revive writing in ink on wood; but you might try the solution of prussiate of potash in water, applied with a hair pencil, which is recommended for renewing manuscripts. There is a life of Pitt by Gifford, by Tomline, and by Earl Stanhope; and in Jesse's "Memoirs of the Life and Reign of George III.," 1867, you will find much about him.

TABLE MOUNTAIN LILY.—The 9th December, 1867, was a Monday. We have read your account of the earthquake with much interest, though from being written on such thin paper your letter was most difficult to decipher.

MAY.—No nation speaks Latin now; it is, like Greek, a dead language. As early as the sixth century B.C. it had become thoroughly corrupted by the admixture of foreign tongues, and exhibited symptoms of decay. The sources of Italian and the other Romance languages must be sought for in the popular dialects of Italy, not in the classical literature of Rome. We think that if the plush be good, and worth it, you had better send it to a cleaner.

MARQUIS POFFWHISKER.—The fact of Daniel's silence during the erection of the golden image on the plains of Dura, and the subsequent punishment of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, appears to prove that he was not acting as prime minister during the whole of the thirty years between Nebuchadnezzar's two dreams. Read chapter iv. 7, 8, where the language and conduct of Nebuchadnezzar appear to indicate plainly that Daniel was not present daily to guide the councils of the king. We are glad to hear that you remember the poor children in the workhouses, and make them balls, dolls, and animals. You might also make reins, bags of empty cotton reels for crawling babies, pillboxes for rattles, and mount the fashion figures of the *Queen*, and other papers, on cardboard, to play with.

HIBERNIA.—We cannot help you about the composition, but we think that if you wrote to Messrs. Parkins and Gotto, Oxford-street, and got one of their copying machines, which are not very expensive, you could copy your magazine very easily, cheaply, and successfully.

ROSA ALPINA.—The quotation, "Come like shadows, so depart," is from *Macbeth*, act iv. scene i. "In durance vile" is from "Esopus to Maria," by Burns.

DENNIS DUVAL is the name of an unfinished novel by Thackeray. The last chapter appeared in the "Cornhill Magazine" in June, 1864.

ELLA LUCY M.—"De talagio" is called in English "tallage," or taillage (from the French word *taille*, or the low Latin *tallagium*, from *talea*, "a tally of wood," on which the amount of tax was scored). According to Coke it is a general term, including all subsidies, taxes, tenths, etc., but it was generally restricted to denote the taxes received by the king. "Tallage" in old English law meant a certain rate or tax paid by barons, knights, and inferior tenants towards the public expenses. When paid out of knights' fees it was called "sentage," when by cities and burghs, "talliage," and when upon lands not held by military tenure, "hidage:" so says Blackstone. The title of Lord Bacon is an improper one. Sir Francis Bacon, knighted in 1603, became Lord Chancellor in 1619, with the title of Lord Verulam. In 1620 he was created Viscount St. Albans. The misnomer, Lord Bacon, has probably arisen from the fact that as Sir Francis Bacon he was better known than as Lord Verulam. So the title lord was tacked on to his surname.

YUM-YUM.—Perhaps the engagement of a conjuror would not cost you much; and the friends invited might be willing to pay a shilling each, knowing that the proceeds will be devoted to the chapel you name. But of course the success of this plan must depend on the number of people invited to the *soirée*, as the expense of hiring the performer must be covered first of all. We should think that your friends would be very glad to pay a trifle for a sitting-down entertainment after a "two hours' promenade" while listening to a band.

ZANTHO.—You appear, from the tone of your letter, to imagine that answers are due to correspondents, numbering thousands, at a very early date on receipt of their letters. This is an error which readers of the "Answers to Correspondents" have seen corrected very many times. The trouble we take is given gratis; it is not remunerated by the monthly sixpence paid for all the other matter—the paper, printing, illustrations, and postage. If you use your common sense you will not need further explanation. As a rule, letters from a great distance should be answered first, as well as those from persons in exceptional trouble, and from chronic invalids, for whom we feel much sympathy. But amidst heaps of letters, such as we have described do not always appear on the surface. Accept our regret if answers to your last-written queries have not yet appeared. They may be awaiting space, in the printers' hands.

PINK PEARL asks "Why Naaman, the Syrian leper, was allowed to go amongst his people"? We do not understand the question. If on account of the complaint he suffered, some kinds of leprosy were not so contagious as others. If because his people were heathen, we can only say that God placed him amongst them, and did not choose to remove him from his natural duties, and his duty towards his sovereign and his country.

M. S. A.—The proper form of address would be "Dear madam," ending with "Yours respectfully and gratefully." We have read your letter with much interest.

DAMARIS.—We suppose you are really English colonists in Africa, and as such are really English in nationality. "African" means a native of Africa, and we have always understood that the term "Africander" was applied to the Dutch settlers at the Cape only.

L. F.—Stephens's oak-stain would answer for your wood. Real oak should never be stained black, but after years of wear and polishing with turpentine and beeswax it naturally comes a rich dark brown.

ROYAL READER.—We know of nothing save the nose machine, so often advertised; and you might try that if you liked. Use carbolic soap to the skin, and consult a doctor

VOL. VII.—NO. 314.] JANUARY 2, 1886. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

A HAPPY HEART.

By HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

A HAPPY heart goeth all day,
  Nor fails in the heat of the noon,
It cheerily plods on the long winding way,
  Where sad hearts grow weary so soon.
A heart that is happy and gay,
  The sadness of life can beguile;
It beareth the burden and heat of the day,
  And meeteth each frown with a smile.
Oh, hearts that are happy and glad,
  Ye leaven earth's sorrow and pain—
And ye shall be blest by the weary and sad
  Ye bring back to brightness again.

A happy heart goeth all day,
  A sunbeam, unquenched by the showers,
It heedeth no thorn-branch besetting the way,
  But findeth delight in the flowers.
A heart that is happy and gay,
  With sweetness and light can illume
The lives that go sunless and sad on their way,
  And fill them with beauty and bloom.
Oh, hearts that are happy and glad,
  Ye leaven earth's sorrow and pain,
And ye shall be blest by the weary and sad
  Ye win back to brightness again.

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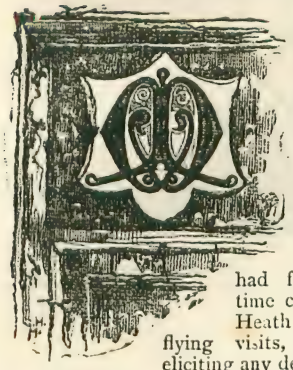
COURTLEROY.

By ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER II.

A WAIF IN THE SQUARE.



MORE than a fortnight elapsed before the question of adopting a child was again seriously discussed by Mr. and Mrs. Prettyman. The latter had from time to time consulted Miss Heath during her flying visits, but without eliciting any decided opinion from that lady. "A great responsibility. An amusement, perhaps. By all means ascertain his antecedents," and similar sentences, dropped from her oracular mouth, but Mrs. Prettyman felt that she could not act upon them. At last she said to her husband, one evening when she believed Sampson to be out of earshot—

"I have several children in my mind's eye, Joe; in fact, I have scores. I wish you would choose."

"What a big eye your mind must have, Lou! If I could look through it, perhaps I might choose; but I can't. There's safety in numbers. Where do they all come from?" returned the considerate spouse.

"I will tell you as soon as I have consulted my diary. I dotted down some of those that took my fancy. But, between ourselves, I am getting quite tired of the search, and have spent a fortune in donations."

"Just give me a few of your impressions, Lou. Where have you been?"

"Half over London and the suburbs, and even out of town. It is awful to think of the myriads of children thrown upon charity. Why don't the parents provide for them?"

"There's the rub, Lou. Young people marry without sufficient means, and leave their infants for other people to support. You, being one of the philanthropists, are anxious to help on this improvidence. Contrary to Scripture, you know, which says, 'The parents shall lay up for the children.'"

"Why, Joe, you have no idea how kindly I was received at places where you subscribe, particularly the clergy and the doctors, and the soldiers and sailors."

"They are public property, Lou, because they take care of our souls, bodies, and native land. But where did you fix your affections?"

"I liked the cheerful places best, where they were dressed in bright costumes. I ran away from the sisterhoods, because I can't bear all those black gowns, and veils, and strips of white across the forehead, and big crosses. I hope I wasn't wrong, Joe, but they frightened me; and so did the rooms, like convents, with arched windows and small panes, and gloomy passages. I can't understand why good people should dress themselves up and live like that. Not but that the children looked happy enough. However, I am tired to death, and so, I should think, were the saints and royal family, for many of the orphanages are named after them. I often wonder how the dear queen and the princesses can bear to see their names stuck about like placards, as if to advertise the contents of London. Dear me! Who can that be ringing the hall bell with such a peal at this time of night? Nobody ever comes so late except Milly Heath, and she rings like a mouse."

It was truly a vigorous peal that aroused the slumbrous household of the Prettymans; and it awakened so much curiosity in the mistress of the mansion that she scarcely gave Sampson time to answer it before she rang a corresponding peal on the library bell. There was a scuffle in the hall, as if all the servants had come to see what was the matter, and a simultaneous cry from Sampson of "Master! master! please to come here!" as that worthy burst open the sitting-room door.

Mr. Prettyman hastened into the hall, followed by his wife. Sampson was looking out of the door, and two or three of the maids were there, wondering what it was all about.

"What's the matter, Sampson?" asked Mr. Prettyman.

"There, there, sir! A woman thrust it in and ran away before I could say Jack Robinson. I'll go after her and the police," replied the butler, pointing first to a corner of the hall and then taking to his heels and running up the square.

Mr. and Mrs. Prettyman and the maids all turned their heads in the direction of that pointed finger, expecting to see, if not a burglar, at least his tools, or possibly a box of dynamite ready to blow them all up. The women shrank back while Mr. Prettyman proceeded to investigate.

"Oh, my dear, for goodness' sake take care! There may be some explosive substance," cried the wife, laying hold of his coat-tails.

It was some little time before he discovered the cause of the commotion. In the farthest corner of the hall he saw, behind a chair, what appeared to be a bundle. Moving the chair, he perceived the sole of a small foot protruded from its folds. He was not a nervous man, but what if the "it" Sampson had mentioned were a dead child? He shrank back a little, but summoning his courage he laid hold of the bundle. The foot—two feet in fact—began to kick vigorously.

"An explosive, to all intents and purposes, Lou," he cried to Mrs. Prettyman, now surrounded by the maids.

With some difficulty he dragged the bundle from its corner, but the contents struggled so violently that it slipped from his grasp, and in a minute he was confronted by a barefooted urchin, clad in a suit of clothes which were too big for him, and into which he must have rolled himself bundlewise when he attained the corner of the hall. Two little fists were doubled at him in pugilistic fashion, two bright eyes looked boldly into his, but neither word nor cry escaped from this juvenile prizefighter. Mr. Prettyman laughed, and the women, encouraged, came forward. Mrs. Prettyman exclaimed, the maids shrieked, and the child used his fists defiantly at them all.

At this juncture Sampson returned with a policeman. The attention of the young pugilist was diverted to them, and he put himself in an attitude of self-defence.

"We can't find the woman, sir," said Sampson.

"But without doubt we shall. Come here, you young scamp," echoed the policeman, seizing the child, who kicked and cuffed, but to no purpose.

"Don't hurt him; I am sure Providence has sent him," said Mrs. Prettyman.

"We won't hurt the little chap, ma'am. He can come to the police-station to-night, and to-morrow he can go to the union while we make inquiries. We'll institute a search for the woman instanter. Here's a card round his neck."

Mr. Prettyman examined the card, while the policeman held the boy. He laughed heartily as he read from the card, or rather parchment label, "To Joseph Prettyman, Esq., —— square, London," and from the reverse side, "George Hope. Irish."

"This is an answer to your various inquiries, Lou," he said.

The policeman began to question the child, but not a word would he speak. He could no longer use his fists, for his adversary had hold of one arm, neither would he use his tongue.

"Perhaps he is deaf and dumb," whispered Mrs. Prettyman. "Let me try. Now, Georgie, if you will be a good little boy, you shall have some praties, and"—she continued, going towards him and affecting an Irish accent.

"Herrins" he shouted, liberated himself from the policeman, and confronted his new ally.

She took his hand, pushed off his Tam o'Shanter cap, and looked him over. Then she said, meditatively, "Curly hair, rosy cheeks, beaming eyes, rounded limbs, plenty of spirit, sure to be an orphan. What do you think, Joe?"

"Questionable antecedents," replied Mr. Prettyman, emphasising the last word. "But since he is directed to me, we can't turn him adrift to-night. Make all inquiries, Jones, and let me know the result," he added to the policeman.

"All right, sir. We'll be after the woman, and you must identify her," returned the policeman, looking at Sampson.

"I never saw her, but the child is sure to know her. Better send him off, sir," said Sampson.

"To-morrow, perhaps, but not to-night. We must put the bundle away into some cupboard or other since it is addressed to me. Good-night, Jones."

The policeman departed, and the little bare feet began to dance energetically. Sampson looked on with becoming gravity, the cook with displeasure, and the other women put their aprons before their mouths to stop an explosion of laughter.

"Send him something to eat into the library, cook," said Mrs. Prettyman.

"Herrins!" shouted Master George Hope.

It was impossible to help laughing; and the aprons fell when Mr. Prettyman led off the cacchination. The child stood amongst them with inimitable coolness, looking from one to the other as if he commanded the whole situation, and had been trained for the occasion. Suddenly he caught the genenal infection, and began to laugh so merrily that even the imperturbable Sampson was moved to join. The juvenile treble rang through the hall, till Mrs. Prettyman could contain herself no longer. She ran towards him, caught him in her arms, and exclaimed—

"Oh, you darling! Let us adopt him. There is nothing to be desired."

"Except the respectability," added Mr. Prettyman. "But take him into the library."

The child, however, objected to be carried, and struggled so violently that Mrs. Prettyman was obliged to put him down, and he was no sooner on *terra firma* than the fists were at work again.

"He wants the shillelagh," said Mr. Prettyman, taking him by the arm and impelling him into the library.

"Shillelagh!" repeated he, digging one little fist into Mr. Prettyman's chest.

"What fools some people are!" ejaculated the cook as they disappeared. "This comes of all the fuss about adopting a child. Some East-ender has heard of it, and one of them Irish cockneys has got rid of her child in this way. I, for one, won't stay if they keep him."

"Anyhow, you'd better get him something to eat. You can send Mary Ann up with it," said Sampson.

"I'm not a going to wait upon a beggar like that," returned Mary Ann, the parlour-maid, for the Prettymans eschewed footmen.

"I'll take it. I never see such a dear in my life," put in Ada, the housemaid—or Aëda, as she was called by her fellow-servants in broad London vernacular.

The women disappeared, leaving Sampson to his solitary meditations.

"Sampson, come here," echoed from the library. "See if you can get that urchin from under the sofa."

Sampson was a portly man, as a butler should be, and always had a difficulty in stooping. He did his best, however, and saw two bright eyes peering at him from beneath the sofa indicated, and a pair of chubby hands with their palms on the floor. He was about to lay hold on the troublesome owner of the same, when he received a pinch in the calf of his leg.

"The young scamp!" he exclaimed, rubbing the aggrieved member, while his master and mistress laughed, as lookers on will. It was evident that they were not used to children, or they would not have thus encouraged the delinquent; but they had themselves been chasing him from corner to corner before he took refuge under the sofa. The scene was exciting. The child was evidently accustomed to go on all-fours, and the three pairs of legs of his elders could not compete with his staff. His eyes were as watchful and his face as resolute as those of a dog at bay; but he neither spoke nor cried. Not all Mrs. Prettyman's blandishments, her husband's amused promises of reward for better behaviour, or Sampson's threats, could dislodge him from his place of retreat. Four of his five senses had been assailed in vain; it remained for Ada to attack the fifth. She came in with a small tray and took the citadel with the sense of smell.

"Herrins!" cried the hitherto impregnable fortress.

"One of my bloaters!" echoed Sampson, resignedly.

"Yes," subjoined Ada. "I beg your pardon, ma'am, for bringing it here; but it seemed the only thing he cared for. Now, Georgie, come and have your dinner."

Ada was trim and pretty, and had a pleasant voice. She and the "herrins" prevailed. The bundle crept from beneath the sofa, glancing from one to the other of his entertainers, yet keeping an eye on his place of refuge, and finally stood before the tray and beside Ada.

"Take off the covers," said Mrs. Prettyman, seating herself behind the child. "You may go now, Sampson. Pray don't speak, Joe, or we shall frighten him again."

Joe was quite as interested as his wife, and watched the proceedings with an amused eagerness. No sooner had Ada removed the covers from two small dishes which contained, the one a bloater, the other the remains of the mashed potatoes from the dinner table, than the child fell to. Ada was for removing the bones, but he managed the work without her aid, by means of his fingers and a knife; the silver fork he did not understand.

"If the bones should choke him," whispered Mrs. Prettyman.

But they did not. He left the "vertebral column" intact, and demolished all the rest of the fish. He carefully examined the potatoes before he began upon them, Ada suggesting that the skins had been pared off, and finally emptied the dish. Ada had secreted a piece of jam tart, which she now produced; but this, after due inspection, he would not eat. He had apparently a cautious soul, that would undertake nothing he could not understand. Jam tart was incomprehensible to him, but potatoes and herring were not.

"The bumps of caution and combativeness well developed," said Mr. Prettyman.

"Tank God for my dood supper!" said the child, to the general surprise and delight. Then he made a sidelong move towards the sofa, as if about to return to that harbour.

But Ada took his hand, and asked him, coaxingly, to come with her, whispering aside to her mistress that she would take care of him.

"Where?" asked the child, with a strong Irish burr, looking inquiringly at Ada, as if he meant, literally, to discover her intentions through her eyes.

"To bed," she replied; and he was so well satisfied, either with her looks or words, or with both combined, that he nodded an assent, glancing suspiciously at Mr. Prettyman the while.

"All right," nodded that gentleman, in return; "but I hope your feet are clean."

"Biddy washed 'em," replied the urchin, taken by surprise, and protruding first one, then the other, to the admiring gaze of the trio assembled, and showing that they were as white as needs be.

Ada drew him from the room with some difficulty, he positively declining to approach Mrs. Prettyman or wish her good night. When he was gone, a discussion arose concerning him. Mr. Prettyman's natural jocularity was laid aside for serious consultation, and his wife's simplicity for common sense. He usually found his pleasure in the innocent jests on her credulity, and she hers in wondering whether he were in jest or earnest; but now there was something tangible to consider, they both tried to meet it. He said, decidedly, that every inquiry must be made concerning the child, and he restored to his friends, if he had any, and if they could be found. It was evident that someone to whom he belonged had heard of her inquiries at the various orphanages, and had thrust the boy into the house in the hope that he would meet with a good home.

"And why not?" she asked, timidly. "He is a lovely child."

"Inheriting all the instincts of his race; a born fighter, a veritable son of Erin," he replied.

The discussion waxed hot; and had not Mrs. Prettyman been incapable of quarrelling, this "let-one-another-alone" couple would undoubtedly have quarrelled over the innocent George Hope. The fact was that Mr. Prettyman had humoured his wife in her fancy for adopting a child, because he felt sure that it would die out in the difficulty of choice—which it probably would, but for this unforeseen complication. The time-piece struck ten while they were yet talking fast, and coming to no agreement. This was the hour for family prayers, and Sampson appeared with the last stroke, took the Bible and Prayer-book from their seat on their own particular shelf, and put them in their accustomed place. A goodly show of maids and a boy came in, but Ada was not amongst them. It must be confessed that Mr. Prettyman's temper was ruffled when he began the chapter, but it calmed as he proceeded, for was it not about "the little ones," and "the millstone," and "their angels?" Moreover, in the prayers there occurred a special intercession for the orphan.

When they all rose from their knees, and while Mr. Prettyman was saying good night, his wife slipped out and went to seek Ada. She found her at her own bedside, watching the child.

"He has only just fallen asleep, ma'am," said Ada. "I couldn't get him into bed, for he would lie on the floor; so I had to wait till he was asleep, slip off his clothes, and put him in. He is as clean and fair as a gentleman's child, and I never saw a greater beauty in my life. I hope master won't send him away; he might take Tom's place as page-boy in a few years."

"A good idea, Ada," said Mrs. Prettyman, contemplating the boy. She thought she had never seen such a cherub before. He had not been half-starved, that was evident, neither had he been ill-treated, for the face was dimpled with smiles as he slept; still he must be, she feared, the born pugilist her husband prophesied, for the little fist that had found its way outside the bed-clothes was clenched and looked alarmingly muscular.

"You will see to him and keep him out of your master's way till he has settled something," she whispered, as she stooped to kiss the chubby cheek.

She sighed as she did so, thinking to herself that it was hard she had no child of her "very own," and feeling drawn towards this waif with that maternal instinct that God has given to most women, whether encircled by olive branches, or doomed to the desert where such are not allowed to flourish.

(To be continued.)

A SWISS POETESS.

By the Rev. JOHN KELLY, Translator of Hymns of the Present Century.

Many of our readers have doubtless met with a collection of translations from the German, entitled "Hymns from the Land of Luther," and read some beautiful and thoughtful pieces bearing the name of Meta Heusser. In every German hymn-book for public worship, and collection for private edification, published within the last forty years or more, pieces by this poetess are to be found. By general consent she is regarded as quite the foremost among the German speaking writers of sacred poetry of her time. Her nationality, however, was not German. She was a Swiss, and her poetry bears deep traces of the surroundings in the midst of which she was brought up.

"Never has any Swiss writer succeeded in grasping and indicating the intellectual and symbolical relations of Alpine nature in its

sublimity, from its giant mountains to its tiniest flowers, to the human heart, and to human life, as she has done in her poems. Her sublime mountain songs and her fragrant flower songs are sufficient evidence of this."*

High up among the mountains she was born on the 6th of April, 1797, and spent the whole of her long life. Her father, Diethelm Schweizer, was pastor of the lonely parish of Hirzel, near Horgen, above the Lake of Zürich, the highest village in situation in the whole Canton, where he died in 1824. Her mother, the daughter of a country pastor, was a pious, simple-minded, yet withal intellectual woman. The worthy couple had five daughters. All the education that Meta enjoyed was received at home. Her father taught her writing and arithmetic; her mother taught her reading, knitting, spinning, and sewing. With the exception of Klopstock's poems, and a few isolated songs by other writers, she had no very early acquaintance with German poetry. Her own poetical genius was, nevertheless, early developed. "She could not choose but sing as the bird among the branches." When she did come to know the classical writers of Germany, the beautiful forms of their poems, of which she had little or no previous idea, excited her warmest and most enthusiastic admiration. Sitting at her spinning-wheel with her sisters, we are told, she delighted in learning many of Schiller's ballads. By familiarity also with the works of other writers, her memory became a rich storehouse of song, both secular and sacred. The Bible and nature, however, were the two great sources of her inspiration.

In her father's parish, consisting, as it did, only of a few scattered farms and hamlets, there could not be much society, but one notable man lived there. This was Johann Heusser, who had raised himself from a very humble position in life, and from poverty, to be the skilled and busy physician of the neighbourhood. Meta Schweizer became his wife. His benevolence must have been as great as his energy and activity, for he received all kinds of patients into his house, particularly the mentally afflicted, and not the patients only, but also their relations, friends, and attendants. The strain was often too much for his warm-hearted and devoted wife, but, amid all her household cares, she sang more than ever, never thinking that her songs would ever be given to the world.

Her poems first began to appear in 1834, in the then recently-started Christoterpe, a Christian annual for the educated laity, edited by Albert Knapp, the celebrated Swabian poet and hymnologist. They were published under the title "Lieder eines Verborgenen" (Songs of a Hidden One). They at once became widely known, and highly appreciated. In 1855, a couple of years after the Christoterpe had been given up,† Knapp paid her a visit in her mountain-home with the purpose of persuading her to allow the separate publication of her poems. He went resolved to gain his object, and he succeeded, but only after much resistance on her part.

They were published in 1858. A second volume was issued in 1867. In the first instance they were anonymously issued, but the appearance of two volumes of prose and verse, under the title "From the Papers of a Hidden One,"* closely resembling the title of Meta Heusser's book (Songs of a Hidden One), led to the works of the two writers being confounded with each other, and necessitated at last the acknowledgment of her own work by Meta Heusser.

The second edition of her poems, issued in 1863, bore her own full name on the title page.

In 1859 she lost her husband. Her outward life then became more tranquil. One of her daughters (she had seven children), who was married and settled in Zürich, wished her to come and take up her abode in that city; but she never could be persuaded to comply with this desire.

"Do not try to transplant an old tree," she said.

She preferred to remain in her birthplace with her youngest daughters and her unmarried sister, who was some years older than herself, and receive visits from her children and grandchildren.

In 1874 she lost her sister. She felt the blow so deeply, that from that time it seemed as if the thread of her life were snapped. She had often said to her children, "You know how I love you, and how I live with you, but you are a new generation; only with my sister do I live in my own time." Though in appearance she fell off perceptibly, her inward life was as warm and fresh as ever. In 1874 she had a slight shock of paralysis, in the following summer dropsy set in, and in December, 1875, she entered into rest. She was buried in the same churchyard as her husband, one of her children, and many of her friends.

"Love never faileth," were among the last words of consolation which she addressed to the weeping group standing around her death-bed. These words, which describe her whole life, may now be read upon her tombstone. "Her life at home and in her native village was a chain of loving deeds, which brought her especially into connection with the sorrowful and the tempted. The Word of God and the rich stores of sacred song treasured in her excellent memory were, through the power of the Holy Ghost, the means of consolation and of healing."

In this respect she supplemented the medical practice of her husband. A life like hers, led in a secluded Alpine parish, far away from the busy world and all its concerns, may be looked upon by some as a monotonous one, but it was not so in reality. She herself said, beautifully and truly, that all the same forces are at work in the most lonely corner of the world as are struggling with each other in the great life of the world; and that the one great Helper and Saviour takes an interest in the vast whole, and stretches out His redeeming hand to the individual soul.

In the movements that were going on in the great world, so far from which she lived, she took a lively interest. Her youth was passed in the time of awakening that followed the wars of liberation. In her riper years she lived through eventful times, alike in the political and religious spheres. In the controversy raised by the publication of Strauss's "Life of Christ" she took part. Several excellent articles from her pen appeared in the *Evangelical Swiss Times*.

In early life she formed a friendship with the poetess, Anna Schlatter, of St. Gallen, and her daughters. With the latter she kept up a diligent correspondence. With advancing years their mutual attachment never cooled, but became deeper. It was confirmed by interchange of visits.

There are several of her poems which give us an insight into her beautiful home-life, and her relations to her children; of two of them we subjoin translations.

The first is called

AT MIDNIGHT.

(Between the beds of the sleeping children.)

'Tis dark,—the sounds of busy life
Are hushed in midnight darkness deep;
The stars their shining courses run—
Love wakes, all else is sunk in sleep.

O mother love, in this dark vale,
O mother love, in light above!
Be still, O heart, if thy love cease,
Ne'er slumbers, never sleeps God's love.

On you, the flow'rets of my life,
My children, hath it ever thought;—
Sleep on, your angels do not keep
Their silent watch o'er you for nought.

'Tis Bethel here, God's messengers
Are ever going to and fro;
He bids them with His little ones
Through life as guardians ever go.

Do I, too, feel their gentle flight?
The mother also do they greet?
Ah! more the prayer of faith desires
Than angels' nearness, howe'er sweet!

O Thou who hearest mothers' prayers,
And lovest children, come and bless;
Thy pierced hand upon them lay,
That they may all Thy gifts possess.

Thine are they, for Thou gav'st them me—
Again I lay them on Thy breast;
Seal them unto eternal life,
In Thy love may they ever rest!

Wert Thou not mine, Thou sinners' friend!
In looking at life's crags so steep,
I for my children tears should shed;
But Thou dost love, and watch dost keep.

Lord, fold them in Thy faithful arms,
Heal Thou sin's early, deadly smart,
In Thy compassion guide their steps;
Thou knowest the poor human heart!

Lord! did they share their parents' sin
As soon as they began to be?
Thy blood-bought gift of righteousness
May they inherit now from Thee?

Their names write in the book of life—
Those new names which the world derides;
Keep them within thy covenant,
Unite them when the world divides.

And must I pass through anxious nights
When their complaining pains mine ear?
May fairer from the bitter woe
The vict'ry of Thy life appear!

Feed Thou Thy sheep! And may I ne'er
See them in foreign pastures stray,
But in the fields of Paradise
Around their Shepherd stand for aye!

Then slumber in your Shepherd's name,
His promise He can ne'er unsay;
His kingdom He will give to you;
Night flees and dawns eternal day!

The second poem is one to her youngest daughter on leaving school. It is dated 1851.

The lower school thou leav'st to-day,
My daughter, joyfully;
Thy brothers from the high school come
To-day again with glee.

The hard constraint is over now
Of schools both great and small,
That now for twenty years for me
Has held my children all.

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* Kraus's Geistliche Lieder, im 19tem. Jahrhundert. A small selection of her poems has been translated into English by H. L. L., a personal friend of her own, one of the translators of "Hymns from the Land of Luther," and separately published under the title, "Alpine Lyrics" (London, 1875). This little volume contains a brief sketch of Meta Heusser from the pen of one of her daughters. To this sketch, but chiefly to the account of the life of the poetess written by Kraus, the present writer is indebted for the biographical information given in this article. He also acknowledges his obligation to Menzel's article in the "Allgemeine Deutsche Biographie," a great work at present in course of publication.

† It has recently been revived.

* Aus dem Papieren einer Verborgenen.

How joyfu'ly do we look back,
When from some height we view
With our mind's eye the path we've trod,
And all that we've passed through!

There what was dark and trying once
Seems easy now and clear;
The clouds of trouble and of care
Behind seem bright and clear.

Yet hast thou all things learnt, my child?
Is all your work quite done?
Your elder brothers e'en,—have they
Through all their school-course run?

As long as man on earth abides,
At school there still is he;
And happy he who understands
Submissive there to be.

To the great children-band there speaks
One Master ever here,
Through human life, from day to day,
In tones subdued and clear.

Come, Meta! much remaineth still
For us to learn and know,
And so together hand in hand
We still to school shall go.

The last piece, of which we shall give a translation, is one of her most characteristic poems. It is entitled

THE LANGUAGE OF NATURE.

All hail to you, ye verdant shades,
Thou wild and earnest rocky vale,
Ye Alps, and you, ye flowery banks,
Now bathed in evening sunlight pale.
O Nature, what thy symbols mean,
My heart, childlike, inquires of thee;
Complainings into hymns resolved,
Its echo sounds from wood and lea.

As rich in flowers and splendid dreams
My childhood's path once seemed to be,
There 'neath my trees a house of God
Had opened wide its door to me.
Too soon, alas! 'twas closed again,
Then flat and void was life to me;
God's word and hand in Nature now
No longer could I hear or see.

Yet conscious only of the wounds
Was I, that deeply pierced my breast;
On earth no healing balm was found,
Within my heart no peace, no rest.
The light of morn so clear, appeared
O'ercast unto my troubled eye,
The agitated silver wave*
Gave back again my mournful cry.

Yet as in wondrous clearness came
The Friend of Man, and stood before
My soul, who us transforms in love,
The great consoler's Counsellor—
As He His faithful hand, that once
For us hath bled, stretched forth to show
To me the way that leadeth home
To God, through conflict and death's woe.

And now, sweet peace brought back again,
The storm allayed with quiet rest,—
The light shone round me, I once more
With smile of earth and heaven was blessed.
Now doth the world transfigured seem,
My God's own world it stands revealed,
Thy Father's gracious Word is heard
By His child's heart in wood and field.

The resurrection's messenger—
The dawn—with smiles our gaze doth greet,
The stars e'en as they rise and set
Prefigure our reunion sweet.
Then do the rainbow's glories speak,
Whene'er the storms have passed away,
Of God's great covenant of peace
That He hath made with us for aye.

Thou Love, Eternal and Divine,
That none of us doth e'er forget,
My life be ever spent for Thee
Until my sun on earth be set.
Then blows Thy breath around my hill,
And decks it with hope's green array.
Love bears me as on angels' wings
Unto Thy home in endless day.

* Und die bewegte Silberwelle.

A GIRL'S RAMBLES THROUGH HAUNTED LONDON;

OR,

ANECDOTES OF THE STREETS OF THE GREAT METROPOLIS.

By JAMES AND NANETTE MASON.

III.—ST. PAUL'S AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

THE lofty, dreary-looking walls of what was known as Fleet Prison used to form a conspicuous object near the foot of Ludgate Hill. This celebrated prison was on the east side of Farringdon Street; on part of its site now stands the Congregational Memorial Hall. It was a "noisome place with a pestilent atmosphere;" and no wonder, for it stood on the banks of the Fleet Ditch—now built over—which here rolled "its large tribute of dead dogs to Thames."

The Fleet had many well-known inmates in its day. Thomas Keys, the serjeant porter of Queen Elizabeth's court, was sent there for getting married—(it was one evening in August, 1565, "by an old fat priest in a short gown")—to Lady Mary Grey, the sister of Lady Jane Grey. They were an odd couple, Lady Mary being "the smallest woman in the court," and Keys the largest man. Discovery quickly followed the ceremony. "The burly sergeant porter," says Mr. Froude, "was sent to the Fleet to grow thin on discipline and low diet; the Lady Mary went into private confinement; and both were only too eager to release each other and escape from punishment." The bishops had some trouble in undoing the knot, and the incident furnished Elizabeth with "a fresh topic on which to descant in illustration of the iniquities of matrimony."

Dr. John Donne, a poet and divine of the reign of James I., was another whose marriage brought him to confinement in Fleet Prison. His offence was that he had married the daughter of Sir George More without her father's leave. They married, says Izaak Walton, in his charming "Life of Donne," "without the allowance of those friends whose approbation always was and ever will be necessary to make even a virtuous love become lawful." His marriage was the great error of Donne's life, and both he and his wife Anne would no doubt bitterly have repented of it if, says Walton, "God had not blessed them with so mutual and cordial affections, as in the midst of their sufferings made their bread of sorrow taste more pleasantly than the banquets of dull and low-spirited people."

Everyone has heard of Fleet marriages. Down to the reign of George III. degraded clergymen living within the Rules of the Fleet Prison used to ply the matrimonial trade there in the most unblushing manner. "In walking along the streets in my youth," says Pennant, "on the side next this prison, I have often been tempted by the question, 'Sir, will you be pleased to walk in and be married?'" A sign was in many cases hung outside showing two clasped hands with "Marriages performed within" written underneath. The parson was willing to tie the knot for half-a-crown and a gill of spirits. These marriages were rather unlicensed than clandestine. They were long recognised by all sensible people as a scandal, but it was not till 1753 that a bill was introduced in Parliament declaring such unions to be null and void.

The locality known as *Blackfriars* derives its name from a monastery which once stood near Ludgate. It was at this monastery that the divorce of Henry VIII. from Catherine of Arragon was publicly tried before the papal legates, Cardinal Campeggio and Cardinal Wolsey. The court met on the 28th of May, 1529. The queen made her appearance only to protest against the legality of the proceedings; after a solemn address to the king for justice, she appealed to the Pope and withdrew. Justice she did not get, but, like a good woman, when she died seven years after, we find her dictating a touching letter of forgiveness and gentle admonition to him whom she still addressed as her most dear lord and husband.

"The hour of my death now approaching," she says; "I cannot choose, but, out of the love I bear you, advise you of your soul's health, which you ought to prefer before all considerations of the world or flesh whatsoever; for which yet you have cast me into many calamities, and yourself into many troubles. But I forgive you all, and pray God to do likewise. . . . Lastly, I make this vow, that mine eyes desire you above all things. Farewell."

Shakespeare had a house in Blackfriars, which he left to his eldest and favourite daughter, Susannah, she who married a physician at Stratford. The deed of conveyance was sold in 1841, and fetched the high price of £165 15s.

Before ascending Ludgate-hill on our way to St. Paul's, we may as well notice the site of Baynard's Castle, which is in this neighbourhood. This fortress on the banks of the Thames, immediately below St. Paul's, was once a royal residence, but to us its most interesting tenant is the celebrated Anne Clifford, Countess of Dorset and Montgomery, who had her abode here about the middle of the seventeenth century.

The countess is credited with being one of the most eminent persons of her age for intellectual accomplishments, for spirit, magnificence, and deeds of benevolence. Two hospitals were founded by her, and she repaired or built no fewer than seven churches and six castles. She is also famous as the author of a letter which has been often printed, and which affords a very good illustration of one side, at any rate, of her character.

The Secretary of State to Charles II. had taken the liberty of nominating to her a member for the borough of Appleby. The countess settled the matter thus: "I have been bullied by a usurper, I have been neglected by a court, but I will not be dictated to by a subject; your man shan't stand."

It was at Baynard's Castle, long before the Countess's time, that the council was held in which it was resolved to proclaim Mary Queen of England. The proclamation was made at once at the Cheapside Cross by sound of trumpet.

We retrace our steps now to the foot of Ludgate-hill, and, only a few paces from Farringdon-road, come to the entrance to La Belle Sauvage-yard. It was here that a well-known inn used to be, whose name—the Belle Sauvage—has occasioned a great deal of discussion. Was it so called, as one writer asserts, from Isabella Savage, who once owned the house? Or is it a compound made up of the name of an old landlord and the sign of a bell which advertised its comfortable accommodation to the outside world? Or was the original *belle sauvage*, as others say, the Indian Princess Pocahontas, who saved the life of Captain Smith when he was about to be dispatched by orders of her father? The derivation is an exercise for the ingenious, and was so, apparently, as far back as the days of Queen Anne. "As for the Bell-Savage," says Addison in the *Spectator*, "which is the sign of a savage man standing by a bell, I was formerly very much puzzled upon the conceit of it, till I accidentally fell into the reading of an old romance translated out of the French; which gives an account of a very beautiful woman who was in a wilderness, and is called in the French *la belle Sauvage*, and is everywhere translated by our countrymen the Bell-Savage."

The old Lud Gate, the sixth and principal gate of London, crossed the street by St. Martin's Church. It was removed in 1760, the year that George III. came to the throne.

At Lud Gate there was a wretched prison for debtors, which in the fifteenth century was the scene of a romantic story. A young man, Stephen Forster, happened to be confined there for debt, and he was engaged one day in begging at the grate from the passers-by. A rich widow heard him, and asked what sum would purchase his liberty. "Twenty pounds!" said he. She paid the money and took him into her service, in which he displayed uncommon zeal and ability. Affection sprung up between them, and they were married, and to complete Forster's prosperity, he came to be Lord Mayor in 1454.

After his death his widow—a "well-disposed, blessed, and devout woman"—in memory of him enlarged the prison and endowed a new chapel in connection with it. This charitable deed was long commemorated on a brass plate let into the wall, the homely rhymes of the inscription being as follows:—

"Devout souls that pass this way,
For Stephen Forster, late Mayor, heartily pray;
And Dame Agnes, his spouse, to God consecrate,
That of pity this house made, for Londoners in Ludgate,
So that for lodging and water prisoners here nought pay,
As their keepers shall all answer at dreadful doomsday."

Passing through Stationers' Hall-court, on the north side of Ludgate-hill, we come to Stationers' Hall, and here—though one might not expect it—we are met by recollections of St. Cecilia, the patroness of music—she who by her harmonius strains is said to have charmed an angel from the abodes of bliss down to this work-a-day world. It was at Stationers' Hall that Dryden's Ode, "Alexander's Feast, or the Power of Music," was first brought out, in 1697. The words were set to music by Jeremiah Clarke, who was organist of St. Paul's, and who afterwards came to an unhappy end, shooting himself in a fit of love-melancholy. Clarke's music was ill-suited for Dryden's verses, and it was not till 1735 that the Ode had justice done to it. In that year Handel set it to music, which is as great an inspiration in its way as the Ode itself.

The grand chorus with which the Ode concludes is often quoted:

"At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With nature's mother wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
He raised a mortal to the skies,
She drew an angel down."

One of the portraits in Stationers' Hall is that of the wife of Richardson, the novelist, whom we mentioned when speaking of Salisbury-court. She looks prim and particular. Her husband called her his "worthy-hearted wife," but complained that "she used to get her way by seeming to submit and then returning to the point when his heat of objection was over"—not an uncommon artifice. She was strict and formal, like Richardson himself; but there is something fragrant about her memory. We learn from a contemporary, that as soon as she rose in the morning, she and her daughters were accustomed to form a circle in the nursery and read Psalms aloud, verse about. After breakfast, the girls read to her in turn the Psalms and Lessons for the day. In the evening the young people had tea in Mrs. Richardson's parlour, and then "the practice was for one of the young ladies to read while the rest sat with mute attention round a large table and employed themselves in some kind of needlework."

That she understood the management of children may be seen from the following anecdote told by a lady who, when a child, lived much with the Richardsons. The little girl was given permission to walk in the garden whenever she pleased, but her father raised the objection that perhaps she would help herself to the fruit. "No," said Mrs. Richardson, "I have so much confidence in her, that if she is put upon her honour, I am certain that she will not touch so much as a gooseberry." This was a confidence, says the lady who tells the story, "that I dare safely aver I never forfeited, and which has given me the power of walking in any garden ever since without the smallest desire to touch any fruit, and taught me a lesson upon the restraint of appetite which has been useful to me all my life."

In front of St. Paul's Cathedral stood, till quite recently, a statue of Queen Anne, a poor affair, though it cost the country £1,150, exclusive of the marble, which the queen herself provided. No doubt it looked considerably better when it was new, and a London atmosphere had not begun to work mischief with it. The author of "Robinson Crusoe," who saw it when first put up, says, "it is very masterly done," but he acknowledges, "I cannot say it's extremely like her Majesty."

The old and interesting associations are almost numberless connected both with St. Paul's Cathedral and with the church to the same saint which occupied the same site, previous to the Great Fire in 1666. Fortunately, however, we are only on the outlook for incidents in which women have played a part. The first of these we shall mention is the penance of the Duchess of Gloucester in 1440, when, for witchcraft practised against Henry VI., she was led through the streets wrapped in a sheet, and carrying a lighted taper in her hand. Her sorrowful walk, according to Dean Milman, either began or terminated near the cathedral. "She and certain priests and necromancers had, it was said, melted a wax figure of young King Henry before a slow fire, praying that as that figure melted his life might melt also."

In the reign of Henry VII. the cathedral was the scene of the marriage of Catherine of Arragon to Prince Arthur, a mere boy, who died six months afterwards. The wedding was celebrated with great magnificence: only to mention one particular, the conduits at the west door of the cathedral and at many other places in the City ran all day with red and white wine for the benefit of the holiday-making Londoners.

When Queen Mary passed through the City to her coronation, a cool-headed and daring Dutchman made a sensation at St. Paul's by ascending to the Cross which formed the highest point of the cathedral, and standing there waving a long streamer, and afterwards shifting from foot to foot as he flourished two torches which he held over his head.

Mary's successor, the "Good Queen Bess," was a frequent visitor at St. Paul's. On one occasion the dean, who was preaching, said something that did not please her. Elizabeth's voice was immediately heard coming from the royal closet bidding him very sharply to stick to his text.

On another occasion the same dean—it was Dean Nowell—got into trouble through his placing in her Majesty's closet in the cathedral a Prayer-book richly adorned with German Scriptural illustrations. The queen got into a passion and sent for him.

"Why place this book on my cushion?" said she. "You know I have an aversion to idolatry. The cuts resemble angels and saints—nay, even grosser absurdities."

The frightened dean said he meant no harm, but the zealous queen read him a good lecture, and ended by wishing him better sense for the future.

To return thanks for the victory over the Armada, Elizabeth came to St. Paul's drawn by two white horses and attended by the Privy Council and all the nobility.

All these things happened in connection with old St. Paul's, which perished in the Great Fire. The present cathedral was visited by Queen Anne in solemn procession no fewer than seven times to commemorate victories over France or Spain during her eventful reign.

The last visit in state to St. Paul's was when the Queen went there on the 27th of

February, 1872, the day of thanksgiving for the recovery of the Prince of Wales.

Paternoster-row, now the great book market of London, was at one time devoted to a very different sort of business. Before the memorable Fire of London, which began on the 2nd of September, 1666, this street was occupied by eminent mercers, silkmen, and dealers in lace. It often happened that the thoroughfare was so blocked by the coaches of the nobility and gentry who came there to buy finery that there was no passage for people on foot. We read in his "Diary" of Pepys going there with his wife—it was in the year of the Fire—to buy "some green watered moyre for a morning waistcoat." A few years before—May 17th, 1662—the diarist speaks of going to Paternoster-row "to buy a petticoat, against the queen's coming, for my lady, of plain satin."

In 1720 the inhabitants of Paternoster-row were "a mixture of tradespeople and chiefly tirewomen for the sale of commodes, top-knots, and the like dressings for women." Commodes, it may be as well to explain, were the pieces of ribands and lace disposed in regular and alternate layers, which were once the fashion for a head-dress. They were sometimes called towers, and a more ridiculous freak of personal decoration it would be impossible to imagine. Top-knots were ornamental knots, or bows, worn on the top of the head.

It was in Paternoster-row, in the reign of James I., that Mrs. Anne Turner lived, who was one of the principals in the poisoning of Sir Thomas Overbury. Mrs. Turner richly deserved to be hanged, and hanged she was at Tyburn on the 15th of November, 1615. Her execution excited an immense interest. She had made herself famous in the fashionable world by inventing a yellow starch, and, in allusion to this circumstance, Lord Chief Justice Coke, at her trial declared that "as she was the inventor of yellow starched ruffs and cuffs, so he hoped that she would be the last by whom they would be worn." He therefore gave strict orders that she should be hanged decked in the finery which she had rendered so fashionable.

This addition to the sentence was fully carried out. Mrs. Turner rode in the cart to the gallows-tree at Tyburn, arrayed as if for some festive occasion, with her face rouged and with a ruff stiffened with yellow starch round her neck. The hangman also had his band and cuffs of the same colour. The object contemplated by the Lord Chief Justice was fully attained—no more yellow-starched ruffs were worn from that day.

Interesting memories of the sisters Brontë are connected with the Chapter Coffee House, at the corner of Chapter-House-court. It was to this house that Charlotte and Anne came on their arrival in town in the summer of 1848, to prove their separate identity to the publishers of "Jane Eyre." At eight o'clock one Saturday morning they were set down at the Chapter Coffee House—certainly an odd place for them. "In Mr. Brontë's few and brief visits to town," says Mrs. Gaskell, "during his residence at Cambridge and the period of his curacy in Essex, he had stayed at this house; hither he had brought his daughters when he was conveying them to Brussels, and here they came now from very ignorance where else to go. It was a place solely frequented by men; I believe there was but one female servant in the house. Few people slept there. Some of the stated meetings of the trade were held in it, as they had been for more than a century; and occasionally country booksellers, with now and then a clergyman, resorted to it; but it was a strange, desolate place for the Misses Brontë to have gone to, from its purely business and masculine character.

"The old 'grey-headed, elderly man' who officiated as waiter seems to have been touched from the very first with the quiet simplicity of the two ladies, and he tried to make them feel comfortable and at home in the long, low, dingy room upstairs, where the meetings of the trade were held." They seem to have taken a liking to the place with its grim dark houses opposite, and the mighty roar of London round them "like the sound of an unseen ocean," and preferred remaining there to accepting an invitation which Mr. Smith, the publisher, and his mother urged upon them. In after years Charlotte says:

"Since those days I have seen the West-end, the parks, the fine squares, but I love the City far better. The City seems so much more in earnest; its business, its rush, its roar, are such serious things, sights, sounds. The City is getting its living—the West-end but enjoying its pleasure. At the West-end you may be amused, but in the City you are deeply excited."

Another interesting feature of Paternoster-row it would be unpardonable to omit. At No. 56 is the office of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. No one, we hope, will ever follow in the track of our pilgrim feet without taking note of that fact.

From the north side of St. Paul's we proceed to the south. Between Knightrider-street and St. Paul's Churchyard lies Doctors' Commons, an institution of considerable domestic interest. Marriage licences are granted here on personal application by one of the parties about to be married. The licences obtained at Doctors' Commons are available either for London or the country; indeed, this may be looked on as the head-quarters of what someone describes as "the grand lottery of life, in which, fortunately, there are far more prizes than blanks."

Several courts used to sit at Doctors' Commons, and amongst the curious cases that have been tried here we may mention one brought by a man at Yarmouth, whose wife had been slandered. "It was supposed," says Dr. Nicholls, "that the suit would be attended with very little expense, but I believe in the end it greatly contributed to ruin the party who instituted it; I think he said his proctor's bill would be £700. It went through several courts, and ultimately, I believe (according to the decision or agreement), each party paid his own costs." It would have been much better to have left the wife's character to take care of itself.

A great Admiralty judge at Doctors' Commons of the early part of this century was Lord Stowell, whose marriage gave infinite amusement to the world of fashion, and brought a good deal of unhappiness on himself. He married the widow of John, Marquis of Sligo. The first time Lord Stowell, then Sir William Scott, saw the marchioness was in the Old Bailey, where he was presiding at the trial of her son for having lured into his yacht, in Mediterranean waters, two of his Majesty's seamen. The young peer was found guilty, was sentenced to fine and imprisonment, and was compelled, in addition, to listen to a parental address from Sir William Scott on the duties and responsibilities of men of high station.

"Either under the influence of sincere admiration for the judge," says Mr. Jeaffreson in his "Book about Lawyers," "or impelled by desire of vengeance on the man who had presumed to lecture her son in a court of justice, the marchioness wrote a few hasty words of thanks to Sir William Scott for his salutary exhortation to her boy. She even went so far as to say that she wished the erring marquis could always have so wise a counsellor at his side.

"This communication was made upon a slip of paper which the writer sent to the judge by an usher of the court. Sir William read the note as he sat on the bench, and having looked towards the fair scribe, he received from her a glance and a smile that were fruitful of much misery to him.

"Within four months the courteous Sir William Scott was tied fast to a beautiful, shrill, voluble termagant, who exercised marvellous ingenuity in rendering him wretched and contemptible. Reared in a stately school of old-world politeness, the unhappy man was a model of decorum and urbanity. He took reasonable pride in the perfection of his tone and manner, and the marchioness, whose malice did not lack cleverness, was never more happy than when she was gravely expostulating with him, in the presence of numerous auditors, on his lamentable want of style and gentlemanlike bearing.

"It is said that, like Coke and Holt under similar circumstances, Sir William preferred the quietude of his chambers to the society of an unruly wife, and that in the cellar of his inn he sought compensation for the indignities and sufferings which he endured at home."

A little east of Doctors' Commons we come to Heralds' College, which is a proper subject for our observation, as ladies have always had a good deal to do with the encouragement of heraldic display. One of the whimsical anecdotes of Heralds' College is connected with the family of Gibbon the historian. An ancestor of Gibbon's obtained the sanction of the authorities here to change the three harmless scallop shells in his coat-of-arms into three ogresses or female cannibals, with the intention of stigmatising three ladies, his kinswomen, who had provoked him by an unjust lawsuit—a most ingenious revenge.

Amongst the curiosities preserved at Heralds' College is the turquoise ring which Anne of France sent to James IV. of Scotland when she appointed him her chosen knight, and, as her bounden champion, laid it on him to march for her sake three feet into English ground. We all know how the king made a chivalrous response, in spite of the advice of the visionary seer who appeared before him at Linlithgow and warned him to desist from his purpose and abjure the counsel of women. His march into England ended in the disaster of Flodden Field; a battle in which he and the flower of the Scottish nobility unhappily perished.

A MOONLIGHT REVEL.

A MOONLIGHT REVEL.

By SYDNEY GREY.

THE moon comes peeping over the hill,
The flowers are dead, and the wind is chill;
The land lies hid in a shroud of white,
Yet surely the fairies are out to-night?

No elfin crew that is wont to leave
A mystic ring on a summer eve,
These winter fays are, for all their grace,
A very substantial, sturdy race.

There's winsome Maud with her golden hair,
And Nell and Katie—an idle pair;
Alice and Tom. How the time goes by,
As over the smooth dark ice they fly!

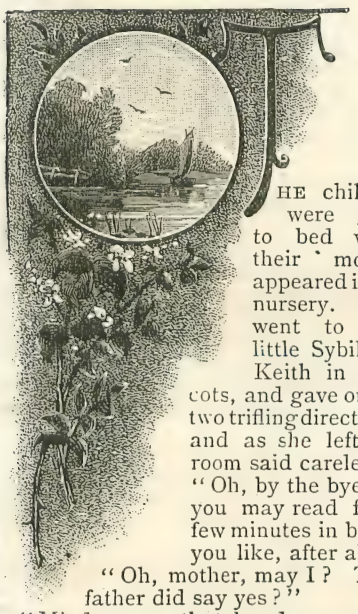
The moon is up; though the frozen stream
Will answer not to her tender beam,
She softly smiles on a merry sight,
For surely the fairies are out to-night.

FORLORN, YET NOT FORSAKEN.

THE STORY OF A NURSERY GOVERNESS.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

CHAPTER XII.



THE children were gone to bed when their mother appeared in the nursery. She went to kiss little Sybil and Keith in their cots, and gave one or two trifling directions, and as she left the room said carelessly, "Oh, by the bye, D., you may read for a few minutes in bed if you like, after all."

"Oh, mother, may I? Then father did say yes?"

"Mind, nurse, that he does not go on too long," said Emily, ignoring her son's remark.

"Yes, my lady."

The nurses exchanged looks of intelligence as soon as the door was shut, for, of course, they had already elicited from the children a full and particular account of what had taken place downstairs.

"Well, I suppose your lordship's satisfied now you've got your own way," observed the undernurse.

"I want to finish my book. Don't pull my hair, Susan."

"Oh, Dunnie, you won't really do it, will you?" said Violet, anxiously. "You know Fairfie always said no."

"I don't care," answered her brother, petulantly, "if mother says I may."

"It makes me unhappy," murmured Violet, "when dear Fairfie is ill. I wish she were here."

"I don't know why, I'm sure," exclaimed the head nurse, sharply. "You children get on very well without your fine governess, and I can't understand why your ladyship should pine after her."

"Nurse, that's rude," said Violet, with a certain child-like dignity peculiar to her.

"Well, to be sure," exclaimed the woman, tossing her head. "I'm sure my dear Lord Morpeth won't speak so unkind to his nurse, who loves him a deal better than any cross governess."

"Fairfie does love me, of course," said Dunraven, stoutly.

"Then I'd be ashamed to disobey her behind her back, if I was your lordship," put in Susan, brushing vigorously at the refractory locks.

"You shut up," roared the boy, passionately, with a strain of his father's temper cropping up, as he seized the brush from Susan's hands and flung it across the room.

The little lad was sore at heart; duty and self-will tugged at opposite ends, and his sense of right was obscured by contradictory orders and permissions.

An hour later Margaret was crossing the nursery with noiseless step. Silence reigned supreme. The fire burned low in the deserted room, the chairs were pushed back against the walls, a heap of toys lay in one corner. Through the open doors of the night nurseries came the soft breathing of the sleeping children. But Margaret frowned as she realised that they were left quite alone. Contrary to express orders, of course; but who was to prevent it?

Margaret moved softly into the room where little Sybil and Keith lay fast asleep in their cots. She watched the unconscious slumberers as the breath came with gentle regularity through their parted lips. The flickering firelight disclosed Sybil's bedclothes tossed about in wild confusion, the small brown fingers clutching the quilt. Keith looked as if he had never once stirred, except to pillow his rosy cheek on both chubby hands. Margaret leant over the little girl, to arrange her more comfortably, as she turned and muttered feverishly; and by the smaller cot she knelt for a moment, resting her fair head by that other one with its shining curls. The baby boy returned her love as fully as is possible to babyhood; he had pined for her while she was away, continually running to knock at her door with a plaintive clamour for "Fairfie." Even now, through his unconsciousness, he seemed to feel her presence, and suddenly stirring in his dreamless sleep, threw a plump arm over her neck. Margaret murmured to him in that mysterious wordless language which babies and animals comprehend so perfectly, then touching the curly head with her lips went back into the day nursery.

The room had grown darker, the lamp burned low, and an odd, faint sort of feeling crept over her. She had been kneeling too long by baby's bed; she would just rest in the rocking-chair for a few minutes before going to see the other two children. The cat, who had been dozing on the rug, awoke, yawned, stretched herself to the fullest extent, and, with arched back and waving tail, came purring and rubbing herself against her old friend's feet.

Margaret closed her eyes—she felt strangely tired, and then, like a dense, blinding mist, came upon her a sensation which, in a minor degree, I believe many of us have experienced at times. A sensation of utter loneliness, a blank, a dead wall, a grey fog. She had felt something of this before, but she told me afterwards that this particular impression was far beyond any previous one. It was like a glimpse into the shadow valley; a foretaste of the struggle of dying; a bewildering, hopeless, supreme forsaking.

It could not have lasted many minutes—it might have been hours. Somewhere, far off, a door banged with a muffled repetition. There was a faint echo of shrill laughter from the servants' passages.

Ah! What was that? Margaret started and sat up. Was it the fire in the grate that flared so fiercely from the

other night nursery? or an open window which made that rush of air?

She got up and went quickly into the room—and not too soon. By the side of Dunraven's little bed on a table stood a lighted candle, broken in two. The upper half, after gradually inclining more and more, had finally fallen to one side, flaring wildly and dropping showers of wax within an inch or two of the white curtain. Dunraven lay fast asleep, the book, around which such a battle had raged, wide open as it had slipped from his unconscious fingers.

It was but a moment's work to extinguish the candle. No harm was done, only the terrible "might have been" flashed through Margaret's mind, and she knew now why the impulse to return had been borne in so strongly upon her. Do I believe in warnings, you ask, Magdalen? Why, of course, child. I see no logical reason for the intelligent Christian to doubt them. Was not Joseph warned? Was not Peter warned? Do you know what Job says about such things? It is not that such instruction is not given us, but our dull ears, deafened with the world's clamour, do not hear, and our faith is so small. Are we not watched over by a Providence who knows all about each little sparrow? The whole thing might have been prevented? Yes; and then it would have been but a different arrangement of the same circumstances. But, as it was in this case, we are sometimes brought face to face with what might have been the consequences of our own folly, were it not for the gracious interposition of Divine aid. Ah, child, the day is coming, it is not far distant, a few have already caught a glimpse of the dawn—when the sceptical and unbelieving shall cease from off the land; when it shall no longer be an effort of faith to confess belief in miracles, because the whole system of the upholding of creation from its mightiest conception to its most trivial detail shall be revealed as the miracle of miracles. I believe, in that day, all that is now called "supernatural," for want of a clearer term, will be proved part of the harmonious working of nature in the most complete accord with the strictest laws of true science, which, in its turn, shall shine out as the basis of the whole reasonable operation of a perfect unity of thought.

The exact nature of the warning sent to my friend—whether her sympathetic nature responded to a sense of peril for those she cared for, or whether impelled to return by an apparently unaccountable impulse—would be hard to determine. But this is certain. She did receive the impression—she did go—and her presence in the nick of danger prevented an impending calamity. I will not quarrel with you if you would rather call it a coincidence. We will each keep to our own opinion, and some day it will be proved who was right.

Margaret remained gazing at the boy, who slept profoundly, all unconscious of the disaster which had passed by so near him. Now that all danger was over, she felt sick and faint at the thought of it. A mist came before her eyes, her heart seemed to be beating up in her throat. Her own name uttered in low tones of intense surprise recalled her to herself.

"Miss Fairfax!" repeated Emily, "Miss Fairfax!" and she stared at her governess as if she could not believe the evidence of her senses.

Margaret's few words of explanation were interrupted by an agitated exclamation from Emily, who darted to her son's bedside in a sudden agony of apprehension. There were the unsightly splashes of melted wax, the broken candle; and an uncontrollable shiver ran through the mother as her eyes fell on a faint, brown patch upon the curtain just above the boy's head.

Turning to Margaret, she seized her hands impetuously. "How can I thank you?" she murmured, her little society mask off, and tears of genuine gratitude shining in her eyes.

Margaret only smiled and looked down at the sleeping child. "God is very good," she whispered softly.

"Ah, but you do not know—I—oh! I did not deserve this!"

"Do any of us deserve any good thing?" asked Margaret Fairfax.

It had been on the tip of Emily's tongue to tell the whole story to her governess, but pride rebelled against such a humiliation. Yet she was strangely moved and softened by the peril into which her wilfulness had led her children. She must confess to someone, and who so fit a confessor as her husband. But her spirit shrank from this step. It involved owning herself in the wrong, pleading guilty to a deception—in fine, making herself feel very uncomfortable, a thing she hated with all her heart. Twice over she changed her mind, and resolved to let the matter rest, and perhaps the confession might never have been made, had she not encountered her husband in the hall.

"Oh, Corfu," she began feebly, and stopped short.

"Well," he answered coldly, without glancing towards her.

"I—I want to speak to you. I've had such a fright."

"A fright!" he echoed, somewhat contemptuously.

"Yes; come in here." And with an unsuccessful effort to assume her airy manner, Emily related the facts as she knew them, with a resolute avoidance of her husband's eye, as she moved about the room mechanically touching and arranging the things that lay scattered on the tables. When she had finished, there was dead silence. Corfu neither spoke nor stirred, and Emily kept still at last, standing on the rug and staring into the fire. I imagine that ten minutes must have been the worst she ever passed At last Corfu got up slowly, and turned to leave the room without word or sign. This was too much for Emily.

"Corfu!" she cried sharply, "aren't you going to speak?"

He hesitated, and then in a hard, dry voice, said, "Speak! What for?"

She looked at him now for the first time, and his unyielding, set expression half angered, half terrified her.

"Well, I suppose you can say something, can't you?" she answered pettishly.

Corfu's eyes flashed; he made a step forward with so menacing an air that Emily retreated involuntarily.

"Would you like to hear what I have to say?" he asked in cool, deliberate tones, and the look which accompanied the words was worse than a blow in its unmitigated contempt. Her courage evaporated; she crouched into a chair, covered her face with both hands, and broke into sobs and tears.

"You are cruel, Corfu! You don't help me one bit. You don't see how miserable and unhappy I am! You—you are too unkind!"

Poor Emily cried and shivered with unaffected discomfort and misery. Perhaps it was the first time in her life that she had been worsted, and the sensation was far from pleasant. For some minutes she abandoned herself to her unaccustomed grief, when through her sobs she heard Corfu coming towards her. In her excitement she could not tell what he might be going to do, and it made her shrink further away, and press herself down among the cushions. He stood still, close before her, and almost unconsciously she checked her tears.

"There, Emily, that's enough, isn't it?"

She could hardly believe her ears, the voice was so infinitely softer than she had dared to hope for. Through her fingers she peeped up at his face, and something there made her catch her breath with an almost painful surprise. It was as he had looked at her ten years ago, a look half humorous, half tender, and so long disused that she had quite forgotten how sweet she had thought it then. She sprang up and hid her face against him.

"Alec," she whispered, clasping his arm, with a lingering accent over the shelved old name, "I am so sorry. Please forgive me for all, and let us begin again."

A happy ending, you say, to the story? Yes, though that is not quite the end. But it was well; yes, even to the end it was well. I do not know exactly how it was, but my Margaret never recovered the mental strain of that year, and the shock of that night. She drooped and flagged so visibly that we all insisted on her having advice, and the doctors agreed that her heart was seriously weakened. After a few months, further work became impossible, and to my melancholy satisfaction she came to spend her last days with us. Those days were so calm, so peaceful, that I look back upon them as a time in which I felt nearer to Heaven than at any other. One evening she was sitting in her chair by the window with mother and me. We were all watching a lovely sunset; soft, fleecy cloudlets floated motionless in the blue above, changing every moment their reflected glory of rose, amber, and gold. We were all very silent; the unspeakable hush of the coming night held us with its calm, sweet spell. Suddenly Margaret leant forward eagerly, as though from the

western horizon some signal caught her eye. Just for one minute she remained so in her attitude of intense expectation, then she turned and looked at our startled faces with a smile of the most radiant joy. The rays of the setting sun streaming into the room seemed to dazzle her; she laid her head upon the pillow, closed her eyes, and with one little weary, fluttering sigh Margaret Fairfax went home.

Magdalen, after this, could I ever again look with indifference on any governess?

Our conduct in this respect is of immense moral importance to ourselves and to our generation, for it takes a wider sweep than appears at first sight. Granted that my Margaret was unique, that does not affect the question. I am afraid not much good will be done by well-meaning people who talk sweetly about governesses being "a class" in which they are "so much interested," and invite them to their houses without being there to receive them. *Cui bono?* The barrack system has been found to utterly fail with parentless children, the waifs and strays of gutter and alley; how worse than useless then, how insulting to apply the principle to women of more or less culture and refinement. It is the friendly courtesy which one naturally practises in society, the individual attention, the personal interest, which is wanted here; the taste which Carlyle says "must mean a general susceptibility to truth and nobleness, a sense to discern, and a heart to love and reverence all beauty, order, goodness, wheresoever and in whatsoever forms and accomplishments they are to be seen." And thus there would be fewer to echo the heartrending words, "Etre une institutrice, c'est la chose la plus terrible dans tout ce monde."

M. F. W.

THE END.

MIRROR PAINTING.

PART II.

CONTINUING our instructions as to the colouring necessary, we next describe the painting required for the bunch of half-opened roses illustrating the first paper. The roses from which the design was drawn were of yellow-white tones deepening to orange-red. Colours required, two cadmium yellows, the pale and the deep, scarlet vermilion, crimson lake, black, white, Antwerp blue, emerald green, brown madder, burnt sienna, and raw sienna. To paint the rose, for the high lights use pale cadmium, alone and mixed with white, and run this colour into a little deep cadmium for the middle tints and shadows, mixing black with the latter for the deep shadows. Glaze these shadows with scarlet vermilion, and use that over the deep cadmium for the centre or heart of the rose. For the bud that turns upwards, paint with pale cadmium, white, deep cadmium, and scarlet vermilion (the latter only in the shadows); for the bud bending downwards, work chiefly with the deep cadmium, using the light for the high lights, and black for the shadows. Glaze with the scarlet vermilion the lines forming the junction of the petals. The calyx of the buds will be lighter in tone than the green of the leaves, the stem will be green touched with crimson, the leaves green, with brown and yellow red tones in them, it being necessary to give them a slightly autumnal appearance to keep the balance of colour.

Antwerp blue, deep cadmium, and a little black will form the deep shades of the leaves. Burnt sienna and blue or raw sienna and blue, different shades, emerald green, crimson lake, and white, the high lights. For the autumn tones, work in the whole of a small leaf with brown madder, burnt sienna and cadmium mixed, in various shades; or use these with the dark greens, and touch the tips of some of the other leaves with these colours. Work the veins of the leaves with either emerald green and crimson lake, or emerald green and white. Make them lighter than the tone of the leaf, and never run them up to the serrated edge. In the various stalks, use the green-yellow tones, and glaze afterwards with the crimson lake, where the shadows fall. In painting this group, work as much as possible to obtain the effect without laying on touch over touch of paint, the transparent appearance of the object being always hurt if too many layers of paint are laid on. It is only necessary to put on sufficient colour to hide the reflections on the glass and the stroke lines left by the brush. The colours can all be blended together at a first painting, and for the second, a re-touching of the high lights, under reflections, and shadows and glazings will complete the work. The group of roses, if copied the exact size given, will be found a good decoration for a small round mirror, for squares let in to overmantels, or for a small cabinet door.

To paint the large design for this article, which is a group of palm fern, gloxinias, and scarlet begonia. The gloxinias are some purple, running to deep mauve, and others white, with crimson centre bands and yellow reflections. The begonias are all of a yellow tinge of scarlet, shading to crimson, and their leaves of the light and dark shades of yellow-green. The fern grounds are kept to the blue-grey-green shades; where they stand forward, they have almost white high lights, while those quite in the background are of light grey-blues, without any more prominent colouring.

To paint the gloxinias, in the purple ones, use permanent blue, crimson lake, raw sienna, and white. Put the dark shadows in with the permanent blue and crimson lake only, add white to these, and run the colour gradually through shades to a pale purple at the end of the petals. For the tube or trumpet part of the flower, use raw sienna mixed with blue, and lake for its high lights and reflected lights. The stamens and pistils of the flower are of yellow-white, made with white tinged with a pale yellow. A little shading of a pale green tone will improve these stamens.

In the white and crimson gloxinias, use pure white for the high lights, white, ivory black, and pale chrome for the shadows. Use no pure white on the tubes, and give the shadows there quite a green tinge. Work in the centre of the flower with pale cadmium and white, the pistil with white, the crimson band with crimson lake, shading to purple at the very deepest part by mixing it with Prussian blue, and running into the white at the outer edge by being mixed with pale chrome and white, or pale cadmium and white. The pistils of the white gloxinias paint with the same tinge of yellow-white as the purple flowers' pistils. The gloxinias shown beneath the fern frond will be much in shadow, the outer one purple, the inner white. The very highest white light on this latter is above the dark crimson line; no other pure white should be used, the rest of the petal being in shadow, and of a greenish-white tinge, as the reflection thrown upon it by the fern would be green. The long tube is of yellow-white, shading to green.

To paint the begonias, use vermilion, deep cadmium, crimson lake, and madder brown. Outline the flowers with vermilion, and mix this colour with the cadmium for the high lights, and work with crimson lake and brown madder for the shadows. Work a little flake white into the highest lights, and streak the flower with a dry brush, filled with crimson lake, to mark the veins visible upon it. These veins do not attempt to put in until the first painting is dry. When painting the back of the buds, where the petals join the calyx, make them of a greenish-yellow. Add to the cadmium some Antwerp blue and white, and work this in at these places, running the bright tints of the petals imperceptibly into the greenish-yellow. Use plenty of medium when working with vermilion, and put on a few touches of this colour, quite pure, when painting the buds. There are so many shades in the colouring of the begonias now grown that it is impossible to give directions that will accurately answer to all, but as the shades all run from salmon-pink to scarlet, the painter can easily, by using the colours given (more or less yellow, more or less scarlet), match the tone of the natural copy. The green of the calyx of the begonia is of a yellow shade, and the leaves are of the same tinting. Permanent blue mixed with plenty of pale chrome will give the light green tints; raw sienna, Antwerp blue, and deep chrome, the shadows. The shadows on these leaves are very distinctly marked. They should be painted first and allowed to dry, then the lighter parts put on, and the edges of the leaves in shadow touched with the lighter shades, these reflected lights taking away from any hardness and heaviness of tone, and helping to give the transparent appearance that begonia leaves are noted for upon the shadow leaves. Work the veins in with light touches. Upon the light side mix some crimson lake with the lighter chrome, and paint them with rather a pink tone. Paint in the stalks and glaze them when dry with scarlet lake in their shadows. The fern fronds paint as grey-greens, where they are as background. Make this shade with permanent blue, light red, pale chrome, and flake white. Use very little chrome or light red, and plenty of white. Do not attempt to shade these background fronds, except by making them rather lighter at their tips than in other parts. For the fern fronds that are prominent, mix permanent blue, a little pale chrome, a good deal of flake white and some emerald green. Add more white

A GROUP OF PALMFERN, GLOXINIAS, AND SCARLET BEGONIA.

for the high lights, and mix raw sienna with the blue for the shadows.

When the flowers are fully painted, the work should be left for quite a week to thoroughly dry, then gone over carefully with final touches made with small brushes, and reflected lights, high lights, and depths brought out fully. These dry, varnish with the palest copal varnish, and give two coats.

A few hints upon the colouring of suitable flowers for mirror painting will be useful, as the worker from these can match the shades required when painting from real flowers.

Laburnums, primroses, daffodils, yellow flags, yellow daisies and marigolds, are all painted with pale and deep chrome or pale and deep cadmium yellow (the latter are the softest but more expensive than the former) as their foundation colours. For the laburnum flowers use pale chrome and white, make the upper leaves nearly pure white, use black mixed with white and deep chrome for the shadows, and burnt sienna and Vandyke brown for the dark markings seen on the fully opened petals. The colours, with the exception of the browns, are used for the primrose in the same manner, except the shadows on primroses are greener than those on a laburnum. In daffodils and yellow flags, the yellow is deeper, more deep chrome being required, and less white; the shadows of the daffodil are very green, and are made in some parts with pale chrome mixed with permanent blue. When painting a group of daffodils, warm the tone of some of them by adding light red to the yellows used. Use yellow ochre for the faded sheath, and shade it with raw and burnt sienna put on over the ochre. Use pure yellows and white for the daisies, with shadows made by mixing yellow and black together. For marigolds, work with deep chrome chiefly; make the high lights with pale chrome, the shadows with chrome and black and red, and glaze some of the background flowers entirely over with burnt sienna, and their dark centre make with bitumen and burnt sienna, touched with crimson lake.

To paint roses. For white ones with yellow reflections, use white, cadmium, and scarlet vermilion; for white ones with pink reflections, white with rose madder. Mix rose madder, pale cadmium, and permanent blue for the shadows of both kinds, adding more rose and less yellow to the pink, and more yellow and less rose to the yellow kinds. Deep ed roses are painted with crimson lake, their shadows with permanent blue and brown madder. When dry, apply over the pure crimson a little nearly dry Chinese white and permanent blue, as a high light; put on this colour with great care, as it must on no account look like a streak of paint.

To paint mauve clematis of the pale, nearly white kind, use crimson lake and permanent blue very largely mixed with white, or work with violet carmine and brilliant ultramarine. Mix raw sienna with blue and lake for the shadows, and put on pure white for the high lights. The stamens of this clematis are of pale green, and the petals near the centre take a green tinge; emerald green, permanent blue, and pale chrome will give the proper shade. The petals of a clematis are streaky and in lines; this appearance can be copied by working the shadows in first, and drawing the brush along in the direction of the lines when working in the pure tints and the high lights. The dark purple clematis paint with permanent blue, crimson lake, and purple; its green tinge near the centre with pale chrome, light red, white, and permanent blue. The high lights of the flower make with crimson lake, permanent blue, and white; its reflected shades with the same, mixed with raw sienna. The lines down these petals make with pure purple; carmine and Prussian blue mixed together will make a strong purple, but there is a good made purple now to be obtained at the shops.

The colours for the wistaria are the same as for mauve clematis; those of the scarlet poppy are the same as the begonia, with the exception of using less chrome. Pure white flowers

are always shaded with greys, that either run into yellow, yellow-green, or blue-green; and white daisies, white may, white lilies, white water-lilies, need no description, as they are all shaded with black, chrome, and a little permanent blue; while white Japanese anemones are of the blue-white shade, and their greys are made with a crimson tone by mixing pale chrome, permanent blue, and white with crimson lake.

With regard to green leaves, they may be divided into three sorts—blue-greens, shading to white; yellow-greens, shading to yellow and taking any russet hues of autumn colouring; bright greens of emerald tinge. Blue-greens make with permanent blue, emerald green, and deep chrome for the body colour; burnt sienna, Antwerp blue, and deep chrome for shadows; permanent blue and lake white for the high lights. For yellow-greens, work with raw sienna and Antwerp blue for the body, burnt sienna and Antwerp blue for dark shadows; for very dark shadows, use brown madder; for light tones, pale chrome and a little Antwerp blue. In russet hues, work in raw and burnt sienna, touches of crimson lake, bitumen, and Vandyke brown, also a little deep yellow-green. In the light emerald green used for young leaves, paint with emerald green, pale chrome, and white; and shade with raw sienna and permanent blue. A little dash of Antwerp blue added to plenty of white, chrome, and emerald green will give that bluish light often seen upon young leaves, while pure raw sienna, yellow ochre, or pale chrome will lighten leaves painted in too heavily.

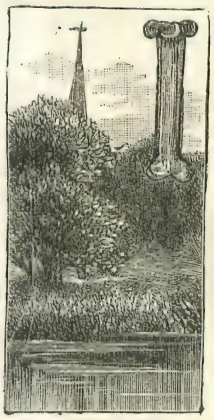
If figure subjects are chosen for mirror painting, the artist should thoroughly understand flesh painting, or should make use of a very good copy, as perhaps there is nothing so trying to look at for some years as a child's face, whose glaring green and grey shadows give the appearance of disease and attenuation to a figure supposed to be replete with health and happiness, and these are the tones so often seen in amateur flesh painting. In conclusion, we would like to bring to the notice of our readers a permanent mirror decoration exhibited at the Inventions, and which has a very beautiful effect. The designs are not painted upon the surface of the glass, but upon the back before the glass is silvered, and the work being thus imprisoned between the glass and the quicksilver, cannot be affected by the changes of climate, by dust, or by flies, and is, therefore, permanent. How to paint in this manner is at present a trade secret, but we consider that it is managed by films of colour being successively laid over the under surface of the glass, one on the top of the other.

B. C. SAWARD.

ONLY A GIRL-WIFE.

By RUTH LAMB, Author of "Her Own Choice," &c.

CHAPTER XII.



WAS the means of bringing her to Steynes-Cote at this time, and she has been real good to the mistress, but I am beginning to misdoubt me about the outcome of her visit."

Thus mused Jean Graham as she went to and fro about her household duties, and the subject of her cogitations was Mrs. Prattely. Jean was a close observer of character, but not an unkindly one. Her judgments were usually charitable, or at least fair. She did not watch her neighbours in order to find fault, or with the object of laying up materials for future gossip. It was simply a part of her shrewd nature to go about with her eyes open. She was, mentally as well as physically, clear-sighted.

We know that Mrs. Prattely's presence at Steynes-Cote was due to Jean's suggestion, and yet the faithful woman was far from satisfied with the influence which that lady exercised over the mind of her young mistress. Jean had long before reckoned up Mrs. Prattely.

"She has a wealth o' kindness in her heart, but she's just a wee bit wanting in common sense, poor body! What a pity it is that heads and hearts don't always match. A soft heart and a strong wise head go finely together."

Subsequently Jean was inclined to modify this last sentence. It was after the home-coming of Dr. Crawford and his bride, when even her much-loved "Master Andrew" came in for a touch o' censure.

"Nobody can deny that he has a tender heart and a wise head along with it, and yet he just spoils the mistress, and would have her tread on rose leaves all the while. I feel like sticking in a thorn here and there, just to wake her up for the good o' both of them. But, eh, dear! the wisest and strongest of the men are like wax in the hands of a young lass that has crept into their hearts and taken up her dwelling there. They lose their natural sight, and the bonny face of sweetheart or wife comes between them and their wise resolutions. It's just human nature. Why should I look for Master Andrew to be wiser than King Solomon was? I wonder now, if I were to leave the young mistress, would she rouse herself and put a hand to the housekeeping?"

It was not the first time she had asked herself this question, but Jean soon dismissed the idea from her mind. She loved the doctor and his wife too well to allow of her carrying it out, and she was not inclined to leave the management of Steynes-Cote in Mrs. Prattely's hands.

If the truth must be told, Jean had become jealous of the visitor. Mrs. Prattely had been all in all to her mistress during Dr. Crawford's absence, and the faithful servant felt herself left out in the cold. Up to that time Ida had been on friendly terms with all her neighbours, but had made no confidential friend of anyone in particular. But with her husband away, the quiet doubly enforced by his father's death and her own circumstances, the girl wife was thrown into constant companionship with Mrs. Prattely.

It was perfectly natural that Ida should talk a great deal to Mrs. Prattely. Shelverton topics were soon exhausted, and Ida having heard all the daily news of the little world outside, contributed her share to the conversation by speaking of her own early life and surroundings.

We know how Mrs. Prattely expressed herself when Ida first came to Steynes-Cote, and unfortunately she thought fit to repeat her opinions to the subject of them.

"I am sure you must have felt that by coming to Shelverton you were burying yourself alive," said Mrs. Prattely. "You had been accustomed to such different society and far more gaiety than we have in this quiet place."

The remark amused Ida, and she replied, "I never cared for much gaiety. Even in India I lived very quietly. Before I joined my brother's family there my life was that of a school-girl; I knew nothing of the world outside. Then, when we returned to England, I had been for a year engaged to be married, so where would have been the use of my plunging into the whirl of London society when I was to leave it almost immediately? My sister-in-law wished my marriage to be put off for a year, so that I might have a season in town, but the prospect had little attraction for me. Beatrice could not understand my indifference, for she delights in gaiety, and is still very much admired, though she has been married twelve years. She would consider living at Shelverton as being buried alive, but we think very differently about many things."

"Well," said Mrs. Prattely, "you do surprise me. Surely there are very few girls, tempted as you were, who would have come to a similar decision. I find I have wasted my pity upon you."

"Why did you pity me?" asked Ida, with a look of genuine astonishment.

"It was when you came to Steynes-Cote a bride. I said to myself, 'Poor thing! That young creature's life will be a terribly lonely one. The doctor will be constantly out, and unless some of her own people come to stay with her she will miss more and more what she has left behind. Dr. Crawford can never make up to her for what she has sacrificed in order to become his wife.'"

"I did not sacrifice anything," said Ida, still loyal to her husband, and anxious that others should understand his disinterested conduct towards herself. "I considered myself a fortunate girl in having gained the affection of so

good a man as Andrew Crawford. You cannot imagine how much his love was to me, Mrs. Prattely. My life in India was my season of loneliness and comparative neglect, and it was to Dr. Crawford I owed all of brightness that was mingled with it."

Ida's face glowed again as she looked back upon that time, and with moistened eyes and in the fulness of her heart she told Mrs. Prattely the story of the doctor's wooing, and the change it wrought for her.

"My dear," replied her listener, "you must not think that I undervalue Dr. Crawford. I consider him one of the excellent of the earth, every-thing that is estimable, and a very handsome man into the bargain. But I am not in the least surprised that, in spite of all his excellences, Lady Carnelly should have opposed your marrying so young, and without having given yourself a chance of something better. She, you say, is the daughter of a nobleman, as well as the wife of one. It was perfectly natural for her to feel that rank has its claims. And, my dear Mrs. Crawford, with your face—I do not wish to flatter you—and the advantage that rank gives, you might have married anybody. I am not surprised at the view Lady Carnelly took of your engagement. I only wonder that your brother ever consented to it. I fearlessly repeat, that, taking everything into consideration, it was much more natural to expect that you would marry a duke than a doctor. This, however, must be between ourselves. What would Dr. Crawford say if he heard me?"

"Perhaps he would agree with you," replied Ida, with a smile and a blush, as she caught sight of her beautiful face in the mirror opposite. "Andrew is always rather disposed to over-estimate all that belongs to his wife. I do not think a duke would have valued me half so much as he does, and, for myself, I only wish I were more worthy of him. He is so good."

Ida meant all that she said, and felt inclined to laugh at the opinions expressed by her visitor. The words, however, were not forgotten; they lay as seeds in Ida's memory, and in after days brought forth thorns on the path of the girl-wife.

During the Colonel's brief visit to Steynes-Cote, Mrs. Prattely was in her glory. For a title-worshipper like herself, it was happiness indeed to be the one inhabitant of Shelverton who was brought into familiar contact with Lord Carnelly. Her devotion to Mrs. Crawford had met with its reward, and when she returned home, Mrs. Prattely felt entitled to hold herself just a step above the other Park people, who had not been equally privileged.

But before Mrs. Prattely left Steynes-Cote, its young mistress had taken her into full confidence. She knew all about the treatment which Ida received from her sister-in-law before her marriage, all about the little fortune she was expecting even then, from Lord Carnelly's hands, and of her delight in the birthday presents which had already brought with them an assurance of a better understanding for the future between Beatrice and herself.

"I really feel quite rich, now all these matters are settled," said Mrs. Crawford, with that winsome girlish manner of hers. "I was a little anxious about these few thousands of mine, because there is no doubt that Lindsay's expenses have been very great since his return from India. Beatrice will spend so much, no matter what my brother says, and the having a title does not always mean being a rich man. I dare say Lady Carnelly counts on the fortune which will be hers some day. It is to come at the death of an aunt who might, if she chose, give my sister-in-law a handsome allowance now, without ever missing the money, but Beatrice and she are not on friendly terms. They are too much alike in temper for that, so old Miss Pelham will never allow a penny to pass into her niece's hands whilst she lives. She is very miserly, too, and looks upon Beatrice as wickedly wasteful in her expenditure, especially with so large a family to be provided for."

It seemed very strange to Mrs. Prattely to hear Ida talk of her few thousands as her fortune; to hear, in addition, that she had been doubtful whether Lord Carnelly would be able to pay it on account of his wife's extravagance. And Mrs. Prattely's own fortune would have equalled Ida's multiplied by ten. It amused her and pleased her too, when Mrs. Crawford began to reckon how much she should be able to spend on her baby.

"I have never cared for costly dresses myself," she said, "but I shall like to be just a little bit extravagant for my precious pet. She is such a beauty, and will look lovelier than ever in some of the pretty things I mean to buy for her. We cannot have the birthday and christening party on which I reckoned so much, but my little treasure shall make a brave show in her baby finery."

It is so natural for a young mother to think that she shows her love for her infant by clothing it in the finest of embroidery and the daintiest of lace, and to be willing to deny herself some coveted article of dress that, as Ida said, "Baby may make a brave show." But as often as not, the very finery which gratifies the maternal vanity rather takes from than adds to the comfort of the child, for whom nothing is thought too costly, except that which money cannot buy—the self-devoting watchfulness of the mother herself.

Many a young mother, too, whose means are small, and who can spend but little money on the purchase of dainty garments, bestows upon them her own patient handiwork, which costs her infinitely more than the emptying of a purse which will be replenished at a word from its owner.

Mrs. Crawford did not carry a full purse with her when she went on a shopping expedition, accompanied by Mrs. Prattely. But she did bring back with her a stock of very well chosen little garments and a long, unpaid bill, the sum total of which astonished her husband.

Ida showed him the pretty clothing before she produced the account, and the doctor, seeing her innocent delight in her purchases, duly admired them whilst he cautioned her against sowing the seeds of vanity in the infant mind of her first-born.

"As though she could know anything about finery for years to come!" said Ida, "but I shall like my Doris to be as prettily dressed as any child can be. I am glad you like my purchases, Andrew."

"I am afraid, darling, I am no great judge of the garments; but as to baby herself, I do know that she has the dearest of little faces, and that each day it reflects more clearly that of my precious girl-wife. What is this, dear?" added the doctor, as he picked up an envelope which had evidently dropped from the parcel.

"I suppose it will be the bill, Andrew. The shopman said he would enclose it with the things."

"Is it paid?" asked the doctor.

"Of course not, dear, for I had very little money in my pocket. But I wished it to be sent at once, as I know you do not like any accounts to stand over, and I mean these things to be paid for out of my own money. Not that I want it to be reckoned mine, Andrew; only, as Lindsay has paid you, and there will be no expense about the party I reckoned on having, I thought you would not mind my buying some very pretty things for baby instead. You can open it," she added, seeing that the doctor continued to hold the envelope in his hand in a mechanical fashion.

He obeyed, and glanced over the long list of purchases it contained with a look of consternation which, however, Ida did not see, as she was too much occupied in refolding the articles themselves.

"Ida, darling, did you reckon the total cost of all these pretty things as you chose them, one by one?" asked the doctor, in a quiet tone.

"No, Andrew, I asked the price of each, and some of them were rather expensive, but then they are so very good and handsome. And Mrs. Prattely, who was with me, said that good lace and embroidery are always the best worth buying. The first cost may be greater, but they wash and wear so well that it is true economy to buy them," and Ida looked quite triumphant at being able to quote Mrs. Prattely as her authority.

The doctor said nothing, but pointed to the figures at the foot of the bill. If these were correct, Ida's shopping expedition had cost her husband fifty pounds.

"Oh, Andrew, there must be a mistake! I never thought they would come to half that. I am afraid you are displeased, but I thought they would last and look so pretty, and that you would not mind so much for once, if they came out of my money."

"I can see how it happened that you were drawn into spending more than you intended, Ida," said her husband. "I felt a little surprised at this bill, because you have never been extrava-

gant for yourself. I am afraid, however, that you forgot how soon babies grow out of their clothes, and that all your pretty purchases will be useless to Miss Doris Crawford before many months have passed over her head. Then, if she were to require a renewal of her wardrobe at a similar cost, I should have to take up the cry of one of my patients who lamented that she found her baby a very expensive luxury."

The doctor had not the heart to distress Ida by using a graver tone, though the sight of the bill had disturbed him a good deal, and she saw that such was the case.

"Perhaps the shopkeeper would take back some of the things," said Ida. "I could say I had made a mistake in taking so many of a similar size, and that I would have some larger ones by and by."

"Never mind them, dear; you shall keep your purchases," replied the doctor, "and the next time you go to make any it will be better to fix beforehand how much you will spend. This bill must be paid to-morrow." And so it was, but the doctor looked rather ruefully at the small balance left out of the year's interest paid him by Lord Carnelly. Half of it had gone to pay for the costly, useless, so-called presents, which lay glittering in their cases under lock and key. Fifty more must go for baby finery almost as useless, the only satisfaction about this last being that it delighted the young mother.

And yet Dr. Crawford did not tell his wife how the money had already melted out of his grasp, or that he was doubtful whether any more would come from the same quarter.

As a matter of course, Mrs. Prattely was one of the baby's sponsors, Lord and Lady Carnelly being the other two, though they did not attend her christening, but were represented by Dr. Crawford and Ida. And Mrs. Prattely further manifested her interest in her goddaughter by costly gifts of plate and still more dainty lace than that already purchased. Also, by hunting up a nurse who was to take all trouble off the young mother's hands, and who, as Jean Graham said, "took more waiting on than the doctor, his wife, and baby put together."

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

CLARICE.—Your letter does you credit, and we were gratified by reading it. At eighteen you would be old enough to go out as a nursery (resident or visiting) governess; at least, some would prefer a young person, if very steady. We wish you all success.

TWO CHURCH GOERS.—Certainly, thank anyone who shows you any civility; and if a gentleman, give a slight bow as he shows you into a seat. July 23rd, 1805, was a Tuesday.

IDA.—We think your best plan will be to send your little *protégée* to the Maidstone Training School for Domestic Servants. She is old enough, as admission is granted from twelve years of age. The fees amount to £3 5s. a quarter. During residence they are entirely clothed by the committee, and on leaving at an age to enter on service outfits are provided and situations are found for them. Instruction is given in every branch of household work and needlework. But for further particulars you must apply either to the secretary, Miss Whatman, Vinters, Maidstone, or to the matron, Miss Kemp, 19, Romney-place, Maidstone.

PAVO JUNONIS.—We sympathise much with you. There is an organisation in connection with the Oxford Association for the Higher Education of Women, the system of instruction by correspondence being adopted. Fee, one guinea a term for pass subjects, and the entrance fee 5s. The secretary, Mrs. Ewing, would give further particulars. Address, 17, St. Giles, Oxford. Girls under eighteen are eligible for the Oxford senior local examinations. Fee, £1 10s. Secretary, G. E. Baker, Esq., Clarendon-buildings, Oxford. In making application to either of these institutions you would do well to show the statement printed by the promoters of the National Competition Society of Belfast. We may add that Latin is taught in the St. George's Hall Correspondence Classes, for the prospectuses of which write to the secretary, St. George's Hall Classes, 7, Randolph-place, Edinburgh. You are quite right in remaining with your mother.

NO CONSEQUENCE.—You will find every information about nursing in "Work for All." We should think you would make an excellent nurse.

PATT MARSDIN.—We think that with so young a boy as eight years old a sulky temper would be best cured by a good whipping now and then. But be very careful, for no punishment should be administered in a passion, and all correction should be regretfully and lovingly administered. Going to school by and by will probably do him good.

A HIGH SCHOOL GIRL.—The quotation, *Frater ave atque vale*, must be incorrectly copied. The middle words are all wrong. Probably the true lines are from "Ovid"—*Frater adempte vale*, "Oh, brother, taken away, farewell!"

IRIS.—The Greek quotation you send is from the New Testament, St. John xv. 9. You copied the Greek very well for "an ignoramus," as you say.

HOUSEKEEPING.

LAZY LETTIE, S. T. S., and Others.—The following process for making soft soap for ordinary household use is of Canadian origin:—Two or three gallons of clean water are poured upon about a bushel of wood ashes, thoroughly stirred, and the ash allowed to subside. This liquid, which is now a lye, is allowed to run through the ashes, and is then boiled with waste fat, tallow, or dripping of any description, for two or three hours. At the end of that time the mixture will have assumed the consistency of soap, and if any liquor remain it is poured off the residue. Colonists generally "set a leech," as it is termed—*i.e.*, a wooden barrel set up on end is filled with wood ashes; a hole is made, and a vent-peg put in at the lower side, then the barrel is filled up with water, which is allowed to run through into a vessel, and if not considered strong enough it is passed through again.

SUSAN.—Apples are best stored on shelves in a room where there is plenty of ventilation from above.

AD REM.—The country housekeeper has, of course, to be more provident than her town compeer in purchasing her stores; but otherwise the cares of housekeeping would be about the same. As to prices, every housekeeper who wishes to do her duty should make herself up on the subject of prices, and if she find the village shop too dear must buy in quantities in the nearest large town.

COOKERY.

MOTHER'S HELP will find "The Girl's Own Cookery Book," price 1s., published at 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., a very useful one.

DAISY must cover the top of her cake when in the oven with a thick paper. The iced cake must be left until it be hard; we could not say how long, as it depends on the heat of the oven and the thickness of the iceing on it.

A LOVER OF THE GIRL'S OWN.—You keep your puddings after they are boiled in too damp a place; that is the reason they become mouldy. They should be placed where it is both dry, light, and airy. The reason that the fat sputters when you are frying is that water is mixed with the fat. If the kidneys be wet, dry them in a clean cloth, and roll them in a little flour on a plate.

A BUNCH OF KEYS.—We have recently given a recipe for making *pommes de terre*.

EDITH.—In place of brandy, we hear that many teetotalers use a little sal volatile to put into cakes, etc. You might try it on a very little cake first.

GALATEA.—We have given many recipes for toffy. To make honey toffy, you use honey in place of sugar, or half honey and half sugar. The toffy will require a little longer boiling, as the mixing of the honey and sugar takes a little more time.

C. S. W.—A recipe for Genoa cake is given in vol. iii., page 432. The Dental Hospital is in Great Portland-street, W.

ETHEL and MARY.—There is no extract of verbena, so far as we know, for flavouring purposes.

A YOUNG BEGINNER.—An exhaustive article on home-made cakes was recently given at page 716, vol. vi. A recipe for a plum pudding will be found in "How I Kept House on £250 a Year," page 107, vol. vi. We suppose you are a new subscriber. These recipes have been so recently inserted, that we doubt your having read the G. O. P. with much attention if you be an old one

TOTTIE will find a recipe for ginger beer at page 610, vol. vi. She does not allow her ginger beer to stand long enough. It requires at least twenty-four hours.

SEAGULL will find recipes for cool drinks for warm days and fruit syrups at page 611, vol. vi.

HARRIETT.—We do not give addresses of the kind. The recipe for making chocolate cream was given at page 495, vol. vi.

POPPY.—To make popped corn you require a small wire cage, which may be purchased at the "American notion" shops in London.

STEPHANOTIS.—For home-made jams, see page 526, vol. v. Stir one way only, to allow the sugar to dissolve equally. Do not keep a cloth on the side-board after the meal be ended.

LOTA.—Bread sauce is used with a roast turkey, and fried breadcrumbs may be served with it, as in the case of a roast pheasant. Parsley and butter should be poured over boiled fowls, and also served in a tureen.

MUSIC.

GWENNETH LEIGHTON.—The word "sonata" in Italian is derived from the verb *sonâre*, to sound, to play on any instrument. You will find papers on various kinds of cookery in vol. vi., page 806.

BLUEBELL will probably have to send the harmonium to a musical-instrument maker's to be repaired. We should think it has been in too dry an atmosphere.

JEANNIE W.—Twenty-two is not too old to learn singing, if you have a voice.

SOLO PIANIST.—The best way is to get the damaged piano re-polished by a French polisher. If you inquire at the shop of the manufacturers they will tell you how to manage. To make the cover for the piano, you must take the pattern first in newspaper and then cut out the material. It is not difficult to manage.

RITA.—The best way to avoid singing is to get your music-master to forbid it, or your mother to interfere when she sees you unduly pressed. It is far better for your voice to avoid singing before people till you are older. You will find what you need in Novello's primers, which are excellent in every branch of musical teaching.

SYNTYCHE.—Get a little alum, put a lump in a tumbler of water, and use a little as a gargle once or twice a day. It will act as an astringent, and perhaps do you good.

ONE WHO IS TRYING HARD TO LEARN will find Novello's primers of great use to her.

NORMAN-NERUDA.—In reference to the Royal Conservatoire of Music, you should write to Dr. Otto Günther, Leipsic. The fee for the whole instruction is 300 marks per annum, to be paid in advance, viz., 100 at Michaelmas, 100 at Christmas, and 100 at Easter. There is also an entrance fee of nine marks, and three for the servant of the institute. The prospectus, which we believe you could obtain from Messrs. Novello and Co., is issued gratis.

E. T. E.—We are rather inclined to believe that the fault is in the pupil, not in the mistress. If you have been "learning music for seven years and know nothing," you must have been inattentive and very dle.

ART.

SYDNEY, BELMONT HOUSE, wants to know "if ever there was a Chinese artist, and what are his chief productions?" Considering that the Chinese claim a civilisation extending back 80,000 years B.C., or perhaps more, they must have had a great many artists in that time. But they have no taste, and little knowledge in painting and drawing, according to our ideas.

MARGARET AINSWORTH.—We do not remember the portrait you mention.

JENNET FOWLER.—From your description, the stone is an onyx; but the sardonyx is sometimes in layers of colour, and the onyx always. Show it to a jeweller, and he will decide the matter for you by a personal inspection, which we cannot.

JULIA.—Draw from flat copies, and from Nature as much as possible during the fine weather. The secret is to persevere. A little salt or a bit of charcoal in the water will preserve flowers.

EMILY.—There is an excellent paper on designing in the September number of the G. O. P., page 724, vol. vi., which you should read, as the principles of designing must be learnt just as the grammar of a language; and art has rules as well as language. Still, we may know the rules of art and not be artists, for, above all rules is the genius of the worker.

LOVING STEPDAUGHTER will find a series of nine for "Sketching from Nature" in pencil and water-colours in vol. ii., see index. The poems show much good feeling, and we have no doubt they were a pleasure to you to write them, but they are not quite up to the mark yet.

SAXONA.—Only personal exertion will help you to sell painted cards and texts; we cannot help you in any way. You must fill your portfolio and show them to anyone likely to purchase any amongst those who trade in them.

MOUSE.—A lady would find cutting the blocks of an illustration very laborious; in fact, the work is entirely mechanical, and is done by workmen, and not by the artist. To draw on a wooden block is quite another matter. It is an art that requires great care; but many women take up that as an employment.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LIZZIE LORTON.—"Curfew shall not ring to-night," is a poem written by Rosa Hardwick Thorpe, an American lady.

ADILE RICHIOS. — Silkworms may be obtained in London, at Covent Garden Market. The eggs can be sent by post. You will also find them advertised in the *Bazaar* newspaper in the early spring. You had better not allow the eggs to hatch too early, as you will have no food for them. To avoid their hatching, you should keep them in a cool but dry place.

SMUDGE.—We know nothing of such a series of articles.

VICTORIAN WELL-WISHER.—The subject of taxidermy is hardly one for us; it belongs more especially to boys, and we believe you will find it treated in last year's *Boy's Own Paper*. We are obliged by your kind letter and good wishes for our welfare.

J. B. is thanked for her verses. They are not suitable for the G. O. P.; they lack originality.

BUSY BEE.—If the change of residence were to a bad or unwholesome air, the change would affect you in every way, of course. Perhaps you are eating too much or too often, or taking too much tea. Glycerine is a very good application to most skins. Apply it after washing and before drying the face and hands. Enough must remain on to protect the skin from wind and frosty air.

A LANCASHIRE LASS.—The three sheaves of wheat, or, as they are called in heraldry, "garbs," have been borne by the Earls of Chester since 1232 to this day. They are used by the Prince of Wales for his Earldom of Chester. In token of feudal alliance, from the middle of the thirteenth century, one or more "garbs" are to be seen in the majority of coats-of-arms belonging to the nobility and gentry of the County Palatine of Chester. See the arms of Grosvenor since 1390, on an azure shield a golden garb.

FAITH.—A solution of borax and camphor forms a very good hairwash; an ounce of each to a quart of boiling water. Put in a bottle, and apply with a sponge. To wash the head you may use a little bi-carbonate of soda or a small bit of lump ammonia in the water, and rinse the hair afterwards.

CLERICUS.—There is an institution called Clergy Seaside Rest, wives of the clergy being admitted also. Address Mrs. Stanley, 7, Union-crescent, Margate; from whom the terms of admission can be obtained.

MONA.—We have often seen the recipe you send us, and we should think it extremely painful to use. The only way to get rid of the superfluous hairs that are such a trouble to many people is to use the tweezers patiently and often. We are very sorry for people so troubled, but fear there is nothing else to do.

JONY (Prussia).—You had better wear gloves at all times when not doing needlework nor at meals. If you have not sufficient strength of mind and will to break yourself of such a habit, this is the only method of cure. After a time you will unconsciously lose the habit. You have not yet acquired the idiom of our language; but you can make yourself perfectly understood.

ROSITA.—We have given full directions for cleansing a bird's cage and the bird himself from the insects of which you complain. They appeared in the first part of the new volume, page 31, November. The bird-fancier who told you that it was quite the usual thing for birds to be infested with such vermin, and that it did not matter, was indeed ignorant. It would probably end in killing the bird. You write a nice hand, and we offer you all the good wishes you express for us and our helpers.

PATIENCE.—You need scarcely ask our assistance to explain that singeing—not singing—may make the hair coarse. How can you inquire whether "singing a song" will have such an effect on the hair? If so, Jenny Lind, Nilsson, and all our great vocalists must produce hair like ropes or ships' cables!

THEODORA HASTINGS.—You had better employ a solicitor to write a letter for you, and, in all probability, that will be enough. Your marriage will *make no difference*. If the I O U be simply that, with no promise to pay at any specified time, it stands good at any time.

IDA.—If the felt hat be a really good one, it would be better to have it dyed and re-blocked.

KATE NICKLEBY and RHEA SYLVIA.—Using a gargle of common salt and water three times a day is a remedy strongly recommended for strengthening the voice and preventing the soreness of throat which you mention. You should not read books from which you feel you derive no benefit.

"MY LOVE IN TENNESSEE" should try a little of that old-fashioned remedy, golden ointment, for her eyes. Apply to the closed eyelids the last thing at night, and do not open your eyes again till morning, when the lids should be bathed, before opening them, with warm water. A few nights will probably cure your troubles. All chemists keep the ointment in small pots.

DORIS VERITE.—We have not published any of the housekeeping articles in the G. O. P. in book-form. "The Girl's Own Cookery Book" is the nearest to it.

DARK DAYS.—We can only advise you to try, and try again, as most of our writers have done with their books. There is no "royal road," only personal and indefatigable exertion.

MCLEAN'S CHILD.—The motto of the Macleans, M'Cleans, and McLeans, is, in English, "Virtue mine honour." The plaid or tartan has a red ground with stripes and crossings of blue, green, black, yellow, and white. The crest is a tower with battlements. The supporters of the arms are two ostriches.

WATCH.—You should not address either your equals or those below you in social position as "sir" or "ma'am." It is an old practice, and not *comme il faut* in the higher ranks of life. But if the poor woman be married you should address her as "Mrs. ——." The Royal Family and the sovereign only are addressed as "sir," "sire," or "ma'am," or "your majesty." All monkeys are delicate, being natives of warm climates, and are liable to consumption when brought to colder localities.

INQUIRER.—The benefits of the Girls' Friendly Society are not limited to the Church of England, but all girls of good character are entitled to membership.

G. R. and P.—Both your questions have been answered more than once. Muriatic acid applied with a small camels' hair brush will remove the rough coating on the outside of shells. It is very burning, so beware how you use it, and lock up the bottle. You should have a basin or saucer of water beside you in which to dip the shell frequently, to wash off the acid before it burns too deeply, or you will soon make perforations. Your hands also should be dipped in the water, and beware how you touch your eyes while using the acid. See vol. ii., pages 176 and 494, for how to press and mount seaweed (monthly parts for December, 1880, and April, 1881), and vol. iii., page 542, for how to preserve their colour (monthly part for May, 1882).

A CONSTITUTIONAL.

A. E. P. (Diss).—We think you are quite right in deriving the word "vail," meaning visitors' gifts to servants, from the Latin word *Vale*, "farewell."

AN ENGLISH DAISY.—Either of the gentlemen you name would give reliable advice. Do you think the present trouble arises from your health? Nothing can be done with a stained mackintosh, so far as we know.

DUAM.—*Kismet* is the Turkish word for fate, and means "it is fated," the reasoning and belief of the Turk being, "If this be fated to happen, I cannot prevent it; if not to happen, why should I exert myself?" The word *Mitanagemot* is pronounced *Mit-an-ag-e-mot*; the first and third syllables are accented.

THE MOVER.—The cause of warts seems unknown, and they are considered catching by many people.

A PRIMROSE (New Zealand).—The hair may be turned up at fifteen if the mother approve of it. Defer taking singing lessons until you are a year older. You will always be too young to read French novels, with a few rare exceptions.

A GRATEFUL OLD MAID.—Your letter was exceedingly gratifying, and we are most thankful to hear what you say, and for the kind thought of telling us. The Latin name *Divës* is that popularly given to the rich man whose history is associated with that of the beggar Lazarus, and by whom his destitution and bodily sufferings were treated with such cruel indifference. We think your writing may be done with the left hand; if so, we should think much of it, but less if with the right. There is a good deal of character in it.

SIR GEOFFREY CHAMPNEYS. — Judging from your letter, your general health must be affected, and you need change of air and some tonic, for which consult a doctor.

CHRISTINA P.—The cheapest book we know on the great painters is the one just re-issued by Cassell and Co., entitled, "The Great Painters of Christendom: From Cimabue to Wilkie," by John Forbes-Robertson. The volume was originally published at £3 3s., and a cheaper edition, beautifully printed, however, is out this winter for 12s. 6d. There are numerous engravings, though in all instances not quite characteristic of the work of their respective masters, and, of course, the biographies are but slight. We are disappointed in not seeing a specimen of the great Giovanni Bellini's work, and the book is sadly marred by the absence of even a reference to the religious paintings of the devout Luini, whose frescoes glorify so many churches in North Italy. However, we suppose everything cannot be included in one volume, and this, though necessarily fragmentary and incomplete, is well worthy the possession of any student of art.

VIOLET W. B.—Procure and wear the felt pads sold for your purpose at all druggists, and wear large, broad-toed stuff shoes.

LŒLIA is thanked for her good wishes and sympathy. She may be quite satisfied with her writing, and we hope her health will soon improve.

E. B. F.—You seem, for instance, to have forgotten the Jewish religion, established so many centuries before the Christian Dispensation, which was a further development of it. There were also Fire Worshippers, Buddhists, etc., existing before the birth of our Saviour and the establishment of any Christian church. The ancient Egyptians also may be included. You may do well to obtain Rawlinson's "Origin of Nations," published at our office.

ROSELIND H.—We have read your account of a walk in Wales with much interest, and we think it very well written. Our amateur page is, however, overcrowded, and we must decline it with regret.

DIDO should consult a doctor without delay.

POST HASTE.—Home employment is the most difficult of all things to procure, and law-copying more difficult than all. You will only succeed by your own personal exertions and inquiry at the various offices in your own town.

LUTON.—The word "deferred" means delayed or put off. In case of an annuity, it means till the purchaser has attained a certain age. An immediate annuity is one commencing at once.

WHITE HEATHER.—Perhaps electricity might be of service. We fear we cannot help you.

D. JACOBUS.—It is not necessary to acknowledge bride-cake; it is hardly ever sent save to relations and very dear friends. We do not think walking at such an early hour would make you thin, but we should not recommend it before breakfast.

KATE NO. 4 should, of course, offer to pay for the arriage which was ordered for her benefit. The question of rising from your chair depends on the age of the gentleman and your degree of friendship. Ceremony should sometimes be waived.

WIDE-AWAKE.—The apportionment of a certain number of days to each month respectively dates back, as now existing, to the reign of the Emperor Augustus Cæsar. He altered the previous distribution, as found in the calendar of Julius Cæsar, on very trivial grounds. The latter made the year commence with March, when thirty-one days were apportioned each to all the odd months, and thirty only to all the even ones, leap year excepted, when February, as the last month in the year, came off "second best," and had but twenty-nine. But Augustus, thinking it offensive to himself that the month bearing his name should have fewer days than that bearing the name of his predecessor, broke through the simple rule then obtaining, and still further reduced the last month to add to the length of August. It was a childish fancy, which has never been set aside.

'A WEIGHT LAID DOWN."—We think that a religious girl will grudge the time devoted to any description of "trashy literature;" although we do not mean so to stigmatise any periodicals named by you. There is so much that is interesting and amusing, combined with what is practically useful and instructive, now published for both young and old, that to restrict your reading to those publications about which there could be no possible doubt could scarcely be regarded as a loss or trial. It is well that your conscience should be a tender one.

GLAYDS M. WREYFORD.—The 14th February, 1870, was a Monday. Girls do not usually cease growing at fifteen. We think you spell your Christian name wrongly.

MIGNONETTE.—Take exercise, wear merino or lamb's-wool stockings, and flannel or merino next the skin.

BETA.—Hang up the parsley in brown-paper bags by the side of the fire or oven, and it will dry gradually.

YSEULT DE V.—We think that English magazines and books would be very acceptable at the homes founded by the Messrs. Galignani for the English in Paris. The address can be obtained at their library and publishing office in the Rue de Rivoli.

A HAPPY GIRL.—The meaning of the name Lenore, which is the Italian for Eleanor, is "bright-haired as gold." It is Celtic, and dates from 1137.

E. M. J.—If a woman were found guilty of bigamy in going through a marriage ceremony with a second man in the lifetime of her real husband, the man she deceived is as free as he was before the sham wedding. Of course, he could summon her for the things she stole from him.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

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ONLY A GIRL-WIFE.

By RUTH LAMB, Author of "Her Own Choice," &c.

CHAPTER XIII.

DURING the three years which followed the birth of Dr. Crawford's first baby many changes took place at Steynes-Cote. Additions were made to the inmates, and some familiar faces disappeared from beneath its roof. Little Doris was no longer the one child of the household, but the eldest of four, there being, as Mrs. Prattely pathetically remarked, "actually two that could not walk. Really, Mrs. Crawford, poor thing, was quite borne down by her tribe of little children."

"I don't see why she need be," said

All rights reserved.] "HIS SURROUNDINGS WERE SO THOROUGHLY COMFORTABLE."

her husband, who, good easy man that he was, could now and then express a very decided opinion. "If you said that Andrew Crawford was borne down by the force of circumstances, I should be inclined to agree with you. Poor fellow! I could not help noticing, when I met him the other day, that his hair is going grey already. How can a mother be overweighted who has a couple of nurses to do her work for her? Does Mrs. Crawford keep even one of her little ones by her side the night through, or wake or watch for their sakes? Not she. Hers is motherhood made easy."

"My dear James, you surely do not consider that a young lady of Mrs. Crawford's——"

"Do not bring up her 'family,' if you please. She should have remained the Honourable Ida Carnelly if she had not intended to take upon herself the duties of a wife with the honest name of Crawford. It is the present family, the four little children, who call her 'mother.'"

"My dear James, two of them cannot call her anything yet, for Archie, though fourteen months old, is singularly backward with his tongue."

"You know what I mean, Maria," replied Mr. Prattely, rather testily. "I say that those little children constitute the family of whom Mrs. Crawford ought to be proud, and to them, together with her husband, her best affections, thoughts, and efforts should be given. What matters it that she is the sister of an impecunious viscount, with a fashionable wife, a large family, and an army of clamorous creditors besieging his gates? Whose untiring labour is it that maintains Steynes-Cote, feeds the small mouths, pays the troop of servants that Mrs. Crawford considers necessary to relieve her of domestic cares, and earns the money which is too often unwisely spent? Is it not Andrew Crawford?"

"Of course, my dear James, Dr. Crawford does all these things. Is it likely that anyone else would keep his home, wife, and family, or that he would allow them to do it?"

"Then if he does, and if he neglects no duty, ought that young wife of his to be contented without taking any share of parental responsibility upon herself? Is it enough for her to preserve her good looks, by delegating to others all the motherly cares that might perhaps take a little of the bloom from her cheek or the brightness from her eyes? Does a man's heart crave for nothing in the companion of a lifetime but a beautiful face, a graceful carriage, tasteful dress, and smiles and pleasant words when he comes in wearied in mind and body?" asked Mr. Prattely.

"I am sure, James, there are many men who would be only too thankful to have all that you describe, and which everyone must admit the doctor has in Mrs. Crawford. I really think she grows handsomer every year, and she looks as young as she did on the first day she came to Shelverton. If she were a slattern like that young Mrs. Iverson, whose house is a disgrace to The Park, or a scold like Mrs. Harrington, whose voice can be heard across two gardens, and not small ones either, you might find fault with Ida Crawford," said Mrs. Prattely, looking aggrieved for her *protégée*.

"Maria, you are one of the best of friends and most illogical of women. Can you not understand that I do not blame Mrs. Crawford for being so beautiful, graceful, or soft-spoken, but for not being so many other things in addition."

"I am certain she is devotedly attached to her husband and children," persisted the lady.

"Not devotedly, my dear Maria; you misapply the word. There is no devotion in the matter. Mrs. Crawford loves her belongings in a way; she delights in hearing them praised for their pretty faces, sturdy limbs, and healthy appearance. She repeats with genuine enjoyment the clever sayings of your rather precocious godchild, Miss Doris. She exercises admirable taste in choosing the garments which cover those tender little bodies, and she takes care, by proxy, that all their wants are supplied. But the doctor pays for all this, Maria, my dear, not only in purse, but in mind and body."

"Now it is you who are absurd, James. Does the doctor sit up with the children, or nurse, wash, and dress them?"

"Yes, Maria, also by proxy, for, in order that his wife may sit at ease, he works much harder than he ought to do. The smoothness of her cheeks is preserved at the cost of untimely lines of care which are stealing across his brow. Her sleep is undisturbed or interrupted but for a moment whilst he dresses at midnight to scour across the country and carry relief to suffering folk miles away," said Mr. Prattely, waxing more and more earnest.

"Well, you know doctors must get up when they are called to visit patients, no matter whether they are needed at night or by day," replied his wife.

"But Crawford has too much work and too little rest. Do you know that Soames has left him, having bought a practice in another county, and that no new assistant has been engaged to take his place?"

"I knew that Soames was gone, but I thought Dr. Crawford would be sure to have someone else as soon as possible. He cannot do all the work with only a dispensing assistant," said Mrs. Prattely.

"It seems he is going to try, for he told me so himself. I said he was wrong to think of such a thing, and that it was of no use to kill himself to keep himself. But he smiled ni rather a wintry fashion, and said that even with an assistant less there would be thirteen of them to keep. He must try for a little while with one assistant. Reckon up the thirteen, Maria, will you?"

"Let me see," said Mrs. Prattely, beginning to count up the inhabitants of Steynes-Cote on her fingers. "There are Dr. and Mrs. Crawford, four children, and two nurses; those make eight. Jean Graham, who, by the way, makes herself so disagreeable that if I were Ida I would give her a month's notice. You may keep a servant too long, until she forgets whether you or she is mistress."

"Jean Graham makes nine," interposed Mr. Prattely, in order to bring his wife back to her arithmetic.

"Yes, nine. Then there are the housemaid and waitress, eleven. No laundrymaid, for most of the washing goes out. Those are all the female servants, but the groom lives in the house, because there is no telling when he may be wanted; and the boy. He is the one who takes out medicine and answers the surgery door during the assistant's absence, but he does not sleep at Steynes-Cote. Thirteen in all."

"Without the assistant, who makes fourteen. Perhaps the doctor counted the two smallest children as halves, the same as the railway people do youngsters under a certain age. At any rate, he has fourteen human beings to keep; six of them to feed and clothe, eight to pay, all to house. One cannot look at such a sum total without feeling that the doctor's shoulders had need to be pretty broad to bear the weight they have to carry."

Perhaps as Mr. Prattely paused at the close of this calculation, he might be inclined to think that arguments could be adduced by comparison in favour of his own childless condition; his surroundings were so thoroughly comfortable, and he could roam away from Shelverton, or live at home at ease without having to consult anyone but his own inclination.

All at once he broke out again with the exclamation, "Why, Maria, we forget the Steynes-Cote gardens. They must cost the doctor a pretty penny."

"Not now," said Mrs. Prattely, rather dolefully. "They used to do in Mrs. Fereday's time, and they well repaid what was spent on them. But now the doctor has contracted with Milner, the nurseryman, just to keep the grounds in decent order. They look very different from what they did even a year ago. This change is quite a trial to Mrs. Crawford, who is such a lover of flowers, and has such refined tastes, poor thing!"

"Maria," said Mr. Prattely, solemnly, "I beg that you will never apply those words to Mrs. Crawford in my presence, unless you wish to irritate me beyond endurance. Call Crawford 'poor man' or 'poor fellow,' even, if you like; I will join you in pitying him, but not his wife. I would not say it to a soul except yourself, but Andrew Crawford made a woful mistake when he married a young lady with a handle to her name."

"She is only a girl now, just turned four and twenty, and she is very fond of her husband and children. Say what you like, James, but never intimate that Ida Crawford does not love her husband," replied Mrs. Prattely, moved to tears in defence of her favourite.

"My dear, there are so many kinds of love. There is the love which talks about itself, which says all it feels, which gives smiles and pretty words and caresses, which is a mere sentiment, because unaccompanied by the deeds which should prove that it is a real thing. And there is another kind of love which is seldom heard to assert itself in words, but which surrounds its object as with a

band of silent ministers. This love renders unobtrusive service, anticipates wants, smoothes rough places, is ready to sympathise in words, if these seem best, or in quiet deeds of kindness which show what is in the heart, when speech would jar on the troubled ear. This love in the wife goes gently to the husband's side when it sees that the world's cares are weighing him down, and tries to draw a portion of the burden on its own shoulders. This love does not order a new dress in the latest fashion and call upon the weary, toil-worn husband to admire it and the wearer, and to pay the bill. It looks first to see whether the good man's coat is getting frayed out at the wrists or white at the seams, and asks whether it will match with the new gown before it orders one, or if both can be afforded, and if not, true love finds pleasure in going without, that its object may have of the best. So with a mother's love, too. You say, Maria, that Mrs. Crawford loves her children. If God had spared us our one little daughter, would a like manifestation of love have sufficed to satisfy your heart and conscience? Ah, my dear, I remember when our child was ill you did not bid a hired nurse go watch beside her. Your love would let you know no rest until your darling's blue eyes closed for the last time on earth. You were a pretty girl when I married you, Maria, as pretty, every bit, as the doctor's wife, but you never looked so fair in my eyes as on that never-to-be-forgotten night. You were almost worn out with watching, the roses were gone from your cheeks, and there were dark rings below those tearful eyes that you raised to mine with a world of love and pity in them. But in the midst of the greatest sorrow you ever knew you tried to comfort me, though your loving heart was ready to break."

The picture so vividly drawn was almost more than the mother could bear to look back upon, even after four and twenty years; but the words were sweet, though they recalled a time of sadness, and the middle-aged wife drew near her husband and, clasped in his arms, shed tears of mingled joy and sorrow on his breast.

After a while Mrs. Prattely raised her head and whispered, "James, my dear James, I wish I were half as wise as you are. I so often mean to be kind, and I am afraid I make sad mistakes. Your words make me feel that while wanting to be a true friend to Dr. Crawford's girl-wife I may have done her harm. Tell me, James, do you think I am in any way to blame?"

"My dear, I do not wish to trouble you, but I have sometimes doubted whether your influence over Mrs. Crawford would prove as beneficial as you intended it to be. I am afraid you have helped to foster the notion that so dainty a lady is like eggshell china, too delicate for everyday use, and only meant to be looked at.

"I wish you had spoken sooner, James," said his wife, in a sorrowful tone. "You seldom care to talk as you have done to-day, though I try to tell you all that passes between others and myself."

"Take comfort, my dear. You have acted as you always strive to do, from right motives. You wanted to be very good to this stranger girl, and you have been very kind and motherly to Mrs. Crawford. But the most loving mothers are sometimes the very ones whose excess of kindness does much to spoil their daughters by taking away the need for exertion. People have been thinking and caring for pretty Mrs. Crawford until she neither thinks much for herself nor for others. You would have been sorry for the doctor to-day, Maria; he looked so harassed and careworn; I never realised how things were with him until to-day. He will work himself to death to keep up that far too costly establishment. When thirteen pull against one, the odd man must come to the ground in time."

"Surely you do not mean that Dr. Crawford is getting into debt?" said Mrs. Prattely, with a look of genuine concern.

"Not so bad as that; but he is getting poorer in spite of harder work, and his expenses increase with his family. Then he has had to help his own people in Scotland, though he tells me his young brothers are beginning to feel their feet now, and assisting to keep the mother."

"I am glad of that. Mrs. Crawford told me her husband was helping his mother and her younger children," said Mrs. Prattely.

"Surely she did not object to that," replied her husband, quickly.

"No, indeed, James; you sorely misjudge Ida Crawford if you think her capable of such a thought. On the contrary, I know it has been her delight to send many little presents to the doctor's mother. She has wanted her to come to Steynes-Cote to spend some months at a time, and has repeated the invitation again and again, though it has not once been accepted."

"And a good thing too, though I am glad she has been thoughtful for the old lady. Still, the presents were really at Crawford's expense."

"No, James, you are mistaken; Ida bought them with her own money. It is true she had to ask her husband for it, but that is because he receives the interest, not Ida herself. I know, because she told me all about these things when Doris was born. She was a little afraid that the money would not be forthcoming, but Lord Carnelly gave the doctor a mortgage on his Lincolnshire estate, so it was made quite safe," said Mrs. Prattely, in a decided tone.

There was a look on her husband's face when he said he was glad to hear this which would have conveyed the idea of doubt rather than conviction to most people. And it is true that Mr. Prattely did say to himself, "I wonder how much interest poor Crawford has received on that mortgage?"

Mr. Prattely knew a good deal more of Lord Carnelly's affairs than his wife gave him credit for, and he made a shrewd guess when he put down Dr. Crawford's receipts on account of interest at *nil*.

With the exception of the two-hundred and fifty pounds which the colonel so reluctantly parted with when the men met in Edinburgh, Dr. Crawford had not up to this time received a single penny from his brother-in-law.

Lord Carnelly had not ignored his liability, but each half year, instead of the interest, a letter had come pleading for an extension of time, and giving a doleful list of debts that must be paid to more persistent creditors. And Ida, knowing that her brother had written, took it for granted that all was right, and did not hesitate to draw upon her domestic banker, because, had not Andrew always told her that she alone should have the spending of the money that was her very own?

Surely Dr. Crawford was not free from blame in withholding his full confidence from the loving, if childish, girl-wife.

(*To be continued.*)

THE SYMBOL.

By HORACE G. GROSER.

NOT thrice the silver summer moon
Had sphered her crescent dimly grey;
The harvest month was nigh, and soon
Brown hands at Ceres' feet would lay
White oaten sheaves and poppies red,
From sun-lit acres far away;

When first to me young Marcius sighed
His tale of love, with vows sincere,
And wooed me for his virgin bride
By tender words and names most dear;—
But ah! the myrtle wreaths are dead,
My sun is set, and night is near.

The bond is severed—he is gone!
But still I feel his hand's impress,
And see the angry eyes that shone—
Those eyes once lit with tenderness—
And hear the stern impeachment fall
From lips yet moist with love's caress.

'Twas in the gardens, when the light
Fell slant the cypress spires between,
Where, winding from the gazer's sight,
A pathway curved betwixt the green;
A favourite haunt for lovers all,
Where many a soft-paced foot had been.

And there he found me, as he came
From bending at Apollo's shrine,
Stern-browed, as though the Pythian flame
Had fired his heart with zeal divine,
And, as we kissed, a glance betrayed
The pendant cross, the hated sign.

I looked into his angry eyes,
And silent stood, and silent he.
Red cloudlets drifted down the skies,
The air of every sound was free,
And Pan with stony fingers played,
Hard by, his silent minstrelsy.

Then came, in cruel tones and clear,
The mocking words: "I little dreamed
To find the accurséd token here,
Where all so fair and faultless seemed;
Whereby hath Jove thy favour lost,
So lightly thus to be esteemed?

"By this I know why unreplaced
The roses and the myrtles lay,
Wherewith thy stainless fingers graced
The Paphian's image, day by day;
And why the ungathered apples toss'd,
Sun-mellowed, o'er the orchard way.

"By this I know why paled thy cheek,
When, gazing on the arena sands,
Thou trembledst at the dying shriek
That shrilled above the applauding hands,
Weeping when beast and Christian met
And crimson splash'd the Dacian brands.

"For this was thine averted glance,
When, in the gardens, yesternight,
We saw the lurid shadows dance
Where living torches cast their light,
Uprear'd where they their eyes might set
Upon the racing chariot's flight.

"Oh, faithless to the mighty gods!
Cast in thy lot with those that brave
The lions and the lictors' rods,
And bid your Master seek and save!
Go learn, by tasting death and shame,
What life remains beyond the grave!"

He ceased; and I am left alone,
To cry for strength, Oh Christ, to Thee,
Against the awful hour unknown,
When foes will rage and friends will flee;
Yet, through the clouds of leaping flame,
These mortal eyes Thy face shall see.

HOW TO LIVE ON £100 A YEAR.

PRACTICAL EXPERIENCES, BY THE HEAD OF A HOUSE.

CONSIDERABLE interest was shown awhile ago in an order of the directors of a certain bank, that in the future none of their staff were to marry, except under special circumstances, on a lower salary than £150 a year, this being considered the minimum upon which such responsibility should be undertaken. There was evident good sense in the order; but when one realises that the majority of those who marry do not obtain this income, and still a large proportion live respectably and in moderate comfort, it is clear that there are more things in household life than are dreamt of in the philosophy of a bank director.

Now the object of this article is decidedly not to recommend the grave step of marrying on £100 a year, which certainly involves the necessity of continual frugality and watchfulness; but since, after all, this is an everyday undertaking, I hope the following hints may be of interest and practical help to many readers of this paper, indicating how affairs may be managed so as to avoid the overcare which we know is not the better part of life.

In determining on prudential grounds, the first step, the great factor is of course the good sense of those directly concerned and the judgment of their advisers. All will agree with me that it would be the height of unwisdom for anyone to adopt household cares unless suitable means of residence—furniture, etc.—are provided, and both parties financially unencumbered; and unless, also, previously contracted habits of extravagance are laid aside, and, in their place, substituted a mutual recognition that in this dual control every effort should be made to husband resources, deeming trifling savings neither inconsequential nor sordid.

To illustrate how a small house should be managed, let me give you my own experience. I will endeavour not to tire you. Before I married I was respectably placed, my income £100. My fiancée lived in a comfortable home; but she was ready in household matters, and deft with her needle. With mutual help we have fully sustained our old status, while our friends have all been retained, and I can at any time invite a friend home; nor have invitations to be declined through our not being *bien mis*.

"ART THOU A CHRISTIAN?"

See "The Symbol," page 228.

I had in hand sufficient to furnish the house, while wedding gifts added much to its beauty, and so did the work of a pair of loving busy hands. In choosing a house, I found rents high near my place of employment, but a little over a mile away, just in the country, I found a pleasant six-roomed house with a small garden in front and a large one behind, for £16 a year. I considered this high, when rates were reckoned, for my income; but, as the situation was good, I took it. The walk was by no means a disadvantage. Now came the time for the exercise of forethought, and I strongly recommend you to bear in mind the following conclusions, to make the best of your circumstances.

In starting housekeeping, the amount you have in hand should never be fully expended, as some requirements are certain to be at first overlooked, and will only be noticed after the lapse of a short time.

It is important to always have in hand as much money as will suffice until the next instalment of salary is due, and a pound or so over. To be always holding the last shilling is highly indicative of mismanagement. It is very humiliating to have to borrow small sums; it is equally so to have to ask the gas or rate collector to call again; and you should always be in a position to secure any passing opportunity of making a favourable purchase of anything you may require.

Never, on any account, run a bill or get into debt. You have no right to draw on the future, even for a week. It was the system of cash payments which gave the stores so great an advantage over the shops; but in most towns there are now tradesmen in all branches who for similar payment will place you on similar terms to these stores. For cash, the simplest orders are readily executed at the lowest prices. I emphasise this, as credit is obtained with such fatal facility that a little determination is sometimes necessary to avoid it. Once start running bills, and you will almost certainly overrun your income, and land in a mire of debt from which escape is difficult.

The great secret of managing a small income to its greatest advantage is the proper apportioning of the different items of expenditure, assigning them the limits beyond which they should not pass, providing for the regular payments for food, rent, clothes,—reserving sufficient for the tailor or bootmaker in their turn, and keeping an eye to possible sickness or accidents. "But," many may say, "we have managed well enough without that trouble. We hardly ever have a bill owing, and we can easily screw a little when one does come, and get it done with." True; but is this the best way? This is the way friction commences which may easily throw the whole machine out of order. A thoughtless way of getting what you want and paying "when convenient" breaks down at the first serious obstacle: a month's illness, an enforced holiday, and you are ankle-deep in debt; and then, besides having this to recover, you are having to pay higher to the different tradesmen than heretofore. In fact, your freedom is lost. A little system is really a great saving of trouble when the habit is once established. When you have ascertained a fair limit to each expense, let that guide you; when you come short of it, you can devote the small spare amounts to any other object without consciousness of doing more than you ought to afford; or you can, more prudently, if you will, add them to your reserve.

To illustrate this fully I append a list of expenditure, by no means an experimental one. The early years of housekeeping require rather fewer expenses; there are no renewals or breakages either, and if well-equipped there are very few expenses indeed, and a decided start ought to be made to lay aside a "nest egg" upon which you can fall back in case of any reverse. The following list is a tried one, the family numbering three children besides their parents, but as time goes on further alterations will come.

	s.	d.	
Groceries	4	5	per week.
Flour, 1½ stone (sometimes whole meal)	2	3	,, ,,
Eggs, 1s., butter 1lb, 1s. 4d.	2	4	,, ,,
Milk 3d. per day	1	9	,, ,,
Butcher	5	0	,, ,,
Bacon, 1s., cheese, 6d. ..	1	6	,, ,,
Vegetables and fruit ..	1	3	,, ,,
Charwoman, etc.	1	6	,, ,,
Books	0	6	,, ,,
	£1	0	6

At £1 0s. 6d. per week these expenses per year amount to	£53	6	0
Add rent per year	16	0	0
Rates and taxes	2	5	0
Water, 16s. gas, £1	1	16	0
Clothing for children	2	5	0
,, for mistress	5	5	0
Suit, boots, and sundries, self ..	5	15	0
Coals, 3 tons at 16s., coke, 1½ tons at 10s.	3	3	0
Household renewals, including linen	1	15	0
Collections or charity	1	0	0
Miscellaneous	1	5	0
Total for the year ..	£93	15	0

We have not reached the hundred here, but have spent quite as large a proportion as is prudent. There is no doctor's bill, insurance, nor holiday allowance, nor is any provision specified for such possibilities as loss of work, removals, or even more serious events, to which all households are liable. If you are relying upon your own resources, and for the first year or two place a £10 note to the credit of a banking account, and afterwards add regularly a few pounds yearly, you place yourself in a far more secure and independent position than otherwise. To neglect to make some reserve, whatever the income, at least in the early years of a household, is shortsighted, if not positively wrong. As to insurance, a systematic habit of depositing in your bank is probably as profitable a method as any of insuring those around you against desolation, if you will only resolutely make the deposits.

To make the best of your income it is necessary to place some such limit upon the different headings; and although this list has been proved by experience to be practicable, it is, of course, not necessary that it should be followed literally, provided the decision exists to keep within such bounds as will really enable you to pay your way, and a little over. But, lest you should incline to challenge the list, let us look over it together.

The allowance for groceries appears small, but you see here how greatly the purchasing power of money has increased in the country. There is hardly an article named which, forty years ago, would not have cost fully three times as much for worse quality. It is more convenient to us to obtain supplies fortnightly, and the following is an example of an order for two weeks:—

	s.	d.
½lb. tea	1	3
¾lb. coffee	1	0
6lb. moist sugar	1	3
1lb. lump sugar	0	4
1lb. sago or tapioca	0	4
Currants, sultanas, or carraways ..	0	4
Lemon peel	0	3
Cocoa	0	6
2lbs. treacle	0	6
4lb. oatmeal	0	4
Mustard, pepper, etc.	0	6
Baking powder, yeast, etc.	0	8
Toilet soap	0	4
Washing materials	1	3
	8	10

Common things at these prices, do you say? Decidedly not. Your cash payment places you on similar terms to the stores, where you would not consider these prices at all indicative of inferiority.

I enter more for milk, butter, and eggs than for grocer's food. There is nothing so wholesome or so perfect a food as dairy produce. Skimmed milk, when it can be obtained good, is much cheaper than new, so can be used more freely for cooking purposes. It contains a really larger proportion of flesh-forming material than new milk. In early summer the best farm lump butter can be obtained very cheap indeed; and it is a good plan then to obtain about a couple of stones, and press down in stone jars with a little salt, and keep in a cool place until winter, when it is double the price.

For vegetables and fruit, it rests upon how your marketing is done whether this sum suffices. You cannot obtain the earliest vegetables or fruit, but a very little management will procure an ample and well-varied supply of garden produce. I find in my own garden—besides amusement—a good supply of fruit; also early green peas and beans, and sufficient flowers to always render the house beautiful; so in this I obtain a distinct advantage over urban residence.

A butcher would tell you I did not allow enough for him. It is, however, a truism that in most families too much meat is eaten; and we have a fair allowance of dairy produce. It is not an economical method to lay out the whole of your portion in one purchase, and, when the middle of the week arrives, to provide meagre dinners or else make another levy on your cash box. A very little experience will guide you in the purchase of suitable pieces of meat, and you find here, as everywhere else, your ready money is a magic wand to reveal the best purchases.

The item for charwoman will allow of her coming for your fortnight's washing, and a day occasionally to clean. A very little more would provide you a little maid.

Sixpence weekly provides occasional newspapers, a monthly or two, and a new book occasionally. Books, even the best, are now so cheap that this trifling sum will bring within your reach the thoughts of the greatest men of all times.

I don't pretend the allowance I make myself for clothes is liberal, but it is sufficient. I generally get a suit of tough black cloth, such as is largely worn by country professional men. If well fitting, a suit will last over a year, and as I was well clad when a bachelor, I make occasional changes with the clothes of other days. By always brushing and folding those not in use, I keep them presentable. My dress suit promises to last a lifetime, through ordinary care. My old tweeds will, in time, I expect, be reduced, and clothe the limbs of my son.

As to the other dress items let my wife speak:—"It requires some management, of course, to keep everything tidy, but I make all the clothes myself, so there is only the cost of the materials. I should apportion a year's allowance as follows:—

	£	s.	d
Dress materials, 23s. and 14s. ..	1	17	0
2 pairs boots	0	15	6
Jacket material	0	10	0
Hat	0	8	0
Linen, etc.	1	0	0
Gloves	0	7	6
Children's boots	1	5	0
,, clothing	1	0	0
	£7	0	0

"The following year would be rather different.

"It is a good plan to get a dress every year of good cashmere or other similar material, and, if your older dresses are wearing, a second of serge (if cold weather), or a pompadour or cambric for summer. I make my older dresses last a great deal longer than they would otherwise by wearing a polonaise of print, sateen, or indeed almost any material I have on hand, over them. It is needless to say that a good large apron with a bib is necessary when working about the house. A good felt hat, plainly trimmed, is cheap and effective, and lasts a very long time. For summer wear, straws or your old chips retrimmed are the best, and I think that women who lead busy lives always appear to the greatest advantage with as little trimming as possible. For a jacket or mantle I purchase such material as is suitable—not the most expensive, of course. In making it up I find the paper patterns very useful; indeed, I could hardly do without them. I do not go out very much in cold weather, so one jacket now lasts me two years, being altered a little the second year. The items for linen includes hose; and I may say how much better it is to sustain the stockings by suspenders than the old-fashioned method which doctors so rightly condemn.

"When my cashmeres are worn they come in for the bairns. I wish my old boots would also, for boots are the most costly point in a little one's attire. It requires very little money to clothe them, as they have the reversion of their parents' wardrobe.

"My friends sometimes wonder how I manage to get through so much dressmaking as well as to attend to the household; but they find me in good health and spirits, and rightly conclude that to be busy is by no means to be unhappy. If I bought ready-made clothing, it would cost double, and something else in the house would have to go short. The sewing-machine is a great help; I could not manage without it. Of course I am up betimes in the morning and busy until afternoon; but I get out with the children pretty often, and if I do not go out I do a little gardening, as I make the flowers my own special care."

May you all, dear girls, possess the contented spirit of my wife!

A word or two more as to my expense list. I need hardly say how greatly coke saves the coal bill. The ashes should be sifted and the dust thrown away; the remainder should be used again. I need only mention, also, the necessity of renewing breakages in the house and worn linen, using worn sheets by cutting them up the middle and joining the sides, etc.

A very small item is that set aside for Christian purposes; but you will doubtless supplement it by occasional acts of charity around you (not, mind you, the easy random bestowal of alms on whomever your fancy dictates), for, though your lot is not high, you are better off than the majority of the earth's inhabitants, and you are under distinct obligations towards those who are less fortunate.

The miscellaneous item includes jams and pickles (both of which are far better home-made than bought). Many little requirements which you would expect to provide from this, you will probably supply from small profits from other items where you find your limit has not been reached.

So much for our list. It is needless for me to point out the many ways in which a thrifty housekeeper will find opportunity to reduce the cost of living, and avoid waste or expense while maintaining the health and comfort of the precious charges in the home.

I invite my friends home quite as freely as I once took them to rooms, prudently avoiding washing days. My experience has always been that a real friend, such only as one ought to bring to one's hearth, cares but little for feeding. Of course, if the visit is planned beforehand, a little supper is really desirable; and it has often been a matter of surprise to me how little money a really nice supper costs. I need not speak here of the necessity of faultless linen and table appointments. I never hesitate to bring home a friend without prearrangement. A little music, chess, an item of science, art, a book, or a hundred other subjects, besides the run of conversation, with a cup of coffee and a sandwich is pleasurable in the highest degree. My friends come with me readily, too; so I hope the delight is not all on one side.

Wine or beer I consider I cannot afford, so on that ground, as well as for example to the little ones, I banish them from consideration. My cigars, too, were knocked off long ago.

If your finances are satisfactory, and you are in good health, finding your life happy and interesting, your battle is won. I do not need to speak of the necessity of mutual forbearance and help in ever-recurring weakness, without which the greatest plenty is famine; nor, I hope, to urge that though thrifty management is the keynote to prosperity in life, and an essential to success, it is only a means to another end; and that health and prosperity are of little worth unless accompanied by higher aims of purity and nobleness and godliness of life, as stepping-stones to a greater hereafter.

A word as to the children. I do not intend to say much, but I would remark how foolish it is to clothe tender children, who are exposed to continual changes of temperature and draughts in breakfast-room or kitchen, in little low-necked dresses which barely cover half their bodies. Many little ones are sacrificed in this way. High-necked, long-sleeved, long dresses, such as Miss Fashion would cry "horror" upon, and grandmother smile over as "sensible"—these are the dresses your little ones should wear as soon as they walk. Flannel shirts in winter, warm knickerbockers, strong boots, and warm stockings are the only kind of clothes a poor man can afford. They will save many a doctor's bill. The children should go out every morning; if they can't go a good walk, let them romp well in the garden.

As to their diet, children generally get too much meat and potatoes—both of which can easily be given too freely, on account of the little trouble in preparing along with one's own meals. But their requirements are different from ours, and they should have more than they usually get of oatmeal porridge, milk, brown bread, and milk puddings. If fruit is hard, it is better to cook it. Many bairns thrive rather in spite of their diet than upon it. If children ask for food between meal times, should they have it? In small houses, it is so convenient for mother to accede that it is generally done, to the injury of the child, for its stomach cannot deal with such rapid supplies. When it asks, it is a good plan to give it a little dry bread; if really hungry, and requiring food, it will eat it with relish—if not, its appetite will be spared until the next meal-time.

Many of my readers may ask how the children are to be educated on our income. I could, without any effort, provide them with an elementary education—far better, in many ways, by the way, than was given in much higher schools a very few years ago—or I could, by making a modest call on the reserve, provide a larger sum. But there is an item of receipt of which I have not spoken. I suppose there are few with a "fixed" income who have not at times an extra receipt of a few pounds. It is, unfortunately, too commonly the case that such receipts are frittered away without any commensurate benefit. I have, I am glad to say, not unfrequently an extra, though not sufficiently regular that I can anticipate it, and I give myself the pleasure of banking it to an "education fund" for the youngsters. I consider that it is the duty of a parent to give his children the best education he can afford. He then gives them a fortune of greater value than many hundreds a year, and if, with health and religious training, the children have the boon of the best educational teaching, "growing up as the young plants, and becoming as the polished corners of the Temple," there are few parents who will consider trifling self-denials on their own part as worthy of even a passing thought.

In conclusion, if my income never increases, I believe I shall be able to manage to go through the world independent of any other man's money. I consider, however, that in time the way will become more easy, and my experiences will, in that case, show me clearly how to make the most of my income. May it be the same with you! H.

COURTLEROY.

By ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER III.

A BORN SOLDIER.

IMPORTANT business letters, and still more publicly important political news in the *Times*, occupied Mr. Prettyman so engrossingly the following morning that he appeared to forget the intruder altogether. Mrs. Prettyman did not remind him of him, knowing that "time and the hour" operated wonders with her husband.

Soon after he had left home for the city, Jones, the policeman, arrived, with a woman whom he had arrested on suspicion. Sampson told Mrs. Prettyman that the policeman wished to confront the woman with the boy before proceeding farther. Mrs. Prettyman was in a terrible fuss, as may be imagined. She ordered Ada to bring down the child, which she did with much difficulty. The policeman and his charge stood inside the hall door, and they opposite. No sign of recognition passed between the woman and child.

"Do you know her?" whispered Ada, and Master George shook his head.

She had made some slight inroad into his confidence. Not so Jones; for when he stepped cautiously forward towards him, he bolted through the nearest open door.

"May I be struck dead, my lady, if ever I see that child before," said the woman. "I'm a poor hardworkin', strivin' soul, as have lost half a day's work all along of being took up by this gentleman. And he've lost half a day's work, and the public have to pay all the same, for meddlin' wi' what don't concern him. That's what the p'lice is for. I wish they'd

mind their own business, I does, and so do a many others."

Mrs. Prettyman thought she was a disreputable looking female. Still, she had sympathy with all who were wrongfully suspected, and having asked the policeman if he were satisfied, and received a somewhat dissatisfied assurance that he was, she slipped five shillings into the woman's hand.

"The Lord bless yer, my lady. I'll be happy to be took up on suspicion every day this year, if I can oblege yer, Mr. Bobby; and sure, if I can help to find the friends o' the child, I'm at your sarvice. I'll keep an eye on the square, my lady, and on this house partiklar."

"Oh, pray don't trouble!" began perplexed Mrs. Prettyman; but the policeman cut the obliging offers short by taking off the woman.

It may be as well to say here that the indefatigable Jones brought two other women during the course of the day, still "on suspicion or approval," but both were evidently "as innercent as Sampson;" and when Mrs. Prettyman made up her accounts she was puzzled to know whether the fifteen shillings she had disbursed out of sympathy could be justly inserted as "charity," or not.

When female No. 1 had departed, Mrs. Prettyman and Ada had a hunt for George. They feared he had escaped, for they could find him neither upstairs nor down. At last, like Achilles, he was again taken by the heel. He had curled himself up far back beneath the big library sofa; and the discreet Sampson, remembering the episode of the previous evening, descended to all fours to look for him. The little pink heel betrayed him, and thereby he was ignominiously dragged forth by the butler, struggling manfully, but still resolutely quiet.

"A queer fish," ejaculated Sampson, holding him with difficulty as he rose from his quadrupedal to his bipedal state.

"Herrins!" once more said the child; then added in a whisper, "Let me go, Pat."

There was a ring at the hall bell, and Sampson was in what is vulgarly called a fix; but Mrs. Prettyman appeared, and released him. She put her arm round the boy's waist, and held him tight. Further demonstrations were checked by the entrance of Miss Heath.

"Ah, Louisa! The adopted?" she said inquiringly.

"The foundling rather, Milly. Now, Georgie, you are not going off," returned Mrs. Prettyman.

But off he would have been had not Miss Heath seized him, and held him at arm's length.

He kicked and cuffed in vain. She had experience of naughty children, and knew how to manage them, or so she thought. She looked well at him, and he returned her gaze—not impudently or defiantly, but with a sort of grave consideration, as much as to say he had met his match.

"Stand still," she said. "Be good, and you shall be rewarded; be naughty, and you shall be punished."

Milly Heath never wasted words; neither, as far as had yet transpired, did George Hope; but he understood hers. He turned a face full of pathos towards Mrs. Prettyman, and uttered the little word, "Lou!" by which he must have heard Mr. Prettyman address her the previous evening. She opened her arms, and he rushed into them. The rounded cheek and curly head nestled on her shoulder, the loving arms enfolded him, the kind lips kissed his forehead. And what of Milly Heath? A slow tear rolled down her cheek, proving that sympathy may be silent. So may grief and gratitude; for Mrs. Prettyman's neck was wet with the tears of the child, who had shed none before. And these were not apparent when she rose hastily and led him, obedient now, out of the room.

Miss Heath wiped off that slow tear, and sat immovable till Mrs. Prettyman returned. Her hands were tightly clasped—an intimation on her part of inward feeling.

"Colonel Marmont was killed in the last battle with the Caffirs," she said. "Mr. Le Roy is with his mother, and I ran over to tell you. We have not yet heard from Emily."

Mrs. Prettyman made amends for her friend's frigidity. She understood her, and poured forth a stream of sympathy with her.

Then she gave the history of the child who had just left the room, and asked the advice of Miss Heath.

"What does Mr. Prettyman say?" asked that discreet woman.

"That he must go to the workhouse if we cannot find his friends."

"If you want to keep him let Mr. Prettyman alone. Agree with him, and he will come round."

"We always have agreed till last night, and then he was quite cross, though he encouraged me at first; and now Providence has sent me just what I wanted, he has taken quite a turn the other way."

"He will come back if you have patience," said Milly, hurrying off.

Mrs. Prettyman went in search of her *protégé*. She found him in the servants' hall, quiet as a lamb. Tom, the page boy, had given him an old box of soldiers, which he had arranged in military fashion on the floor. He was wholly abstracted, and manœuvred his redcoats as if he understood what he was about, putting them through their facings, and giving the word of command with strange precision.

"He's wonderful cute, ma'am," remarked the cook. "He says 'Fire!' as if he was the Dook o' Cambridge."

And he certainly had stentorian lungs to judge from his commands to his soldiery.

Shortly afterwards Mrs. Prettyman went out. She walked round the square in order to look at Mrs. Le Roy's house, which was on the side opposite hers. She had the satisfaction of seeing that the blinds were down, albeit Colonel Marmont must then have filled a soldier's grave; and that several carriages were at the door.

As she walked quietly past the house, a tall, pale, distinguished-looking man came out, and got into one of the carriages. It was Mr. Le Roy.

"Why doesn't he stay and comfort his poor mother," muttered Mrs. Prettyman, who, like the rest of the world, had a taste for managing her neighbour's affairs.

However, she soon forgot theirs in her own. She walked quickly into Oxford-street, and after inquisition of different shop windows paused long before a wax figure of a boy in fashionable costume. She went in, and asked for a similar suit. She would fain have purchased a uniform for her miniature general officer, but it had not yet become the fashion to dress children up as soldiers, though juvenile sailors were as common as the way on which they walked.

"This suit is altogether loose, madam, and will fit any young gentleman," said the polite shopman, displaying a suitable costume, which Mrs. Prettyman purchased, and ordered to be sent home.

Returned there, she bade Ada attire Master George in it, as soon as it arrived. But he had grown fractious again, and was in hiding under the bed in Ada's room. It was decided to let him remain there for the present; and Mrs. Prettyman went off again to a toy-shop, where she purchased a sword. The house was quite at sixes and sevens owing to this youthful interloper.

Mr. Prettyman came home early, and his wife trembled as she answered his inquiries about the child. But she gave him the history of the day, and was reassured when he laughed his genial laugh over her adventures.

"There is nothing for it but to send him to the workhouse, or board him out, or put him into a home for forsaken children," he said.

"Would you like to see him first, Joe?" she asked.

He assented, and she ran upstairs. Ada had caught him, and was vainly trying to dress him in the new suit. He would not have it on. Mrs. Prettyman had the sword in her hand, and, with a cunning which she afterwards declared was "inspired," drew it out of the scabbard, and said—

"Georgie shall have this as soon as he is dressed."

The sword was a magic wand. With eyes fixed upon it, and chubby hands outstretched towards it, he submitted to be sumptuously attired. Shoes and stockings, however, he would not—kicking lustily while Ada tried to put them on.

"We will do without them for the present," said Mrs. Prettyman. "Come with me, Georgie, and you shall have the sword."

She led him downstairs, holding his left hand so tightly that he could not escape, and when they reached the library door, put the sword into his right. No sooner did he see Mr. Prettyman than he set himself in an attitude of defence.

"Our prizefighter turned into a swordsman!" exclaimed that gentleman, surveying the child with involuntary admiration.

He certainly was a fine specimen of Hibernian beauty, if Irish he really was. He had the dark violet eyes and fair skin of the race, and his well-developed frame might have been that of a juvenile Hercules. In struggling to brush his hair, Ada had massed up the curls on the top of his head, and the process of washing had flushed his cheeks. The bare legs and feet showed sturdily beneath the new knickerbockers, and altogether he was a magnificent specimen of childhood.

"Let me see your sword," said Mr. Prettyman.

The boy looked gravely for a minute into the kind face, then marched up to him, as if at the word of command, and laid the sword at his feet.

"It was a Divine impulse," Mrs. Prettyman would say in after years. "I, too, was praying."

"Strange!" ejaculated her husband, laying his hand on the child's head. "Who and what can he be? We cannot send him away, Lou!"

"I was sure you would say so," cried Lou, suddenly putting her arm round the neck of her spouse, and giving him a hearty kiss.

George burst out into a peal of childish mirth, which made the worthy couple almost ashamed of themselves. But Mr. Prettyman drew him towards him and placed him, unresisting, on his knee.

From that moment George Hope's fate was sealed.

(*To be continued.*)

"RAINY DAYS."

By L. C. SILKE, Author of "Loving Service," "Nora's Stronghold," etc.

CHAPTER I.

"THE day is cold and dark and dreary,
It rains, and the wind is never weary,"

chaunted Rosa Murray, absently, in an undertone, as she poured herself out another cup of tea.

She was seated alone at the breakfast-table in the little front sitting-room at Ivy Cottage, in the quiet seaside village of Westwood. The rain was beating against the window, while the clouds showed no sign of breaking. There seemed to be every prospect of a tho-

rough wet day, and Rosa, who loved brightness and sunshine, surveyed the dull, leaden sky with a somewhat dismal expression on her young face as in silence she munched some dry toast and despatched an egg.

"My life is cold and dark and dreary," she hummed again, after a pause, and then she broke off, saying to herself, "How stupid it is of me to let those lines keep running in my head. I wonder why they will persist in haunting me; because it would be very wrong of me to say that 'my life was cold and dark and dreary'—and yet I don't see that it is particularly bright either. It is certainly more like the weather to-day than like that of yesterday, which was so sunshiny and joyous. Ah, well! Longfellow says there must be some of such days in every life; but I don't see that knowing it is the common fate of all makes it any more pleasant. It only makes the world look the more dreary to think that other people besides myself have their rainy days. But for me now it seems always to rain—though once the sun seemed always to shine. I wonder if it will ever shine again on me."

At this point in her musings Rosa planted her elbows on the table and buried her face in her hands as two tears gathered in her blue eyes and rolled down her cheeks. More would have followed had she not felt obliged to force them back, for an interruption might come at any moment, and it would never do to be caught crying.

It would have been a luxury to have been able to let her tears flow, and yet she could scarcely have told why they were there at all. Things around her were just as they had been yesterday and the day before and the day before that, except that this morning the sun was hidden behind these heavy rain clouds, and it was chilly and gloomy. And somehow the monotonous daily round of her life, with its little wearisome duties, appeared more distasteful looked at through this sunless atmosphere.

After a few minutes a rap on the floor from someone overhead interrupted her musings by summoning her upstairs. She rose at once to obey the summons, but her step was slower than usual, and had lost its elasticity.

Rosa Murray was a fair-haired girl of two or three and twenty, with a pleasant open face, a neat slim figure, and eyes that could kindle with eagerness or grow soft with feeling, but which this morning wore a dull and heavy look. Evidently the girl was feeling out of tune with her surroundings; and yet she had hitherto borne up bravely, for it was a dull life for her to have for her sole companions two infirm old ladies, who were full of their little whims and crotchets, their own peculiar ways and likings, and seemed to have but little in common with this young ardent nature.

On her mother's death, about two years before, Rosa had come to live at Westwood with these old aunts, or rather great aunts, who had brought up her mother during all the years that her parents had been absent in India, and for whom she had ever retained the truest regard and affection. She had married early an officer in the Indian army, and on his death had returned to England with her only child Rosa, then about five years old, and had settled near her parents, who had also by that time returned for good to their native land.

Rosa's had been a very happy childhood; the pet of her grandparents, and the one chief object of her mother's heart, she had grown up in an atmosphere of love, shielded and sheltered from all rough winds like a treasured plant placed in a sunny corner under a south wall.

This happy life had lasted until she was about twenty. Then came the death of the grandparents, who followed one another to the grave within a few months; and before another year had run out an attack of inflammation of the lungs had carried off Mrs. Murray, leaving Rosa desolate indeed.

It was Mrs. Murray's wish that her child should go to the old aunts and make her home with them; indeed, they were her natural guardians, as they were the nearest relatives the poor girl had left.

They received her kindly, and did what in them lay to cheer her. And at first, Rosa, engrossed with her sorrow, feeling as if nothing remained for her now in this world but to go mourning all her days—for all happiness and enjoyment were surely gone for ever with that dear one who had made the sunshine of her life—asking for nothing more than to be allowed to indulge her grief, found the quiet, even the very dulness, of Ivy Cottage congenial to the altered state of her feelings, and was well content to find her chief occupation in ministering to the old ladies who had given her a shelter and a home.

But as time went by, softening the bitterness of her grief, and the young life within her began to rebound, as it were, from the blow which had seemed to crush it, so wishes and desires arose for more light and warmth and colour, so to speak—for some variation from the dead monotony of days spent for ever in the shade, in the same unbroken round of duties which were becoming more and more irksome.

The lovely spring weather that had come now, with its beautiful sunshine, its budding trees, and burst of new fresh life after the cold dark days of winter, seemed to fill her with vague longings for something—she scarce knew what—but something in her life which should correspond with this change in nature which appeared so happy and joyous.

She wanted to be happy too. She felt discontented, restless, like a bird striving to break loose from its cage. Her spirit was craving for some variety, for a broader, fuller life than the one she now lived, cramped and confined within the limits of Ivy Cottage.

There was no denying that it was a dull life for a young girl, for both Mrs. Dunn and Miss Scott were confirmed invalids, the one asthmatic, the other rheumatic. All through the winter they had been close prisoners to the house—indeed, confined for a good part of it to their rooms—and Rosa had spent her time first with one and then with the other.

Her services in reading aloud were in constant requisition, as Mrs. Dunn, who took a keen interest in politics, could not be content to let a day pass without mastering the contents of the leading articles and all the debates. And as she had nearly lost her sight, so that she could not read a word for herself, while Miss Scott, who had the sight, was debarred from reading aloud by the weakness of her chest and her constant cough, it fell to Rosa's share to wade through the long columns, which were usually totally devoid of interest to her, as she was no politician. Under these circumstances, it was not to be wondered at that she found it wearisome work.

The rap on the floor which summoned Rosa upstairs was from Mrs. Dunn, who was wanting the former's assistance over the business of dressing, her rheumatism having so crippled her that she was forced, much as she disliked it, to be, to a great extent, dependent upon the services of others.

Hers was a somewhat rugged nature, and pain did not seem to have the effect of sweetening it.

"How slow you are, child! Dear me, what clumsy fingers you seem to have!" were frequent exclamations from the old lady during the process of dressing; and perhaps the tones of voice were a trifle sharper and more impatient than usual.

It was a little ungracious to receive Rosa's well-meant efforts in this manner, but the girl was by this time growing more accustomed to her aunt's ways, though she could never help contrasting her roughness and brusqueness with her own mother's sweet and graceful manner of thanking for any little service rendered.

At length, however, Mrs. Dunn's toilet was completed, and with the help of Rosa's arm she made her way into her sister's room. The latter, having taken a fresh cold, was confined for the present to her own apartment, and when this was the case Mrs. Dunn was accustomed to spend the greater part of the day there with her. So did Rosa also, as otherwise she did little but run up and downstairs attending to their different wants.

For the old ladies were not sufficiently well off to keep a servant to wait upon them, and they were but lodgers at Ivy Cottage, the house not being theirs, but Mrs. Reeve's. The latter was a worthy woman, already past middle life, who in her youthful days had been cook in the Scott family, and now for many years—ever since her husband's death—had let part of her cottage to lodgers. Mrs. Dunn and Miss Scott had now lived with her for the last ten years, and she had proved herself very attentive and faithful to them; but she was beginning to feel "not so young as she once was," as she expressed it, so that the ladies felt anxious to spare her trouble in every way they could.

"Now, Rosa, I am ready for the paper," said Mrs. Dunn, as soon as she had been established in her easy chair and had taken up a piece of coarse knitting, which was the only work she could manage now.

Rosa, with a smothered sigh, which no one heard, took up the paper and prepared to read through its columns. They seemed more uninteresting than ever this morning, and as she read, the rain pattered against the window panes, making a dreary sound, while now and then a gust of wind rattled the casements. In spite of all her efforts, she could not suppress a yawn now and then.

"Dear me, child, are you going to sleep?" exclaimed Mrs. Dunn. "It looks like it, at any rate; and certainly your voice is monotonous enough to lull us all off into a nap."

"Perhaps poor Rosa is tired," said Miss Scott, who was of a much more gentle nature than her sister, and could make more allowance for others. "She has been reading for a good while, and I daresay it is sleepy work. If you don't mind the interruption, Hannah, I should be glad if she would go down and bring me up my other work-basket," continued Miss Scott, thinking a little movement and change of position might be a relief to Rosa.

The latter saw through her aunt's devices, and gave her a smile of thanks; but she said nothing, as she gladly availed herself of the run downstairs, for the sake of rousing herself from the drowsiness that had been creeping over her.

At length the weary columns of debates or subjects on which Rosa showed "such lamentable ignorance and lack of interest," as Mrs. Dunn expressed it, had been got through, by which time the girl's throat and voice were tired, and her spirits at a still lower ebb.

At that moment Mrs. Reeve entered the room with a little pile of house linen of the old ladies', which was in need of mending. Such work naturally fell to Rosa's share, as she was the only one who had eyes for it.

For the next hour or more she darned away, listening as she stitched, in the pauses of the desultory conversation kept up by her aunts, to the beating rain and the sighing of the wind, and again the words kept running in her head, "My life is cold and dark and dreary."

The afternoon brought more reading aloud, more darning of pillow cases, more rain drops pattering against the window, more half-suppressed yawns from Rosa, more longings for some change to break the dull monotony.

"If only someone would come in," she said to herself; but callers were few at the best of times, and none could be expected on this wet day. The old ladies' acquaintance was necessarily limited, for Westwood was only a quiet country village on the sea coast, where there were but few residents beyond the villagers, and though a sprinkling of visitors came in summer, it was too early in the year to look for them yet.

As five o'clock drew near, the rattle of cups and saucers, showing that preparations for tea were being made in the sitting room below, was a very welcome sound in Rosa's ears, and she gladly laid aside her work to go down and make the tea. She carried up two cups and some thin bread and butter, which she had carefully cut herself, to her aunts, and then descended again to her own meal.

The rain appeared to have ceased at last, and before she had finished her tea the clouds parted, while a sudden gleam of sunshine, the more beautiful, perhaps, because so unexpected, brightened the dull little room. Rosa started up and went to the window to survey the state of things out of doors. The shrubs and trees were covered with rain drops, which, catching the slant sunbeams, glistened and sparkled like gems. A change seemed to have come over the whole face of nature; the grey leaden hue was gone, and every leaf and blade of grass had assumed a fresher tint through the drenching it had received.

Rosa, with a more animated look than she had worn all day, ran upstairs, putting her head in at the door of her aunts' room as she said, "It is clearing up so beautifully I should like to go out for a turn while it keeps fine. You won't want anything for a little while, will you?"

"No, dear," returned Miss Scott, "and if it continues to hold up don't hurry back. Some fresh air will do the child good," she added, turning to her sister, "for she has been looking pale to-day."

"But won't she get very wet?" remonstrated Mrs. Dunn. "The ground must be soaking."

"I can put on good thick boots, and it will be dry down on the beach, which is where I thought of going," said Rosa, and a few minutes later she sallied forth in hat and waterproof, taking the turn which led down to the sea.

There was a pleasant sense of freedom as she stood on the shore looking out over the vast expanse of waters, and watching the waves come rolling in at her feet. But the bright gleam soon faded, and again all nature assumed a dull, sombre aspect. Once more Rosa's thoughts assumed that aspect too.

She stood gazing at the tossing sea, with its white-crested waves advancing and then breaking, followed by others in swift succession. It was a scene of turmoil and unrest. There was something gloomy looking in this mass of dark waters, which appeared so different when sparkling in the sunlight.

As she stood looking absently across the expanse of ocean her face wore a wistful, sad expression, which did not escape the notice of a lady who was advancing to the spot where Rosa stood, but unobserved by the latter, who seemed wrapped in her own thoughts.

(*To be continued.*)

TONICS: HOW TO USE THEM BENEFICIALLY.

By MEDICUS.

I OUGHT to, and do, begin by saying that this paper is not meant to be read by, and not written for, what I may call my child-girls, and I number among these all "lassies" under the age of fifteen. But for all that, though older girls will assuredly profit by its perusal, our decidedly young folks may not only scan it, but commit it to memory for aught "Medicus" cares. Only he deems it fit to give this short preface, because no one probably knows better than he does the mischief that may, and often does, occur from too much self-doctoring.

It may seem a strange thing for a medical man to say, but it is nevertheless a fact, that there is even in these enlightened days, in the latter end of the century, too much faith put in medicine *alone*. I have italicised the word "alone," because I would not have it thought that medicine is not of the most intrinsic value. But it must not be medicine *alone*, it must not be medicine all by itself. The medicine, the therapeutic agent, must be carefully and judicially prescribed to begin with, but along with this, diet, and exercise if it can be taken, must be regulated, else the medicine itself has little or no chance.

Now, the very title of my paper, "Tonics," may tell you that my sermon of to-day applies only to those who are chronically ill, or mayhap convalescent, for tonics, you know, are seldom given in even sub-acute diseases.

(I notice that I have already used bigger words and more technical terms than I had at first intended. Never mind, it will scare away my child-girls. The little folks may leave the hall, and we, the big people, will have it all to ourselves.)

To resume. I happen to know that among the millions of toiling women and girlfolks in this busy work-a-day little island of ours there are whole armies of the only-middling class, people who are never very well, never very ill, but who just go on from day to day—probably they have to—working away and living in hope that some day or other things may take a turn for the better, and that they will find themselves as well and hearty as many they see around them. That they will then be happy and strong and able to laugh, not only with the face but with the whole heart. Ah! well, such things do happen, but, alas! not very often. And I'll tell you why, lest I should be deemed guilty of depriving any poor young creature of hope. The reason is this: they live on this wish-to-be-well alone, and if they do take medicine, they do not at the same time apply to themselves personally all the golden rules of hygiene.

It is this hard-working, only-middling class that fly so often to physic, and come away more tired than ever, and more disappointed and heartless; and being heartless they are all the more likely to succumb to any one of the numerous ailments that are ever around us. In the very midst of life we are in death, you know; but care of our health is a duty that is incumbent on us all. Did it ever strike you, by the way, that personal hygiene was really a duty, and that the neglect or avoidance of a duty is a sin—a sin against ourselves and against our neighbours? Why against our neighbours, you ask? Why, because the very sight of human sorrow or suffering, injures and depresses to some extent even the most healthy, happy-minded person who may witness it.

Those, then, who are well ought to take care of the blessing, health. Those who are only middling should endeavour to get it. Many a bright and happy face will be bent over the columns I am now writing, and many a wan and sickly one. Far be it from me to bring the tiniest cloud to the brow of the former, even by so much as a word. And yet, though this article is written chiefly for the ailing reader, a line or two of good advice to the healthy may do no harm.

A simile then: It has been raining heavily all the morning—the rain settling down upon the wooden roof of my garden study, and making such a noise that I could not hear my little clock ticking. All at once it has left off, and the sun shines out now bright and clearly; the wet leaves on the trees glitter so that one can hardly look at them.

I lay down my pen, and go out for a turn to ease my neck. Walking through the garden I come to the rose-tree-covered walls of my stable. The horses hear my footsteps, and neigh "Welcome," but I'm not going in. I cannot keep my girl-audience waiting even for the sake of a horse. But here is a large water-vat or tank, and the stream from the spout is still pouring into it. Ha! this will suit for a simile very well, although, to tell you the truth, I was trying to find one among fading leaves and flowers.

But this is better. The rush of water, then, from the roof not only keeps the whole surface of the vat in motion, but raises large and most lovely bell-like bubbles that go floating here, there, and everywhere.

Here is a particularly large and exceedingly bright one. I cannot help gazing in admiration on it. It is a little mirror in itself; for in it, or from it, is reflected all the garden and trees around. Look! there the giant poplars nod and wave; there also is the dark and solemn yew-tree, the apple trees and cherry trees, with their now sombre and yellow leaves, my blue-roofed wigwam, the green bank on which it stands, and, brighter still, the vases near it, flowing over with a crimson wealth of the dwarf nasturtiums, all mirrored in that bright bubble, and mirrored in miniature. What a thing of beauty it is. Surely it will be a joy for——Gone!

That is my simile, Miss Bright Eyes. Do you understand it? That is my riddle. Can you read it?

And now, then, to be dry and practical again. Here, then, are some truths about that class of medicines called tonics, which those who go in for self-doctoring had better bear in mind. In imagination I can see some ladies in the body of the hall listening to my lecture, who are very much older than fifteen;

and I can assure everybody that "Medicus" is more than pleased to know that among its readers THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER numbers many, many thousands of such.

Tonics used to be called corroborants, and, more latterly and in plainer language, strengthening medicines. In a certain sense of the word they are stimulants; but they are not, if well prescribed, of an exciting character. A stimulant is. It rouses up far more vital energy for a time than is at all necessary, and the succeeding depression is correspondingly deep. This is a law of nature. Those people who take stimulants or cordials, except under medical advice, do err most grievously. They are down at the bottom of Glen Despair at one moment and on the mountain-tops of Hope the next. Their pathway through life is a very rutty one, and life's car does not well to be driven over a rutty road. There comes one rut one day deeper than the rest, and the car never comes up again.

But tonics are different. Their action is mild; their effects are permanent.

Only do not make this mistake: do not imagine that they partake of the nature of food. By themselves they can do nothing. They but rouse that degree of vital or life energy which enables the body to turn for sustenance elsewhere. A tonic might be compared to a rope held out to a drowning man—he clutches it, and is saved. But how is he saved? Not certainly by simply keeping hold of the bit of rope. No; but because he is drawn by its aid on board the vessel, or clambers by it into his ship.

So long, therefore, as you look upon a tonic as a mere auxiliary, and food and fresh air as the mainstays of life, you are safe. When you believe tonics, or medicine of any kind for that matter, to be capable in themselves of saving life, or regaining health, you make a very great, and even dangerous, mistake.

Another fact I wish you to remember is this: tonics taken when a person is in a state of good health act as stimulants, and do positive injury instead of good. This should be a warning to those who make too frequent visits to the medicine chest or cupboard.

It is in cases where the strength has been diminished by some strain on the body or on the mind, where the vital force is below its normal standard, that tonics do the greatest good.

Tonics do good, then, when the muscles or the nerves are below tone.

Tonics do harm—remember this—if taken when there is much excitability or irritability, either of brain or of stomach.

Tonics do harm if taken when the stomach is in any way inclined to over acidity.

Tonics do harm when the system is in any way irritably out of order.

Tonics should not be taken in cases where there is fulness of blood and a probable tendency to inflammations of any kind connected with the organs of digestion.

Some tonics, notably quinine, had better be avoided if there be any tendency to disagreeable head symptoms, such as headache, swimming in the head, ringing in the ears, etc.

I shall now mention a few of the more safe tonics—tonics that one might cautiously prescribe for themselves.

First comes iron. It is generally used by girl-folks in the shape of the tincture. It is, I am sorry to say, often used in a most dangerously indiscriminate manner. Well, for example, Miss A., who is a pale-gummed lass, who does not make blood fast enough, and often complains of backache and general weariness, takes ten or fifteen of these steel drops three times daily in a little water after her food, and after a fortnight finds herself double the individual, in a manner of speaking, that she was before. She wisely gives them up now, or continues them but a week or so longer. But by-and-bye Miss A. meets Miss Z.—right away at the other end of the alphabet, you see. Miss Z. tells Miss A. she suffers just as she used to, and Miss A. replies in these words: "Take steel drops; they cured me."

But Miss Z., instead of being pale-gummed and wan, is rosy and round. She takes the drops, and lo! they are followed by headaches and all kind of troubles. Probably aperients for a time, followed by some simple bitter vegetable infusion, with a few drops of the diluted nitric, or nitro-hydrochloric acid would have suited Miss Z. far better, and brought her back to a joyous, happy health.

But, sometimes, those steel drops are not the most suitable form in which to administer iron, even when iron is needed, as they may irritate the stomach. Half an ounce thrice daily of the aromatic mixture of iron, procurable at any chemist's, is a good tonic; so are the pills of reduced iron, or iron wine.

Quinine and iron where it can be borne without disagreeable head feelings, is an excellent tonic.

Arsenic is a nervine tonic, which must be prescribed by a medical man.

Zinc is another. The oxide: half to one-and-a-half grains made into a pill, with one grain of extract of rhubarb, and, perhaps, a little taraxacum, thrice daily for a month.

In biliary complaints taraxacum or dandelion is excellent. The juice should be asked for, and the chemist will state the dose.

Then there are a whole host of bitter root and bark tonics, which do excellently well either taken alone or in conjunction with dilute nitric acid, or dilute phosphoric. The latter if nerves are below par; the former if liver be out of sorts.

I must not forget to say that during a course of tonics, an occasional (say once in five days) mild aperient does good, an anti-bilious pill, or morning dose of Pullna Water, or a rhubarb and aloes, or compound aloes pill.

Now let me tell my readers that debility, headache, backache, and all kinds of weary, exhausted feelings are often caused from that species of indigestion which is brought on by hurry in eating food. It cannot be too well known that the first part of the digestion of our food takes place in the mouth. If it be hurried therefrom it is impossible that the food can do us the amount of good it ought to.

For this species of indigestion there is nothing better than Kepler's extract of malt. It supplies just what was wanted, and what hurry prevented the food from acquiring in the mouth.

Pray do not mistake. It is not altogether because the food should be perfectly masticated that I recommend time to be taken to meals, but that it may be perfectly mingled with the salivary juices.

Kepler's extract of malt, with cod liver oil, is a most beneficial tonic to pale, nervous girls. I believe many will have to thank "Medicus" for recommending it.

In conclusion, as I said before, medicine alone will not cure. You must eat, eat in reason, eat regularly, and eat that which agrees. Before you can do this you must determine to take proper exercise in the open air, wet days or dry days, and plenty of it.

Nor must a bracing bath be forgotten. And this should be water as cold as you can use it, mixed with a good handful or two of Tidman's or anybody else's sea-salt.

Cod-liver oil by itself will do good in a thousand cases of debility. And here is a hint worth making a note of. Do not take it just after the food, but two hours after. Begin with a tea-spoonful twice a day, and increase gradually till in six weeks time you can take a dessert-spoonful.

A tiny drop of orange wine will aid its digestion.

Cod-liver oil is often called a tonic, but in reality it is a food, a medicinal food if you like, but one of the most valuable we possess. The word food brings to my memory that excellent syrup of the phosphates called Parrish's Chemical Food. It is a safe and truly excellent tonic.

VARIETIES.

OUR RULING PASSIONS.

In man we various ruling passions find;
In women two almost divide the kind;
Those only fixed, they first or last obey—
The love of pleasure and the love of sway.
—*Pope.*

DOMESTIC PEACE.—A man was boasting that he had been married twenty years and had never given his wife a cross word. Those who knew him said he did not dare to.

THE SECRET OF BEAUTY.—A sweet disposition, a lovely soul, an affectionate nature, will speak in the eyes, the lips, the brow, and become the cause of beauty.—*Bulwer.*

THOUGHTS, ACTIONS, AND WORDS.—A woman's thought runs before her actions, not before her words.—*Shakespeare.*

THE HAPPY LIFE.

If happiness has not her seat and centre in the breast,
We may be wise, or rich, or great, but never can be blessed. —*Burns.*

THE JUDGMENTS OF OUR ENEMIES.—Our enemies come nearer the truth in their judgments of us than we do in our judgments of ourselves.—*La Rochefoucauld.*

INDISCREET.—No one is more dangerous than a friend without discretion.—*La Fontaine.*

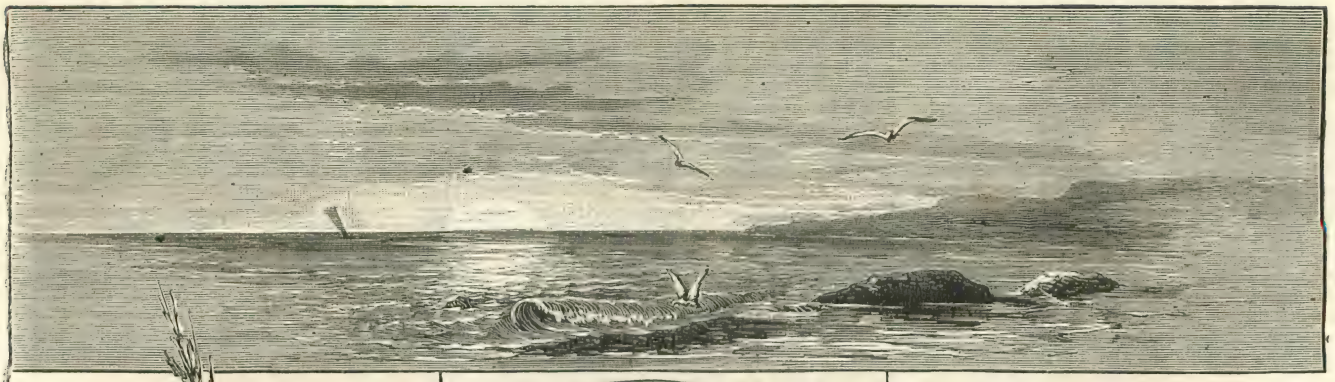
FAITH AND WORKS.—Faith and works are as necessary to our spiritual life as Christians as soul and body are to our natural life as human beings; for faith is the soul of religion and works the body.

A GUIDE TO HEALTH.

The surest guide to health, say what they will,
Is never to suppose we shall be ill;
Most of those evils, we poor mortals know,
From doctors and imagination flow.
—*Churchill.*

THE PLAGUE OF SERVANTS.—What is called the plague of servants would be speedily abated if the coldness and neglect of too many heads of families did not set up a bar of separation between the payers and the receivers of wages. It is the common mistake to believe that there is not a reciprocity of obligation.—*Charles Knight.*

WHICH ONE?—In marriage it is all very well to say that "the two are made one"—the question is, which one?



MUSIC OF THE MONTH.

It is very encouraging, and a matter for national congratulation, that we usher in the year 1886 with such good hopes of the future of English music. Until a comparatively recent date foreign music and musicians have usurped the attention of the public and thwarted the youthful endeavours of our native composers. However, all this will shortly be a thing of the past, and, with such honoured names as Macfarren, Sullivan, Cowen, Hubert Parry, Stanford, Mackenzie, Goring-Thomas, Barnett, Wingham, Misses Macirone, Maude V. White, Mary Carmichael, and many others, we can challenge the whole world of modern music. No longer shall we hunt up foreign terminations to our good old Saxon names, in order to pass muster with a fashion-blinded public; but each one will, as the song says—

"In spite of all temptations
To belong to other nations,"

remain "an Englishman." You will have noticed that we nearly always praise pieces of music in our notices, and hardly ever abuse them, and we wish to explain once and for all that unworthy compositions are never noticed at all in these pages; therefore, rather than criticise, we in reality recommend the music alluded to in each month of the year.

We speak rather strongly to-day in defence of our good English music, as it has been our misfortune to hear pieces condemned—sometimes, I fear, even by our girls—simply because the pieces in question were English. But, as we said before, we have a joyful hope that this sort of thing is dying out, and will one day be looked upon as a curious specimen of the ignorant intolerance of the age. We hope that English composers will help you to admire, by never stooping to write for money's sake what they and you would be ashamed to own as a specimen of our English music.

STANLEY LUCAS.

By the Waters of Babylon. Sacred Drama. By C. Villiers Stanford.—This a separate publication of the first part of the Cambridge musician's *Three Holy Children*, performed at the Birmingham Festival, 1885, with such success. This part contains much effective chorus for female voices, and a beautiful soprano solo, "If I forget thee."

Elegiac Ode. By the same composer.—One of our best modern compositions. The words, in praise of Death, are from President Lincoln's Burial Hymn, by Walt Whitman.

Album of German Songs. By Maude Valérie White.—This is an edition for a low voice. Each one a gem. Delicacy, refinement, and musicianship combine to make one of the most delightful collections imaginable. Many of the poems, which are principally by Heine, are translated by Miss White in a very truthful manner.

English Lyrics. Set to music by C. Hubert H. Parry—Four lyrics wedded to scholarly and yet fanciful music, difficult to sing, and, in fact, unintelligible without a cultured ear. There is a curious coincidence between the setting of the words, "My true love hath my heart," and the duet version of the same sentence by Marzials in canon form.

Twenty-seven Nursery Rhymes. Words by Christina Rossetti. Music by Mary Carmichael.—A good present for the little ones. There has been a notion that music for little ones, so long as it is easy, need not be either correctly or gracefully written; but now we hope that parents and elder sisters are convinced that upon our children's first impressions may depend the whole of their musical taste in the future. In the little book before us, with all its sweet simplicity, there is the musician and the graceful and correct composer.

Golden Grain. Song by C. A. Macirone.—This is a copy of the second edition just ready. This song is having a great "run" among cultivated vocalists. In two keys.

Album of Songs. By Halfdan Kjerulf. Words translated by Marzials.—These fresh and beautiful Norwegian songs are becoming daily better known and appreciated in our country.

Songs of the Pyrenees.—Quaint Spanish melodies, suggestive of the guitar and castanets.

Tendresse. Album Leaf for the Piano. By Walter Macfarren.—A most delicate exemplification of the title. Easy and effective as a drawing-room piece. Originally appeared in this magazine.

A. COX.

Humoresque By Berthold Tours.—We recommend this fantasia for piano to advanced players. Why is all the title-page in French?

THE LONDON MUSIC PUBLISHING AND GENERAL AGENCY COMPANY.

Performing Edition of Standard Oratorios, etc. Revised and arranged by Sir G. A. Mac-

farren.—This important work will have, beside the benefit of our great theorist's preface and supervision, the advantage over other editions of supplying singers with well-known works, exactly as they are performed in our times—those portions which it is customary to omit being placed in an appendix at the end of each work. The *Messiah* is already published at a moderate price.

ROBERT COCKS AND CO.

Dreams at Twilight. Song. Words and music by Grace Massey.—Although evidently an early work, one of "our girls" starts with the advantage of graceful expression and feeling, and we hope that the ability shown in this song may develop into higher and better things.

Solitude. Melody for the piano. By Tito Mattei.—An effective, quiet little piece by this brilliant pianist.

Two Marionettes. Song. By Edith Cooke.—A very funny little story, with a moral attached. A really amusing song for either young or old folks.

The Light upon the River. Words by Mary Mark Lemon. Music by A. H. Behrend.—A tuneful but simple song.

WEEKES AND CO.

Four Songs. Composed by H. A. J. Campbell. — These charming and graceful songs, which the words, most unfortunately for girls with voices, prevent you from singing, are just exactly the sort of things to suit your tenor and baritone brothers, and would be a welcome gift to any lover of nice music.

B. WILLIAMS.

The Life Boat. Song. By Pinsuti.— A fine descriptive song, requiring dramatic force and expression, in addition to an impressive contralto voice.

Valley of Shadows. Sacred song. By Odoardo Barri.—Simple and telling, but not very original. There is a harmonium part, without which, nowadays, a sacred song ceases to be considered quite as sacred as it should be.

OSBORN AND TUCKWOOD.

Rank and File. Words by D'Arcy Jaxone. Music by Vernon Rey.—A spirited song, with a martial refrain. Suited for a male voice.

The Magic Flute. Words by Nemo. Music by Henry Pontet.—A lady's complaint of a bashful lover. The music is pretty, and has an accompaniment for the flute.

Once in a While. Words by G. C. Bingham. Music by Arthur J. Greenish, composer of "Sweethearts Still," and other deservedly-admired songs.—"Once in a While," with a violin accompaniment, is well suited for the drawing-room.

W. MORLEY AND CO.

Many a Mile Away, and

Someone's Sweetheart. Two songs by Ciro Pinsuti; the words by Mary Mark Lemon and D'Arcy Jaxone.—Have a pleasant humour; both songs are likely to become popular.

PHILLIPS AND PAGE.

Glory to Thee, my God, this night. Bishop Ken's evening hymn set to music by Ch. Gounod.—This is a very sweet and reverent song, admirably suited to the words, and without any very great difficulties.

EGGING AND BREAD-CRUMBING.

By PHILLIS BROWNE, Author of "The Girl's Own Cookery Book."

I WAS once present when some children were being taught in cookery, and a little girl was told to fry some fish, which had been made ready for her beforehand. The poor child, who was very nervous, placed some fat in the pan and put the fish into it at once whilst it was cold, and thereupon one or two clever people round about began to laugh excessively, as if she had perpetrated the most obvious absurdity. I confess I did not see anything to be amused about. The child could not tell by instinct that the fat should be made hot before it was used for frying, and if she had never been taught, how was she to know? Wise men tell us that instinct is only accumulated experience. It is very hard upon beginners when teachers will not understand this, and persist in taking it for granted that a pupil should know so much before she begins to learn at all. The trying part of the business is that in cooking it usually happens that this mistake is made with regard to the simplest operations. No one thinks it worth while to explain how this, that, and the other ordinary process is accomplished, and the unfortunate learner has to grope her way, arriving slowly and painfully at success through failure and disaster, while a few timely words of explanation would make everything easy for her. Egging and bread-crumbing is one of those simple operations in cookery for the due performance of which one scarcely ever sees directions given. In cookery books we very often see the words, "egg and bread-crumb in the usual way," but few people think it necessary to go into detail concerning it. Yet it is a business in which it is exceedingly easy to make a blunder, and also scarcely possible to fail if attention is paid to one or two points. I have no doubt that there are a good many would-be cooks who feel rather in a fog as to what these points are, and who when they are called upon to egg and bread-crumb feel anxious and uncertain as to what the result of their efforts will be. "Will the fish or the cutlet be light yellow when it is finished? or will it be burnt? And how is it that they never can make the coating uniform, and avoid leaving it in patches and looking mottled?" If these inexperienced individuals will listen to me for a few minutes, I will tell them what I know about the process, and I hope this will enable them to discover what their mistake has hitherto been, so that they may avoid it for the future.

In trying to perform any culinary operation, it is a great assistance if we know clearly what we are aiming at, and can say in so many words what we want to do. Now, in egging and breading, we want to enclose the food which we intend to fry with a coating of egg and bread-crumbs which shall form a perfect unbroken covering of a uniform brown colour, and act as a crust to keep the fat out, and to keep the juices and goodness in. It is evident that to do any good the coating must be whole, otherwise it will not answer the purpose intended. If there is a break in it here, and another there, the flavour will get out and the fat will get in, and the whole affair will be a failure.

Our endeavour, therefore, must be to make the coating perfect, and to achieve this we must first of all look after the bread-crumbs to see that there are a sufficiency of them, and that they are of the right sort. I say "first of all," because bread-crumbs for frying are amongst the things which it is not safe to prepare just when they are wanted. If a girl says at the last moment, "Oh, dear, I want some bread-crumbs," and takes a slice off the loaf, cuts away the crust, and rubs the crumb between her hands, she is just doing what she can to make fish or cutlet, or whatever it is that is to be fried, unsightly. Crumbs made in a hurry like this are likely to be made of bread which is new, and new bread makes large, uneven crumbs, whereas the crumbs for frying should be as fine as fine oatmeal, even, and dry. They should be prepared from stale bread. It is a very slovenly way of making them to rub them between the hands; they should be rubbed through a wire sieve, and they will be all the better for being dried in a cool oven after being thus passed through. But in any case it must be understood that unless the crumbs are dry, the article to be fried will not take a good colour.

Many sensible cooks make a practice of putting aside any broken pieces of bread which they may have, and rubbing these through a sieve as they have leisure, then putting them away in a dried stoppered bottle to be used when wanted. This method is an excellent one, and can scarcely be too strongly recommended. In many households it is a difficulty to know what to do with the stale bread. Here is an excellent way of disposing of it. The crumbs may be put in a dry place, and they will improve with keeping, so long as they are not permitted to grow fusty. Even the crumbs which have had fish or croquettes rolled in them may be used again and again if they are sifted afresh; and those which have been moistened with egg, and so have stuck together, are kept back. But if through accident it should happen that crumbs must be made as they are wanted, it is absolutely necessary that the crumb only of stale bread should be taken, and it is advisable that the slices, before they are rubbed through the sieve to make them fine and even, should be put into a cool oven to secure their absolute dryness.

I dare say girls who have been to exhibitions where domestic appliances are on view are well acquainted with what is called the "rotary" grater, even if they are not fortunate enough to possess one already. The disadvantage of rubbing bread through a wire sieve is that it is rather a lengthy process, and that you cannot rub it entirely through; there are sure to be some little pieces which must be left behind. With the "rotary" the bread can be used to the last fragment, and the machine is exceedingly expeditious in its action. A "rotary" suitable for family use costs about twelve or thirteen shillings, and in the long run it is an economy. It can be used also for mashing potatoes.

Where a wire sieve must be used, it is always possible to dry the pieces which will not pass through, till they are crisp without being brown, and when cold crush them with a rolling-pin, and afterwards put them through the sieve. By this means waste may be avoided, although the business is rather troublesome.

The crumbs being prepared, the next point to be attended to is that the article which is

to be fried is quite dry. To secure this object many cooks prepare it some time beforehand, and fold it in a clean napkin for a time to absorb the moisture; others hang it in a current of air, while others flour it lightly for the same purpose. When the last plan is adopted it is important that only as much flour should be used as is absolutely necessary, and no more. Indeed, if a perfectly dry condition can be attained without it, it would be better to omit the flour, because the granules of flour swell with the heat of the hot fat, and this tends to disturb the outer coating.

The egg is the next consideration, and concerning this there is a good deal of divergence of opinion. Some cooks say that the yolk only should be used; others take the yolk and a portion only of the white; others put a teaspoonful of boiling water with the egg; others adopt the French plan of mixing oil and water with it in the proportion of a tablespoonful of oil, a tablespoonful of water, and a little pepper and salt, for three eggs. My own opinion is that where people have had a little practice the whole of the egg may be used without difficulty, if only it is beaten up well before using. At the same time it should be remembered that where a whole egg is not likely to be required, or where novices have to do the work, the white is the part which should be left out, partly because it is much more likely to slip off than the yolk is, and partly because whites of egg can be made use of in so many ways. And in any case, if there is any fear that the egg and crumbs will not adhere properly, it should be remembered that a very little flour mixed with the bread-crumbs will help them to do so; also, that the coating is less likely to fall off if it is made ready for frying some time before cooking, because it sticks on more firmly as it becomes dry.

All things being now ready—that is, a good pile of prepared crumbs put on a sheet of kitchen paper, the egg beaten up on a plate, and the articles to be fried properly dried—take the latter and lay it on the egg, and egg it all over with a brush. Lay it on the crumbs, and taking hold of the corners of the paper, shake the crumbs over to make them cover it in every part, handling it meanwhile as little as possible. Croquettes and fillets of fish may be tossed lightly in the bread-crumbs; cutlets may be taken up by the bone and held up to let any crumbs that do not adhere fall away; but in any and in all cases the surface must be completely covered. Still one point remains to be attended to if the dish is to be a success. It is that the fat used in frying should be hot. I spoke of this necessity once before, when I was dealing with the subject of frying (see "Girl's Own Cookery Book"), but it is so imperatively important that I must refer to it again. There should be plenty of fat in the pan, enough to immerse the article which is to be fried, and this should be so hot that it is still, and that a blue fume rises from it. Sometimes people think that fried food is greasy. If this is so, it is more than probable that the fat used was not hot enough when the article to be fried was put in. If it had been the outer surface would have been cooked perfectly, and would have formed a crust which would have prevented the grease getting inside, and which would have dried quite quickly on the outside. It is almost always safe to conclude when fried articles are greasy that the fat was not of the right temperature. The temperature for frying varies from 350 degrees for ordinary purposes to 400 degrees for white-bait. The smaller the article the hotter should be the fat.

Small slices of meat cutlets, etc., after being egged and bread-crumbed, are generally cooked in a small quantity of fat. Then they are, strictly speaking, not fried but *sauté*. In this case the fat should be melted before being used, but it should be watched carefully, because a small quantity of fat quickly burns. The article to be cooked, too, should be turned over occasionally, so that it may be equally cooked on both sides.

I suppose it is generally acknowledged that the end chiefly served by the coating of egg and bread-crumbs is the improvement of the appearance of the food. Many cooks, for the sake of economy, and also to save trouble, simply flour the article before frying it; others dip it in milk and roll it in flour; others use a batter made of flour and water, to which a little oil has been added, if approved. This batter must be thick and smooth, and made some hours before it is wanted; or if this cannot be, the well-whisked white of egg should be stirred into it, in the proportion of one egg white to two tablespoonfuls of flour and half a gill of water. Excellent results may, however, be obtained with flour only; but it should always be remembered that though egg and bread-crumb is better to be put on some time before frying, the article should not be dipped in until the last moment. Whatever the coating chosen may be, the fish, or whatever it is that is being dealt with, must, after being fried, be laid on a hot dish and covered with kitchen paper. This will absorb any grease which there may be on the surface. If the fat was of the right sort and the right temperature, it is the surface only which will have to be considered. If only people could be induced to use kitchen fat for frying instead of lard, they would not need to be half so uneasy about "greasiness" as they are at present. It cannot be too often or too plainly stated that of all the fats which could be chosen for frying, lard is the most commonly used, and the very worst.

There is still one word to be said about the *time* required for cooking anything which is egged and bread-crumbed and fried. If the fat is properly hot, and everything is properly prepared, it may be known that the article is sufficiently cooked when it is brightly browned. We have to recollect that frying is a mode of cooking which is only used for small articles, besides which fat is exceedingly hot, so that the heat penetrates very quickly. It is on this account that frying is so convenient, because when everything else is made ready the finishing process is very quickly accomplished, and there is much more danger that fried things will be overcooked than there is that they will be undercooked. The outer coating should be crisp and savoury, certainly, but the inside of the *friture* should be moist and succulent, and unless this condition is secured the business can scarcely be pronounced a success.

BITS ABOUT ANIMALS.

A Little Duck.

One of the most uncommon pets I ever heard of quartered itself on some friends of mine. It was, to use an Irishism, a tame wild duck. Where it came from, or why it elected to become a domestic duck, no one ever found out, but it waddled into the yard one evening. It was very small and very knowing-looking. A hen had a brood of ducks under her motherly wing, and it was thought she would make a kind foster-mother to the poor little orphan lost duckling, or whatever it was. The stranger was put into their nest. Next morning it was found ejected, and the poultry yard was up in arms over the little intruder. Hens pecked, turkeys gobbled at it, grown-up ducks sat round it and dabbed it with their big flat bills. It stood humbly in their midst, a wretched, disconsolate outcast. The children fancied it, and were indignant at the rough treatment it had received, for it was by no means an ugly duckling. They took it into the house, and the homeless duck was delighted. It waddled after them along the passage; it partook of dinner greedily; at night it cuddled close to the face of one sleeping playmate. It became such a companionable little duck. It disliked being alone, and found its way upstairs and downstairs. "Take care of Duckie, please!" the maid would say to unwary visitors who didn't know of the household pet. Its peculiar step was known, and if it found a door closed its web-footed patter on the tiles warned those inside their feathered friend wanted to come in. "Please open the door for our Duckie," said one of the young ladies to a guest. He did so, expecting to see a child, when in rolled a complacent, pleased bird. He nearly shut the door on the twinkling-eyed Duckie, it looked so uncanny. When the children trooped into the drawing-room Duckie came too. "Hold Duckie till I finish my dinner," one child would say, and pass the well-hugged duck on to her neighbour.

Poor Duckie's diminutive size was the death of it. After living as a member of the household for some weeks it was trod on, and died. Great were the lamentations over this queer favourite, whose pattering steps had become so familiar a sound as it hurried from room to room in search of its self-chosen human companions.

Mr. Hare.

A young hare was brought in one day by one of the farm men, who had managed somehow to catch it. We did not think it would live, but to our astonishment it throve in a box in the kitchen. Two terriers we had were very anxious to demolish this new pet, but Mr. Hare was put "on trust." They used to sit and gaze at the long-eared beast and shiver with excitement. The hare at first was timid, but he soon grew bold. He would leap out of his box and sit before the fire washing his face like a cat, the terriers meanwhile watching him attentively. He was allowed out short runs on a small piece of turf, and lived for some weeks a very much coddled hare. His ultimate fate is hid in oblivion. Whether the dogs one day quietly thought the time had come to do away with him, and managed to do so and hide the remains, or whether Mr. Hare, when out for a walk, slipped below the gate, we know not; but we do know he disappeared. The dogs were not sorry to have the hearthrug once more to themselves.

Necessity the Mother of Invention.

The mistress of a household was one night roused from her sleep by a loud noise, which appeared to come from the dining-room below and to be caused by the violent banging of a door. She wished to prevent its repetition as there was an invalid under the roof, to whom quiet was essential. Fearing that burglars were in the house, she at first hesitated to go downstairs alone; but anxiety about the sick person gave her courage, and she went softly down.

On approaching the door of the dining-

room, she found it shut and latched; but just as she was going to turn the handle some body was flung violently against it from within. She started back in dismay; but the moment afterwards she heard a familiar sound, which suggested a satisfactory explanation of what had roused and alarmed her. It was a pitiful mew from her pet cat, Biddy, and on opening the door she saw her favourite and found that she was the sole occupant of the room.

A little experiment showed her how the noise had been caused. The door hung a little loosely on the latch, and after being fastened sprang forward on its hinges. Any light push would send it back against the frame and cause the same sound as if it had been slammed by the wind.

Biddy, imprisoned in the room and desirous of getting out, had discovered this and thrown herself repeatedly against the door, with the result already related, and thus eventually succeeded in effecting her release.

How the Ghost was Caught.

A servant in a small family presented herself before her mistress and gave notice to leave her situation. The lady was both grieved and annoyed, as she greatly valued her domestic, and feared that she would not easily fill her place. She was still more troubled when the girl begged to be set at liberty as soon as possible, and declared that she cared nothing about wages—she only wanted to get away.

At first the girl declined to give any reason for this wish, and declared that she loved her employers and was grieved to leave them, but simply could not remain in the house. A little pressing, accompanied by kind words, at length induced her to speak and, though she seemed very much ashamed to acknowledge it, she owned that some supernatural visitant was frightening her from what had been a true home.

Naturally, particulars were eagerly asked for, and the girl owned that she had seen nothing, but for more than a week past she had been disturbed by mysterious knockings at the kitchen door; they came at irregular intervals, but no matter how quickly she opened it, no one was to be seen. What made the sounds more mysterious was the fact that the door opened upon a large, flagged yard, the outer gate of which was always locked at sunset, and callers were obliged to come round to the front of the house for admission.

The kitchen window did not command a view of the yard, but that of an upper room did, and, without saying anything, the master stationed himself at this to watch for the supernatural visitor. He soon discovered it by the light of the moon, which was shining full on the kitchen door. A playful kitten was frisking about in the yard, and after indulging in a chase after some scraps of paper, she paused in her game and went full tilt at the door. Like the one named in the previous anecdote, this hung loosely on its hinges, and the butting of the little animal caused a sound like a sharp double knock.

The watcher descended and found the girl pale and trembling, whilst her mistress, who was waiting with her, could no more account for the rapping than herself. He told them how the sound had been produced, then took them to the upper window and let them see for themselves.

The girl, only too thankful to be relieved of her fears, quickly turned her tears into smiles and stayed in her place. When in after years she left it for a home of her own, she took with her a daughter of the cat whose juvenile pranks had nearly lost her one, and often told her ghost story with the remark, "I fancy most such tales would be easy enough to explain if only people would take a bit of trouble, as my master did."

The Glove Restored.

A lady and gentleman who were very fond of pets, were adopted as master and mistress by a stray dog which, possessing no beauty, soon manifested more valuable qualities. He entered into household matters with zeal and intelligence, made himself useful as light porter, took care to be on the spot when his presence could be of service, but did his work in an unobtrusive fashion which was eminently satisfactory to all concerned.

He knew all about Sundays and church going, and never offered to accompany his friends, but saw them off with a cheerful look on his honest face and a kindly wag of his tail, and so calculated times that he managed to meet them about half way home with a welcoming bark, and so to have a share of the walk.

One evening the lady missed her glove as she was going upstairsto take off the remainder of her things. Busy, the dog, had been indoors all the evening, but when he saw his mistress seeking some lost article, he first sniffed round for a moment or two, then left the house.

Busy soon returned, carrying the lost glove, which he presented to his mistress with evident delight. His proceedings manifested much intelligence, for out of several roads he chose the one leading to the church, though he had no instructions and had not previously been out of doors. The search, too, was voluntary on his part, as no one had shown him the fellow glove or bidden him seek the lost one.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

Calliope.—For the London University matriculation examinations, address the Registrar, University of London, Buckingham Gardens, W. Matriculation fee, two guineas.

Mary D.—If you want to know more about physical geography you should read Mrs. Somerville's work on the subject. The great "tidal wave" is not, like other waves, superficial—that is, on the surface of the ocean—but extends to the great depths otherwise unstirred by atmospheric influences. The great oceanic wave, that twice daily brings the tide to our shores, takes a day and a half in travelling from the locality where it was generated. It touches first of all on the west coast of England and Ireland, passes round the north of Scotland, up the North Sea, and enters the Thames, having taken eighteen hours to make the circuit.

ART.

Amateur.—Fresco-painting is of very ancient origin—as ancient as architecture. In Egypt, India, and Mexico frescoes have been discovered still retaining their original brilliancy, which must have been executed some 2,000 years before the Christian era. The finest specimens in Europe are to be seen in Italy—in Florence, Genoa, Rome, and Venice. The art is now being assiduously cultivated at Munich. Your second query is outside the limit of our replies. We do not give information of a personal character of living people.

Jane B.—The reason that your photos have turned colour is probably from your having used gum for pasting them into your album. Use starch only, not very wet, but free from the smallest lumps; and, the better to avoid them, use the point of a finger for spreading the starch all over the backs of the photographs. Sir Christopher Wren built no less than fifty-eight churches in London, St. Paul's included.

Verax.—We have nine descriptions of architecture in this country represented in our national churches—viz., the British, Roman, Anglo-Saxon, Anglo-Norman, semi-Norman, Early English, decorated, perpendicular, and debased. You should obtain a work on architecture well illustrated, as a better acquaintance with the subject will greatly enhance the interest of your visits to our ancient churches.

Nathalie, Belmont House.—Painting with oil-colours is decidedly easier to learn than water-colours. "She is a woman, therefore to be woo'd," is from Shakespeare's play of *Titus Andronicus*, act ii. scene 1.

WORK.

Pussy.—The work most in favour seems to be cross-stitch embroidery, and it is very pretty for all purposes when done either in crewel wools or ingrain cottons. You can obtain monthly back numbers (not weekly ones) from Mr. Tarn.

Will o' the Wisp.—We are much afraid you will not succeed in painting a fan already made up; but you might try by fastening down a small portion with pins on a drawing-board and using very dry paints.

Kathleen.—Straw hats have to go through a process of bleaching with sulphur fumes in order to whiten them, and unless a very valuable hat we should advise you to get a cheap new one instead of trying to clean the old one, which will probably prove a disappointment.

MUSIC.

The Editor's Friend.—1. The term "phrasing" denotes the division of musical sentences into rhythmical sections, giving each idea or thought of music its right expression and time. Bad phrasing destroys the meaning of a piece, and is equivalent to the leaving out of punctuation, or never changing the tone of the voice in reading aloud. 2. You should play the semiquaver after the triplet in the bar you transcribe. See page 46, vol. v.

Sarah J. F.—Have you ever read "Fourteen Lessons on Harmony," by J. E. P., published in the *English Mechanic and World of Science*, from June to October, 1874? These would give you all the information you desire. The subject is too wide for the space we can afford, and we do not profess to give music lessons.

Purslow.—We should recommend you to consult the English chaplain at Dresden on such a question, or at Munich. He would be in a position to give you all local information about schools, in reference to your musical studies, homes, etc., and on personal acquaintance with certain matters. Do not venture to go to any foreign town without consulting the English chaplain in the first instance.

MISCELLANEOUS.

S. A. W.—The sole heir of an unmarried woman, who dies intestate, is her father. If a mother, brother, and sisters, the whole property would be divided equally between them. If she leave a mother only, and no other near relations, the whole would go to her.

One of your Colonial Girls, Jamaica.—The story "A Daughter named Damaris" has not been reprinted separately. You can always send money to England by obtaining a Postal Order at your nearest post office, and sending to Mr. Tarn, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C.

Last Hen.—There does not seem to be a scarcity of governesses anywhere; but in Australia, if English women make up their minds to go up the country, and will learn how to do house work, so as to help in the house when required, and will not feel above it, they may obtain plenty of situations. But few women are wise enough to do it, we are told. The teaching is second in importance in a colony; and, unfortunately for new comers, all Australian women know and practise housework, as servants are so few, whilst our English girls are never taught it. If you write to the Women's Emigration Society, Carteret-street, Queen Anne's-gate, S.W., they will give you advice. An assisted passage means one that the Government of the colony assists to pay.

Frankie and Barbara.—The turtle is a *Chelonian*, or shielded, reptile; and the drum of the ear is visible. Many thanks for your kind notes.

J. L. Wood.—A series of articles on the subject of Heraldry: its Origin, History, and Uses, will be given in the course of our next volume. "Platina" is a metal which ranks with gold and silver, as it is uninjured in value and weight by the action of fire, and equals them in ductility. But it is found in very small quantities, in the form of grains or scales, in the Ural Mountains, and in the rivers of South America. We should also observe that, like gold and silver, it does not rust. All other metals are called "imperfect," and can be dissolved, or, at least, corroded by the action of acids.

Ruby.—What do you mean by "nasty little pimples under the skin that 'hitch' dreadfully?" We have consulted the dictionary, and find that the meaning of that word is "to move by jerks," or "to catch;" and the noun is "a kind of knot, or noose." Is it a riddle? If so, we give it up. But these very knotty, and spasmodically-lively, intruders should be shown to a skilful medical man, as they may be produced by an unsatisfactory state of health; or are the result of a chill on a disordered state of the digestion. If these pimples jerk and jump about the case is serious.

Pearl says she is a constant reader of the G. O. P. and asks for hints on cleaning lace. Yet she could have found the information required in vol. i., pages 80, 319, and 543; and in vol. iv., on page 255; also, in the "Fairy of the Family" she would have seen a reference to black lace, vol. iv, page 779; and for gold and silver lace, under the title of "Work," in vol. v., page 639. White lace may be ironed, if placed between sheets of tissue paper, and it will look like new.

LYDIA.—There is St. John's Hospital, Weston Favel, Northampton, where they would naturally be very glad of books. Men, women, and children are admitted there, we think.

K. F.—We have heard that oysters are sensible to music. The best thing for chronic neuralgia is to improve the health. Parrish's food and cod-liver oil are both used.

M. A. B.—The furs must be dyed.

F. A. B., being in want of money, sends us two pieces of poetry of her own composing. The first poem is "To a Beggar," and the first verse is—

> "I have not any for you to-day;
> Myself I feed in a cruel way;
> So you see you need not stay,
> I have not any for you to-day."

Judging from her writing, "F. A. B." is very young, so we may hope she will some day learn to know what poetry really is.

OLD LADY OF 65.—We are much obliged by your note and the extracts from the old account-books of your family about "Vales." We have no doubt the word is derived from the Latin "vale." We find in Haydn that the first cannon made in England was made at Uckfield, in Sussex, by one Hugge or Hagge, 1543; so the inscription on the house is a correct one. But cannon were made long before that, as Edward III. used them against the Scots in 1327. They were also used at the Siege of Calais, 1347, and by the Turks in the Sieges of Constantinople, in 1394 and 1453. The Chinese are said to have cannon in their possession at present which were cast A.D. 80. Flanders was probably the seat of the early manufactories of them.

UN CORDON BLEU.—The quotation—

"As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,"

is from Goldsmith's "Deserted Village." 2. Lucifer means the morning star. Venus is both a morning and evening star. When she follows the sun and is an evening star, she is called Hesperus. When she precedes the sun, and appears before sunrise, she is called Lucifer. The name is synonymous with pride, and is given by Isaiah to Nebuchadnezzar, Isaiah xiv. 4, 12. The poets pretend that Satan, before he was driven out of heaven for his pride, was called Lucifer. Also see St. Luke x. 18.

A HIGHLAND LASSIE.—We must refer you to our indexes for recipes so often given as that for cleaning ivory.

MAGPIE.—The article on Gymnastics for Girls appeared at page 516, vol. v. "Physical Education."

ROSEBUD.—On no account give any encouragement to a man you do not love. On the contrary, give a firm and definitive refusal, and if he perseveres after that, ask your father to put an end to the matter for you. Being older than himself, and all his children your seniors, your father will be the more ready to interfere for you. The man is greatly to blame in pressing his suit upon you, and by so doing (unwilling as he sees you to be), as well as in view of the great difference of age between you, such a marriage (if you consented) must lower him in public estimation, and prove a great hindrance to his influence as a minister of the Gospel. Your writing is very pretty.

VENUS.—July 26th, 1865, was a Wednesday; January 5th, 1865, a Thursday; February 6th, 1854, a Monday; August 8th, 1861, a Thursday.

LILIAN WRIGHT.—Your verses are above those we usually receive in merit, but they are rather long for the space that might be afforded. While giving no promise of insertion, we may tell you that they do you credit.

W. H. ZUILL.—We thank you for sending an account of a ramble in Scotland. It is a country full of natural beauty and historical interest. We are not acquainted with the neighbourhood of Lanark.

INQUIRING CLARA is recommended to find a spelling-book instead of an "astronimer," of "whitch" she "very mutch wants the address." We do not supply addresses, as we have frequently told our readers.

E. E. S.—One passage of Scripture must be explained by another or by its own context. When a passage is given, or a circumstance narrated by one evangelist, look for the account given by another, and they will throw light on each other. Compare St. Matthew xix. 22, and xiii. 24, and St. Luke viii. 14, with St. Mark x. 23, 24, and 25. The 24th verse explains the idea, and the simile employed to exemplify the extreme difficulty is easily explained by the fact that the little door cut in one side of two large folding doors of a court-yard designed for men to pass through without opening the large ones was called in the East "the needle's eye." Of course a great camel could not go through it.

CULTIVATED HEATHER.

INEZ.—To "sit above the salt" is a saying which owes its origin to a historical fact. In the Middle Ages a large vessel containing salt was made a centre dish on the dinner-table, and it formed a boundary line between the family of the householder and his guests, and his retainers and servants and any other of their class. Thus those dining together in the great hall were kept in distinct and separate circles. Afterwards, in the Anglo-Norman times, a private room for entertainments and intercourse was added, which they called the "*parloir*" or "talking room;" a drawing-room, or library, has since been added, and the old *parloir* is merged with the great general banquet hall, into a dining, not a talking or reception, room, and the name, corrupted into parlour, is only applicable to those rooms in small houses which serve the purpose of eating and talking, or drawing and dining, rooms both in one.

A. SUMMERS.—The lines you send are not poetry—they are thoroughly faulty in construction and in rhyme: neither are they original, but very common-place; still, they express good thoughts, though of an indolent character. There is no crown without a cross, and we must not forget our Lord's command, "Strive to enter in at the strait gate," which word "strive" may be translated "agonise."

BEDOY DUC—We should answer your question with pleasure, but your writing is not sufficiently plain for us to understand what you mean.

A STAUNCH G. O. P.-ITE.—Gloves are worn at dinner-parties, and are taken off, of course, directly you sit down to table. There is no bad taste whatever in declining anything at the table you do not want.

BLUE BELL wants to know "what she can do to understand what she reads, especially the Bible, sermons, etc." We can only suppose she does not pay attention, or take sufficient interest about what she reads to try to understand it, or else her intellect is defective.

A. W. B.—The medlar is a native English fruit. More than a century ago they were remarked as growing wild in the hedges in Cheshire, near Minshull. They require to be placed in moist bran for a fortnight to prepare them for eating.

INQUIRER will observe our answer to "Inquiring Clara." We regret that she must make personal application for work to be executed off the tradesmen's premises. There is no opening for copying MSS.

WATERLILY.—There must have been some mistake, we imagine, on the part of the post office clerks. The postage to Australia in book packets is one penny each ounce; for two ounces, and not over four ounces, fourpence. The G. O. P. can always be purchased in Australia.

QUEEN SNOWBALL.—The fourth day of October, 1870, was a Tuesday. The serial stories in vol. iii., of "That Aggravating School-girl," "Sunshine at Last," "The Difficulties of a Young Housekeeper," "From Strength to Strength," "The Sunbeam of the Factory," "Eleanor's Ambition," "Decima's Promise," "A Daughter named Damaris," "Margaret Trent," "That Bother of a Boy," "Her Object in Life," and other stories, are to be found in vol. iii.

ANXIOUS ONE.—We never heard potatoes accused of producing a red nose. Perhaps, however, you eat too fast, have a weak digestion, and read or stoop your head too soon after your meals.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. VII.—NO. 316. JANUARY 16, 1886. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

A DOUBTING HEART.

BY CLARA THWAITES.

A DOUBTING heart, by sorrow sore dismayed,
Of life's tempestuous hours and days afraid,
When winds were moaning, and when skies were drear,
Sang thus and thus beside the silver mere:

"The song-bird Joy hath with the summer flown,
And sorrow coldly claims me for her own;
Her crown lies heavy on my fainting brow;
Alas! alas! must sorrow claim me now?

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"Youth claims the peace, the rapture, and the song,
And shrinks away from sorrow's misty throng;
The human heart was made for joy, not pain;
Are its sweet prophecies in vain—in vain?"

A faithful heart, by sorrow undismayed,
Took up the strain in other wise, and said
(Lifting her holy shield of faith and prayer,
Wherewith to quench the darts of dark despair)—

"Let love in brooding trust be still awhile,
And tarry for the boon of heaven's smile;
On joy's broad pinions she shall surely soar
When the wild day of hurricane is o'er.

"Faith is but love beneath the purple cloud,
Singing her carol while the mists enshroud;
The complete working of a Father's plan
She seeks not restlessly to own and scan.

"Love claims all joy in sorrow's very face,
Loved by omnipotence she claims all grace;
In loss holds out her palms for richer dower,
'Believeth all things' in the darkest hour."

ONLY A GIRL-WIFE.

By RUTH LAMB, Author of "Her Own Choice," &c.

CHAPTER XIV.

THERE was one relative of the late Mrs. Fereday with whom Dr. Crawford had always kept up a friendly, though rather desultory, intercourse. This was the Rev. Walter Steyne, younger brother of the gentleman who inherited the entailed estates at the death of Mrs. Fereday's father. He was rector of Hillstead Magna, a village about twenty miles from Shelverton, and possessed in addition to his living some private means, a delicate wife, and a large family, of whom his daughter Grace was the eldest. This girl had not been specially called after Mrs. Fereday, for the Christian name, common to both, had been borne by some feminine Steyne in each generation for ages past.

She had often visited at Steynes-Cote when a child, and was a great favourite with the Feredays, whom she was accustomed to call "aunt" and "uncle," though Mrs. Fereday was really her father's first cousin. There were no little Steynes at Hillstead when Andrew Crawford was sent for to be the adopted son at Steynes-Cote, and it was chiefly during his college course and absence in India that the two or three eldest amongst the rectory children came to stay at Shelverton with the Feredays.

Since Dr. Crawford's marriage there had been no visiting between the families, though he and Mr. Steyne met occasionally, and exchanged friendly letters at rather long intervals. The chief reason for the suspension of Grace's visits to Steynes-Cote was owing to the fact that the girl's presence was almost indispensable at home. Within the last five years her mother's delicacy had increased to such a degree that she was wholly confined to the house during the winter, and, at best, able to take only a small share in the management of her family.

Hillstead people were continually saying what a truly providential arrangement it was that the rector's eldest child was a girl. "If it were not for Miss Grace what would become of all those little ones?" was a common question, and it was one which often recurred to the minds of both father and mother.

It is surely the exception to find unanimity in village female society, but there were no two opinions in Hillstead parish as to the merits of the rector's daughter. Yet many a motherly heart felt deeply for the girl, and the parents, while thanking God for so precious a gift, sighed at the thought that Grace was growing old far too soon.

That Grace Steyne did wonders in her character of deputy-mother, there could be no doubt, also that her being the eldest was a great blessing in a family containing a disproportionate number of boys. But whether the girl felt this arrangement quite satisfactory for herself is somewhat questionable. To be the eldest of nine when one is just fifteen, and to act as the mother's deputy in every department of household management from that age to one's twentieth birthday, is not always a matter for self-gratulation.

Such a position may be invaluable as tending to encourage domesticity of character, and is certain to give an amount of experience in the management of children which nothing else but actual motherhood can furnish. Indeed, as was Mrs. Crawford's case, it is possible to be a real mother without fulfilling many of a mother's duties.

Still, it is possible to have too much experience even of a good thing, or it may be too wide when compared with the time spent in acquiring it. Young shoulders may be over-weighted and young hearts feel very heavy, whilst the heads and hands belonging to them are taking the work of old ones. The fact that they have won the unlimited confidence of all around them, does not always compensate the young folks for the loss of a large share of girlish enjoyments.

If such thoughts passed through Grace Steyne's mind, she did not put them into words, but showed a brave front and a cheery face to all lookers on. She knew that one of her mother's greatest troubles came from the thought that her darling child had far too much work and too little relaxation. She noticed how the invalid's eyes would follow her wistfully, as if in dread that the girl's strength and courage might alike give way.

But Grace did not complain. She returned the anxious look with a smile which gave renewed confidence and comfort to her mother's heart. She made time from household calls and on the busiest days to tell Mrs. Steyne all that was going on outside, and when, by her humorous way of putting things, she beguiled the invalid into a laugh, she went away feeling abundantly rewarded.

Children are always harder to manage when the presence of an invalid renders quiet essential in a house; and to secure this, Grace Steyne's ingenuity was often strained to the utmost. Happily, she was a famous tale-teller, and many a time she succeeded in coaxing the smaller fry to give up an hour and go to bed so much sooner, on condition that she would sit in the large night nursery and tell tales for their benefit.

Then, when the last young head rested peacefully, Grace would steal to the little chamber she called her own, and, kneeling there, cry to her Father in heaven to give her strength according to her day, and enable her to persevere in the path of duty, to put self aside and care for others.

Only the pale moon and the silent stars which peeped through the uncurtained window knew of these brief moments of solemn heart-crying to God. Only these and the walls of the little room, if they could have had ears to hear and tongues to repeat, would have been able to report concerning the girl's struggles against the natural longings of youth for the simple pleasures from which she was almost wholly debarred.

The girl needed a brave heart and a brave face, for her daily life was one battle-field. With her bright temperament, vigorous health, strong sense of humour and love of the beautiful, it did seem hard to be chained down, as it were, to this unvarying round of household duties. To see other girls going off to the tennis parties to which she had also been invited, and to have to shake her head when they dropped in at the rectory to say, "Do come for once, Gracie," required no little courage. To do it without a look of discontent, and even to jest over her disappointment, required more still.

"Cannot be done," Grace said, on one such occasion which must be chronicled. "Watty has torn his every-day jacket almost to ribbons, and must remain in durance vile until I have mended it."

"Let him put on another; I am sure he has more than one jacket," cried the girls in chorus.

"He has two. The boys all have the same allowance—one for Sundays, one

for weekdays, and I am glad they have no more, or I might sometimes be tempted to put off the mending; then think what the accumulation would be!"

"Gracie, do come. Let Watty pay the penalty this time. It will teach him a lesson. He is always tearing his clothes, and it is really too bad to keep you stitch, stitching, to mend them on such a perfect day as this, and when everybody wants you to come out."

"Unfortunately everybody here wants me to stay in, and there is not only Watty's jacket but a perfect pile of things on the nursery table with holes shouting to be mended, for washing and ironing days are just over."

"I will stay and help you," said one of the callers, resolutely putting down her racquet.

"Thank you a thousand times, Nelly, but you shall do no such thing. Even with your help, if I could allow a crack tennis player to make such a sacrifice, we could not finish the mending to-night. You would be missed; I shall not, for I am such a shocking player that everyone fights shy of me as a partner."

"That is because you get no practice. You would play well directly, if you had a fair chance."

"Perhaps I might, perhaps not. At any rate I cannot play fit to be seen now, and it is now that you are anxiously looked for at Hazelcourt. So good-bye, girls; you are only hindering my work, and keeping Watty without his jacket."

Thus Grace dismissed her visitors and turned resolutely indoors, without even waiting to respond to the backward glances, honestly regretful ones, which were cast on her retreating figure, as she walked quickly towards the house. To her credit be it spoken, she did not keep Watty a prisoner any longer than was absolutely necessary for the repair of his damaged garment.

Grace knew that the child was longing to be set free. Nature out of doors was calling to him with a hundred voices, and human nature was specially represented by a group of small boy companions who kept casting furtive glances along the path, whilst they awaited, with more or less impatience, the deliverance of their captive chum, the knight of the tatters.

The lads were going on a blackberrying expedition, and as Grace handed Watty his garment, it was with small hope that it would come back without additional rents, after such an excursion. And yet the girl could sympathise with the child's impatience, for nature was appealing to her as well as to Watty, just then. Nature within her own breast—youthful nature, that all a woman's sober work could not stifle or uproot.

As the swift-flying needle brought together the frayed edges, Grace's thoughts followed the friends who had reluctantly left her at the rectory gate. In fancy she saw them welcomed on their arrival at Hazelcourt, and heard inquiries and regrets on account of her own absence. She wondered whether a certain masculine brow would be clouded for just a little while because she was not there. Or would its owner be angry instead of sorry, and put down her absence to determined avoidance of himself.

He was only a guest at Hazelcourt, and she knew that his visit was drawing to a close. Probably this tennis party would be her last opportunity of seeing him, and in spite of her being the worst lady player in Hillstead Magna, she had meant to go. Everybody could not play at once, and girls who were willing to look on were not always the least acceptable guests at parties of the kind.

Grace had found looking on very pleasant indeed the last time she was at Hazelcourt, for the visitor aforesaid, though as good a player as she was a bad one, had been seized with a desire to watch the game in her company, instead of taking part in it. And he had walked home with her through the dewy lanes, in the early evening, talking pleasantly by the way, and making it longer than was really needful by unreasonable dawdling.

Then when Grace asked if he would come in to the rectory and see her father, because he kept lingering at the gate as if he expected such an invitation, he promptly accepted it, and spent a full hour with her parents, who enjoyed his bright companionship almost as much as she had done on the homeward way.

Grace said to herself that this acquaintance with a neighbour's guest would be only a passing affair. The young man would go away and no doubt forget the people whom he had met during an idle month at Hazelcourt. But whilst he remained he was a great acquisition to Hillstead society. He was well born, well educated, had been, for his age, a great traveller, and could talk about so many places and things which Grace had often vainly longed to see.

He was rich, too, though from his simple, unaffected tastes and ways no one would have thought so; or, at least village minds would not, for simple folk who have spent their lives within a narrow circle generally imagine that the possession of wealth must be associated with much external display.

Yet though the acquaintance with this young stranger would prove of a transitory character, Grace Steyne did feel that she should like to have as much pleasure out of it as possible. She did wish to be at the tennis party, and thought she might be spared to go. She had even risen an hour earlier than usual to forecast her work, and make sure of going with a clear conscience and a sense that nothing would be left undone in the meanwhile.

Then everything had gone against her. That tiresome Miss Barber had come to speak to the rector about the clothing club, and he, being from home, Grace, to save her mother from the infliction, had endured two hours of wearisome talk, the substance of which might have been given in ten minutes. Other unexpected calls had taken her from work that must be done, so that when the time came Grace had to send away her friends without her, and submit to the disappointment as best she might.

We have seen how she acted, and that she dismissed her girl friends with a smile and a jest, mended Watty's jacket without scolding him or boxing his ears for having torn it, and next set to work with a will to lessen that big pile of articles that needed, some a few stitches or an odd button, others a good hour's work before they could be laid away ready for use.

A very prosaic occupation was this of darning and patching. But taking all the circumstances into consideration, it had its poetic side. The girl had fought a pretty tough battle with herself. Every feeling of her young nature, with its capacity for enjoyment, its longing for fellowship with other young life, and that special little secret hidden far down in the very depths of her innocent heart, had pleaded against the stern call of present duty on that bright afternoon. And yet one brief prayer had gone up from her heart to God, "Help me to do right at any cost."

Who, looking at the calm face, or receiving a pleasant answer from the girl's lips, could have guessed what a real trial it had been to her to give up the visit to Hazelcourt? But Grace Steyne was just the one not only to bear pain, but so to hide what she endured, that others might not guess its existence, and thus be grieved for her sake.

Nobody living, not even Mrs. Prattely, could have called Grace "poor thing!" or even "poor girl!" She might be overworked and over-weighted in that busy house, where everyone referred to her as its presiding genius, but no person could have used terms of pity which savoured of contempt, when alluding to the rector's brave daughter.

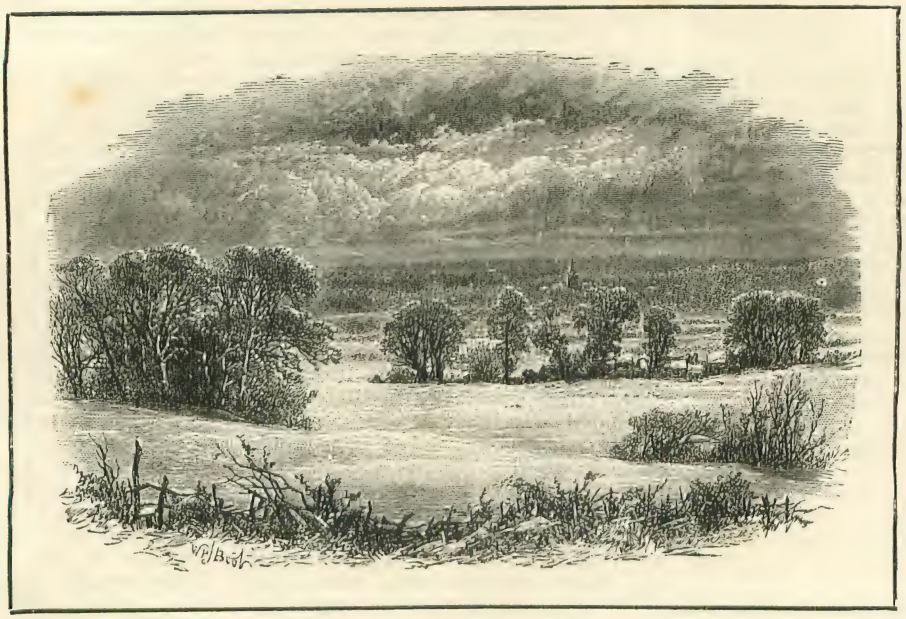
Tea was over, the younger fry, including Watty, were all in bed, and Grace was still bending over her work by lamplight, when she heard steps and voices on the gravel outside. Masculine voices, one of them her father's, were coming nearer, and Grace's cheek flushed and paled as the second fell on her ear. It seemed so like that to which she had listened with more pleasure than she durst confess to herself, during her last walk home from Hazelcourt.

"I must be mistaken," thought Grace, pausing in her work to listen more attentively; but her mother prevented this by saying, "Grace dear, your father is bringing someone home with him. Is there anything in the house for supper if the visitor should stay?"

No chance for the girl's thoughts to dwell on anything which savoured of life's poetry. She must turn from the household clothing to its commissariat department, and speculate as to the possibility of bringing in the mere scrap of cold meat, left from dinner, in a presentable form.

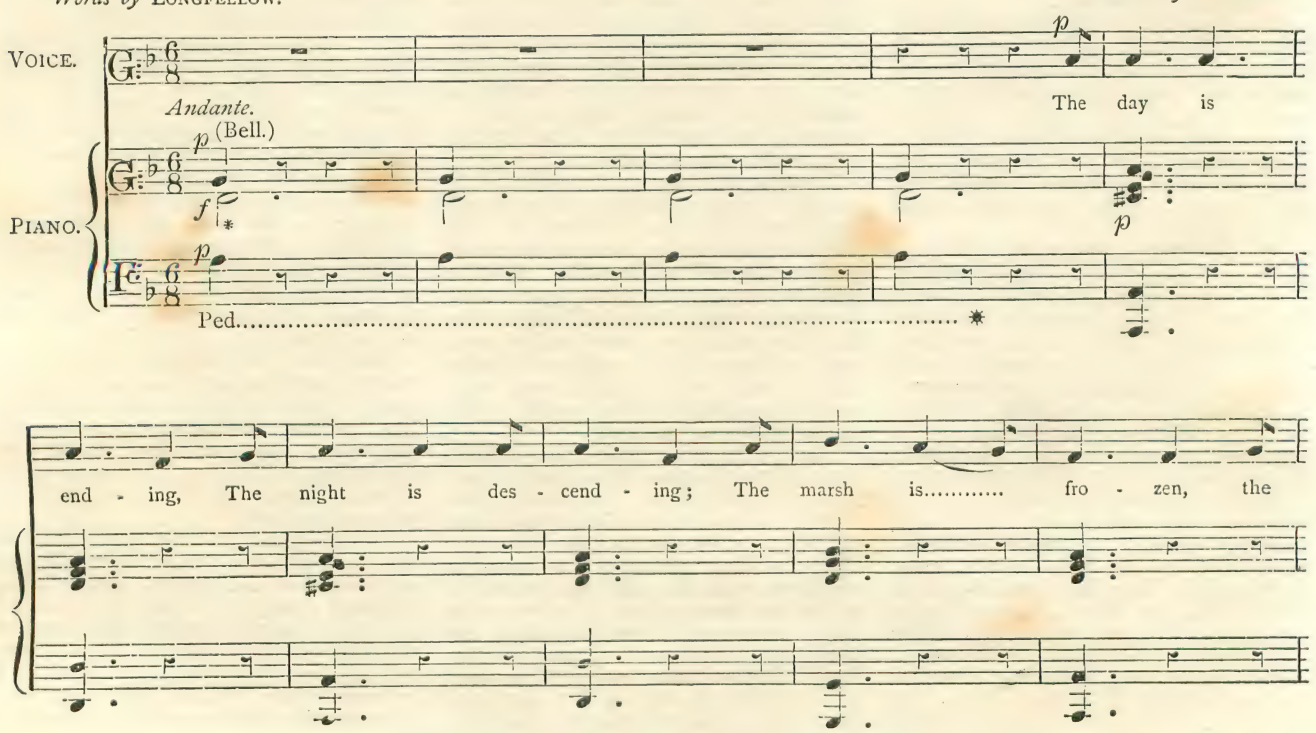
Grace's guess as to the personality of the coming visitor was set at rest by his entrance with her father. At sight of him she ceased to hope that he would not stay to supper, despite the fact that there was next to nothing in the larder, for he was the individual who had occupied the largest share in her thoughts that afternoon—Mr. Carnelly.

(To be continued.)

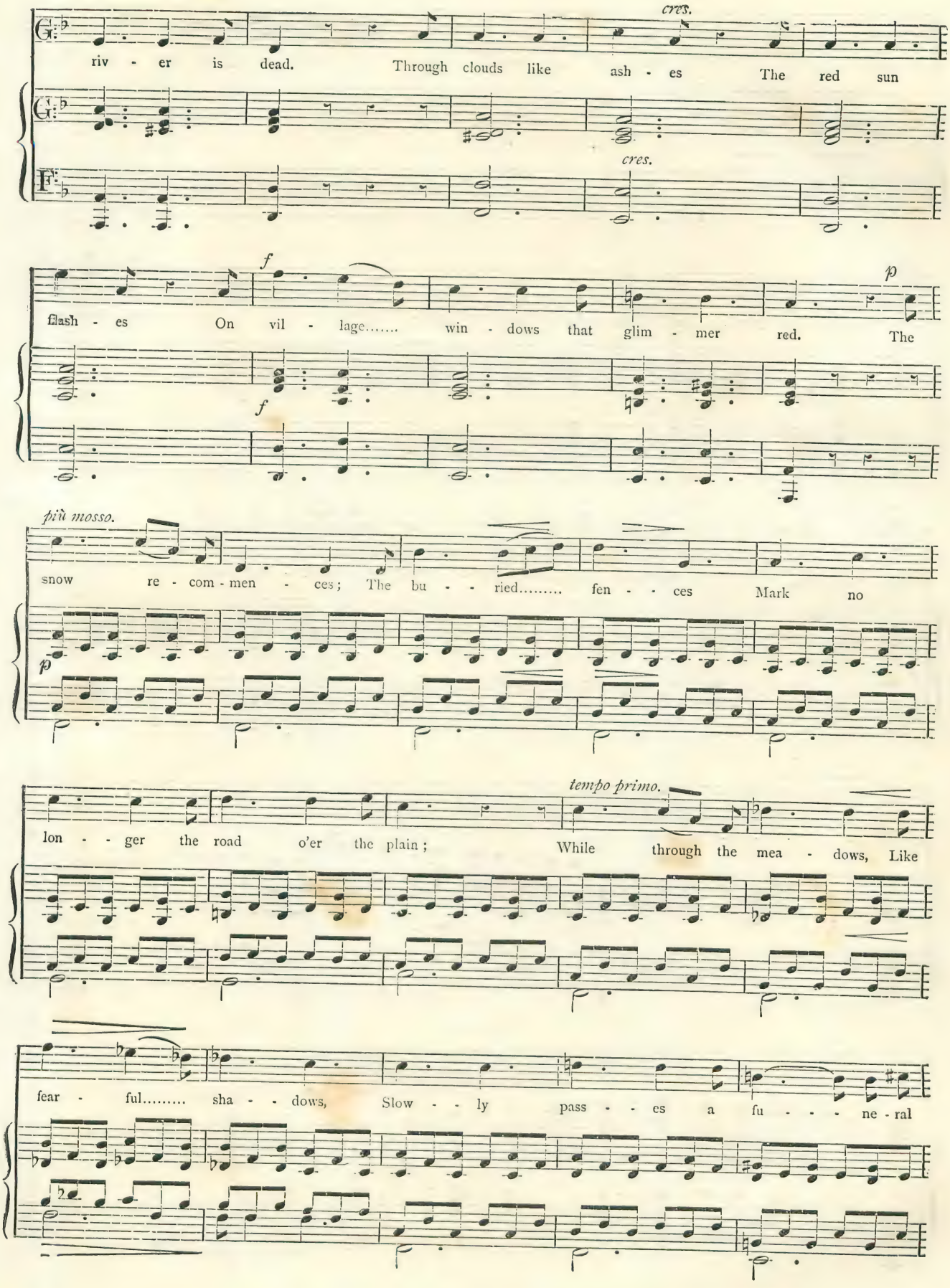


AFTERNOON IN FEBRUARY.

Words by LONGFELLOW. *Music by* E. SILAS.



* N.B.—The *d* to be struck *forte*, and the *a* and *g piano*.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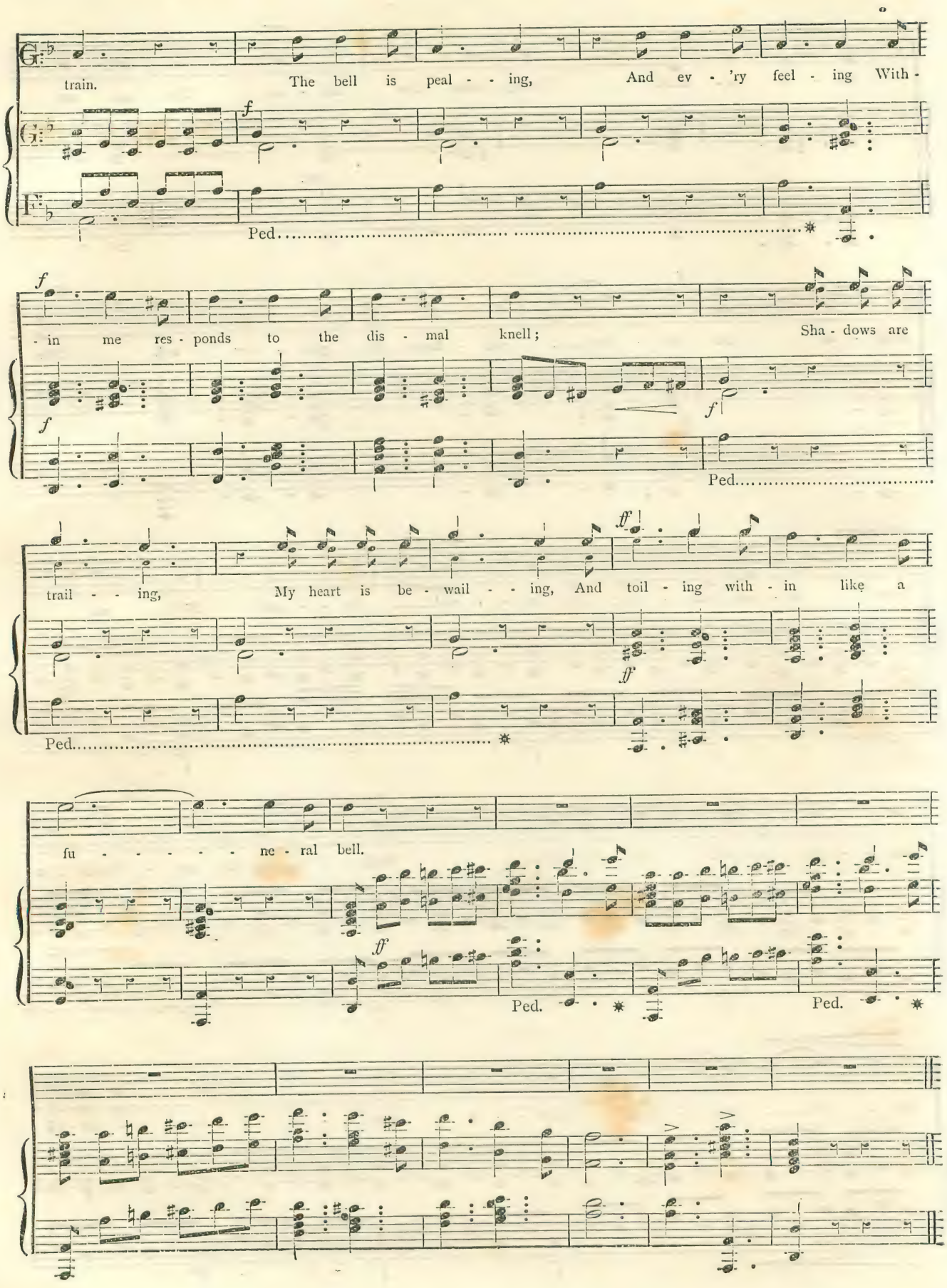
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"RAINY DAYS."

By L. C. SILKE, Author of "Loving Service," "Nora's Stronghold," &c.

CHAPTER II.

"So you, like myself, have come out for a little turn after the day's rain, which I suppose kept you a prisoner indoors until now," said the stranger, as she drew near.

Startled out of her reverie, Rosa turned and perceived Miss Elton, a middle aged lady who resided in Westwood, though she was often away for long intervals at a stretch. Rosa had seen her a few times when she had come in to call upon her aunts, and had always thought what a pleasant face and cheerful manner she possessed. Her visits always seemed like a bit of sunshine coming into the dull room, but she had been absent now for some months, and Rosa did not know that she had returned. Indeed, she had only done so on the previous day.

After inquiring for Mrs. Dunn and Miss Scott, Miss Elton continued, "And how are you, my dear?"

"Very well, thank you. I am always well; nothing ever seems the matter with me."

"What a comfort that is, for I don't know what your aunts would do if you were to knock up. You must be quite their right hand."

"I'm afraid not; I'm afraid I'm very stupid and blundering. It was only this morning Aunt Hannah said how clumsy I was."

"That was disheartening; or at least it might have been so from anyone else, but it is Mrs. Dunn's way to say little sharp things, while all the time her heart is so true and warm. I am sure, my dear, you may feel for your comfort that she could not get on at all without you, and I know she appreciates all your help. Ah, there is the rain coming down again, and smartly too. My house is nearer than yours; come in with me and shelter until the shower is over."

Rosa very willingly acceded to the proposal, and a few minutes' walking brought them to Miss Elton's door. She led the way into the pleasantest of drawing-rooms, opening into a conservatory, and with books and work and countless pretty things scattered about, making it look homelike and habitable.

Placing Rosa in a low chair, Miss Elton seated herself on another beside her, having first stirred the fire into a cheerful blaze, for the evening was chilly.

"Now we can have a nice cosy chat without fear of interruption. I want you to tell me all about yourself, dear, and all that is troubling you," said Miss Elton, kindly, as she laid her hand upon that of her companion; "for I do not like to see a young face wearing the sad, wistful look that yours did when I unexpectedly came upon you just now. I hope you have had no fresh trouble."

"No, thank you."

"Then what is it, my dear?"

"Just my own discontent, I am afraid," returned Rosa, looking a little ashamed at the confession; and then, as her eyes met Miss Elton's kind glance of sympathy, they suddenly filled with tears.

"I'm afraid I've been very wicked all day," she continued, won by her companion's manner to a burst of confidence, as she felt here was someone at last to whom she might pour out all her difficulties. "I've been feeling dull, and moped, and miserable, and that must be wrong, for one ought to be contented, but feeling that it is wrong only makes me the more miserable."

"I am not at all surprised at your feeling like this; indeed, I think most young people in your circumstances would feel so too at times, for yours is an unusually quiet life for a young girl. In fact, I expect most of us have our ups and downs, our rainy days and our sunshiny ones. This is one of your rainy days."

"I have had a good many of them lately," confessed Rosa, "but I think this has been the worst."

"And perhaps when it rains you forget that the sun is still shining behind the clouds, and in time will disperse them again. Sorrow, weariness, trial, in whatever shape they come, will not last for ever, will they?"

"No, I suppose not."

"'Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning,' that is, to those whose weeping, whose night of trial has resulted in the maturing of those heavenly fruits which, though they need clouds and rain for a time, are perfected at last in bright, unclouded, eternal sunshine. Take heart, dear, and look onward. Your path at present lies in the shade, and you are not expected to find it so pleasant as the sunshine. You need not call that discontent, if only you do not murmur."

"But I am afraid I do murmur sometimes, and long for something different. My life seems so useless, my days seem spent in such little things, running up and down stairs, reading the newspaper aloud, darning linen, helping Aunt Hannah to dress, and waiting upon Aunt Mary. If I were doing some good in the world it would be different; I might be content to be sad then, but it is just the same petty things day after day."

"But, dear, they are the things God has appointed for you, the tasks He has set you, so you must not call them little. Looked at in themselves they may be so, but looked at in that light, as your life service, it is a very different matter. You remember how the priests and Levites of old, though all serving in the tabernacle, had very different work allotted to them, some duties apparently much more humble than others. Some had to offer sacrifice and lead the worship of the people, but not all; for others there was merely, perhaps, the cleansing of the vessels used in the sacrifice. But, being God-given, all those duties were equally honourable in His sight."

"Thank you so much for your words, dear Miss Elton," said Rosa, looking up gratefully and even brightly into her friend's face. "It all looks so different seen in that light. How ashamed I feel to have been impatient and weary and discontented with my lot."

"I don't know that you need use such hard terms for what is more than half of it physical. Anyone would feel as you are doing, for you have had no change, no variety ever since you came. Considering all things, I think you have kept up very bravely. We must see what we can do to make a little change for you. Remember, if it will help you at all to come in here sometimes and have a chat, I shall always be pleased to see you."

"It would be the greatest help to me; it would be quite a treat," replied Rosa, eagerly. "How kind you are. But now the rain has ceased again, and I had better be going. Thank you very much for giving me shelter; you have brought a gleam of sunshine at the end of my rainy day."

Rosa left cheered and comforted, the whole tenor of her thoughts changed and brightened, and Miss Elton, as she sat on in the gathering twilight alone, as so many of her hours were now spent, felt gladdened by the hope that, out of an experience dearly bought by many a night of suffering and sorrow, many a rainy day she had been allowed to comfort and help, to some extent, one of Christ's weary ones. Much of her life had been spent in the shade, but "the peaceable fruits of righteousness" were ripening fast in her case, and through pain she had learnt the blessed art of ministering to others.

The next morning Rosa was awakened by the brilliant sunshine streaming in at her window, while the birds were holding quite a concert in the trees near the cottage. She sprang up and dressed quickly, finding she would have time for a good ramble through the fields before her aunts would be requiring her services.

It was an exquisite morning in the early part of May. It had been a cold spring, and everything was backward this year, but during the last few weeks vegetation had made rapid progress, and now most of the trees were clothed in a light delicate foliage of a tender green, with here and there a sombre pine or a still leafless ash to enhance their beauty by the force of contrast. Many a lovely tint and hue were mingled together, making it a delight to walk through the lanes as Rosa did, glancing up through the tracery of bough and twig overhead to the bright blue sky above.

She knew of a copse not very far off, where wild flowers grew in profusion, and thither she bent her steps. She was soon engaged in filling her basket with many a treasure, the fair pale primrose and the delicate wood anemone, its white petals streaked here and there with soft shades of pink or mauve, while she lighted upon some that were entirely of a deep rose colour, as well as some pale wild violets beautifully marked and tinted.

It was with a bright face that she re-entered the house after her early stroll, with a fresh colour in her cheeks and a light in her eyes. She made a pretty picture, had there been anyone by to see it, as she stood arranging her flowers in water, handling them lovingly and looking at them admiringly, as with dexterous fingers she did her work so tastefully that the room looked quite transformed with the brightness and the beauty that had been brought into it.

Her best arrangements, however, she reserved for her Aunt Mary's room, and thither she now proceeded, carrying her treasures, which she displayed before Miss Scott's admiring eyes.

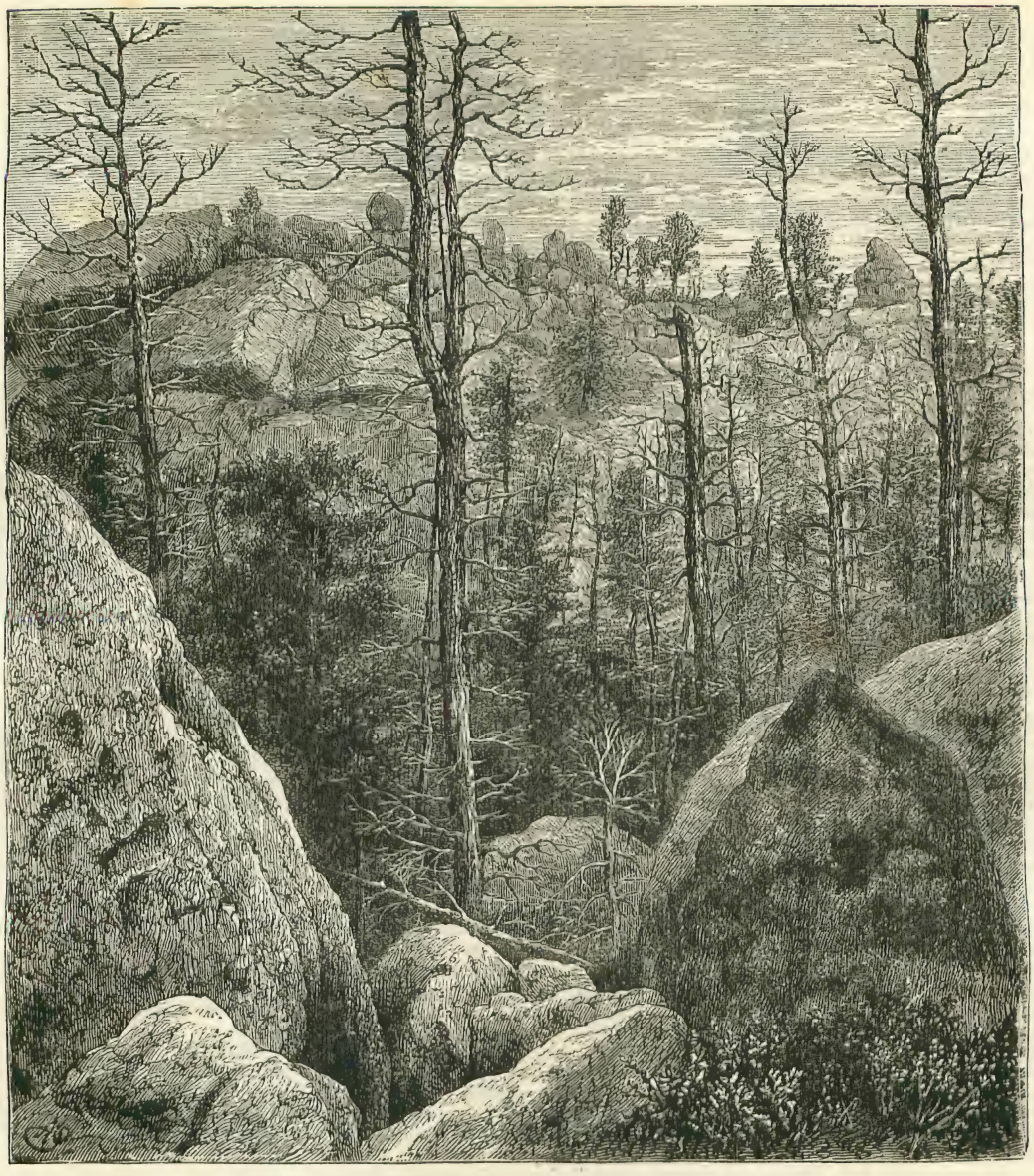
"How lovely they are! It is quite a treat to look upon them. But how early you must have been up, my dear. However, I can see your walk has done you good, and you have made me a gainer by it too."

"Now I will go and see about breakfast. I hope you are ready for it, Aunt Mary; I know I am. I will go and see what Aunt Hannah would like taken up to her."

Having attended to the two invalids, Rosa sat down to her own breakfast. But no tears dimmed the blue eyes this morning; on the contrary, they had a steadfast, earnest look in them, as if their owner had resolved to turn her face resolutely towards the brighter side of things, bravely to take up her tasks and cheerfully perform them.

True, it was easier to do this under the beautiful unclouded sunshine of to-day than under the heavy sky of yesterday, but she was hoping to find the secret of inner sunshine even on a rainy day, and meantime she gave thanks for the brightness of this May morning; it seemed like God's good gift to help her on her way, and she took it with rejoicing.

(*To be continued.*)



THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS. ROUGH FOOTING FOR HORSES.

THE TRAVELS OF MISS BIRD.

By EDWARD WHYMPER, Author of "The Ascent of the Matterhorn."

It can scarcely be necessary to introduce the name of Miss Isabella Bird (Mrs. Bishop) to the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, for during many years past this lady traveller has presented to the public volumes upon her journeys, which have been extensively circulated and widely read. Most persons, no doubt, consider her a very tough and robust individual, and it will be a surprise to many to learn that this lady, so seemingly hardy, who has made such bold flights for so long a period, has never been strong, has generally been in very indifferent health, and has on several occasions been laid up for months, and almost years, at a time. It is fair and proper to give prominence to this fact, which renders doubly remarkable the journeys of one who has so excellently shown that women can travel just as well as men if they only go to work in the right way.

Miss Bird commenced her travels at the age of twenty-one by going with some relations to Prince Edward Island, and shortly afterwards went by herself to Canada and the United States. She published an account of this journey, under the title of "The Englishwoman in America." A little later she spent a year in travelling in the United States, from Florida in the south to what was then the far west. This was just before the war, and during some weeks spent at Washington she became intimately acquainted with nearly all the statesmen of both parties. There is some account given of this journey in the papers in *The Leisure Hour* for 1862, called "Adventures on Lake Superior." Soon after her return her father died, and she went to live at Edinburgh, being at this period troubled with a spinal affection, which frequently confined her to bed. In 1871 her health was so indifferent that she was ordered a complete change for two years, and she recommenced her travels by first spending three months among the Mediterranean ports, then making four voyages across the Atlantic, only sleeping three nights ashore during the whole time, next went to Australia, New Zealand, and the Sandwich Islands, and after writing two books upon these journeys, then betook herself to Japan, China, and the Malay Archipelago, finishing up upon her way home by a *Solitary pilgrimage to Sinai*, an account of which will shortly appear in the pages of that admirable magazine, *The Leisure Hour*.*

Miss Bird says that she went to the "States with that amount of prejudice which seems the birthright of every English person," but that it soon melted away, and that she found much to admire in the midst of comparatively little to condemn. Her testimony to the politeness of the average American towards ladies is emphatic, and she gives an example where all the gentlemen but one in a railway car

* Published by the Religious Tract Society at 56, Paternoster-row, and sold by all booksellers.

vacated their seats for the benefit of their fair fellow travellers—the solitary exception being, she was ashamed to find, one of her own countrymen. On another occasion, while travelling by rail for two successive days and nights, she was, very naturally, on the second night overcome with fatigue. A mechanic noticing her unsuccessful attempts at obtaining any comfort or repose, accosted her thus:—"Stranger, I guess you're almost used up? Maybe you'd be more comfortable if you could rest your head." Whereupon he spoke to a companion, and both gave up their places, one of them rolling his coat round the arm of the seat to make a pillow; and these two men stood for an hour and a half without apparently having any idea that they were performing an act of kindness.

To most rules, however, there are exceptions, and there is not much politeness (on the American side) in the next incident. The cars were extremely full, and some friends with whom Miss Bird had been travelling were obliged to leave her by herself in the only available seat and seek another part of the train. The appearance of her next neighbour was so villainous that she at once set him down as a swindler or pickpocket, while she felt quite certain that she would not be able to keep awake after the fatigue she had recently experienced. As a matter of fact, she soon "sank into an oblivious state, from which," says she, "I awoke to the consciousness that my companion was withdrawing his hand from my pocket. My first impulse was to make an exclamation, my second, which I carried into execution, to ascertain my loss, which I found to be the very alarming one of my baggage checks, my whole property being thereby placed at this vagabond's disposal." The thief's ticket was for Chicago, and so was Miss Bird's. At length spires and lofty buildings rising from a grass prairie on one side and from the blue waters of Lake Michigan on the other showed that they were approaching their destination, and soon afterwards the train ran into a shed and stopped. Let Miss Bird finish the story. "The pickpocket got up; I got up too; the baggage-master came to the door. 'This gentleman has the checks for my luggage,' said I, pointing to the thief. Bewildered, he took them from his waistcoat pocket, gave them to the baggage-master, and went hastily away. I had no inclination to cry 'stop thief!' and had barely time to congratulate myself on the fortunate impulse which had led me to say what I did, when my friends appeared from the next car. They were too highly amused with my recital to sympathise at all with my feelings of annoyance, and one of them, a gentleman filling a high situation in the East, laughed heartily, saying, in a thoroughly American tone, 'The English ladies must be cute customers if they can outwit Yankee pickpockets.'"

A lady who can take such good care of herself may evidently travel almost anywhere. Miss Bird has successively visited various unbeaten tracks, besides those of Japan, having numerous adventures in many places, and coming happily out of them all. She is strongest, however, in descriptions. Pleasant indeed is her account of Honolulu, the little Hawaiian capital, where half the population came out to look at the great, unwieldly, barely seaworthy vessel which had brought her across the Pacific. "Such rich brown men and women they were, with wavy shining black hair, large brown lustrous eyes, and rows of perfect teeth, like ivory. Everyone was smiling." Colour and brightness were on every hand. Without any exception the native men and women wore wreaths of flowers twined round their hats or thrown carelessly round their necks. Many of the young beauties wore the gorgeous blossom of the red hibiscus in their unconfined and abundant black hair, and many, besides the garlands, wore festoons of a sweet-scented vine or of an exquisitely blue fern knotted behind and hanging halfway down their dresses. The foreign ladies were in muslin and light straw hats, but many of them adopted the attractive native custom of wearing flowers. The main point which struck Miss Bird was the easy, contented happy look of everybody. "Where were the hard, angular, careworn, sallow, passionate faces of men and women, such as form the majority of every crowd at home?" The conditions of life in spite of volcanoes and earthquakes were evidently easy and devoid of care.

Miss Bird visited the volcanic district, but her most adventurous trip was a five days' ride into the country with some natives, her chief companion being Deborah, a young and attractive native girl not long before married to a white man employed on one of the great plantations. Many of the great gulches which come down from the high land to the seacoast were at the time filled with dangerous torrents, in attempting to swim or ford which, with their horses or mules, they ran a considerable amount of risk. At the mouth of one of these torrents, where river met sea, Miss Bird admits, "My soul and senses literally reeled among the dizzy horrors of the wide, wild tide, but with an effort I regained sense and self-possession, for we were in, and there was no turning. D——, ahead, screeched to me what I could not hear; she said afterwards that it was 'Spur, spur, and keep up the river;' the native was shrieking in Hawaiian from the hinder shore, I waving to the right, but the torrents of rain, the crash of the breakers, and the rush and hurry of the river confused both sight and hearing. I saw D——'s great horse carried off his legs; my mare, too, was swimming, struggling and floundering. We reached what had been the junction of two rivers, where there was foothold, and the water was only up to the seat of the saddles." Although they could hardly hear each other speak, Miss Bird attempted to induce Deborah not to proceed, but that young person replied, "Can't go back; we no stay here; water higher all minutes; spur horse, think we come through." The horses were almost immediately afterwards carried by the whirling water off their feet and swept seawards, where the incoming surf was thundering on the beach. Miss Bird managed, however, to turn the mare she was riding so that her chest and not side should receive the force of the river, and Deborah did the same with her horse, and the brave animals, after struggling till nearly exhausted, at length landed them safely. A still worse gulch was crossed shortly afterwards, where the horses were lassooed and half-dragged across by amphibious natives, plunging and floundering till they reached a foothold, their riders momentarily expecting to be swept to destruction.

In the autumn and early winter of 1873, when on her way back to England from the Sandwich Islands, Miss Bird sojourned in the Rocky Mountains, and while at Truckee, high up the Sierra Nevada, in California, took a long and solitary ride on horseback, and had the following adventure with a bear: "After," says she, "I had ridden about ten miles the road went up a steep hill in the forest, turned abruptly, and through the blue gloom of the great pines which rose from the ravine in which the river was then hid, came glimpses of two mountains, about 11,000 feet in height, whose bald grey summits were crowned with pure snow. . . The forest was thick, and had an undergrowth of dwarf spruce and brambles, but as the horse had become fidgetty and 'scary' on the track, I turned off, in the idea of taking a short cut, and was sitting carelessly, shortening my stirrup, when a great, dark, hairy beast rose, crashing and snorting, out of the tangle just in front of me. I had a glimpse of him, and thought that my imagination had magnified a wild boar, but it was a bear. The horse snorted and plunged violently, as if he would go down to the river, and then turned, still plunging, up a steep bank, when finding that I must come off, I threw myself off on the right side, where the ground rose considerably, so that I had not far to fall. I got up covered with dust, but neither shaken nor bruised. It was truly grotesque and humiliating. The bear ran in one direction and the horse in another. I hurried after the latter, and twice he stopped till I was close to him,

then turned round and cantered away. After walking about a mile in deep dust, I picked up first the saddle blanket and next my bag, and soon came upon the horse, standing facing me, and shaking all over. I thought I should catch him then, but when I went up to him he turned round, threw up his heels several times, rushed off the track, galloped in circles, bucking, kicking, and plunging for some time, and then throwing up his heels as an act of final defiance, went off at full speed in the direction of Truckee, with the saddle over his shoulders, and the great wooden stirrups thumping his sides, while I trudged ignominiously along in the dust, laboriously carrying the bag and the saddle-blanket."

After walking for nearly an hour Miss Bird met a teamster she had passed in the morning leading the horse back to her, and, having seen her remounted on the still nervous animal, walked some distance by her to see that she was "all right." He stated that the woods in the neighbourhood were then full of brown and grizzly bears, but that no one was in any danger from them. Shortly afterwards Miss Bird forgot her trouble in admiring the beauties of Lake Tahoe.

A little later we find her in Colorado, of the climate of which she speaks in glowing terms. Consumptives, asthmatics, dyspeptics, and sufferers from nervous disorders go there in hundreds and thousands, either trying the "camp-cure" for a few months or settling down permanently. People can safely sleep out of doors for six months of the year, for the rainfall is far below the average; dews are rare, and fogs are nearly unknown. The air is pure and invigorating. The very plains are from 4,000 to 6,000 feet above the sea-level, while some of the mountain valleys are at a much greater altitude. Miss Bird found when travelling in this state that nine out of every ten settlers were cured invalids.

Here she conceived the ambition to ascend Long's Peak, a mountain said to be 14,700 feet high, one of the landmarks of Colorado, and the opportunity occurred when she made the acquaintance of "Rocky Mountain Jim," a trapper and settler, who volunteered to act as guide. Jim was a character, a rather extreme example of a type well known in the outlying districts of Western America. His hut was a rude, black, log cabin, as rough as it could be to be a shelter at all. Lynx, beaver, and other furs were laid out to dry on the roof, and part of the carcase of a deer hung at one end of the interior. Roused by the growling of his dog, the owner appeared on the scene, a thick-set man of middle height, wearing a grey hunting suit, so dilapidated that it was almost falling to pieces, a digger's scarf round his waist, a knife in his belt, and a "bosom friend," a revolver, sticking out of the breast-pocket of his coat.

"His face was remarkable. He is a man about forty-five, and must have been strikingly handsome. He has large grey-blue eyes, deeply set, with well-marked eyebrows, a handsome aquiline nose, and a very handsome mouth. His face was smooth-shaven except for a dense moustache and imperial. Tawny hair in thin, uncared-for curls, fell from under his hunter's cap and over his collar. One eye was entirely gone, and the loss made one side of the face repulsive, while the other might have been modelled in marble. 'Desperado' was written in large letters all over him. . . . Coming up to me, he raised his cap, showing as he did so a magnificently formed brow and head, and in a cultured tone of voice asked if there was anything he could do for me. I asked for some water, and he brought some in a battered tin, gracefully apologising for not having anything more presentable. We entered into conversation, and as he spoke I forgot both his reputation and appearance, for his manner was that of a chivalrous gentleman, his accent refined, and his language easy and elegant. I inquired about some beavers' paws which were drying, and in a moment they hung on the horn of my saddle. *Apropos* of the wild animals of the region, he told me that the loss of his eye was owing to a recent encounter with a grizzly bear, which, after giving him a death hug, tearing him all over, breaking his arm, and scratching out his eye, had left him for dead. As we rode away, for the sun was sinking, he said, courteously, 'You are not an American. I know from your voice that you are a countrywoman of mine. I hope you will allow me the pleasure of calling on you.' This man, known through the territories and beyond them as 'Rocky Mountain Jim,' or, more briefly, as 'Mountain Jim,' is one of the famous scouts of the plains, and is the original of some daring portraits in fiction concerning Indian frontier warfare."

This individual, it appears, used to drink more than was good for him, and had "ugly fits," during which his neighbours thought it best to avoid him. "When he's sober," said Miss Bird's host, "Jim's a perfect gentleman; but when he's had liquor he's the most awful ruffian in Colorado." He seems, however, to have proved an efficient mountain guide. Miss Bird suffered from giddiness, "from bruised ancles and arms half pulled out of their sockets," and admits that she would never have gone half way to the summit of Long's Peak "had not Jim dragged me along with a patience and skill, and withal a determination that I should ascend the Peak, which never failed." Their course ran over one deep ravine, filled with ice and snow and broken rock. "That part, to me," says she, "was two hours of painful and unwilling submission to the inevitable; of trembling, slipping, straining, of smooth ice appearing when it was least expected, and of weak entreaties to be left behind. . . . Jim always said there was no danger, that there was only a short bad bit ahead, and that I should go up, even if he carried me." The terminal Peak itself is described as a smooth, cracked face or wall of pink granite, "as nearly perpendicular as anything could well be up which it was possible to climb," and it occupied them one hour to accomplish 500 feet of this final ascent, the only foothold possible being in narrow cracks or on minute projections in the granite. The views from the summit, a level acre of boulders, with precipitous sides, were extensive and superb.*

In 1878 Miss Bird went to Japan, and penetrated to various parts of the interior quite unknown to foreigners, meeting with almost invariable courtesy and kindness from the country people. Her visit to the sacred shrines of Nikko, which only eight years before were inaccessible to foreigners, is exceedingly well described, and should be read in full. Two great tree-sheltered roads lead to Nikko, with avenues respectively thirty and fifty miles in length, which are said to have been planted as an offering by a man who was too poor to place a bronze lantern at the shrines! Their course is marked by temples of lacquered wood and small villages with big bells suspended between double poles. At a village about eight miles from Nikko these ways unite, and thence one grand avenue leads to the sacred spot.

While at Nikko, Miss Bird stopped in a delightful country-house of the middle class, which she describes as a "Japanese idyll." There was nothing within or without which did not please the eye, and after the noise of the public inns, its comparative quiet, musical with the dash of waters and the twitter of birds, was most refreshing. It consisted of a two-storied pavilion, with verandahs approached by a flight of stone steps, and was surrounded by a bright and well laid-out garden. A mountain, its lower slopes covered with red azaleas, rose behind, from which a stream fell that supplied the house with water, cold and pure, while another passed under the house and through a fish-pond with rocky islets into the river below. Beyond were high broken hills, richly wooded and seamed with ravines and waterfalls. The entrance, staircases, and floors of the house were so highly polished, and the mats were so fine and white, that Miss Bird almost feared to walk over them even in her stockings. In her own room the ceiling was of light wood crossed by bars of dark wood, while the panels were of wrinkled sky blue paper splashed with gold. At one end were two alcoves with floors of polished wood; in one was a wall picture, a painting of a blossoming branch of cherry on white silk, the work of an artist who never painted anything but cherry-blossoms, in the other a valuable cabinet. A single spray of azalea in a pure white vase hanging on one of the polished posts, and a single iris in another, were the only decorations. The owner of this house had accommodated foreigners before, but he had no desire to decorate his house with European productions.

In the country districts there are some very marked contrasts in the style of the villages and houses. Hachiishi, with its steeped-roofed, deep-eaved houses, warm colouring and wonderful cleanliness, appears to have been in some respects a kind of show village. "It is a doll's street with small low houses so finely matted, so exquisitely clean, so finically neat, so light and delicate that even," says Miss Bird, "when I entered them without my boots I felt like 'a bull in a china shop,' as if my mere weight must smash things through and destroy them. The street is so painfully clean that I should no more think of walking over it in muddy boots than over a drawing-room carpet. It has a silent mountain look, and most of its shops sell specialties, lacquer-work, boxes of sweetmeats made of black beans and sugar, all sorts of boxes, trays, cups, and stands, made of plain polished wood, and more grotesque articles made from the roots of trees."

Compare this with Fujihara, a village further in the interior, consisting of forty-six squalid farmhouses and an inn, "all dark, damp, dirty, and draughty, a combination of dwelling-house, barn, and stable." Miss Bird was driven out to the balcony by myriads of fleas, which hopped out of the mats as sand-hoppers do out of the sea-sand, and even in the balcony hopped over the letter she was writing. There were outer walls of hairy mud with living creatures crawling in the cracks; cobwebs hung from the rafters, and the mats were brown with age and dirt. The rice and tea were musty, and the eggs had seen better days. In another place black beans and boiled cucumbers were all that she could eat, while the inn was full of smoke and the rafters black and shiny with soot and moisture. Here she had kindly but rashly given a few drops of chlorodyne for the use of a little boy with a cough, and next morning by five o'clock nearly the whole population had assembled round her room, including scores of invalids, blind people, and many suffering from horrible skin complaints, all expecting to be cured offhand. She was sadly obliged to inform them that she did not understand medicine, and had no stock of drugs, but could conscientiously recommend a more regular use of water. To pacify them, she was obliged to make an ointment of fat and flower of sulphur, and tell them how to apply it.

Miss Bird thus describes the effect of a bad day of the rainy season, and the changes which occurred under her own eyes. "The

* The gentlemanly and chivalrous ruffian was shot about nine months later, the cause not being specified, beyond that he had been making himself objectionable.

rush of water was heard everywhere, trees of great size slid down, breaking others in their fall; rocks were rent, and carried away trees in their descent; the waters rose before our eyes with a boom and roar, as of an earthquake; a hillside burst, and half the hill, with a noble forest of cryptomeria, was projected outwards, and the trees, with the land on which they grew, went down heads foremost, diverting a river from its course; and where the forest-covered hillside had been there was a great scar, out of which a torrent burst at high pressure, which in half an hour carved for itself a deep ravine, and carried into the valley below an avalanche of stones and sand. Another hillside descended less abruptly, and its noble groves found themselves at the bottom in a perpendicular position, and will doubtless survive their transplantation. Actually, before my eyes, this fine new road was torn away by hastily improvised torrents, or blocked by landslips in several places, and a little lower, in one moment, a hundred yards of it disappeared, and with them a fine bridge, which was deposited aslant across the torrent lower down." Miss Bird herself ran risks and hardships during this season, and on one occasion found herself being hauled out of a ditch by three men, her horse having tumbled into it while going down a steep hill.

We must now flit from Japan to the Malay Peninsula, which is treated upon in the last of our traveller's published works. Miss Bird arrived at Hong Kong, *en route* for Malacca, at the end of December, 1878, to find that city in flames and covered with a black pall of smoke, business of all kinds being very naturally upset for the time. She inquired how to get ashore, and received the reply, "It's no use going ashore; the town's half burned and burning still; there's not a bed at any hotel for love or money, and we are going to make up beds here. However," she continues, "through the politeness of the mail agent I did go ashore in the launch; but we had to climb through and over at least eight tiers of boats crammed with refugees, mainly women and children, and piled up with all sorts of household goods, whole and broken, which had been thrown into them promiscuously to save them. The palace of the English bishop, they said, was still untouched, so, escaping from an indescribable hubbub, I got into a bamboo chair with two long poles, which rested on the shoulders of two lean coolies, who carried me to my destination at a swinging pace through streets as steep as those of Varenna. Streets choked up with household goods and the costly contents of shops, treasured books and nick-nacks lying on the dusty pavements, with beds, pictures, clothing, mirrors, goods of all sorts; Chinamen dragging their possessions to the hills; Chinawomen, some of them with hoofs rather than feet, carrying their children on their backs and under their arms; officers, black with smoke, working at the hose like firemen; parties of troops marching as steadily as on parade, or keeping guard in perilous places; Mr. Pope Hennessey, the governor, ubiquitous in a chair with four scarlet bearers; men belonging to the insurance companies running about with drawn swords, the miscellaneous population running hither and thither; loud and frequent explosions, heavy cracks as of tottering walls, and, above all, the loud bell of the Romish cathedral tolling rapidly, calling to work or prayer, made a scene of intense excitement; while, utterly unmoved, in grand Oriental calm (or apathy), with the waves of tumult breaking around their feet, stood Sikh sentries, majestic men with swarthy faces and great crimson turbans."

The Malay Peninsula—the "Golden Chersonese" of Milton—is still little known, and it would be pleasant to follow Miss Bird there in her many wanderings; but we must confine ourselves almost entirely to Malacca, described as a town of antiquated appearance, with low houses, much coloured, with flattish red-tiled roofs, fringed by massive-looking bungalows half buried in trees. It possesses in its ruined cathedral a relic of Portuguese days, probably the oldest Christian church in the Far East. Traces of Dutch occupation may be seen in the Stadhaus, in which Miss Bird was lodged. Malacca is now one of our "Straits Settlements," though to all intents and purposes it is a Chinese city.

Miss Bird tells us that, driving out of the city, one may in a few minutes reach grand dark forests of cocoa, betel, and sago palms, and jungles of sugar-cane and pineapples. The huge trees which border the road have their stems nearly hidden by orchids; tamarinds and mimosa add the grace of their feathery foliage, the banana unfolds its gigantic fronds above its golden fruit, the gutta-percha and indiarubber trees increase the forest gloom by the brown velvety undersides of their leafage, and the cashew-nut and bread-fruit abound. At their feet is a tangle of fungi, mosses, ferns, lilies, reeds, canes, and rattan, in which reptiles flourish, and in which swarms of mosquitoes are hourly hatched, to the misery of man and beast. This proximity of the jungle to the town accounts for such a fact as the following. A tiger came down the principal street one morning shortly before her visit, tore a Chinaman to pieces, and then, scared by a posse of police, took refuge in a house. Every door in the city was barred as the news spread like wildfire. The police entered the house, but the animal pinned the corporal to the wall, and would have killed him had not one of his men been brave enough to shoot and club the tiger. The corporal, although not killed outright, became almost entirely paralysed.

On another occasion a fine young tiger was brought to the Governor, who ordered a proper cage to be made in which to send him to England. Meanwhile he was placed in the kitchen in the bamboo cage in which he had been brought. In the morning the cage was found in fragments, the kitchen shutters torn down, and the tiger gone! There was a complete panic in Malacca, which did not subside until it became generally believed that the beast had escaped to its natural home in the jungle.

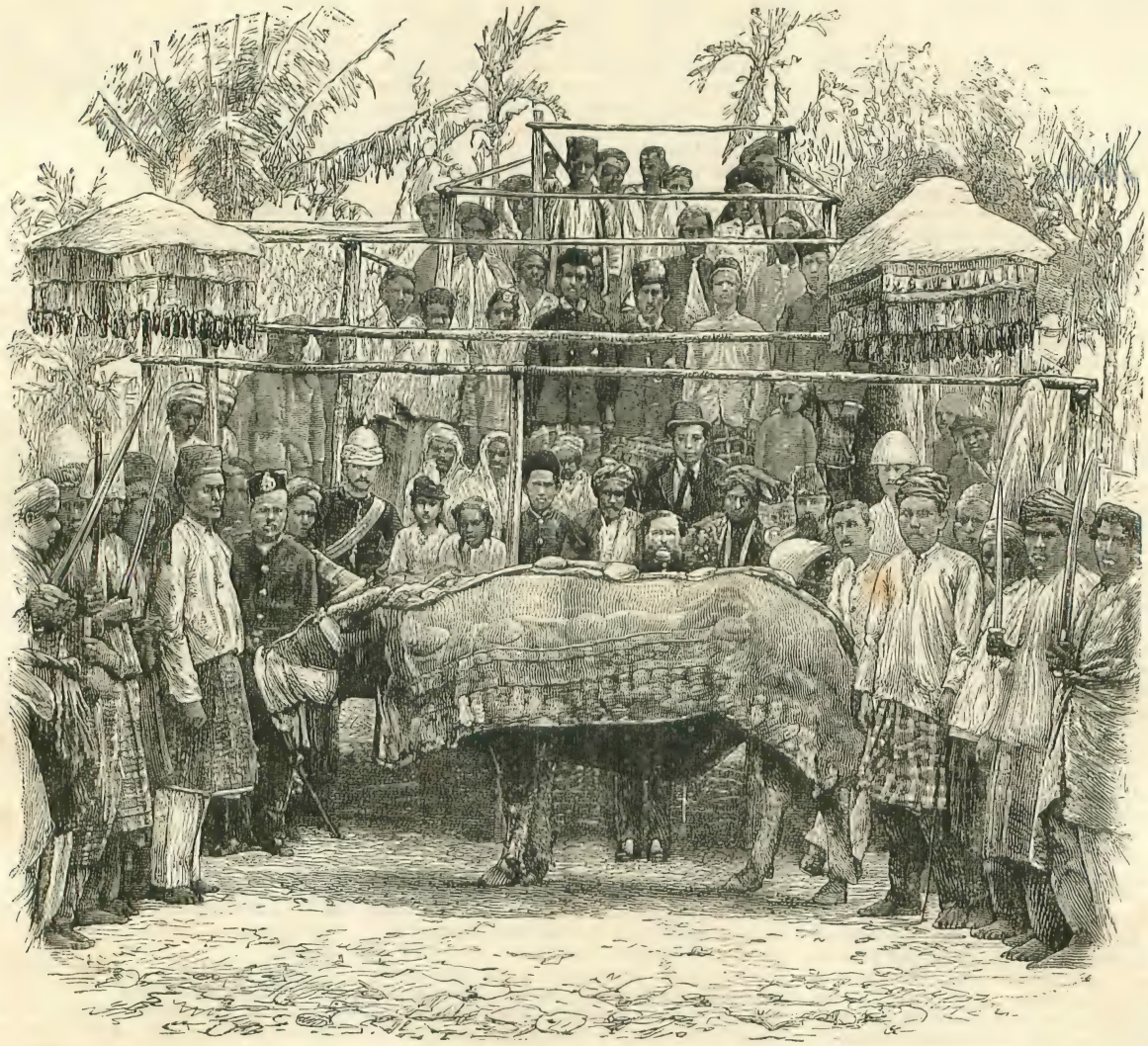
Of another settlement where we have a residency Miss Bird relates the following experience:—"I was going into the garden when six armed policemen leaped past me as if they had been shot, followed by Mr. Daly, the land surveyor, who has the V.C. for some brave deed, shouting, 'A cobra! a cobra!' and I saw a hooded head above the plants, and then the form I most fear and loathe twisting itself towards the house with frightful rapidity, everyone flying. I was up a ladder in no time, and the next moment one of the policemen, plucking up courage, broke the reptile's back with the butt of his rifle, and soon it was borne away dead by its tail. It was over four feet long. They get about three a day at the fort."

A large proportion of the great merchants of Malacca are Chinese, whose wealth may be inferred from the expensive manner in which many of them clothe and adorn their children. Four youngsters, attended by a train of Chinese and Malay servants, made a New Year's call on the lieutenant-governor while Miss Bird was present. "A literal description of their appearance," says she, "reads like fiction. The girl wore a yellow petticoat of treble satin (mandarin yellow), with broad box pleats in front and behind, exquisitely embroidered with flowers in shades of blue silk, with narrow box pleats between them, with a trail of blue silk flowers on each. Over this there was a short robe of crimson brocaded silk, with a broad border of cream-white satin, with the same exquisite floral embroidery in shades of blue silk. Above this was a tippet of three rows of embroidered lozenge-shaped tabs of satin. The child wore a crown on her head, the basis of which was black velvet. At the top was an aigrette of diamonds of the purest water, the centre one as large as a sixpenny piece. Solitaires flashing blue flames blazed all over the cape, and the front one was ornamented with a dragon in fine filigree work in red Malay gold, set with diamonds. I fear to be thought guilty of exaggeration when I write that this child wore seven necklaces, all of gorgeous beauty. The stones were all cut in facets at the back, and highly polished, and their beauty was enhanced by the good taste and skilful workmanship of the setting. The first necklace was of diamonds, set as roses and crescents, some of them very large and all of great brilliancy; the second of emeralds, a few of which were as large as acorns, but spoiled by being pierced; the third of pearls, set whole; the fourth of hollow filigree beads in red, burned gold; the fifth of sapphires and diamonds; the sixth a number of finely-worked chains of gold, with a pendant of a gold filigree fish set with diamonds; the seventh, what they all wear, a massive gold chain, which looked heavy enough, even by itself, to weigh down the fragile little wearer, from which depended a gold shield, on which the Chinese characters forming the child's name were raised in rubies, with fishes and flowers in diamonds all round it, and at the back a god in rubies similarly surrounded. And all this weight of splendour, valued at the very least at £8,000, was carried by a frail human mite barely four feet high, with a powdered face, gentle, pensive expression, and quiet grace of manner, who came forward and most winsomely shook hands with us, as did all the other grave, gentle mites. Some sugar-plums fell on the floor, and as the eldest girl stooped to pick them up, diamond solitaires fell out of her hair, which were gathered up by her attendants as if they were used to such occurrences."

One story more of a funny dinner-party at which Miss Bird assisted. She had arrived at a place in the absence of the resident, and her valise being still on the road, she had been obliged to redress herself in her mud-splashed tweed. She was therefore somewhat annoyed to find the table set for three, and fully expected that two persons would appear in faultless evening dress. "I was," says she, "vexed to think that my dream of solitude was not to be realised, when the butler more emphatically assured me that the meal was served, and I sat down, much mystified, at the well-appointed table, when he led in a large ape, and the Malay servant brought in a small one, and a Sikh brought in a large retriever and tied him to my chair! This was all done with the most profound solemnity. The circle being then complete, dinner proceeded with great stateliness." The apes had their curry, chutney, pineapple, eggs, and bananas on porcelain plates, and so had Miss Bird. The chief difference was that, whereas she waited to be helped, the big ape often helped himself, and, for the matter of that, the little one too, from her plate. But she seems to have found it a delightful experience, and ultimately they became quite friendly, and the little one was regarded by her as a most loveable and infatuating semi-human creature.

Keen appreciation of natural beauties are one of the distinguishing characteristics of this lady's books.* Miss Bird does not sketch

* "The Englishwoman in America;" "Six Months among the Palm Groves, Coral Reefs, and Volcanoes of the Sandwich Islands;" "A Lady's Life in the Rocky Mountains;" "Unbeaten Tracks in Japan;" and "The Golden Chersonese."



MISS BIRD AT A MALAY WEDDING.

like Miss Gordon-Cumming, nor has she the knowledge of horses possessed by Lady Anne Blunt; but she has a quick eye and a clever pen, and it is not to be wondered at that most of her works have gone through several editions. All have been published by Mr. Murray, with whom, it is pleasant to be able to add upon the best authority, her relations "have ever been of the most cordial and agreeable nature."

VARIETIES.

A WORD TO GRUMBLERS.—We had better be content with the work given us which we are able to do, and perform it faithfully, than vainly wish for something beyond our reach, which we would not be able, perhaps, properly to perform.

FRETFUL TEMPERS.—Fretfulness of temper will generally characterise those who are negligent of order.—*Blair.*

A GOOD MOTHER.—One good mother is worth a hundred schoolmasters. In the home she is a loadstone to all hearts and a loadstar to all eyes.—*George Herbert.*

THE MYSTERY OF LOVE.—Love is a passion which frequently comes we know not how, and it quits us just in the same manner.

LIMITED POWERS.—Our powers are limited. No one ever saw the whole of anything, however simple it might appear; and the more complex the object, the smaller the fraction that we behold. If we but realise this fully it will go far towards dispelling prejudice and broadening our outlook.

IN A NARROW SPHERE.—Narrow-minded people have not a thought beyond the little sphere of their own vision. "The snail," say the Hindoos, "sees nothing but his own shell, and thinks it the grandest place in the universe."

A CAUTION.—If you will always remember that, whatever you are doing, God stands by as a witness, you will never err in all your acts.—*Epictetus.*

LABOUR AND EXCELLENCE.—Excellence is never granted to anyone but as the reward of labour.

GIVING AND LOSING.—To give and to lose is nothing, but to lose and to give still is the part of a great mind.—*Seneca.*

IN PRAISE OF SLEEP.—Sleep is a generous robber: it gives in strength what it takes in time.

THE REST OF THE SABBATH.—The institution of the Sabbath rest from labour ought to be valued if only for the sake of its influence on health. The intense labour that is often exercised by man deranges and strains the delicate mechanism of the human body, and engenders disease. To counteract this the great thing is the total rest of the seventh day.

CHOOSING FRIENDS.—We should ever have it fixed in our memories that by the character of those whom we choose for our friends our own character is likely to be formed, and will certainly be judged of by the world.

THE PRESENT HOUR.—One of the commonest of illusions is to imagine that the present hour is not the critical decisive hour. Write it on your heart that every day is the best day in the year.

A CURIOSITY.

The following couplet is a curiosity in its way, the only vowel employed in it being *e*:—

"Persevere, ye perfect men,
Ever keep the precepts ten."

COURTLEROY.

By ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER IV.

AN UNCERTAIN WELCOME.

A SQUARE is an epitome of a city as a school is of the world. Grief and joy, life and death, alternate in the smaller as in the larger area. A wedding on one side, a funeral on the other; mirth here, depression there.

We pass quickly from winter to summer, and glancing at the Le Roys' mansion, as Mrs. Prettyman and her maids are doing from the upstairs windows, see a funeral procession extending from the door through two-thirds of the square. An open hearse, containing a coffin enveloped in wreaths and crosses; mourning coaches and private carriages, and all the paraphernalia of woe. The long-time invalid, Mrs. Le Roy, has gone to her rest at last, and her mortal part is about to be taken to its final home.

Her only son is the chief mourner, and he enters the first coach alone. He is pale, but calm and erect, and looks as if either callous or resigned to this great sorrow. Friends, acquaintances, medical men, domestics fill the remaining carriages, and follow the flower-laden and cheerful catafalque through the square. But no woman accompanies the departed to her final resting-place. As the procession moves slowly on, however, female heads may be seen through apertures in curtain or blind, proving, if proof be wanted, that womanly curiosity survives the tomb.

Miss Heath's is not one of them. She sits in her room alone, pondering sadly over her past, and more sadly still over her future. Her hands are tightly clasped and lie listlessly in her lap; her eyes are partially closed; and there, in her black dress, she would seem almost as inanimate as the friend she has lost and will never see again in this world. No exclamations move her closed lips—none of those self-apostrophisings, so telling to the inquisitive, open the shuttered windows of her mind—she is secret almost to herself.

Yet her apartment is pretty and cheerful. Partly sitting-room, partly bedroom, it is adorned with the art collections of a life. The walls are covered with all describable and indescribable pictures, photographs, brackets, china, screens; while the tables are equally laden with mementoes of childhood, girlhood, womanhood. The door suddenly opens, and Mrs. Prettyman appears. The start of surprise of Miss Heath is as involuntary as natural. So is the astonished exclamation of "Louisa!" for Mrs. Prettyman had never before been within those walls.

"I could not bear to think of you here, all alone, at such a time," began that lady. "I watched the funeral drive off, and ran across at once. The housemaid let me in quietly, so no one will be the wiser. She showed me up to this room—and how pretty it is, Milly!—and now, dear, let me help and comfort you. You must tell me everything."

"There is nothing to tell, Louisa. Mrs. Le Roy is gone, and she was, I think, fond of me. I have been in the family ever since I was a girl, and now I must begin life again."

"You have done your duty by them, and she is sure to have provided for you," said Mrs. Prettyman.

"She could not, for everything goes to Mr. Le Roy. Besides, I want no provision so long as I can work. But—I grieve for her—for she was very kind to me."

Something almost resembling a sob broke the sad monotony of Milly Heath's voice and attitude. Mrs. Prettyman took her hand, saying—

"You know, Milly dear, that we are your friends, and you shall come and stay with us as long as you like. Perhaps you could master our young tyrant."

A shade of interest passed over Miss Heath's countenance as she said, "What of him?"

"Oh, he is a dear! But so unmanageable that we scarcely know what to do with him. He is not naughty, you understand, but so masterful. Although he has been now six months with us, nothing can induce him to learn his letters, or to sit quietly at table, or to call us 'Mother' and 'Father,' as we wish, it is always 'Joe' and 'Lou.'"

Miss Heath actually smiled, and said—

"How very amusing. What else?"

"He runs after Ada all over the house, annoys the cook and Mary Ann, and won't do what I tell him. Mr. Prettyman says I spoil him; but no sooner does he show his pretty face, and look up at Joe, than he spoils him, too. The house isn't the same, I assure you, for he's here, there, and everywhere; and so are his soldiers. He seems very fond of Joe, and hugs him like a young bear. After all, there's nothing like a child in a house, Milly!"

"I have had enough of them; and they are sure to die," sighed Miss Heath.

"Dear Milly, do tell me something about Colonel and Mrs. Marmont, and the little girl."

"There is not much to tell, Lou. He was killed in battle, as you know; she must have died of grief at the shock, and we have heard nothing of the child as yet."

"It is very sad for you, dear Milly, and, I suppose, for Mr. Le Roy?" suggested Mrs. Prettyman, interrogatively.

"Yes, sad for me, of course, and doubtless for him. But I have not seen him."

"Not seen him?"

"No. He was not here when his mother died, and has only been once since—until to-day. Perhaps you had better go now, Louisa, as he may wish to see me when he returns."

Mrs. Prettyman rose, kissed her friend, repeated her invitation, and finally left her, muttering as she went down the carpeted stairs: "Poor dear! always the same—uncommunicative and reserved to a fault—keeping her own and everybody's secrets. This is a larger house than ours, and better appointed; but they have always been grand people and would look on us as *parvenus*. No difference now, however, between poor Mrs. Le Roy and our Georgie, except, to be sure, that he is young and alive, and she——"

Her soliloquy was cut short just as she had her fingers on the bolt of the hall-door by the housemaid, who had been on the watch for her. She and her female compeers had been sitting in the dining-room, awaiting the return of their male fellow-helpers, and discussing what was likely to happen. Amongst other things, they had remarked freely on the fact that Mrs. Prettyman, who had never crossed the threshold before, should have ventured to do so now.

While the door was being opened, a cab drove up, and Mrs. Prettyman retreated, for a gentleman within it beckoned the housemaid to him. She overheard the conversation that followed. The girl detailed the melancholy circumstances of the household, which the veiled windows must have previously indicated, and the gentleman replied—

"This is indeed sad! I am Captain Percy, who wrote to your late mistress the account of Mrs. Marmont's death, and, subsequently, to your master. Mrs. Percy and I were coming to England from South Africa, and have brought Colonel and Mrs. Marmont's daughter with us. Were we not expected?"

"Not that I know of, sir," answered the servant.

"But we telegraphed. Did not the message reach Mr. Le Roy?"

"I do not know, sir."

"Perhaps you will kindly show us into some private room until Mr. Le Roy returns? We have no time to lose, still I must see him. The cabman will stow away the luggage, if you will tell him where to put it. I assure you Mr. Le Roy must be aware of our arrival about this time."

The bewildered housemaid had not a word to say, for while she stood by the cab, irresolute, Captain Percy acted on his own words, and Mrs. Prettyman saw a lady and a little girl in deep mourning enter the hall. She did not stay to watch further proceedings, but instantly hastened upstairs to Miss Heath's room, unperceived, she thought, by the new arrivals. She found her friend as she had left her, only with a Prayer-book in her hand, open at the Burial Service.

"Milly, you must go downstairs at once," she began, breathlessly. "A Captain and Mrs. Percy have brought Colonel and Mrs. Marmont's little girl from South Africa, and they are in the hall at this moment. Captain Percy says he wrote and telegraphed, and thinks they were expected. Did you know of it?"

"I read his letter announcing poor Emily's death, since which I have heard nothing," replied Miss Heath, clasping her hands and trembling with nervous agitation.

Mrs. Prettyman hurried her downstairs before she had time for consideration.

"What am I to do, miss?" asked the maid, relieved by the appearance of Miss Heath, who was still the last person to whom she would naturally have appealed in an emergency. "They are in the drawing-room, and I told the man to put the luggage in the passage where Mr. Le Roy is sure not to see it. You must tell him, if you please, miss, I was obliged to let them in."

"Screw up your courage, Milly. Think of the poor orphan! Hush! Look! Here is a mourning coach," said Mrs. Prettyman, while that melancholy vehicle drew up at the door.

She flew upstairs and ensconced herself in Miss Heath's room, palpitating with terror of the formidable Mr. Le Roy. But there was no escape for Milly. She stood planted in the centre of the hall, while one solitary mourner descended from the coach and faced her. She perceived that he would have passed her by unnoticed, but she made a slight movement and said with dignity, "May I speak to you, Mr. Le Roy?"

"Certainly. I hope you are well, Miss Heath."

He held out a black-gloved hand, which she

barely touched, and led the way into the dining-room, pausing at the door with studied politeness to allow her to pass in first.

"Will you not be seated?" he said.

"No, thank you, I will stand. I shall not detain you. Captain and Mrs. Percy have brought Emily's little girl from Africa; they are in the drawing-room."

A slight elevation of the high, white forehead, and a strange twitching of the firm mouth and thin nostril, were the only symptoms of surprise evinced by Mr. Le Roy at this intelligence.

"You must see them; I cannot," he said.

"They have written and telegraphed, and believe themselves expected," she rejoined. "They are waiting for you. They were Emily's friends."

Her voice quivered slightly.

"Friends!" he repeated, with another elevation of the brow. "They cannot expect to see me at such a time. The house is at their service. Send up luncheon; anything you like."

"And the child?" suggested Miss Heath.

"You know I hate children," he replied.

There was a quick, firm step in the hall, followed by an opened door. In another moment a footman came in, and said that Captain Percy wished to see Mr. Le Roy at once, as he had an engagement elsewhere in half-an-hour.

"Say I will come immediately," returned Mr. Le Roy, while Miss Heath escaped to her room.

He went to the drawing-room and apologised to Captain Percy for keeping him waiting.

"I am grieved to intrude at such a moment, and sympathise heartily with you," said Captain Percy. "We only arrived last evening and slept at the hotel. We leave town immediately. I telegraphed at once."

"I never read telegrams or post-cards, but my man does, and I wonder he did not tell me," said Mr. Le Roy.

"This is your niece," put in Mrs. Percy. "I fear you did not expect her so soon."

"Scarcely. How do you do? Hem! I forget her name."

"Mimica," said a low, soft voice, as Mrs. Percy impelled the child towards him.

Their gloved hands touched, and she retreated to Mrs. Percy's side.

"Take me back to the Cape. My uncle does not want me," she whispered.

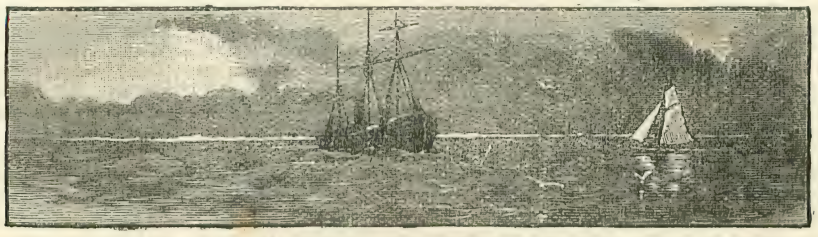
"He is sad; he has just lost his mother," said Mrs. Percy.

"Like me," returned Mimica, glancing at her uncle, who was hearing from Captain Percy the account of his only sister's dying request.

This had been that Mimica should be taken to her mother, Mrs. Le Roy. The letter announcing that Captain and Mrs. Percy would bring her immediately had not been opened, for it had reached London the day of Mrs. Le Roy's death, and had been given, with other papers, to her son, who had set it aside, and either ignored or forgotten it.

There was no time for further conversation—only for a hasty farewell to Mimica—and Captain and Mrs. Percy left the house.

(To be continued.)



WOMEN AS REPORTERS.

By AN AMERICAN NEWSPAPER REPORTER.

SHORTHAND is far less used by American newspaper reporters than it is used by newspaper reporters in England; but the arts of shorthand writing and type-writing combined are used to a considerably greater extent in the commercial world in the United States than they are in the commercial world in England. Of every ten letters received by a New York or Chicago business firm, it is quite within the mark to say that seven of them are typ:-written. As one walks through the corridors of the office buildings in any large American city, the constant click of the type-writing machine is ever falling on the ear. If business should take one inside the offices, he discovers that in quite nine cases out of ten the type-writing machines are manipulated by ladies who write their letters from shorthand notes. Women are admittedly specially and peculiarly adapted to the work, and if there is any one department of work in which more than in any other American women are energetically and successfully competing with men, it is that of shorthand writing and type-writing. And every year the competition between men and women for this class of work is becoming keener. Already a number of the State Legislatures have passed acts under the provisions of which a certain proportion of the clerkships at the State Capitols are thrown open to women, and American girls are educating themselves for the new sphere of usefulness which is thus being year after year opened out to them. American girls whose parents are of the higher artisan and trading class remain at school a year or two longer than do English girls whose parents belong to the artisan and trading class. From school a large proportion of the girls go to the shorthand, type-writing, and telegraph colleges, of which there are several in every metropolitan city. The students at these colleges attend there four or five hours each day, for three or four months, taking a course of lessons in shorthand, type-writing, and telegraphy; and at the expiration of the college course take engagements in the business houses and the law offices. To an intelligent girl the work of a business man's secretary, or corresponding clerk, is congenial, and far less trying and fatiguing than either the work of a shop assistant or that of a dressmaker or milliner.

The pay, too, is generally better than that received by ordinary shop assistants and dressmakers and milliners, the salaries of lady stenographers and type-writers ranging from £1 12s. to £3 per week.

Nor are lady shorthand writers in America inclined to confine themselves to office shorthand work. They are now invading the province of the reporter and the law shorthand writer. A short time ago, when a popular revivalist preacher was delivering a long series of addresses in St. Louis, Mrs. Udell, who is as well known in the West as a successful shorthand writer as Mr. T. A. Reed is known in the same capacity in London, undertook to furnish one of the morning papers with a verbatim report of each address. With the help of one assistant, and with the use of a type-writing machine, Mrs. Udell successfully performe l her task, and night after night, for six weeks running, handed into the newspaper office a report varying in length from three to four *Times* size columns. If Mr. Gladstone or Lord Salisbury was announced to deliver a four-column speech at a meeting in London, each of the morning papers would tell off five or six reporters for the work of reporting the speech.

Twice the writer has met lady shorthand writers at national conferences, taking full notes for official publication; and has on several occasions seen lady reporters at work in the law courts. Court reporting, however, is a class of work ill-suited to ladies, and for numerous reasons which readily suggest themselves to the reader. The attendance of lady stenographers in the American courts is as yet only of unfrequent occurrence; and while the competition between men and women in the corresponding clerk and private secretary departments of shorthand work will continue to become keener as long as a large proportion of American girls look to that class of work for a practical solution of the problem "What am I to do?" law reporters have not much to fear from the occasional presence of a venturesome lady stenographer in their midst in the Civil Courts.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

SNODROP, No. 100, ODD.—Write for all information to the office of the Civil Service Commissioners, Cannon-row, S.W. You will receive the prospectus and examination papers from them. We think your writing sufficiently good for a clerkship.

TWO DONEGAL GIRLS have made a mistake in addressing our publisher, Mr. Tarn, instead of the Editor. We are quite unable to suggest a sphere of usefulness and pecuniary profit away from their own home to a pair of sisters still in their teens, of whom we know nothing. They should consult their relatives and obtain their assistance, being too young to decide or act for themselves. We recommend the writer to correct her method of forming a final "t."

CYMBADIUM.—If you have read our Answers to Correspondents on the subject of the hospitals, where training may be procured by intending nurses, we have nothing more to tell you. But we advise you to write to the matron (or apply in person) at St. Thomas's Hospital, Albert Embankment, S.W., and you will obtain all requisite information, and obtain board, lodging, uniform, and a small salary to commence with. You might there become a Nightingale probationer, your age and state of health being suitable.

AN ONLY DAUGHTER.—You have exceeded the age at which you could compete for either postal or telegraph office appointments. The limit is from fourteen to eighteen years of age. In provincial towns, however, the limits are from fourteen to twenty-five, and the appointments are placed by the Postmaster-General in the hands of the postmasters of the several offices. Many people prefer tea without sugar, and it does no harm, and it may do good to those of a gouty or rheumatic tendency to deny themselves the luxury of sugar in that beverage.

LILY BRISTOW.—We are in receipt of your letter, and have pleasure in giving the name of the successor of your late secretary of the Study Club—*i.e.*, Miss J. Allen, Sunnyside, Orpington, Kent.

ART.

MUCKLE DUMPY.—Send a specimen or two of your cards to some London shops, and ask for orders, if approved of. A personal application would be more likely to prove successful than one in writing. Possibly terra-cotta vases and plates would find a better sale than cards.

ADDYCOMBE.—In requesting an opinion on the genuine character of certain advertisements, the promoters of which you name, you ask what does not come within the limits of our business. If you abandon the idea of albestype painting as a means of making money, for needlework, we can only recommend you to take specimens of your work to a fancy work or ready-made linen shop, and apply for orders. We know of no other plan, which is equally applicable to any department of art.

TOM-TIT.—We can only suggest your obtaining the address of the illuminating department of the Ladies' Guild from the secretary of that society, as we do not undertake to supply addresses.

CAMBRIA.—We cannot inform you as to where you will succeed in selling your terra-cotta paintings. It will only be by means of persevering, personal exertion. Show specimens of your work at suitable shops.

A DEMERARA READER.—Bessamer's gold paint is recommended to renovate old gilding. To clean plaster casts, you should make a paste of starch, very thick, and with a soft paint-brush spread it all over the statuette or bas-relief, and let it dry on till it has hardened, so that it scales off readily and can be easily removed, and with the starch will come the grime and dust, and the plaster will then look as good as new. We doubt your being able to replate your mirror yourself.

A. E. P.—Both oil and water colours are used for terra-cotta painting. They are not burnt in.

AMATEUR.—Mr. Taylor, one of the best known of our engravers, has promised to contribute a series of articles on wood-engraving to the G. O. P. in the new volume. In them all your queries will be answered.

RONALIE.—You lack a sufficient acquaintance with anatomy for making original sketches. You ought to take lessons, or at least copy from an instruction-book, in heads and in figures. You write round-hand well, but your attempt at "running-hand" is wretched.

INTERESTED ONE.—You cannot sell cards which you have copied from designs by other people. It would be fraudulent. The little specimen enclosed shows that, with lessons, your friend might do well.

MUSIC.

EINE MUSIKSCHULERINE.—We advise your writing to one of the great music academies for information. We fancy you might arrange to work at home for your examinations, but would have to exhibit your present efficiency to some of the duly appointed judges before your admission as a competitor. You might, for instance, try the Royal Academy of Music, Kensington Gore, S.W., stating your desire to become a teacher. They will advise you as to any other college more suitable to your case, or less expensive.

EDELGITHA.—You should inquire at any music-shop. The words, *con vezzo*, mean "with sprightliness," or "in a lively manner."

PEARLA.—You, like many of our correspondents, inquire of us what you could find out for yourself by going to any music-shop. We believe that hymn by Miss Havergal is not set to music, and we think it very probable that at the above-named shop you could easily procure a quartette which you and your girl friends could render without male assistance. The poor "opposite sex" are clearly at a fast-increasing discount!

A. B. J.—The major, or greater key—greater in respect to intervals and scales, etc.—is a scale or mode in which the third from the tonic is major. The minor is a scale or mode in which the third note is a minor third from the tonic. Of course, you know that the tonic is the key-note of any scale, or chief and fundamental ground-note of the scale.

JEANETTE BROWN.—Yes, you could learn to play fairly well at your age (twenty-one), supposing that with good taste and a correct ear you combined perseverance. A plain English education would scarcely be regarded as sufficient for a nursery governess. You should be able to ground your little pupils in music, French, and possibly Latin, supposing you had little boys under tuition before going to school. You should also be competent to teach plain sewing and darning, knitting, and crochet.

OLIVE FIFTEEN and TOUCHSTONE.—Ludwig von Beethoven, the German composer, was born at Bonn, 1770, and died 1827. He composed one hundred and twenty-one works. For further particulars we must refer you to pages 25, 81, 194, and 293, of the G. O. P., vol. iii., "How to Play Beethoven's Sonatas."

WORK.

META.—We do not know anything you can do to renovate your chenille cape, save very gentle brushing. Chenille is not a good wearing material. Perhaps you can turn the cape, or tie in black wool to hide some of the worn places. We have seen them very cleverly mended in this way.

A KNOTLESS THREAD could varnish her white hat black, if she wished, with Berlin black, which may be obtained from any oil and colour shop. The 27th April, 1867, was a Saturday.

ANNA.—We regret that we cannot afford space in our answers for a knitted or crochet shawl. We can only refer you to those given in our work articles. We do not know when we shall arrange for an art competition.

POPPY.—The bridesmaids pay for their own dresses and hats, though the bride very usually chooses all the materials, shapes, and colours.

AMATEUR.—All such systems of dressmaking prove most useful to those who really will take the trouble to learn them thoroughly, and not superficially. If not inclined to work, the simplest method of making a dress bodice is to unpick one of your old ones and make your new one by it. If you mount the lining on brown paper you will find it of lasting use to you.

SNOWDRIFT.—"Crochet by Little Workers" is to be found in the monthly number for July, 1880, August, and September. We are glad that you find the articles by Dora de Blaquière so useful. Try to spell better. Whenever you have a letter to write, have a dictionary by you, and look out all the words about which you feel any doubt, and be more especially careful that you do not spell anyone's name incorrectly, as you now have done.

EDMA.—We do not know what you mean by asking us to "publish you letter." If glycerine does not suit your hands, try some other kind of grease, such as melted mutton suet. We are glad that your favourite occupation of sweeping is so easily obtained in your home. We should think so much of it a nuisance in ours.

ROSA JENNINGS and TEA-ROSE.—We give recipes for work frequently, but not to order. Our time and space are limited. This correspondent does not appear to have "paid the twopence extra for learning manners" at her school, judging from the queries we quote. "Would you mind telling me your age, height, and looks?" For an article on patchwork, see page 206, vol. i. There are plenty of shilling manuals for both knitting and crochet.

COOKERY.

PRACTICAL MEDICUS.—Maid of Honour cakes are really nothing but lemon cheesecakes. To make the lemon paste, take half a pound of finely-powdered sugar, two ounces of butter, three eggs, and two lemons. Put the butter into a clean saucepan to melt, then stir in the sugar, and when dissolved add the eggs, beaten and strained; then put in the grated peel of the lemons and the juice strained, and stir altogether till it become like thick honey. This mixture, if covered closely, will keep for months. When required, you have only the pastry covers to make.

A PUZZLED MOTHER.—Considering how easily it is prepared, and how nice a dish it is, we wonder that you do not know of fried bread. It is also a very good method of using up crusts and dry pieces, and is always enjoyed by children. Cut in squares, and a spoonful of any kind of jam laid upon them, they are very good. If properly done, the bread absorbs very little fat, and if when you take it off the fire you put it upon a sheet of clean blotting-paper, it will absorb the superfluous grease. The new golden syrup, in sixpenny tins, is very good with it, as well as with porridge and boiled rice.

MISS LOVESICK will be able to purchase the "corn poppers," we believe, in the Crystal Palace Bazaar, Oxford-street.

LITTLE AUNTIE writes to say that, being without pestle and mortar to pound the almonds for paste, she found grating them on an ordinary nutmeg grater was less troublesome than chopping them, and the paste was smoother.

SNOGGY ZUM SCHWARZEN SCHOPS.—If your calves'-foot jelly be not clear when properly made, it only needs more straining. Put it a third and even a fourth time through the jelly-bag, if needful.

HARRY'S WIFE.—Toast-water, barley-water, oatmeal-water (the two last flavoured with a little lemon), are all very nice, and a seltzogene or gazogene is useful.

A CLERGYMAN'S DAUGHTER sends us a recipe for making the sweetmeat called "pommes de terres." Take half a pound of sweet almonds and one ounce of bitter almonds, blanch and pound, and mix with half a pound of fine sugar, passing the whole through a sieve; then whip the whites of three eggs, and mix well with the almonds and sugar. Cut some small pieces of sponge cake for a foundation, and cover them thickly with the mixture, forming into long or round potatoes, and put them for a few minutes into the oven to brown. They should not be eaten for twenty-four hours after they are made, as the almond paste needs time to harden. We thank you heartily for your letter.

MRS. GLEGG.—1. Good milk puddings are made with maltine and essence of malt for persons having feeble digestive powers. Manna kroup (or Russian food) is excellent, and so are vermicelli, sago, tapioca, custard, rice, and macaroni puddings, all made with milk, and one egg, or none. 2. Try rubbing gently with sweet-oil in a circular direction, always one way. Much padding in dresses is heating; but a good dressmaker will only use sufficient to keep the material from creasing, and to make the fit look more satisfactory.

MISCELLANEOUS.

RHODANTHUS.—*Semper idem* is "always the same." *Ultra pergere* means "to advance further," the motto of the Copley family. Many thanks for the bouquet.

AN INVALID.—Medical or magnetic rubbers are now utilised in many parts of London, and are recommended by the best physicians. This method is called "massage," and is not a novelty, as it has been always practised in the East. You would find addresses in a London directory.

LITTLE INNOCENCE'S writing is poor and badly formed, and she writes to inquire about the best tobacco for young ladies to smoke. We are shocked to think that any young lady should adopt such a disgusting habit, and we hope the mother of "Little Innocence" will put her into the corner at once if she catches her in the act.

HELEN G.—The lady in question is a distant relation. Such personal questions are not in good taste. "You was" is not good grammar.

A REGULAR TOM-BOY.—Silver jewellery is very suitable for girls. We do not think the things you name would be too much to wear.

UNDER AGE.—Remaining in the house all the winter, when there was no need to do so, was a great mistake. Better to have had any number of chilblains. Plenty of woollen clothing, good food, and exercise are needful for all.

ELLINOR WILSON.—The "roaring forties" are the rough winds that prevail between the degrees of forty and fifty. They are well known to sailors by the name given them—at least, to all who have sailed in those latitudes.

ALICE IN WONDERLAND.—It is quite true that showers of frogs, fish, etc., are well known, and are caused by waterspouts. The latter, or spiral eddies in the air over land, formed by the meeting of contrary currents, by which a vacuum is created, draw up either inland water or waves of the sea, with their contents, and carry them to some distant place, where they fall.

A. F.—The difference between the Jews and the Gentiles lay in the simple fact that the former are the descendants of the patriarch Abraham and his wife, Sarah, by their son Isaac, and as such were the elect people of God, consecrated to Him by certain rites and laws, and kept distinct from all other nations, the latter being designated Gentiles. To the Jews He gave prophets and priests to instruct them, and to them He gave His promise of the Messiah who was born of them after the flesh. Such a question proves you to be sadly ignorant of the Holy Scriptures.

TEACHER should consult the table of degrees of affinity. The man who wishes to marry her is her father's grandson and her own nephew by the half blood. Of course such a union is impossible.

LORENZO.—Put the address at the left-hand corner of the note of invitation at the end.

NIGHTINGALE.—1. It is no more "unladylike" for girls to play cricket at home and in private ladies' cricket matches than to play lawn-tennis or croquet. It is rather a rough game, but we see little difference between hitting a ball with a mallet and hitting it with a bat. 2. As to the age at which girls are to be promoted to the dignity of "old maids" (or, more politely speaking, "maiden ladies"), we never heard of any absolute rule defining it. Two or three girls, steady and respectable ones, may live together, near old friends of their family, and so in a certain sense "under their wing," at any age after twenty-one; but it should be with the approval and under the countenance of those friends or relatives. Flighty or flirty and gaily-dressed girls could not venture to do so, with a due regard for their reputation. Of course it must be understood that such a step could only be justified by the circumstance of having no father's or mother's home to live in.

GAGGEN.—The 6th September, 1866, was a Thursday. See Deut. iii. 11. Ogg's bedstead was of iron. We have named this before.

BROWN EYES.—We have known people grow after twenty-five, but it is generally an illness has this effect, we believe.

HELEN KIDDIE.—We are much obliged for the verses, and regret they are not suitable for our columns.

DEAR OLD NELLIE had better ask her mistress to give her a month's holiday; and rest and change of air, with plenty of exercise and good food, will set her up again.

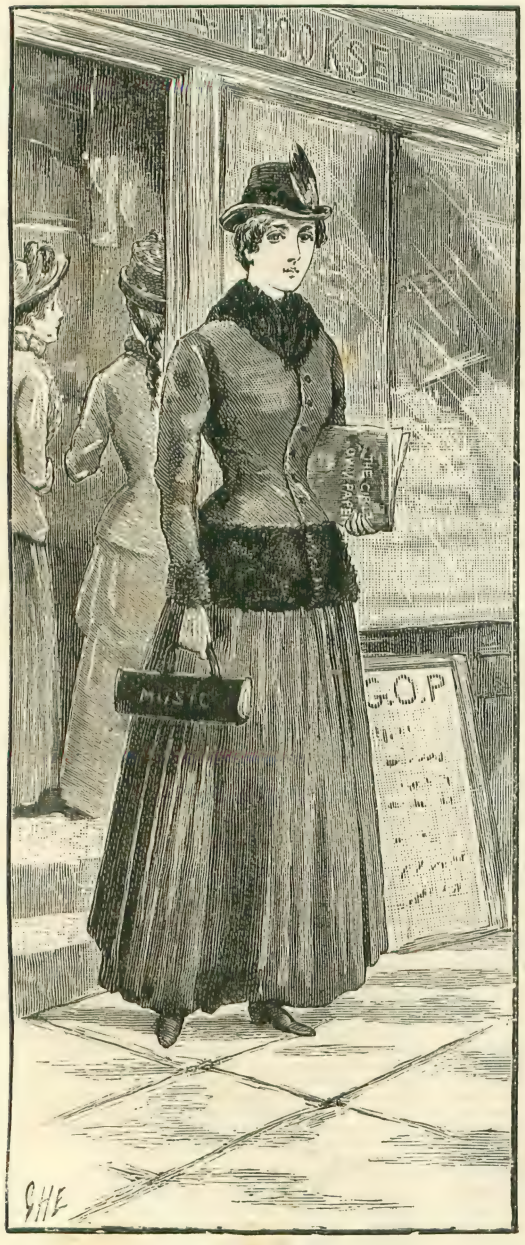
'TOOTH OF THE OLDEN TIME" will find no more food for her hungry imagination in the direction she seeks it. The story she names is just concluded; how is it that she does not perceive it? A "Tooth of the Olden Time" suggests ideas of a somewhat unattractive character. We hope we have not stopped it unsatisfactorily. If so, it is not our fault.

WOODSTOCK.—A butterfly-net might be made of a coarse piece of tarlatan. The size of the bag must depend on that of your frame. If you have none you could obtain the whole complete at any toy bazaar for a trifle. The verse you quote is not one that we recognise; and the writer, if a genius, did not take a very lofty flight when he wrote it, so far as the composition is concerned.

FRISKY.—It is desirable that you should not let your mother perceive any lack of filial affection towards her, or any difference in your love in favour of your governess, as compared to what you feel and owe to her. Perhaps you are inattentive and unloving towards your mother, and that may render her apparently cold towards you.

EMILY FRANCES.—The sending out of cards returning thanks for kind inquiries is the indication on the part of the sender that visits will be received. No one, excepting very intimate friends and relatives, can call until these cards are sent out. We cannot undertake to give a recipe for making woollen parrots.

ALICE must be very "thin skinned" to think herself insulted because "someone sent her a ball of string on her birthday!" Perhaps it came from some little friend who could not afford to give more, and thought to send a more useful present than a card.



SATISFACTION.

J. F. M. M.—We decline answering two of your questions. As to the remaining query, it is a foolish one. How could we tell "whether one would regret having remained single when advanced in years?" Who may "one" mean? Some might and probably do, but some prefer greater freedom and fewer sources of anxiety and of personal trouble and privation.

FLOSSIE.—Get dog biscuits, and use dog soap or Condy's fluid for washing them.

PANSY.—Hang up your mackintosh, and take notice of how to spell the name. You ought to write round-hand copies.

L. E. W.—It is quite impossible for us to tell an utter stranger, and especially a little girl, what she could do to earn money at home. Making your own clothes would save some, at all events, which would come to the same thing, as you are too young to make much were you engaged at a trade. You need a good deal of practice at copy-writing, to begin with.

ANCIENT ONE had better look for the addresses of cremation and funeral reform societies amongst the advertisements in some daily paper, as we do not supply addresses.

ZERO (a French Girl).—If you seek a primitive and picturesque seaside place you will have to go far from London. They are to be found in Devonshire, Cornwall, and Wales. At the same time, many nice little seaside places, unpretending and not picturesque, might easily be found at no great distance, following the coastline north and south of the mouth of the Thames. Southend-on-Sea, Essex, for instance, might suit you well, and is within a short distance of town.

INDIGNATION.—What you say is, unhappily, too true. It is to be hoped that such laws will be reformed before long.

NURSERY GOVERNESS, E. M.—Breakfast in the schoolroom, dinner with the family at their luncheon hour, tea in the schoolroom at 5 or 6 p.m., and a slice of cold meat, or some other addition to bread, according to what there may be, with a glass of beer or a cup of milk, is the fair allowance for a governess. Bread-and-butter and cheese, or jam, hot potatoes and milk, or a piece of pudding, would be good substitutes for meat if preferred by the governess, and probably better for her at so late an hour.

TWIN SISTER SUSIE must learn to make rhymes before attempting to write verses. "Come" and "song" do not rhyme, nor "come" and "brown," neither do "summer" and "over."

A SERVANT.—Not having seen, and knowing nothing of your two suitors—the cabdriver who is lame, and the flute-player who is deaf—we could not decide between them. Do they bear equally good characters as honest, industrious, and sober men? Are both good-tempered, healthy, good-looking, and equally well-to-do? Have both got a nice little home to take you to? And has either of them got a mother-in-law waiting for you, and keeping a house there already? Lastly, which cares for you the most, and have you no fancy for one more than the other?

A NATION OF THE NORTH.—Black attracts heat, white repels it. Travellers, natives, and others in tropical countries wear clothes and head coverings on that account. The negro does not wear black over his skin, nor does he need a white covering, for his skin has an oily colouring-matter beneath it which prevents its cracking or suffering.

ELLEN.—They are, and always will be so, although not universally worn, nor ever will be.

IRRESOLUTE.—There never was a greater mistake made than marrying to reform a man; nor should a woman perjure herself by taking such solemn vows and making such declarations as those in marriage, if she do not really love a man. You should not marry for pity's sake either, nor as a mark of gratitude for family favours rendered by him, nor think of uniting yourself to any man, however good, so long as you feel the smallest disinclination for such a change of condition. If, as his family say, your refusal will drive him back into evil habits, he is not a really reformed character, and is acting on no high principle, and therefore, by their own showing, is no safe husband for you.

APPRECIATION.—We are very glad you were pleased with the notice given of a letter of yours, and thank you for that recently come.

FLEDA.—We think you might tell your father that you wish to do your duty kindly and wisely in keeping the boys in order (if he expect you to do so, and you act as teacher), but that you do not feel you have sufficient weight and authority with them. Ask him for a daily tutor or governess for them; not that you wish to make a complaint against them, but that you feel their need of a firm ruling hand and your own incapacity, and that this is greatly to their disadvantage.

PEACE.—The work God places in our hands is frequently very different from what we should have selected. You are working for Him, your Heavenly Master, at your daily avocations, were it scrubbing the floors or cooking the dinner, for "ye serve the Lord Christ," and "whatsoever ye do, do it as unto the Lord, and not unto men." "Be diligent in business serving the Lord." In that diligence you serve Him, in His way, for the work is put into your hands by Him. If you can give an hour to a Sunday-school class, all well; but "back street" visiting is unsuitable to your age.

LILLIE E. T.—Lay a piece of clean blotting-paper over the satin, and touch the place where the grease is with a hot iron. If any mark remain, perhaps some benzine will take it out. The 4th of May, 1866, was a Friday.

LAURIE A.—You should say, "With pleasure," or "I shall be very happy." The poetry you send shows some poetic talent, with many faults of expression and composition.

A CANTIRE GIRL.—At fourteen your first duty is to finish your education. You handwriting needs much attention.

SWEET SEVENTEEN.—Judging from recent histories of that period, we believe that Queen Elizabeth's reasons for remaining single were entirely of a political character.

QUEEN OF THE REGIMENT must put a little butter on the tar on her dress in order to bring it out. We do not think there is any such thing as "select slang." Better use none at all.

ADEXANDRA.—We hear that some people dip the leaves of the bulrushes—indeed, the whole stalk—in melted wax in order to preserve them; but we do not know how it answers from our own experience.

A NEW SUBSCRIBER.—The lady bows first on all occasions. You should introduce a gentleman to a lady, not *vice versâ*.

LITTLE FRIEND.—Rub the hands with a piece of lemon, which will make them soft and white, as well as take away the troublesome stains.

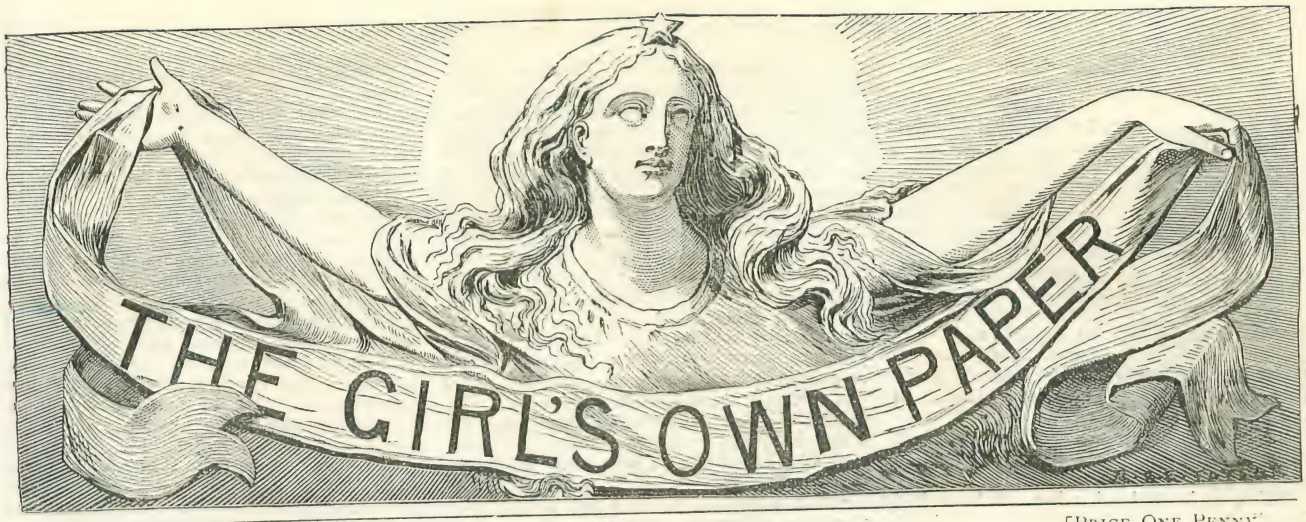
A PERPLEXED ONE.—At the ages of nineteen and twenty you can both afford to wait five or six years, especially if your parents so strongly object to your engagement. You will then see whether the health of the young man will improve, and if you are still of the same mind your parents may give their consent. At present your first duty is obedience.

AN ONLY DAUGHTER.—The salt duties were first laid on in 1702, renewed in 1732, reduced in 1823, and in that year ordered to cease in 1825. During the war with France the duty reached £30 per ton. You will find an excellent account of salt at page 58, vol. v.

MINNIE evidently wishes us to act as agents and advertisers, and probably does not think how unreasonable she is. An advertisement would answer her purpose.

NIL DESPERANDUM wishes us to tell her of some employment more suitable than service; but she does not say for what employment she is more suitable, and we should like to hear from her mistress how she performs her present duties. If she be "faithful in small things," no doubt she will find a higher place some day. But wherever she is she can serve God in all her actions.

RACHEL H. PICKERING likewise sends us some verses addressed to a friend. We regret the disappointment which she has experienced; but "there are as many good fish in the sea as ever were caught," and we counsel her to cultivate a little more self-respect. The verses are not "poetry."



VOL. VII.—NO. 317. JANUARY 23, 1886. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

COURTLEROY.

BY ANNE BEALE.

"KIND MRS. PRETTYMAN TOOK THE HAND."

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CHAPTER V.

AN EVENTFUL DAY.

MR. LE ROY and his niece were together for a few minutes. They contemplated one another in silence. Both were pale, and had deep grey eyes; but the somewhat marked features of his unsearchable countenance were softened in hers. She looked sadly delicate, and had she remained much longer in Africa would, probably, not have survived to be a burden to one not given to be burdened.

"I daresay you are tired," he said, and his voice sounded harsh, in spite of an effort to command it.

"Yes, and my head aches. I have had fever," she replied, languidly.

He rang the bell and left the room hastily. He had a dread of infection. He waited in the hall till the bell was answered.

"Tell Mrs. Le Roy's maid to take Miss Marmont to Miss Heath, and to ask Miss Heath to be good enough to see that she is properly attended to. Let Dr. Bouverie be summoned if necessary. Make my apologies to Miss Heath for giving her this trouble, but I must return to Kensington immediately. Will you order my carriage?"

Having said this, Mr. Le Roy went into the dining-room.

Miss Heath and Mrs. Prettyman were still in the former's room, awaiting the departure of the cab, in order that the latter lady might leave without encountering Mr. Le Roy. Miss Heath was as much excited by the course of events as her nature would allow her to be; and was even guilty of looking out of the window to watch for some indication of movement. She was thus occupied when the door opened and Miss Marmont was announced. She was accompanied by a respectable upper servant, who gave Mr. Le Roy's message verbatim, and then left the room. Miss Heath advanced to meet Mimica, and Mrs. Prettyman rose.

The little girl looked from one to the other, and then hastened to Mrs. Prettyman, saying—

"Are you Miss Heath? Are you mamma's old governess?" And therewith offered her hand, and held up her face as if for a kiss.

Kind Mrs. Prettyman took the hand, and kissed the pale cheek, then led her to Miss Heath, explaining her mistake. Poor Miss Heath, who was ever fated to be second in every one's affections, though first when aid was required, put her arms round the child, quietly, almost negatively, and felt herself embraced in return. Mrs. Prettyman, hearing wheels, glanced out of the window, and saw Mr. Le Roy's carriage drive up, and that gentleman enter it.

"Now I had better go," she said. "Bring her over to see Georgie. He will make her laugh. It is evident that you cannot leave for the present, Milly. When your affairs are settled you must come to the moors."

"I should like to go to the moors. Papa used to tell me of them; but they are cold," said Mimica, shivering.

"The poor child is cold, though it is a warm day," said Mrs. Prettyman. "You had better give her something hot."

"It is the fever. I take quinine," replied Mimica.

She was evidently more self-possessed than Miss Heath, though she suddenly began to sob when Mrs. Prettyman went away. There was more of spontaneous tenderness in her than in Miss Heath, and the child felt it. Still Miss Heath succeeded in soothing her, taking off her travelling things, arranging her masses of dark hair, and finally conducting her to a pretty morning-room on the first-floor, which had been her grandmother's sitting-room. Here refreshments were brought, and the young stranger gradually became communicative as Miss Heath's manner insensibly relaxed towards this child of a friend whom she had loved. It soon became evident that Mimica had been accustomed to be waited upon, though, at the same time, she had been her mother's nurse. An allusion to that mother brought the tears to her eyes, and she said, sobbing—

"Mamma told me that I should be with grandmamma when she was gone to heaven, and now she is with mamma, I suppose. Are you sure they are in heaven, Miss Heath?"

This question, put with much solemnity and a searching glance of two earnest grey eyes, took Miss Heath aback, who could only reply that she hoped so.

"The converted negroes are always sure that they will go to heaven when they die," pursued Mimica. "Why are not you?"

Miss Heath had known many children, but she had never before been so questioned by one whom she saw for the first time.

"The subject is too grave for you at present," she returned evasively.

"That is what they all say," concluded Mimica, drumming slightly on the table.

"You must not do that, dear, when your uncle is present; he is most particular," ventured Miss Heath.

"I don't like him. He did not even kiss me," was the reply. "Perhaps I had better take my quinine."

There was such a strange mixture of the woman and the child in this little girl that Miss Heath failed to understand her. She discovered soon, however, that she had been in the habit of reading religious works to her mother, and that her mind was full of crude notions too advanced for her years. She was, besides, highly nervous and sensitive. Her travelling bag and the smallest of her many boxes were brought. The quinine was found, and taken without a murmur.

"Poor mamma was always taking it," she said.

A more responsive mind than Miss Heath's might have drawn much from the child, who questioned her incessantly, and seemed disappointed at her curt replies. But there was no apparent sympathy between them.

"I think I had better lie down now. Will you cover me up?" put an end to conversation, and Milly Heath gladly allowed her to recline on her own particular sofa, and routed out a couvre-pied in which to envelope her.

"What will Mr. Le Roy do with her?" murmured Miss Heath, as she contemplated her slumbering charge.

She had no further trouble herself, for when Mimica awoke from her siesta it was tea-time, and when that meal was over she was attracted to the window, and sat watching the carriages and people in the square. She inquired where the lady lived whom she had seen when first she came, and when the corner house was pointed out to her, she kept her eyes upon it.

"When may I see Georgie?" she asked.

"Perhaps your uncle may not wish you to see him at all," was the reply.

The day drew to a close more rapidly than usual for Miss Heath, who was sensible of the relief of the change from the monotony of the sick-room to the semi-life of her new charge.

"Perhaps I had better go to bed now," said Mimica, looking at a small watch which she drew from its pocket. "The doctors said I needed much rest, and it is past nine."

"Were you ill when—when your mother was ill?" asked Miss Heath; and it was the first direct question she had put concerning that mother.

"I made believe not to be ill, but the doctor used to tell me when we were away from mamma that I must take care of myself for her sake; and so I did. And now I must keep well because there is no one who would like to nurse me."

"Would you mind telling me something of your poor mamma?"

Mimica took a seat at the table near which Miss Heath was sitting, and went, circumstantially, through the events of her father's death in battle, and her mother's subsequent long illness. It was strange to see so young a child so collected, and gifted with a memory for the minutest trifles. She told how her mother had swooned when the news of her husband's death was brought her, and how she, alone, had been the means of bringing her back to life—how that mother had read nothing but good books from that time to her own death—and how that her chief relaxation had been listening to hymns sung by Mimica herself. Then, suddenly interrupting herself, the child-woman again said that she ought to go to bed.

Miss Heath accompanied her to her room, and asked if she had been accustomed to a maid. She replied in the affirmative, but with an imperative gesture begged Miss Heath to assist her, as she disliked strangers.

"I should not mind if grandmamma were alive," she said; "but my uncle does not want me. What do you think he will do with me?"

"Impossible for me to say," curtly replied Miss Heath.

"Perhaps you will go now and come back again," said Mimica.

Miss Heath obeyed. When she returned the child was singing Keble's evening hymn. She had a sweet voice, and the tones touched Miss Heath.

"I used always to sing it to mamma the last thing," she said, when she concluded, fixing her eyes on her new friend.

Unfortunately there was so little answering light in Miss Heath's, that she looked disappointed, and said good-night almost coldly. But Milly kissed her, tucked her in, and sat by her side till she fell asleep.

The last post brought Miss Heath an astonishing and perplexing letter from Mr. Le Roy. He had never written to her before, and it was some time before she mastered the contents, clear as they certainly were. She sat with it on her lap for nearly a quarter of an hour before she could rouse herself to action, or even motion. It ran as follows:—

"DEAR MISS HEATH,—Will you be so good as to undertake the charge and education of my niece, Miss Marmont? You can state your own terms. I intend her to be brought up at Courtleroy. If you accede to my request, will you kindly make preparations to leave town at once, as I am about to break up the establishment in the square. I will write to the bailiff and housekeeper at Courtleroy, and order them to be ready to receive you. I will defray any expense you may incur in transporting your personal effects. Miss Marmont's are, I understand, ready, and need not be disarranged. You will, perhaps, try to start this week, either Friday or Saturday, as may be most convenient to you. The servants will be at your orders entirely. I will inform them of my intentions. If you and the housekeeper at Courtleroy will, together, manage the monetary department, the bills shall be paid through the bailiff. I have written 'Miss Marmont,' because I cannot ascertain the young lady's Christian name It sounded preposterous.—Believe me, yours truly,

"REGINALD LE ROY."

At last Miss Heath was roused. When she had mastered the letter she sat down to answer it, and this was what she wrote. She knew Mr. Le Roy well—had known him, in

fact, nearly all his life, and she never wasted words upon him.

"DEAR MR. LE ROY,—I shall be happy to accept your offer. The sum your mother paid me will still satisfy me. We can leave town on Friday by the express. Miss Marmont's Christian name is Mimica. I understand it is Greek, and means, I fancy, 'my friend.'—Believe me, yours truly,

"MILLICENT HEATH."

It would have been difficult to ascertain whether Miss Heath were pleased or not with the proposal made by Mr. Le Roy—indeed, she probably did not know herself. She might have liked a change, but here she was in the same family still. She had been with them since her present patron was to her, as to others, Reggy, a troublesome and somewhat disagreeable boy, and she was to return to Courtleroy, where she had first seen him, now that he had become an unapproachable and, to her, disagreeable man. It was strange; but Miss Heath was not an analyst: she was simply a chest in which the various dregs of which life is composed were secretly placed, and they might have been labelled "poison," so resolutely did she abstain from reproducing them. To be an enigma to oneself is a riddle hard to read.

However, she was stirred to immediate action. She no longer sat with her hands on her lap, thinking of Mrs. Le Roy, and wondering what would be the next move in her apparently uneventful, yet really eventful life; but she began to gather together her "personal effects," as Mr. Le Roy had called her treasures. She was occupied in packing them into their respective cases until a neighbouring clock struck one, when she went to bed. She had forgotten the prime mover in this change, Mimica, in the healthy movement itself; but she remembered her before she went asleep, and with a helpless "Ah, me!" got out of bed, resumed her dressing-gown, and went into her room. She found the child awake, and startled her by the light she carried.

"Ah, Miss Heath is that you? I am so glad," said Mimica. "I cannot get to sleep. I have repeated many hymns, and gone almost through the sermon on the mount, and said a thousand backwards, and done all poor mamma used to tell me. I wish I were back at the Cape; London and this big house frighten me."

"We are going to Courtleroy. You will sleep well there, it is so quiet," replied Miss Heath, gazing at the excited face of the child, and the shower of tangled hair that fell about the bed.

Mimica started up.

"Courtleroy! Where mamma was born. That will be delightful. When shall we go?"

Miss Heath told her briefly what had occurred and was to happen. Mimica's imagination was stirred, and she put innumerable questions, answered also briefly.

"If you would come into this bed, I should sleep now, for I am so glad," she said, when Miss Heath prepared to leave her.

Miss Heath was about to reply that she must conquer her fears and fancies, but a something in Mimica's face reminded her of her mother, and with an unusual impulse she put aside the dressing gown, extinguished the candle, and laid down by her side. Soon two thin arms were thrown round her, and a chilly form nestled close to hers.

"Kiss me good night, dear, and I will say my last little prayer and go to sleep," breathed Mimica, and the tired, over-burdened woman clasped the little girl in her arms, kissed her fervently, and soon they fell asleep.

CHAPTER VI.

A MIMIC BATTLE.

WHERE death had so lately reigned all was excitement. The late Mrs. Le Roy's household was aroused from slumber at the news that her son was about to break up her establishment, and that the first move was to be made by Miss Heath and her granddaughter. As to Mimica, she was excited out of her real or imaginary fever, for it seemed that Courtleroy had been the dream of her young life, and to return there had been her mother's paramount desire. She assisted Miss Heath in her packing; or impeded her according to circumstances, and forgot her griefs in anticipation.

It was no easy matter to dispose of Miss Heath's various "effects," but she was methodical, and they were packed up in less time than might have been supposed.

"How shall we get through to-morrow?" asked Mimica, when the day was done and they were really enjoying a well-earned tea. "I suppose my uncle will come and wish us good-bye!"

As she spoke, the eight o'clock post brought Miss Heath another missive from Mr. Le Roy. When she had read it herself, she said to Mimica—

"Here is an answer to your questions. I will read you what your uncle says, as it concerns you. 'Dear Miss Heath,—I should be much obliged if you would dispose of my mother's wardrobe. Take what you like yourself, give Mimica what she would like, and distribute the rest among the female servants, or in charity. Will you also see that her jewellery and such ornaments as she valued or her granddaughter might value, be packed, and sent with your boxes to Courtleroy. The packages can follow you. Of course you will stay till Saturday if you cannot get this done in time for Friday.—Yours truly.'"

"I never saw grandmamma. I would not wear her clothes—take them and give them to the maids," cried Mimica. "Let us begin to pack again. Are all these pretty ornaments to go to Courtleroy?" she added, glancing round the well-appointed boudoir.

"I suppose so," sighed Miss Heath. "They are mostly presents from friends: many from your mother."

"Then we will take all—all. I have finished my tea. Do let us set to work at once."

Although Miss Heath was less rapid than Mimica, she lost no time. In the course of her melancholy life, she had several times had to distribute the personal property of relatives and friends, so, calling the late Mrs. Le Roy's maid, and informing her of what was expected of them, they at once set to work. Mimica forgot quinine, bedtime, and fever, in the excitement of watching or aiding.

Miss Heath set aside a small portion of the wardrobe either for herself or Mimica, and a large proportion for charity, and then told the maid that she and her fellow-servants had better share the remainder. Then she went, accompanied by Mimica, to inspect books and ornaments elsewhere.

"Will my uncle be angry if you do not do as he likes?" asked Mimica.

"He will make no inquiries."

"But supposing you were not quite honest?"

"I should bear the burden; he would not care."

"How funny! What will you do with all these things?"

"Send them to Courtleroy, as he and his mother wished. Mrs. Le Roy intended everything for your mother."

"Mamma would have sold them and given them to the blacks. So would I. You know we ought to convert them. I left everything I could behind me."

"Quite right; we will finish to-morrow," said Miss Heath.

The morrow was Thursday, and men-servants and carpenters were at work all day packing. But all was not finished, and not even the partial and petulant requests of the young lady—the heiress, as they called her—could prevail on the London artisans to remain after six o'clock.

"We shall not get off till Saturday," said Miss Heath.

"The negroes would have finished it all," exclaimed Mimica; "they are much more obedient."

"Now I shall be able to take leave of Mrs. Prettyman," rejoined Miss Heath.

Accordingly, when the house was quite dismantled of books and ornaments, and the offices filled with packages of various dimensions—when, in short, on Friday afternoon Miss Heath believed she had fulfilled the wishes of the Le Roys, *mère et fils*, and completed her onerous duties, she prepared to seek her haven of refuge in the opposite corner of the square.

"I will take you with me, Mimica, as you are not likely to see any of them again, and your uncle could not object," she said.

Mrs. Prettyman was at home. She had not heard of them since she left them together the previous Tuesday. Miss Heath related briefly what had taken place.

"Then you are provided for, dear Milly," cried Mrs. Prettyman. "I told you God would surely point your way. You will have to educate this dear child; and what an interest you will be to one another! The same family, and everything, Milly—the same old place where you spent so many years. I dare say the very same servants and poor people—the——"

"Excuse me interrupting you, Louisa; but what am I to do with poor Mrs. Le Roy's cast-off clothes?" broke in Miss Heath; and "May I see Georgie?" asked Mimica.

"Send them over to me, and I will soon find wearers," returned Mrs. Prettyman, ringing the bell. "Tell Ada to bring Georgie down," she said to Sampson, when he answered the summons.

In a few minutes Ada appeared with the redoubtable George Hope. She had regularly undertaken the office of nursemaid, or, more properly, nursery governess, since she was to teach the young hero of the hour the rudiments.

"Go in like a gentleman, or a soldier," whispered Ada at the door—words overheard by Mimica.

"We got him to wear shoes and stockings at last, by buying him red ones in the winter, and now he is getting accustomed to them," said Mrs. Prettyman. "We manage him by force of arms, my husband says, for we say, 'like a soldier,' and he obeys."

Master George stood at the door considering the trio, and was meditating an escape, when Mimica ran towards him, and dragged him into the room.

"You are a little soldier, and I am a soldier's daughter. I know about parade and drill, and everything," she said. "Now, attention!"

In a moment the child stood erect, his arms glued to his sides, his chubby hands on his knickerbockers. He wore his sword fastened to his belt, resisting all efforts at its removal, except when he went out with Mrs. Prettyman. He fixed his eyes on Mimica, large, solemn blue eyes they were, and she drilled him, as she had so often heard her father drill his troop. At the words, "Right about face—march!" he turned and marched round the room. Mrs. Prettyman and Miss Heath laughed. Not so Mimica; she only said, "Halt,"

as he returned to her, and in another moment he was on her lap, overpowered by kisses. Then she laughed merrily, and he let his musical treble ring through the room, and the serious cherub turned into a mirthful dimpled one.

"What a pity she should be going away," said Mrs. Prettyman; "she would soon be as fond of Georgie as we are. I hope we shan't be foolish about him."

"Don't spoil him," returned Miss Heath.

"Joe says that would be impossible, he has such a fine temper, and he obeys us now, when we are not cross with him. Isn't he a dear?"

He certainly was a "dear," if by that comprehensive word was meant beauty of form and feature.

"Joe!" suddenly exclaimed Georgie, at sound of a latch-key, jumped off Mimica's lap, ran to the hall, and finally returned on Mr. Prettyman's shoulder. That gentleman put him down on perceiving visitors, and shook hands with Miss Heath.

"Mimi! Mimi!" shouted the child, and dragged him towards a corner where Mimica had taken refuge at sight of a stranger.

Miss Heath introduced her, and Mrs. Prettyman detailed volubly the circumstances connected with the anticipated flight to Courtleroy.

"Would you like to go with Georgie and see his army, my dear?" asked Mrs. Prettyman, to whom all young people seemed about the same age. "Georgie, take her up to the nursery and show her your army."

They went away hand in hand, and the trio they left canvassed the future of this orphan pair. Mr. Prettyman told Miss Heath his intentions concerning George Hope, which he was already maturing, and she grew almost communicative over Mimica.

There was a sudden drumming at the door, and in bounced Georgie.

"Tome and see the battle," he cried, seizing Mr. Prettyman's hand, and tugging him upstairs.

The ladies followed, and they found Mimica seated on the floor, surrounded by cavalry, infantry, artillery, volunteers, cannon, ambulances, and all the mimic paraphernalia of war. She had arranged it, and excited Georgie cried, "Fire!" as soon as he drew near. "Puff" went some invisible engine, and Georgie shrieked with delight. The spectators laughed, and clapped their hands, and so ended the afternoon of the first acquaintance of George Hope and Mimica Marmont.

(*To be continued.*)

INSIDE PASSENGERS; OR, THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF LUKE AND BELINDA.

By A LONDON PHYSICIAN.

CHAPTER V.

THE SMOKING CARRIAGE.

SUPPOSING it (the tongue) comes up here," said Belinda in our last, "we shall get all wet."

"I never thought of that," said Luke; "but we'll soon make all safe," and taking out his small powder-box he sprinkled a thin film of powder over the whole floor and sides of the cave. He then moistened it all with water from the flask.

"Don't wet my feet, Pill," said Belinda, who was hopping about out of reach of the shower. "Is that good water?"

"Capital," said Luke; "don't you know what this is? It's a simple and pure combination of H_2O."

"Just let me taste it, Luke."

Luke poured some into an indiarubber cup, and handed it to his sister.

"I call it H too too O, Luke. It's splendid."

The pair now carefully raised the sheet of guttapercha, and by moistening its edges with a few drops of chloroform (that acts on the substance like strong cement) securely fastened it right across the cave's mouth. They were now sheltered by a perfectly transparent waterproof screen from the cavity below, and Luke could proceed with his lecture in peace—at least he thought so.

It happened, however, that the cave in the hollow tooth, though secure on the side of the mouth, had an opening still unguarded in the front near the cheek, or cavern wall, that rose beside it; and from this wall water now began to pour so rapidly that the cave soon got quite wet.

"Quick, Luke, quick, or my dress will be ruined," said poor Belinda.

In an instant her brother flung a spare strip of guttapercha across the opening, and they had the satisfaction of seeing all the water run down on the outside. Having done this, Luke looked up to see where it all came from. Just at the side of the tooth, and about ten feet above it in the wall of the cavern, he perceived a large round aperture like the end of a pipe, out of which the water was pouring.

Seizing Belinda by the arm in great excitement, he pointed out the source of the overflow.

"Perhaps you know what *that* is, Bozy," he said, triumphantly.

"It looks like a drain or a water pipe, doesn't it?" said Belinda.

"Why, that is *Steno's* or *Stenson's duct*, leading from the *parotid gland*," answered the M.R.C.S., triumphantly. "I haven't a doubt of it. It is one of the openings by which the mouth is supplied with moisture, and what is running from it is pure saliva, though why it is pouring like that I haven't an idea."

"Then it's not water, after all, Pill?"

"Certainly not. It comes from a large gland in the cheek called the parotid gland. Don't you remember when you had the mumps, Bozy? That was an inflammation of these very glands."

"I shan't soon forget them, Pill, nor the nuts you asked me to crack."

"I have it," shouted Luke, excitedly, as he hurried Belinda to the larger opening, now securely glazed; "look there!"

Into the middle of the cavern's mouth a huge, round dark brown mass was entering, completely filling the space between the upper and lower columns, while the gap left at each side was at once closed by the approximation of the soft red walls of the cavern in front of them.

"What is that dreadful thing coming into uncle's mouth?" asked Belinda, in awe.

"That is a 'swagarette,' Bozy, or else a cigar; I think it is the latter. In any case it is the cause of all that waterspout."

"Explain yourself, Mr. Slangster! We are not all as wise as you are."

"I was just going to do so, Miss Pertbox," said Luke. "Tobacco increases the flow of saliva from these glands enormously. Hence a nameless habit that often accompanies smoking, and in this case the very thought of 'the fragrant weed' has been enough to start this parotid gland working."

"Well, that is what I call 'real wonderful.' You don't mean, Luke, that our thoughts can make a pipe pour like that?"

"It only surprises you, miss, because you are so small." ("I'll soon show you what thought can do," he added, to himself.)

"By the by, Bozy," he continued, "you know I have got the other half of your H.F.D. pill for you this afternoon. Suppose, instead of being here, that we were in London, and that you were coming to dine with me at the Holborn. You would, first of all, have some white soup. You like that, don't you, Bel?"

"I should think I do," said Belinda, falling into the trap.

"Well, then you would have some delicious oyster patties, and then turkey and sausages, and then ducks and green peas, and then custards, and tarts, and ices, and creams, and jellies and preserved ginger, and almonds and raisins, and iced cham—I mean lemonade," pursued her tormentor, relentlessly.

"Oh, don't, Luke! not another word," gasped the victim. "It is really too bad to make my mouth water with such delicious things."

"Does your mouth water?" asked Luke, innocently.

"Of course it does, Pill. I declare it's dreadful."

"No it isn't, Bozy. On the contary, it's your Steno's duct that has been freely flowing with the mere description of a dinner. Perhaps you'll understand now why uncle's mouth waters at the thought of a cigar."

"Well, Pill, it's one thing to hear of mouths watering; it's another to see it."

"I want you to see the reason of it, too," said Luke. "This saliva, being produced in quantities at the thought of a good meal, is all ready to set to work on it as soon as it enters the mouth, dissolving all the soluble parts of the food and doing many other useful things."

"But a cigar is not a meal, Pill."

"No, and that is one reason why smoking is condemned, because it causes such dreadful waste of the saliva, of which on an average we produce about a pint-and-a-half in the day."

"Oh, Luke, dear, I'm nearly choked," suddenly gasped poor Belinda, as the smoke entered through the chinks into their little cave. "It's perfectly dreadful."

"I suppose we must try and bear it, Bozy. We've got into a smoking-carriage by mistake. I daresay uncle is enjoying it very much if we're not. It even makes my eyes water," said Luke, mopping them with his handkerchief.

"Well, I call it a horrid, dirty, disgusting, degrading habit. I'm quite ill and perfectly choked, and nearly blind," said Belinda, in a rage. "I declare I will never marry a man who smokes."

At which remark Luke laughed most unfeelingly.

In a few moments matters improved. A little fresh air got in, and they got used to the smoke.

"What is the use of all that saliva?" said Belinda, who had been trying to think how much a pint-and-a-half was.

"THE PAIR NOW CAREFULLY RAISED THE SHEET OF GUTTAPERCHA."

"It has four uses, Bozy. First it keeps the mouth moist. (You see how damp this cavern is.) This enables us to speak easily and plainly. Secondly, it dissolves all the parts of the food that are soluble, and enables us to taste them. Thirdly, it is mixed with the food so as to form it into a pulp easy to be swallowed. And fourthly, it contains a chemical substance called *ptyalin*, that changes starchy or floury substances into sugar."

"How do you prove that, Pill?"

"Why simply by taking a piece of stale bread and chewing it well, when it will become quite sweet through this power of the saliva."

"And why does it do this, Pill?" said Belinda, quite in the style of Sandford and Merton.

"Because all food must be made soluble (in fact, digestion is simply doing this) in order that it may pass into the blood and nourish the body; and sugar is soluble, while starch is not. Starch consists of small grains contained in strong little bags which require great heat to burst them, so we always cook our food first. If rice or other grain is not thoroughly boiled, or the bread well baked, the saliva can do but little good, for the little grains are beyond its reach in their strong coverings. Under-cooked starchy foods are most indigestible. The saliva does not contain any *ptyalin* until we are six months old, so that no starch or flour is digested by babies, and it should never be given to them. Do you remember my taking that biscuit away from Jane's baby (Jane was the cook) at home?"

"I remember it perfectly, Pill, and how cross I was with you. But I'm getting wonderfully wise now."

"When uncle has done his cigar, he generally has a nap I know, and then I'll show you something wonderful, for his tongue will be pretty quiet, and I think we can venture to go down and have a walk."

"Oh, Pill, that would be nice," said Belinda, clapping her hands, "and you'll show me all the wonderful things, won't you?"

"I think there are far more wonderful things in a woman's tongue, Bozy, but I daresay we'll learn something from uncle's."

(*To be continued.*)

THE ART OF TRAVELLING.

PART IV.

"WHERE shall we go for our holiday?" This has become, more or less, an annual question in most families. It is one which naturally excites interest, especially among the younger members, who look upon it with light hearts and a pleasure unmixed with thoughts of expenditure and household worries. But yet it is a question which concerns a great many who are not weighted with domestic responsibilities, and have not given "hostages to fortune." Many who are pretty well free to go where their fancy takes them, within certain well-defined limits, fixed by time and purse, are often at a loss to answer the question to which we must now address ourselves. To do so with any real advantage we must consider several highly important questions. What do you want? Are you going away merely for pleasure or for health, or both combined? Are you going alone, or in a party? If so, of how many does your party consist? Are you ready for walking, or must you always be driven, either by the iron horse or the natural quadruped? These questions, which suggest themselves immediately, show the difficulty of giving an off-hand answer to the great problem presented each year to travelling Britons, "Where shall we go?"

It is better, I think, in discussing this question, to separate at once home and foreign travel. Here let our patriotism come into play. It is undoubtedly the custom nowadays to decry this good, old-fashioned virtue, to look upon it as something which did very well in our grandfathers' day, but which we with our high civilisation do not require. Such people, perhaps, are inclined to re-echo the sentiment of the great philosopher Lessing, uttered by him at a time when national life in Germany was at its lowest ebb—"Of the love of country I have no conception: it appears to me at best a heroic weakness, which I am right glad to be without."

I trust the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER suffer from this "heroic weakness," and that they will, on that very account, admit the justice, to say the least of it, of commencing at our own island kingdom.

Nothing can be more absurd than to meet people, as we often do, full of information respecting France and Switzerland, etc., and quite ignorant of the beauties of their own land. English folk, wise and learned concerning the glories of Notre Dame or Ste. Gedule, and ignorant of Durham or Salisbury; Scotch (of whom we have been told that they are never at home except when they are abroad), who know every Swiss pass and mountain valley, and have never seen Glencoe or the Western Isles; Irish, who know the Italian lakes and cities, but to whom Killarney or Connemara is still an "undiscovered country."

In dealing with the United Kingdom, one must, more or less, speak in general terms. For this reason. It is, of course, impossible to give outlines of tours in England in the same way as you might in Switzerland, because here every reader will have more or less previous knowledge of the country to guide them, and have greater facilities of acquiring such information in any ordinary railway guide. And those people who intend to make tours in England will, of course, naturally avail themselves of such helps. But one can give certain general indications which may prove useful to those who intend to start on their annual "outing" next summer. Those who desire to combine the acquiring of a new stock of health with the pleasure of a change, may read with profit these words, taken from an article by Dr. E. Symes Thompson, on "The Choice of English Health Resorts." He writes:—

"Broadly speaking, health will best be gained by seeking climatic conditions diverse from those to which we are accustomed. Those who live by the sea, or in the plains, well know the benefit of mountain air; and those who live at a high level are as severely tried by this opposite condition of atmospheric pressure, and equally gain by a visit to the sea or the lowlands. In the case of those residing in low-lying districts, there is a want of that dry, stimulating, ozone-freshening air which is found in the higher regions, and which works with quick magic on the enfeebled powers, strengthening the appetite, and invigorating the whole system; while those always living in these 'high places' are themselves worn out by over-stimulation, and find equal benefit from a change to the vacated homes of their visitors. In each of these instances of interchange of residence, a marked alteration in the digestive powers and in the animal spirits may be observed."

After giving examples of the varying presence of ozone in different localities, he adds: "A change from the damp, though invigorating sea air, to the dry bracing air of the hills, or from the latter to the sea, is equally to be considered; and in many cases even there is little doubt that the inhabitants of the country gain as much benefit from a short spell of city life as their brethren of the towns do from a jaunt to the hills and fields."

The common sense of these remarks will be evident to all my readers, and will, I hope, help them in deciding upon a locality. The question of health, however, is one which comes under the province of "Medicus," and not directly within the scope of these articles, so I shall say no more under this head. Those who go to the seaside generally choose their locality for the purpose of sea bathing, and as this necessitates remaining pretty much at the same place, we shall leave out of our consideration the various seaside resorts so numerous all round our coasts. It can hardly be called travelling, as I said in another chapter, to take the train to the coast and remain for a month in, say, Scarborough, Lowestoft, Eastbourne, or Southport, and then return home. Travelling would rather indicate pretty constant movement from one place to another.

England affords plenty of variety in this respect, and will give scope for the exercise of various tastes. Those who are of an archæological and historical turn may well make a tour of the different cathedral cities, abounding as they do, not merely in splendid examples of ecclesiastical art, but in many interesting specimens of both domestic and civic architecture. Those who wish for wild and rugged coast scenery, with a land full of legendary lore, as well as the softness and beauty of sylvan landscape, will visit Cornwall and Devonshire. The lovers of Nature in its sterner moods, the mountains and wild glens, the waterfalls and lakes, will look to Wales and Cumberland as the scene of their holiday rambles. They will make for Penmaenmawr or Bangor, and explore the mountain valleys and ancient castles, with all their legendary and genuine histories which tell of the days of the Druids and Romans; of the fierce warfare in the times when Welsh independence was crushed beneath the power of the Edwards and Henrys. Others, taking as their literary guide-books the poems of Scott, of Wordsworth, or of Southey, will establish themselves in Keswick or Ambleside, climb Hellvellyn and Scawfell Pike, and float over the placid waters of Derwentwater or Windermere.

Facilities for visiting all these places are very numerous. The various railway companies in those districts give capital circular tickets at very moderate rates, which will enable a tourist to visit the most interesting spots, and to return home again, for a comparatively small outlay. The different tourist agencies, of course, do the same thing. The English lake district, and also North Wales, is well adapted for a walking tour. Those who are able for this mode of progression will find it one of the best ways of "making the most of a holiday." To be a suitable country for a walking tour, it is essential that the distances between hotels and places of interest should not be too great. There are often difficulties in the way of this in Scotland and Ireland. In the English lake district and North Wales we find the country well adapted

for this very agreeable mode of travelling. It is, of course, pleasanter, if it can be managed, to send on your knapsack by rail or post to the place you intend to remain at for the night; or, if a party of more than two are travelling together, some of them could drive, taking with them the baggage of the entire company, and those who drove one day could walk the next, and so on.

In Scotland travelling is varied, easy, and not expensive. There is, indeed, no lack of variety. In the space of a few hours you can have examples of most modern modes of travelling—railway, coach, and steamer, all following one another in quick succession. Few countries have been better arranged for tourist traffic than Scotland. If you wish to visit the lowlands, and make yourself familiar with the scenes of border warfare, and the charming landscapes which abound along the courses of rivers, as famous in song and story as the Tweed and Yarrow, you may establish yourself in Edinboro', and reach all these places by train in a few hours, and then in that famous city itself and its environs, you may find enough to fill up one very good holiday, without going any further.

For visiting the Western islands and Highlands, Oban is a capital centre. There many of the routes converge, there all the West coast steamers call, and from it you can visit in a day such world-renowned spots as Nature's great cathedral of Staffa, and the island of Iona, with all its sacred memories of the Irish missionary Columba, one of the apostles of early Scottish Christianity.

Those who go to Oban will doubtless continue their journey northward to Inverness by the great Caledonian canal, and probably turn again to the north-west, along the Highland railway to Strome Ferry. By this line you pass through some of the finest natural scenery in Great Britain, especially the part which runs through Ross-shire.

Leaving Dingwall, you turn north-west, passing the far-famed Strathpeffer, with its unsavoury but highly efficacious mineral waters, now so much resorted to. After this point the line lies through the wildest and most beautiful scenery, and well repays a visit. The Island of Skye is, of course, a frequented spot, with its many wondrous lochs and mountain peaks, almost rivalling in grandeur a Norwegian fjord. I wonder when there was a Royal Academy Exhibition which did not contain at least one picture of some part of Skye! The eastern Aberdeenshire Highlands are of course a group in themselves. They are familiar to all readers of the Queen's journals, and on that account, as well as for their great beauty, are much visited by tourists.

Time and space would of course fail one to even name one-half of the many places to be visited in Scotland. It is no wonder, indeed, that so many use it as a holiday ground. How much it owes to Sir Walter Scott! It is not a little remarkable the influence which literature has had in developing certain localities. Do not the English lakes owe much to Wordsworth and the poets of what is called the Lake school? Have not Charles Kingsley and Mr. Blackmore sent many to Devonshire and Cornwall? And have not thousands become familiar with the Hebrides and the western isles of Scotland through the writings of Mr. William Black? It is not too much to say he has done as much for them in the wonderful word-pictures which he has given us in his many stories, from "A Daughter of Heth" down to "White Heather," as Sir Walter Scott did for the now better-known parts of Scotland, the Trossachs and Rob Roy country, in his "Lady of the Lake" and other poems and novels. If Ireland were but to give birth to a Scott or Black, it might prove a turning-point in her sad history.

This leads me to say a few words on travelling in Ireland. The "melancholy ocean" which surrounds the once "Isle of Saints" is, unfortunately, with many, a serious obstacle in the way of a visit; but the discomforts of this are now reduced to a minimum by the splendid service of mail and express steamers which convey passengers from Holyhead to Dublin and Kingstown. The unhappy state of the country in recent years has unfortunately deterred many people from visiting Ireland, under the mistaken idea that such a tour would be as dangerous to life and limb as an excursion into the Soudan, though it is well known that even in the worst times there was not the remotest danger to an ordinary English tourist, unless he had the misfortune to resemble a landlord, or an honest tenant who had paid his rent. Ireland is not so well provided with railways and coaches as Scotland, but still it is easy enough to visit all the best scenery.

Dublin will be an excellent centre for visiting the beautiful surroundings of that city, including a run into Wicklow, where some of the most charming of both mountain and sylvan scenery is to be met with. Circular tickets are issued by nearly all the Irish railways. You can begin at Dublin, and proceed south to Cork and Killarney; and having visited the famous lakes, turn northwards to Clare, with its splendid cliffs exposed to the full sweep of the North Atlantic rollers. Thence up to Galway, "the city of the tribes," with many of the ancient houses belonging to the Spanish merchants, in the far-off days of the town's prosperity. From Galway you can proceed through the beautiful Connemara, a region full of the most delightful lakes and purple-clad mountains, to Westport on Clew Bay, with its myriad islands, and shut in from the Atlantic by Clare Island, where dwelt, in Queen Elizabeth's day, the famous chieftainess, Grana Uaile, or Grace O'Maley, who looked upon herself as an equal to the haughty Tudor. From Westport you can return direct by rail to Dublin.

A tour such as that will show you Celtic Ireland to perfection. If you wish to see what we might now call Loyal Ireland, the Protestant north, you can go by rail from Dublin northwards as far as "the frontier town" of Newry; and then visit the coast of Down, beginning at Rostrevor, and driving by coach to Newcastle, having the range of the Mourne Mountains on the left and the sea to the right. Thence by rail to Belfast, the Manchester of Ireland, and on to the Giant's Causeway, where the basaltic columns of Staffa reappear from under the sea. Near to it is Portrush, one of the most bracing places in the United Kingdom. Still following the coast, you will reach the "maiden city" of Derry, the siege of which has been immortalised in history by the genius of Macaulay.

From Derry you can return to Dublin viâ Fermanagh, and visit the lower and upper Loch Erne; and, if you desire it, prolong the route to the midland counties, and reach Dublin by Mullingar and the Westmeath lakes. There are, of course, plenty of other excursions and minor tours which can be made, but those who follow the lines indicated above, will return home with a pretty fair idea of the natural features of Ireland. I have thus tried to give some suggestions as to tours in the United Kingdom. They are undoubtedly very general, for, as I said at the outset, it is not as necessary to give detailed tours in the native land of my readers as on the Continent. But I hope what I have said will be of some use, especially to those who possess the "heroic weakness" of love of country, and who desire before they go abroad to know, at least fairly well, their native land.

(To be continued.)

VARIETIES.

MERIT IN LISTENING.—Were we as eloquent as angels, yet should we please some men, some women, and some children much more by listening than by talking.

HER REAL NAME.

"Poor man!" exclaimed a physician, as he approached the patient's bed, "he seems to be suffering from neuralgia."

"You're mistaken," said the sick man; "her name isn't neuralgia, it's Sophia, and we have only been married six months."

COUNTRY LIFE.—Auber, the composer, had a profound dislike for the country, amounting almost to detestation. He never went out of Paris but once, when he felt himself bound to accept an invitation from Napoleon III. to Compiègne. "The country," he exclaimed; "it is the conservatory of caterpillars and broken bottles!" In his hatred of everything rural, that was not of the opera comique pattern, he added, "It is also the nursery of rheumatism."

MURDERING MUSIC.—The more any piece of music is delicate and expressive, the more insipid and disagreeable must it appear when under a coarse and unmeaning execution; just as the most delicate strokes of humour in comedy, and the most affecting turns of passion in tragedy will suffer infinitely more from being improperly read than a common paragraph in a newspaper.

THE FOLLY OF AVARICE.

A rich priest had hoarded a fine collection of jewels, to which he was constantly adding, and of which he was inordinately proud. Upon showing them to a friend, the latter feasted his eyes for some time, and on taking his leave thanked his host for the jewels.

"How!" cried the priest; "I have not given them to you! Why do you thank me?"

"Well," rejoined his friend, "I have at least had as much pleasure from seeing them as you can have, and the only difference between us that I can discover is that you have the trouble of watching them."—*Translated from the Chinese.*

"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"—The following abstract nouns—most of them apparently representing parental aspirations, and many having, as it would seem, a religious meaning, occur as names in recent registers:—Admonition, Advice, Affability, Comfort, Deliverance, Duty, Equality, Faith, Freedom, Grace, Gratitude, Hope, Industry, Innocence, Liberty, Love, Meditation, Mercy, Modesty, Obedience, Patience, Peace, Piety, Providence, Prudence, Repentance, Sapience, Silence, Sobriety, Temperance, Truth, Unity, Virtue, Wisdom, and Zeal.

WOMAN'S VALUE IMPROVED.—Sweetness is to woman what sugar is to fruit: it adds to her value.

THE INTELLECT OF THE WISE.—The intellect of the wise is like glass: it admits the light of heaven and reflects it.

WINTER OUTDOOR COSTUMES.

DRESS: IN SEASON AND IN REASON.

By A LADY DRESSMAKER.

It is not often that utility and fashion go hand in hand so completely as they do this winter, when everything woollen is warm, to the absolute exclusion, almost, of anything else in the way of material. Fortunately for those, too, who have to consider economy in the way of dress, nearly all woollen materials are not only good but moderate in price; and at the best shops we can obtain serges, *bouclé* cloths, and *vigognes* of excellent quality at a shilling or eighteenpence the yard; and we may quite rely on their wearing well, for these houses make very generally a specialty of these goods. Into this category of goodness and cheapness come the productions of the manufacturers who advertise in many of the papers, and send patterns on being written to, which show the widest amount of range in prices and texture. Nearly all the materials are rough in texture on the surface and have flecks and stripes of bright hues intermingled with their threads. But with all this tendency to roughness, I see that many of the best dressmakers are using fine, thick cashmere and smooth-faced cloths for gowns; and though the fringed shawl costumes did not appear to take in the early part of the season, they are quite coming forward now.

The fancy for woollen extends to "under wear," which no longer deserves the name of "under linen," a designation so long applied to it. Many ladies, girls especially, wear nothing but woollen below the gown, and, having once adopted it, are not likely to leave it off, for I am assured on all sides that the greatest comfort in life is attained by its adoption. The great difficulty is to get the present stock so reduced, or worn out, that the change can be made without undue extravagance. I am endeavouring to help our girls by giving good patterns of all the new underclothes, and the selection of what each will wear must then be a matter of personal inquiry and choice. Woollen night gowns have this winter been adopted by many people, and they declare them to be most comfortable. The price of good white flannel this winter seems so moderate that it will help our girls to make the change if they desire to do so. There is no doubt but that the introduction from Germany of Dr. Jæger's ideas about clothing have had a very great effect on our opinions on the matter, but the people who have really taken the matter of clothing to heart, and not only reformed themselves, but endeavoured to reform the ideas of others, are to be found among more girls than women or old people, to whom the change would be really the most useful.

There is a great change since the beginning of the year in the make and draping of skirts; they are much fuller, and all the folds fall straight from the waist. Tucks are much used for the edges of drapery and kilted flounces, but when the material is striped, the stripes are a trimming without any other addition. For full ruches, arranged in box-pleatings and flounces, pinking is considered a very pretty finish. The rough, coarse, diagonal cloths are edged with fur or imitation astrachan. Some skirts show nothing whatever of the true skirt, but appear to be all tunic, and are very slightly draped; the fulness being laid round the waist in wide single box pleats, or very wide double box pleats, creating a great thickness round the waist. But as the French dressmakers are desirous of restoring the farthingale or hoops at the side over the hips, we shall not be *outré* even though our gowns be full. I am glad to say that English ladies are said to decline utterly any such fashion. Many of these skirts which seem all tunic, are made of lengthwise material, or that used the selvedge way of the stuff are made of double-width material, and show no joins. Of course I need not tell my girl readers, if they have acquired any experience in dressmaking, that double width material is much more economical in cutting than the single.

One hears constant regret over the continued abolition of all collars, frills, and tuckers, from both the edges of the neck and the sleeves. Everyone says it is "so trying to the most beautiful skin." But, after all, we must remember that frills and tuckers were quite unknown to the Greek women, who were more famous than any nation in the known world for their loveliness; so we must take courage, in spite of the croakers, and think of the wonderful savings to our pockets in doing without such expensive adjuncts to our gowns. Narrow ribbons are sometimes worn round the neck, or a bunch of loops is pinned under the ear. Bows are worn in the hair in the evening, and are placed on one shoulder (or sometimes both) of gowns worn in the house.

INDOOR DRESS.

What are known as tailor-made gowns have bright coloured vests, which may be of leather, velvet, plush, or satin. The skirts are very plain, and little draped, and the bodices are cut after the fashion of habit bodices.

For evening dress we are again threatened with the train. I am glad to say, however, that many people seem quite determined to allow no such innovation to creep into daylight, and the present skirt, useful, short, and sensible, seems well seated in everyone's affections. For evening dress low linings to bodices have returned to favour.

Fur is more worn this winter than it has been for some time back. The new idea is to make it into bindings, pipings, and edgings of the narrowest width possible. Astrachan is the most used, both the real and the imitation, in either wool or silk. I have lately seen some entire skirts of the silk curled imitation astrachan. Long boas have returned to fashion. They go twice round the neck, and some of them reach nearly to the feet. Fur cuffs and collars are made up and sold in the set; both collar and cuffs being mounted on springs to set quite closely to the neck and hands. Sealskin seems used for everything but jackets, as capes, dolmans, cloaks, and mantles. All the new fur capes are made longer and reach below the waist, and for those who own really valuable fur capes it is worth while to have them altered and lengthened.

Fur muffs are made extremely small, more like a fur cuff than a real muff, and they generally have a pocket on one side to hold the purse and pocket handkerchief. When the dress is trimmed with fur, fur bands are used to ornament the muff made of the material.

In some of the new mantles without sleeves fur cuffs are fastened at the ends to keep the wrists warm, a very much needed protection and warmth, if there be no sleeves to close round the arms.

What is known as "Royal leather," viz., leather dyed a bright scarlet, is the extreme of fashion for purses, card cases, shopping bags, blotters, etc.; in short, for everything to which leather can be applied. Shoes of scarlet leather are much worn, and the favourite shade is used for the fancy buckles and the slides with which ribbons are fastened.

Many tight-fitting long redingotes are to be seen this winter, worn by young girls. They are often trimmed with fur, and are always made of plain cloth, and are generally coloured, red being a favourite hue, as well as blue, green, and a dark seal brown. In many of them the front slants like the one in the centre of our large illustration, but all are very close-fitting and extremely plain in cut. Large buttons fasten them down nearly to the edge of the dress, and a collar and cuffs of fur are generally worn with them.

For nearly all cloaks the sling sleeve is the only one popular, and it is generally lined with velvet, and slightly turned over to show the lining. Capes to match the dress are used, which have also sling sleeves, and some of these have a long hood at the back lined with silk.

Some of the prettiest mantles are those that have a few folds or tucks laid longitudinally down the fronts with a fancy clasp at the neck and waist.

Our large illustration of a party on the ice shows the style of costumes adopted for skating, as well as for most of the winter out-of-door exercises. Small, tight-fitting jackets, it will be seen, are in the ascendant, and the draperies are very simple and plain, fur bands being the favourite trimming. Muffs are not now so much used by lady skaters, who wear warm gloves to make up for their loss, or generally have pockets in their jackets.

Our second illustration, of two figures in close conversation over the fire, shows a pretty, simple, and girlish dress for the evening, consisting of a lace skirt, Zouave or Figaro jacket of velvet edged with rosary-beads, and a sash of velvet to match the jacket in colour. The puffed plastron may be of piece-lace or of India muslin. This skirt may be of white, string-coloured *écru*, or even black lace. The jacket may be of any bright colour, such as *grenat* red, with a string-coloured skirt. A brown velvet Zouave would suit a quiet, ladylike frock. The paper pattern of the Zouave jacket was issued in December, and may be obtained, price one shilling.

The tea-gown, or loose Princess robe, is a very pretty model for an indoor dress. The material may be of woollen, the fronts being

A NEW POLONAISE.

faced with coloured silk. The back is tight-fitting.

Bonnets without strings, strange to say, are much worn, now that the winter with its cold days and raw piercing winds has come. In the summer we wore velvet strings, and in the winter we wear none—such are the foolish vagaries of what we call "fashion." Hats are more worn also by young girls than they were in the warmer weather, so that altogether we show rather a want of common sense. Fur is a favourite trimming, and is used as bands to the edges of bonnets, and the fur tails of different animals appear amongst the upstanding bows of the fronts. These high decorations are still the rule on all bonnets and hats, and consist of stiff feathers, wings, bows, and ends of doubled ribbon, cut with two points like a swallow's tail. The fronts of bonnets are generally of soft-looking gathered velvet or plush.

Jet bonnets are worn quite as much this winter as they were during the summer, and, indeed, they are so generally useful that those who consult both looks and economy nearly always use them, for they bear the mark of no particular season, but are suitable to all times of the year. The entire brim often consists of rows of beads, and the trimming is of feathers, "pompon" clusters, jet leaves, or loops of black ribbon.

One thing grieves me not a little in the millinery of the winter, and that is the lavish use of birds of all kinds. The other day I saw a fashionable dame, who wore a bonnet quite surrounded with little wee birds sitting round the edge—a sight to make one weep! Even the commonest birds appear to be slaughtered, such as the house sparrow. I cannot understand how tender-hearted women and girls can don such cruel trophies of the sufferings of the feathered creation, and I should feel glad if none of our G. O. P. readers would countenance such wicked, useless wholesale murder of God's innocent creatures.

Gloves are still made very long indeed, and *gants de Suede* are worn to match coloured gowns. Very young girls wear silk gloves. I am sorry to say that the fashionable shoes and boots are still pointed, but the number of sensible women and men who do not wear them is daily on the increase.

I have mentioned before that the subject of the revival of crinolines is on the *tapis* again in Paris, and I must remind my dear girl-readers of what I have often said before to them, that they must not fall into any extremes in this matter, which would be so inconvenient and equally unbecoming.

For the paper pattern this month I have selected a polonaise of the most fashionable shape, with a "waterfall back." It may be made in any material, and will be found most useful for doing up dresses, or for adding to skirts that have outworn their proper bodices. In the design it is made of figured material; but it will be found most stylish if made in one of the smooth cloths, or fine serges, and used over a velvet skirt. For what are called "tailor-made gowns" this polonaise will be suitable, as it is plain and simple, and has no trimming save the velvet collar and cuffs if they can properly be called "trimming." The pattern consists of eight pieces—the sleeves, front, half of back, side pieces, back, and collar, all of which are carefully notched, to show how they are put together. For a medium-sized person six yards of 36-inch material will be enough, with care in the cutting out. The edges are finished with a hem of one inch wide. *One size only* is sold—36 inches round the chest. No turnings are allowed, and no other patterns, except those distinctly mentioned, are prepared for sale. The pattern can be obtained from "The Lady Dressmaker," care of Mr. H. G. Davis, 73, Ludgate-hill, E.C., *by letter only*, price one shilling. A postal note should be enclosed with each order for the amount due.

The patterns already issued can always be obtained, as the "Lady Dressmaker" constantly shows in her articles how they can be made use of. Each one can be had for one shilling (Postal Order) from the "Lady Dressmaker," care of Mr. H. G. Davis, 73, Ludgate-hill, E.C. The following is a list of those already issued:—April, braided loose-fronted jacket; May, velvet bodice; June, Swiss belt and full bodice; July, mantle; August, Norfolk, or pleated jacket; October, combination garment (underlinen); November, double-breasted out-of-door jacket; December, Zouave jacket and bodice; January, princess under-dress (underlinen, under-bodice, and skirt combined); February, polonaise, with "waterfall back."

"RAINY DAYS."

By L. C. SILKE, Author of "Loving Service," "Nora's Stronghold," &c.

CHAPTER III.

"If to-morrow be fine we will go for a drive," said Miss Elton, in decided tones; "unless you have any objection to the plan, Fred," she added, addressing a young man who was lounging with an air of being very much at home on an easy chair in her pretty drawing-room.

"None whatever, Aunt Maria. I shall be delighted to accompany you wherever you may feel disposed to go."

"I want to give Rosa Murray a little change, so I will write and ask her to come with us," remarked Miss Elton, as if speaking her thoughts aloud, as she placed herself at her writing-table. "And Mrs. White, too, I know would like a drive."

"Rosa Murray!" echoed the young man, in tones of surprise. "Is Rosa Murray here, in Westwood?"

"There is a Rosa Murray here. Do you know anyone of that name?"

"I did once. Is she the daughter of a Captain Murray who died out in India?"

"Yes."

"Then it must be the same. My father was a friend of her father's out there, and we lived not far from the Murrays at Morewick for many years."

Then, as if dismissing the subject, Fred Leigh took up the paper, and appeared speedily to become absorbed in its contents.

He might have said much more had he chosen; how that Rosa Murray had been for years, almost from his boyhood, his ideal of what was sweet and true and lovable in woman. He had lost sight of her the last two or three years, not through any fault of his, but she had been very frequently in his thoughts, and her image had mingled in his dreams of future happiness. However, he did not feel it necessary to confide all this even to his favourite aunt, and it was with assumed indifference of manner that he carelessly asked the next morning if Miss Murray had accepted the invitation for the drive.

"Yes, I have had a note from her, and she says her aunt will spare her for the afternoon. She seems quite delighted, poor child, at the thoughts of our little expedition."

"Why do you call her 'poor child'?"

"Because I fear she has a very dull and a very trying life at present, living shut up with two old aunts, who demand nearly all her time and thoughts, and with no companions of her own age. But she performs her part very bravely and conscientiously, even if she does sometimes find it depressing."

Rosa, however, looked anything but depressed as, seated opposite Miss Elton and Mrs. White, and beside Mr. Leigh, she drove through the pleasant leafy lanes or over the breezy commons, her face sparkling and animated, and her eye quick to observe and delight in each fresh point of view, each new beauty in the landscape or the hedgerow.

She had all the feeling of a child out for a holiday treat, and it all was the more enjoyable because such a rare event. Miss Elton, as she glanced at her face of innocent, unconstrained enjoyment, felt happy to think she had been able to put this bit of brightness into her young life.

Their destination was Foxton Abbey, the seat of a nobleman belonging to the county. On arriving there they descended from the carriage in order to walk through the park, which was of large dimensions, while their vehicle went round to meet them on the other side.

It was a beautiful place, diversified by hill and dale, magnificent trees, grassy slopes, and charming glades, with the old abbey, a stately, majestic pile of time-worn buildings placed on a commanding height, crowning all. There was a large expanse of water in one part of the park, with wild fowl in abundance, while from some of the heights above a view could here and there be obtained of the sea, looking blue and peaceful in the distance.

It was a warm day, so that it was pleasant to saunter awhile, and then sit down to rest under the trees beside the lake, which lay still and tranquil, reflecting the blue sky above and the trees growing on its banks.

A dreamy feeling stole over Rosa; her happiness seemed so perfect just at that moment that it was a pleasure to exist, and yet there was a sort of unreality about it all, as if it could scarcely be she herself who was an actor in the scene.

As Mrs. White, who was not a particularly good walker, liked a slow pace and frequent rests by the way, it was natural that the two young people, who had more energy, and who wished to explore the beauties of Foxton thoroughly, as they had neither of them been there before, should go off now and then on their own account, climbing heights too steep for their elders, or making long detours while the others kept to the straight path.

Thus they had plenty of opportunity for renewing old acquaintanceship, of which opportunities Fred Leigh, at least, was not backward in availing himself. They were soon on the old, easy terms, talking about past days and mutual friends at Morewick, while after a time the conversation turned upon Fred's present life and prospects. He had lately embarked upon a practice of his own, which he was trying to work up, and the young doctor found himself telling about his hopes, and fears, and difficulties to his companion, who, he thought, seemed a not uninterested listener.

Meanwhile, he was the topic of conversation between Mrs. White and Miss Elton, who were seated on a grassy bank near the lake.

"It must be quite a treat for you to have a visit from your nephew," remarked Mrs. White, who was one of Miss Elton's oldest friends in Westwood.

"Yes, I always immensely enjoy having him; he quite brightens and enlivens my quiet home. He is such a dear fellow!"

"He has a particularly open, pleasant expression of face, and such pleasant manners, too—so unaffected, and courteous, and thoughtful for others. He always was a favourite of mine, you know. He is so superior to most of the young men one meets. Is he paying you a long visit this time?"

"No, I am sorry to say, he can only stay a week; but that is better than nothing. The little change will do him good, I hope, for he has been working hard lately."

The week soon fled away, but it was one of wonderful brightness and happiness to Rosa. It was like a bit of her old life come back to her. Every day she came across Fred Leigh, either through making one of Miss Elton's party in some pleasant expedition, or meeting him accidentally out of doors, when he always felt it incumbent on him to turn and escort her home, while sometimes he even presented himself at Ivy Cottage, the bearer of some message from his aunt, or come on some errand of his own, to lend Rosa a book, or borrow a song, or some such excuse.

Rosa had been accustomed in old days to be on these easy terms with him, and found it pleasant to take up the old friendship on the same footing. But was it quite the same footing? Not on Fred Leigh's side, at any rate.

He had only seen Rosa before as a bright, light-hearted girl, full of spirits and happy in her sheltered house, for he had left Morewick before any of her troubles had come upon her. Meeting her now, after these years of sorrow and discipline, he was astonished to see how rapidly her inner nature had grown and matured—adversity had developed in her a strength of character which had not appeared in sunnier, brighter days—a quiet thoughtfulness for others, a gentleness and sweetness of disposition which, though always there, now stood out in stronger relief than before. If her light-heartedness was gone, the steadfast courage with which she accepted her altered life, and the many uncongenial duties it brought with it, was, in his eyes, even more to be admired. He was conscious that she stood on a higher pedestal than ever in his estimation, but he was accustomed to keep many of his sentiments locked in his own breast.

Meantime Mrs. Reeve made her own observations, which, however, she kept to herself.

"He's certainly a very handsome gentleman, and pleasant spoken too. And they look very well together; their different heights are just right, and his dark curly hair contrasts well with her fair locks. I wonder what his intentions are, or whether he means anything at all! And yet he doesn't look like one to trifle. Well, she deserves a good husband, I'm sure! But, dear me, one mustn't think about her marrying; whatever would her aunts do without her? Dear, dear, it would never do for her to be leaving them now they've got so used to her and so dependent on her. Still, it must be a dull life for her—young things want change and a little bit of pleasure sometimes; but she tries hard to be content, one can see that."

Mrs. Reeve, however, was premature in her speculations; marriage was apparently not in the thoughts of either of the young people. Fred Leigh never overstepped the bounds of friendship, and at the end of his week's visit left Westwood without anything having occurred to interrupt the easy brother and sisterly intercourse which had always subsisted between them.

After his departure, life settled down into its usual routine at Ivy Cottage, except that Rosa was conscious of a feeling of dulness and flatness which she strove hard to banish. It was difficult to go back to the quiet and monotony after that bright, happy week of pleasant companionship and unwonted gaiety.

How soon it had fled away! and now it already seemed like a dream! Her path again lay in shadow; the deeper, perhaps, contrasted with that gleam of brightness; and she seemed once more to be treading it alone, for Miss Elton, her kind, true friend, to whom she was already devotedly attached, and whose wise, loving sympathy so helped and cheered her, had gone off to pay a visit a few days after her nephew had left her.

And yet she was not alone; she knew that. More and more she was seeking to realise the friendship and fellowship of the Son of God, who walks with His people through all the devious paths of life, whether in grief or in joy, but who has specially promised His presence when the waters have to be breasted,

the sea of sorrow to be crossed. None watched with Him through His hour of agony, but He has declared such loneliness shall never be His children's portion, for has He not said, "I will be with him in trouble"?—He who never slumbers nor sleeps nor grows oblivious of the smallest need of the feeblest of His followers.

The summer wore away; the long, light days were shortening considerably; the air began to grow chilly in the mornings and evenings; the wind now blew gustily at times, scattering showers of dead leaves; there was every sign of autumn having come, and winter would not be long in following.

Little or nothing had occurred during all these months to interrupt the even course of daily life at Ivy Cottage. Everything had gone on as usual, save that Miss Scott had come downstairs less and had remained in her room more. The warm weather this year had not seemed to revive and put new life into her as it had done in other summers, and now, with these chilly days, she had caught a fresh cold which had settled on her lungs.

It did not at first appear a more serious attack than many a former one, but perhaps she had less strength to fight against it. At any rate, the mischief rapidly increased; there came a day or two of anxious nursing and suspense, and then Miss Scott quietly passed away.

It was so sudden, so unexpected—not the less so that her life for years had been a precarious one—that Rosa could scarcely realise that it was true, that her gentle Aunt Mary would never again need her ministrations, having gone to the land where there is no more sickness. She mourned for her sincerely; the house felt emptier and sadder; but this sense of loss caused her to redouble her attentions to the one left, to whom Miss Scott had been everything in this world, and to whom, therefore, the blow was an irreparable one.

In fact, Mrs. Dunn seemed stunned and prostrated by it. She and her sister had been the last remaining members of a once large family, and now she alone was left. She aged rapidly under her sorrow; a few weeks appeared to do the work of years upon her.

She no longer had strength or energy to rise from her bed, and not even the most exciting debates or the best written leading articles could any longer arouse the slightest interest in her. Rosa would gladly now have read on and on by the hour together if it could have cheered her or helped to turn her thoughts for awhile into a different channel; but what had formerly been so absorbing a topic now seemed a weariness: so the papers were put by.

But Rosa succeeded better when she brought out the Bible and read about the "Land which is very far off;" about the heavenly Jerusalem, the City of the King, where they whom He has redeemed shall be with Him and see His glory; and the aged eyes, which were so dim to earthly things, seemed to look with a clearer vision than ever before upon these unseen and eternal realities.

Mrs. Dunn's moods were very variable now. Sometimes the old impatient, hasty nature showed itself, and she was difficult to please; at others she was wonderfully subdued and gentle, and unlike her usual self.

"Thank you, child," she said to Rosa one day, when the latter had been rendering some service. "You are very good to the old woman, and she has often been cross and disagreeable, I know. You've been very patient with all her little ways, and you've been a great comfort to us both."

"Oh, Aunt Hannah! I only wish I could have done more."

"You have done all you could. You have done more than most girls of your age would have done, and I should like to thank you for it all before I go. Kiss me, Rosa."

The girl, astonished at such a request from her undemonstrative aunt, stooped down and pressed her lips to her cheek.

"I sometimes think I am nearing the end of my pilgrimage now, and that perhaps it will not be long before the pearly gates open to admit me, unworthy as I am. But it's Christ's worthiness, not my own, that I trust to. And now, dear, go down to your tea; I feel inclined to dose awhile."

The next day the blinds were all once more drawn down at Ivy Cottage, for death had again entered the dwelling. With early morning the summons had come, and Mrs. Dunn's long earthly life was closed.

(To be concluded.)

THE GIRLS OF THE WORLD.

FACTS AND FIGURES.

By EMMA BREWER.

CHAPTER III.—*(continued.)*

OW, as regards other subjects. Girls, without doubt, read and spell better than boys; their imitative powers are greater, and their imagination is keener. In grammar and analysis also the girls excel, but, unfortunately, as an inspector observes, this excellence has as yet but little power to alter the incorrect speaking of the homes. For example: a bright little girl, who had done her parsing and analysis papers admirably, being asked by him, "What do you mean by '*Invading us?*'" gave her answer at once, "Fighting we."

Girls are more curious than boys, and are not content with the knowledge their text books give them, but search beyond, and even if they are ignorant of the matter asked by the inspector, will be quick and ready to avoid raising a laugh against themselves.

A girl would rarely be found to give answers like the following,—

"Where is Birmingham?"

"In Warwickshire," said the boy.

"Can you tell me some of the things manufactured at Birmingham?"

"Yes, sir, guns and 'eavy goods, sir."

"What do you mean by heavy goods?" was the next question.

"Please, sir, our books don't tell us that."

Or again, the question being asked, "What is the world made of?" the answer given by a boy was "Muck, sir." *

You never get answers like these from girls.

Geography is not as a rule a favourite study of girls, but the various governments are offering every inducement to make it so. Government inspectors, who have a great deal of experience, declare it to be by far the most useful subject, except needlework, that can be taught in girls' schools.

They consider that it widens their sympathies, quickens their power of observation, cultivates their memories, and affords their curiosity abundant scope, interest, and amusement. In Germany girls excel in this branch of knowledge, perhaps because of the admirable manner in which it is taught.

In English literature girls and boys are about equal. Arithmetic is the one subject that girls fail to do so well in as boys. The following three lines will show that girls have the power to learn, and learn well:—

Of boys, 39 per cent. reach the standard "Fair" and "Good." Of girls, 42 per cent. reach the standard "Fair" and "Good."

Of the power of girls to teach we will speak when we come to the employment of girls.

The difficulties the children of the very poor experience in reaching these standards must be much greater than those to be overcome by children of well-to-do parents.

Think of the hundreds who go in the morning to school with little or no breakfast, how weary and faint they must be, and how much courage and determination they must exercise before they can fix any knowledge in their brains. A most pathetic incident which occurred in a very poor district came to my ears a short time ago, and will serve as an example of what I have just said. It is the custom in all schools to say the Grace Before Meat when the children are dismissed at twelve o'clock, and the Grace After Meat when they reassemble at two o'clock. The schoolmistress of the girls' school discovered that the majority of her children never had any dinner at all, and as it seemed to her a mockery to have the Grace said, she discontinued it.

You have seen in an earlier part of this article how strong a prejudice existed against educating the girls and women of India in the beginning of this century; let us now see how these prejudices and difficulties have been overcome.

In the year 1821 a lady deeply interested in the work of education was sent out by the British and Foreign School Society to Calcutta, with directions to make an attack against the dense ignorance, idleness, and superstition which enveloped the girls, and to see if it were possible to teach them the very rudiments of learning.

She went to work full of love, devotion, and vigour, and the result she was permitted to see at the end of five years of incessant toil was the establishment of five schools and 600 girl and women scholars. The work was then undertaken and carried on by a society of ladies, whose self-imposed duty it was to educate the native girls and women, not only of Calcutta but of all India; a gigantic task indeed when you think of the prejudices and idleness of the women to be overcome ere one letter or figure could be taught.

It was not until 1849 that the Government came to their aid, and included girls' schools in their plans for the education of India.

* These answers were given only two years ago.

For a long time girls could not be induced to attend school without being paid for it, and those of the higher class could only be reached by consenting to teach them with a screen between teacher and pupil. Up to 1871 the Government thought it unnecessary to educate girls and women of low caste, but I am happy to say that now all tastes are free to attend school, and the desire for education is rapidly spreading among all classes.

As many of us are engaged in zenana work, it may not be uninteresting to mention that the apartments of the women in native houses are called the zenana, and the efforts to instruct married women in India go by the name of zenana work. In and about Calcutta some of the richer Hindus hire lady teachers to come to their homes and instruct their women. This in itself is a great step forward.

Missionary ladies all over India are engaged in this work of carrying learning and the knowledge of the Gospel to the secluded native women, while their husbands carry on the same work with the men.*

One school in India has attracted unusual attention; it is situate at Dehra, at the foot of the Himalaya Mountains, a spot better adapted to develop strength of mind and body than the plains.

This school is for native Christian girls; the five lady teachers are American. There are more than a hundred pupils, who are boarded, taught to read and write their own language, and to speak English well. The instruction is given in English, and the course of education is of a very high class.

The opinion of one of the greatest statisticians is that the progress of education in India since 1858 is one of the causes of the profound transformation it has undergone in the last thirty years. As yet only a little more than one per cent. of the population is receiving instruction, yet the effect upon the masses is most beneficial.

I should like to say a word or two about a part of the world unknown to civilised people a hundred years ago; I mean the Hawaiian Islands. Rather more than half a century ago Christianity and civilisation undertook a work here, and the result is a nation of heathen Christianised, and civilised, and furnished with a rich language of 20,000 words. The education of the people of these islands was undertaken by a few private people sent there by the American Mission. The chiefs soon enrolled themselves as pupils, and the whole nation followed their example. Not only were the men fired with enthusiasm to learn, but the women and girls in an equal degree, and fortunately no obstacle was placed in their way.

As soon as a grown-up person had mastered the wonderful alphabet of twelve letters and its combination of words and syllables, he or she was told off to teach others. From that time to this, the Hawaiian nation has placed the education of its people before all things, and has nobly supported its schools.

Every girl as well as boy is compelled to attend some school, to be instructed in good morals and elementary learning. Of the lady teachers in these islands the Hawaiian minister says that a more laborious and self-denying class of teachers does not exist than the ladies who have the immediate control of the Hawaiian girls. The Board of Education is required by law to render all assistance in its power to the girls' schools in the islands, the nation realising more and more the necessity of faithfully educating the future mothers of its subjects.

I ought to say that there has always been a very earnest desire among the Hawaiian girls to acquire the English language.

Again, in Japan the necessity of educating the women and girls is keenly felt. Schools are established all over the country, and missionary schools are doing a great work in educating the girls and women. The written language of Japan is largely in the Chinese alphabet, and written in Chinese characters, and so the early days of school-life are taken up with learning the meaning of these Chinese characters. It would make this article too long were I to go to any more countries; but enough has been seen to convince us of the power of education among us, and that it is the most important means for effecting the social and moral elevation of women all over the world.

It seems wonderful that half a century ago the question of women's education did not exist, and that now it occupies a position among the public interests of the day in every country of the world.

We will turn now to girl criminals, and see what kind of education they have had; and in this matter we must turn to statistics, which have not only discovered the amount of education they have received, but have likewise brought to light many curious facts about crime.

Criminal women are nearly all of them uneducated; it is very seldom indeed that one well-educated is seen; and this is easy to understand, for uneducated people have no resources for their leisure hours; they cannot read, they know nothing of the softening influence of music, they have no self-respect, no restraining influences at work, and they see no harm in intemperance, which is the fruitful source of crime.

Criminal women and girls are far more hopeless to deal with than men and boys. They have often had no training but in vice, and not unfrequently they are more uncivilised than the savage. Perhaps some who read this may be working among these female criminals; if so, I think they will corroborate what I say, that when one first goes among them a strong feeling of aversion and repugnance is produced, and just as surely a more intimate knowledge of them creates an extreme pity and yearning in the heart, and a desire to do something towards improving their condition.

Nearly all the women and girl criminals are drunkards. To cope with the sin and misery of this class is an attempt almost bewildering in its magnitude.

Mr. Hoyle, who is well known, traces most of the crime committed to drink, and he speaks with authority when he says, "For every reduction in the consumption of drink there is a corresponding decrease in the amount of crime."

To test the educational condition of criminals, we will take a certain number of prisoners, and by the aid of statistics learn something of them.

Out of 192,746 prisoners in the United Kingdom, 66,295 could neither read nor write; 94,871 could read and write a very little; 14,276 could read and write, but had received no other instruction; 957 had received a good education.

Of the remainder it was difficult to speak with accuracy. The proportion of women to men criminals is, I am happy to say, small. Out of 4,413 in France, 733 were women and girls.

In Germany to 12,184 men criminals, there were 2,770 women, 1,059 girls under 18; and of those who had committed misdemeanours there were 126,652 men, 26,930 women, and 9,780 girls. In Italy, out of 7,598 prisoners, 453 were women and girls. In Victoria, 14,948 men and 3,846 women. Whatever country we select for example, the proportions are about the same. One great encouragement to the various governments to persevere in educating the people is that during the last few years the number of girl criminals under twenty years of age is remarkable for its decrease.

Crime in towns is much more frequent than in the country, showing the country air to be purer than that of cities, and less exposed to temptation. For example, towns furnish 17 prisoners out of every 100,000 of the population; country only 8.

It is a curious fact that crime is much more frequent among the single than among the married people.

The proportion of those guilty of grave crimes is about 33 in 100,000 of single people, and 11 in 100,000 of married people, widows and widowers.

Another curious fact is that the proportion of criminals varies according to sect. For example, the proportion of the accused is—of Protestants, one in 4 475 of the population; of Catholics, one in 3,926; of Jews, one in 3,391.

The statistics of education of prisoners throughout the world show that in the case of women and girls the largest proportion of them are wholly uneducated, viz., three-fifths.

In England and Wales the proportion of girls and women criminals, wholly ignorant, is 39 per cent.; in France, 44 per cent.

A Few Notes.

Country.	
Great Britain and Ireland	3,570,423 girls are receiving a good education.
France	During the last fifty years schools have increased 75 per cent., scholars 70 per cent., and girls' schools have quadrupled.
Spain.....	1,314,353 girls are being well taught.
Portugal	A great deal being done, but in a primitive and inefficient manner.
Saxony	98 per cent. of the girls attend school.
Turkey	Every town and village have their girls' schools.
Italy	Great progress is being made, but still 47 per cent. of the girls remain uneducated.
Queensland	Education for girls of a very high order.
New Zealand ..	Children of school age, 105,235.
Victoria.....	Children of school age, 199,150; girls very well educated—94 per cent.
Japan	There are 25,459 elementary schools and above 2,000,000 scholars, of whom 500,000 are girls.
Brazil.....	Number of girls attending school, 570,000, and the number of illiterate is decreasing rapidly.

(To be continued.)

* See Barnard's "Bureau of Education."

THE PRINCESS LOUISE HOME.

By Anne Beale.

We are once more permitted to ask "our girls" to help on a second bazaar in aid of the Princess Louise Home. The secretary writes that "he shall be most grateful to the readers of The Girl's Own Paper if they will do as they did on the last occasion—send in small money contributions towards the bazaar expenses, as well as fancy and useful articles for sale." He also tells us that the Princess Louise has expressed her willingness to open the bazaar, and, under Her Royal

Highness's kind auspices, we think it will be a success. Already our old friend Veronica has sent a box of handsome articles, and Miss E. Morgan, of Hounslow, a parcel of work. This is our nucleus at present. The new laundry at the Home, containing six rooms, is to be opened shortly, when we hope our young washerwomen will drive a thriving trade and "bring grist to the mill." Our G. O. P. girls are doing well, and the contributors to the last bazaar may congratulate themselves on having not only sent of their abundance and given of their time and labour to the various sales, but have by so doing enabled eight girls to find a refuge in the Home. Address of the secretary and office, Alfred Gillham, Esq., 32, Sackville-street, London, W.

EDUCATIONAL.

ALPHA BEATA.—There is said to be no opening at all for governesses in Australia, except for those who are willing to turn their hands to anything in the house, and to go up the country. However, you will obtain an answer to all your questions from the best authority by applying to the Woman's Emigration Society, Carteret-street, Queen Anne's Gate, S.W.

AUDREY.—All possible information on the subject of nursing was given in "Work for All," page 119, vol. v.

MISSIE.—Judging from your writing, which is careless and indistinct, we should say that your chief trouble was lack of attention. Keep your head from woolgathering, and try to interest yourself in what you read.

WANDERING ISRAELITE.—A full account of Wellesley College, near Boston, United States, America, was given in *Sunlight*, the summer number for 1884. Write to G. E. Baker, Esq., Clarendon-buildings, Oxford, for the Oxford Examinations; and to the Rev. G. F. Brown, St. Catharine's College, Cambridge, for those of Cambridge.

SWEDE.—Read the articles, "On Sketching from Nature," by J. C. Staples, in vol. ii. They are invaluable. You will find Green's "History of the English People" the exact thing you want.

SIXTEEN.—You have only to take the trouble of reading our answers under the above heading, and in five minutes' time you would find a dozen replies to the same question. See, for instance, vol. vi., page 494. You would do well in reading our article on "Nursing as a Profession," which appeared in our first volume, page 454, and if you have not got it write for the monthly number for July, 1880. This will give you information over and above what you will find in our answers to correspondents.

PERSEVERING ONE.—In shops, a good round-hand without flourishes, good spelling, arithmetic, and book-keeping would be required. In a Government office the education should be more advanced, and there would be competitive examinations to pass. All information, with printed prospectuses, should be applied for at the office of the Civil Service Commissioners, Cannon-row, S.W.

MARTHA TAULL inquires how she is to "go about a lady dispenser?" We should say the simplest and cheapest locomotive would be her own feet, if she have any; if not, she might hire a go-cart. There were first-rate ones at the Healtheries. If she desire information respecting those institutions that train young women to be dispensers of medicine, she should apply to the secretary of the Pharmaceutical Society, 17, Bloomsbury-square, W.C. (fees, £4 4s.); or else to the South London School of Pharmacy, 325, Kennington-road. Fees for a year's training, £15. "M. T." says, "I expect you think," etc. "Expect" signifies anticipation of what is yet in the future, and thus cannot be used in connection with what belongs to the actual present. Such a use of the word is simply a Yankee vulgarism. She should say, "I imagine," "I think," or "I suppose," which are in the present tense. "I expect," used in connection with what is present, is less correct as to time, and quite as vulgar as to say "I calculate."

A MOTHER.—There are many schools in Paris where English girls would be well educated and well cared for, otherwise than in convents; but we strongly advise her for her education to apply, as we have always recommended in reference to schools in every foreign country, to the resident English chaplain for advice, and of the addresses of any school with which he has, or can obtain, a thorough acquaintance. In Paris they may rely on any information given by the chaplain of the Embassy Chapel. But two facts must be borne in mind when placing a girl in any foreign school—French, German, or Swiss—that the quality as well as quantity of the food, daily outdoor exercise (weather permitting), or good indoor exercise substituted for it, and, lastly, the sanitary conditions of the house itself, are subject-matters for strict investigation. The salaries vary from £40 to £120. In some schools, laundry, mending, and school requisites (books excepted) are supplied free. In all, doctor, dentist, nurse, and medicine are charged for; and so are music (vocal and instrumental), art in all branches, languages, and dancing; gymnastics, elocution, and cookery are extras. Bed and table linen must be bought, or an annual charge of £2, or a fee of £3, charged for it. A seat in church is charged at £2 2s., as in England.

HOUSEKEEPING.

BOOTHS.—Use the finest starch, and stir it several times round, before using, with a wax candle. We think nineteen and twenty-one years of age are decidedly too young to marry. Better wait five years, at least.

NOVICE.—Melt the wax in a pot on the fire with some clean water, and when the water boils pour both the water and wax into a pan. When cool the wax will be formed in a solid cake at the top, and the water will contain all the impurities below.

HOUSEKEEPER.—Bacon and hams can be smoked in a barrel by hanging them from sticks put across the top. Of course, both ends must be knocked out of the barrel or cask. Then place it on a heap of green wood sawdust, birch or oak being the best, and bury a bar of red-hot iron in the middle of the sawdust. Cover the top of the cask to keep in the smoke, and let the sawdust smoulder away, making a great deal of smoke and no flame. In farmhouses meat can be smoked wherever there is an open chimney in the kitchen. Where much meat has to be smoked a small brick smoke-house has to be built. The time required varies according to the size and description of meat. Beef takes the longest because of such close texture. A ham will take from ten days to a fortnight, the fire being lit once a day.

WORK.

ROUSAY had better have a regular lesson on the art of keeping her sewing-machine in order, and she ought to read a little book given with her machine. It requires oiling and cleaning before using, and if it slips stitches the needle is probably set too high up.

LILY.—We suppose a sewing-maid would have the same duties as a lady's-maid, if she were hired by the month. The wages would be those of a lady's-maid, from £18, and more if she were a good dressmaker. She would have her meals with the other servants unless an arrangement were made to the contrary. No two households have exactly the same rules.

IGNORANCE.—We do not care to give long work patterns in our correspondence columns, when everyone can purchase shilling manuals in every fancy-work shop.

FILLROME.—As a rule, it is unwise to rely on such advertisements; they are only inserted to catch the pence of the unwary.

CREGA.—Window curtains are held back at present with wide silk sashes or ribbon, Liberty's soft Indian silks in bright colours being preferred. Sateen sashes might be used for cretonne curtains, to match the general colour. Thomas de Quincey was a miscellaneous writer of great talent, born 1785, died 1859. He was called "the English opium eater," to which vice and to wine he was addicted, under the influence of which many of his books were written.

F. and M.—Spinning-wheels are not cheap. You do not mention whether they be needed for flax or wool. Mr. Helbronner, in Oxford-street, has usually a selection of them.

AN UNEMPLOYED ONE must take what she can get for her fancy work. There is very little demand for it, but inquiry may be made at fancy-work shops or children's outfitters.

THE LASS OF RICHMOND HILL.—Sponging the jacket with ammonia and water may be of service to it. The milking-stool may be stained with what is called Berlin black, which may be obtained of an oil and colour man.

GLOUCESTER.—The "Lady Dressmaker" thinks you a very clever person, and says the pattern appears a very good one. She thinks the back would fit better if more hollowed out at the waist.

J. M. S. COTTON.—The article, "University Hoods," will be found on page 564, vol. i.

SARDINE.—It is the fashion at present for girls to wear bonnets in town and hats in the country. At eighteen you are quite old enough to wear a bonnet.

SOUTHAMPTON sends us her recipe for knitting a double heel to a stocking. On the right-hand side of the heel the stitches are slipped and knitted alternately, the seam-stitch being purled. The inner side is purled except the seam-stitch, which is knitted. The first stitch on both sides is slipped, and if the stitch next the seam-stitch be knitted, the one after must be knitted also. Clean the wire hair-brushes with flour.

MEG.—If the white nun's veiling frock be very soiled, it is best to have it properly cleaned; but if only slightly so, re-trimming it might hide the stains. A crimson silk sash and crimson bows, with some new lace, might be useful in doing all you require.

NRMMRV.—We are sure the dolls' clothes will be warmly welcomed at any children's hospital, but we hope you will try to put dolls into them now that dolls are so cheap, or else the present will not be half so valuable to the poor wee sufferers. Then you might send them to the East London Hospital for Children, at Shadwell, E. The lines you send, "To err is human," etc., were written by Pope in his "Essay on Criticism," part ii.

CURLEY SALLY.—We regret that we cannot oblige you by again repeating our directions for making a Tam o' Shanter hat. Write to Mr. Tarn to send you the monthly part for September, 1880, and see page 591. The directions are given in an answer to a correspondent.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER might clean the white fur with flour, or with some hot dry bran or oatmeal, well rubbed in.

MISCELLANEOUS.

TOTTIES.—While a minor under your parents' roof you are not to sit in judgment on their conduct, nor set up your own in opposition to theirs. When independent, deny yourself any recreations you please, but be careful, even then, of an ostentatious and unseemly censure, by inference, of their conduct and liberty in all such matters.

E. and E. W.—Beware of catching the coughs and colds of your cats; they are very infectious. Keep them in a warm, dry place, and give them warm milk and water; also, when the cough is bad, give a few drops of paregoric occasionally, and a dessert-spoonful of Mindererus spirit every night. The neck should be kept warm, and the chest rubbed with ammoniated liniment. She should be rolled up well in a shawl, and held by one person while the medicine is administered by another. In no case should cats be turned out for the night. They incur much danger from accidents, loathsome skin diseases, bronchitis, and hydrophobia.

"A CHILD," etc. (age unknown).—Printers do not purchase poems for publication; their business is to print them. Very few earn their living by selling poems, for poets are reputed to die of starvation in a garret. True and faithful believers enter into rest now spiritually, and hereafter far more fully and really when the conflict is over, and they rest from their labours in the kingdom prepared for them from the foundation of the world.

A FRIEND seems to be young by her handwriting, but not too young to judge and condemn others. We are not quite sure that we should consider her friendship worth having.

BITTER PEARL.—The tales should be sent to the magazine which you think they will suit. If worth anything, they will soon find someone to appreciate them.

GIPSY has no choice, we think. Her duty, however painful to herself, is to obey her father, particularly as she appears to be deceiving her lover by allowing him to think he is acceptable to him. She must be straightforward and honest, submit to her father's wishes, and wait for time to help her. At twenty she is too young to marry against her father's wishes.

LEIGHTON BUZZARD.—The title of "Bleak House" was suggested, it is said, by the situation of a tall brick house at Broadstairs, which stands high above the remainder of the town, in which the author resided for several seasons.

SCIENCE must obtain some of the very excellent works now being published by the Religious Tract Society, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., called "Present Day Tracts."

MONTMARTEL.—The best incentive to rising early in the morning is duty. When once we find how pleasant a thing well-doing is, we shall never fail in it.

SARAH.—Perhaps we may give such a competition in the future. Writing good and legible.

NETTA.—In England we do not like dressing-gowns to be worn out of their proper place, in the bed-room. They are slatternly and untidy. Visiting cards without the prefix, "miss," are not used in good society. The omission is an American notion.

NORWOOD.—All the competitors should keep copies of their work, as we cannot undertake to return their manuscripts on any occasion, and it takes little time or trouble to make a second copy for their own use

ISMAY.—We fear we can do nothing for her mackintosh, and she must make up her mind to wear it on the checked side, and be thankful her very severe treatment did not spoil that as well as the other side. The indexes can be obtained by writing to Mr. Tarn, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C.

ONE WHO IS PUZZLED must answer the invitation card by note in the usual way, *i.e.*, Miss Smith accepts with pleasure, or regrets to decline, Mrs. Robinson's kind invitation for Monday next. The reason for declining should be given, if possible.

MATTY H.—The running of railway trains in America is governed by what is called their "Standard time;" the change of time being made at intervals of one hour, or every fifteen degrees of longitude, Greenwich time being the basis of reckoning. Thus, "Eastern Standard time" is based on 75th meridian of longitude west of Greenwich, and is, therefore, five hours slower than Greenwich time; "Central time" on the 90th meridian, six hours slower; "Mountain time" on the 105th meridian, seven hours slower; and "Pacific time" on the 120th meridian, eight hours slower. Although not representing the exact Solar time, except at the central points of reckoning, the system is of the greatest service to the traveller and to business, as both are saved the great confusion which would follow on the constant change of time on so large a continent as America. We hope you understand now the meaning of "Standard time" in America and Canada.

VENDETTA.—Contributions of all kinds, poetry as well as prose, are paid for by most magazines when they are considered worth accepting.

EVENTIDE.—We have made inquiries, and we fear there is nothing to be done to the mackintosh to remove the stains.

A GARDEN DAISY has our thanks for her kind note and card, which latter is very neatly done. The ring and watch must both pay a visit to the jeweller, we fear. Miss Caulfeild has already written an article on the subject. See "Dinners in Society," vol. ii., p. 314.

VIOLET.—Perhaps your invalid friend might be admitted into the Bournemouth National Sanatorium on payment of 7s. 6d. a week. The office of the institution is 21, Regent-street, S.W. She could be kept there for twelve weeks.

ELAINE.—Have you no mutual friend in whom you could trust, and to whom you could confide your situation? If so, place the matter in her hands, and let her tell him of your recovery, and of your unchanged feelings towards him. From whom did you hear that he loved you still? Perhaps he has made a confidant of that person, hoping to ascertain your state of feeling. Your handwriting is a very nice one.

JAMIE'S DARLING.—Certainly, your cousin, being of age, could act for your father, and perform the ceremony of "giving you away." To brighten the colours of a Turkey carpet you must use ox-gall, a wineglassful to a quart of water. The editor does not refer questions to other correspondents.

A MALE READER and ANASTASIA will find our articles on female names in vol. iv. They are contained respectively in the monthly numbers for October and November, 1882, and in those for January and March, 1883. The name Emma is the Gothic for mother, and Harriet is a feminine diminutive of Henry, the head or chief of a house. Harriet is old high German, Harriot is the English form, yet less in use than the former. The doubling of the "t" is only a matter of fancy.

MARIAN GREY.—Orion and the Pleiades are constellations, and Arcturus is a fixed star of the first class, in Boötes. We recommend you to study a book called "The Heavens and the Earth," by Milner, revised and enlarged by Dunking. It is a popular handbook of astronomy, published at our office.

A LITTLE GIRL.—Certainly your sister may "try for the prize" in our competition. It is not necessary that our girls should all be subscribers.

TWO SISTERS.—All the monthly numbers and all the bound volumes of the G. O. P. are to be obtained at our office from Mr. Tarn. There is only one prize. We do not make "lowest prizes."

READER OF G. O. P., Epsom.—Any old pictures and scrap-books would be acceptable at the Cripples' Nursery. Address them to Mrs. Kirk, 15, Park-place, Regent's Park, London, N.W.

F. M. A. G.—We are glad that you like our papers on music, and our answers. We do not know whether your letter was "on the top of the postman's bag," but you see it has an acknowledgment. Your writing is legible but sloping the wrong way. Write and tell us of your success.

LILY.—We fear your quest for a publisher who will buy a manuscript from a novice in the art of bookmaking will be a long and unsatisfactory one. The professional reader employed may take a fancy to such a first attempt, and see genius in it, or probable popularity from a brightness of style, which makes much of little matter. Books of travels in little trodden paths, or works of research or science, may be acceptable to many, but novels or poems are not easily disposed of, even by paying half the expenses and with a promise of half profits, which are not likely to be realised by the author.

MISS CREAM'S writing is tolerably good, but the "t's" want to be crossed. "Guy Fawkes'" writing is a poor wretched affair. "Queen's" is sloped the wrong way, and looks like a schoolboy's writing; and "A Rainy Day" writes the best, though much resembling "Cream's," and with the same defective "t's."

LILY SOFTUS.—We think that you might go to The Ferns, Coleshill, Warwickshire, with advantage. You should have a letter to Miss Price, placing you under her special chaperonage. Sharing a room the charge would be 17s. If you remain there three months the terms would be reduced. Payments are made in advance and by the week. Laundry work is done on the premises at a charge of ninepence a dozen. The situation is high, the garden large, water good, and a good church is in the near neighbourhood.

E. A. B. B.—Magic plate cloths are for cleaning silver, which is called "plate" in ordinary household parlance. The letters "S.S.A." mean that the bearer has passed the examination for the higher certificate at the University of St. Andrews, which gives that title.

HARRIET TIBBS.—You do not say what kind of a situation you are in. If a parlourmaid, you might go out as "waitress" in private houses, to assist, or as cook, by the day; or if a good needlewoman, you could get plain work or mending, if not children's clothes to make. There is a demand for all these eyerywhere. We think you are right to go to your brother's if you can.

N. H.—There is an Association for Promoting the General Welfare of the Blind, at 28, Berners-street, W., and there is a Home for Blind Children, Goldsmith's-place, Kilburn Priory, N.W.; address Miss Newbery. In a London Directory you would find other addresses, and you could write and inquire.

AN IGNORANT ONE had better find a good high school; or, if in London, go to the College for Men and Women, 29, Queen-square, Bloomsbury, W. C., or to the College for Working Women, 7, Fitzroy-street, Fitzroy-square, W. If "Ignorant One" had stated where she lived we could have helped her better. So many of our correspondents, needing help, appear to try to be as vague as possible.

QUEEN ELIZABETH must write and inquire of Mr. Tarn, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., enclosing the money. The 24th July, 1870, was a Sunday.

ELEANOR BOOTLES.—We have given such very full instructions in painting in water colours that we could not repeat them, and can only advise you to purchase vol. iv. of the G. O. P. Christmas and New Year's cards require to be very delicately painted, otherwise there is no difference in the method.

ONE OF THE GIRLS (Tasmania).—We read your kind letter with much interest, and should like to hear from you again. We are glad that you liked your prize, and that your mother takes as great an interest in our paper as much as yourelf. Accept our good wishes for you and all yours.

ELAINE.—We regret that your poem will not suit us. It is the nightingale that sings in the night, not the cuckoo, and neither "chirp." Excuse this little hint. We think you give promise of doing better by-and-by.

LILY.—We see no reason why you should not join the Quotation Competition, only write very carefully.

MAY.—Your handwriting is not yet formed; but nearly as good an attempt as that shown in the sketch of the monkeys to which you refer.

FLOWER-GIRL.—We have often been questioned about the manufacture of scents, but we could not encourage you to hope for success unless you have sufficient capital to purchase the proper works and pay others to carry on the business. To keep a flower-farm and obtain regular market orders would be more easily managed. To produce scent on the farm, unless in very large quantities, would not be worth the expense. There are two methods adopted: one by absorption, the other by maceration. In the first case, the flowers or plants are laid on a coarse cotton cloth, steeped in olive oil, and spread over a wire gauze frame, where they are left from twelve to seventy-two hours, and they are then changed. The maceration process is somewhat similar. It might be well for you to visit the lavender and peppermint manufactory at Hitchin, and at Mitcham; the produce is superior, and fetches a higher price than any made in France or elsewhere.

D. V. E.—Your lines are not written according to the rules of any metre. The attempt at verse without rhymes is not "blank verse." Every line should contain ten feet, and where there is a break the measure should be completed in the next. The beat is all wrong, too, and the same errors appear in the rhymed verses.

A YOUNG MOTHER.—We know of nothing to recommend, save plenty of fresh air and exercise and as much change as possible. Your thoughts are too much on yourself and your actions.

FIRE GONE OUT is not too old to learn music, and she will find it a great pleasure and recréation. She and her invalid sister must cheer up, and look on the sunny side instead of the black, always trying to see God's mercies, and never doubting His love and care.

F. M. THORP.—"See the Conquering Hero comes" is from a drama by Nathaniel Lee, called *Alexander the Great*, act ii., scene 1.

QUEEN SNOWBALL.—The 4th October, 1870, was a Tuesday. The serial stories in second volume were "Michaelmas Daisy," "That Aggravating Schoolgirl," "Eleanor's Ambition," etc. In the third volume, "May Goldworthy," "A Daughter Named Damaris," "An Unattractive Girl," etc.

LONGSHANKS.—Perhaps your cat is not sufficiently fed. Give her a good meal of boiled liver or cooked scraps without fat once a day, and use a duster to chastisa her whenever she may show a disposition to look at any food on a table or in a cupboard. A young cat can be easily trained so as not even to look or chatter at a cage-bird.

TURRIES EBURNIA.—We think that to advertise for needlework in newspapers is to waste money. If a good dressmaker or plain needlewoman, apply in person at shops for ready-made clothing, and show examples of what you can do, and you may possibly obtain trade orders, or else endeavour to get private ones.

POMPEY A.—We do not advertise any particular soap; it is contrary to our rules.

CRYSTABEL has a relaxed throat, and should use an astringent gargle. Perhaps a solution of borax, honey, burnt alum, and water might be of service. Speak to a chemist about a suitable *mixture*. Paper is less hurtful than hot curling-irons.

ONE OF THE MOTHERS OF LONDON.—We feel greatly obliged by your kindly informing us of the success of the trying measures we recommended. Do not notice little faults, only never permit rebellion. We congratulate you and your child.

CINDERELLA.—Persons on the Continent can send P.O.O. home in payment for the "G. O. P." to our manager, Mr. Tarn.

MURIEL KENNEDY.—Miss Mulock's (Mrs. Craik), Miss Anne Beale's, or Sir Walter Scott's might prove suitable. But you are too young to read ordinary works of fiction. You should content yourself with history and travels, and our classical poets; Longfellow's poems also. Your mother should direct and superintend your reading. Read no book without her permission. If about to learn the harp, be watchful over your left shoulder-blade.

J. E.—Sometimes marriages of persons between whom there is a considerable disparity, the wrong way, turn out happily; but the risk is great when the husband is so very young (only just of age). They are apt to change their minds when they meet an attractive girl of more suitable age. By the time he reaches your present age you will be in your fiftieth year, and perhaps an old-looking fifty too. He ought not to marry till he is some five years older, and then he will be better able to decide on so grave a step.

ROSALIND.—If the guests be young unmarried people, it is usual to pay for them, unless their hosts be people of small means. Should the guests be persons of middle age, and not poor, the hostess might inquire whether they wished to go to any special entertainment, adding, that if so she would be happy to accompany them. This method of inquiry would serve to relieve the guest of any doubt as to who would pay if they chose to go, and they could then decide accordingly. You write a particularly good hand. We are glad that you and your parents so much approve of our paper.

M. L. B.—We have read your letter with deep interest, and thank God if the great change in your views and sentiments has in any degree been brought about through our instrumentality since you last wrote to us. But, be this as it may, we rejoice on your behalf. "Greater are they that are for us than they that are against us." 2 Kings vi. 16. May you "Abide in His love."

ANXIOUS INQUIRER.—To whatever church or religious denomination you belong you should conform to the rules and usages laid down for your guidance and spiritual benefit. Of course you do very wrong in going to any meetings—either against your parents' wishes or unknown to them, especially at night—instead of going to your church. We do not see such conduct as that enjoined in the Bible.

BERTHA.—There is no Irish translation of Plato's works that we know of. There is no question of good taste about wearing earrings. In England people wear them or not, as they choose. We should advise you to cease dwelling perpetually on this or any other subject, as you may weaken your mind by such constant strumming on the same string. Pray try to think of something more useful and more elevating. We advise your parents to consult a doctor about your state of mind.

FLORENCE MABEL.—The use of any kind of powder to the face is foolish and injurious, and is sure to be regretted at a future time, as it makes the skin coarse.

A MESSAGE FROM THE STREAM.

By RUTH LAMB.

ERE stern winter's frowns were over,
Came I to the streamlet's side,
Weary of the world, and longing
For some spot wherein to hide.
Round me, through the snowstorm-drifted,
Peeped the earth all black and bare;
Cloud-strewn skies above, I likened
To my heart, oppressed with care.

Memories of thankless labour,
Days of sorrow, nights of pain,
As I wandered, rushed unbidden
Like a torrent through my brain.
Rebel thoughts next filled my bosom;
Not a gleam of hope was there;
Every holy, happy feeling
Yielded place to grim despair.

Heedless whither I was tending,
Soon upon the brink I stood,
Not to find, as erst, the waters
Hurrying on with ceaseless flood.
For, encased in shining armour,
Fair as silver, hard as steel,
Lay they, all unseen and silent,
Pressed by winter's icy seal.

"Silent!" said I? Nay, not voiceless
Was to me that frozen stream;
I remember what it taught me,
As I might a warning dream.
"See," it said, "upon my bosom,
Though it seem so stern and cold,
Now a gleam of sunlight stealing,
Turns the silver into gold.

"This one ray to me is earnest
That a sunny time is nigh
Dost thou fear that He who sent it
Will unheeded pass thee by?
Long o'er me the frost may linger;
Long with thee may sorrow stay;
Doubt not! After night the darkest,
Ever brightest shines the day."

Home I turned, no longer sadly
Held in bondage by despair;
But, with thankful heart confessing,
"It was God who sent me there."
I, with fearful, dark temptation,
Had a stubborn battle fought;
It was won, my sorrow vanished
In relief from guilty thought.

Now, though Fortune may be churlish
In her givings unto me,
I will labour, hoping ever,
Till the gleam of light I see.
Even though on earth it come not;
Fears and doubts all set at rest;
In this thought shall be my comfort,
"What my Father wills is best."

VOL. VII.—NO. 318. JANUARY 30, 1886. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

ONLY A GIRL-WIFE.

By RUTH LAMB, Author of "Her Own Choice," &c.

CHAPTER XV.

"MR. CARNELLY has walked with me from Hazelcourt, where I dropped in, expecting to find Gracie and bring her home with me," said the rector, as he entered the room. "He is leaving Hillstead to-morrow, and wished to say 'good-bye' to you before setting out."

The rector hardly expressed Mr. Carnelly's wishes correctly, though he was not to blame for this, inasmuch as he had been made only very partially acquainted with them. It is probable that if the gentle invalid lady at the rectory had possessed no daughter, Mr. Carnelly

All rights reserved.] "HE WAS SHAKING HANDS WITH GRACE AS HE SPOKE."

would have been content to send a farewell message by her husband instead of calling at this unorthodox hour to deliver it in person.

Mrs. Steyne held out a welcoming hand to the young man, and looked not a little gratified by such a mark of attention, as she told Mr. Carnelly that it was very good of him to take so long a walk for the purpose.

"I assure you it has seemed a very short one to me," said he; "Mr. Steyne's conversation is enough to beguile any walk of its length. I could hardly believe we were here when we stopped at the gate. I had a second object in calling, which was to convey a long string of reproaches to Miss Steyne from our mutual friends at Hazelcourt."

He was shaking hands with Grace as he spoke, and there was a look of gentle reproach on his face which seemed to say to the girl, "How could you be so cruel as to disappoint me?"

"Yes, Gracie, and I have a budget of messages to the same effect. How was it you never made your appearance? The Dixons all sent their love and no end of regrets on account of your absence. What kept you at home, my dear, when you had promised to go?"

"Not positively promised, father. I only said I would go if possible; but it was not possible, and so I had to stay at home. I wished to go very much indeed."

The look of reproach vanished from the visitor's countenance, driven thence by this last sentence, which, though addressed to Mr. Steyne, was a sufficient and satisfactory answer to its mute questioning. Grace had not stayed away willingly in one sense; that was enough for Mr. Carnelly.

"Whence arose the impossibility, Gracie?" inquired Mr. Steyne.

"Oh, there were ever so many things in combination, and, first and foremost, old Miss Barber, who wanted to see you, must not see mamma, and did see me, to the extent of the two longest hours I ever spent in my life."

"My dear child, I am so sorry for you," said the rector, in tones of such genuine commiseration that his wife, Grace, and the visitor laughed heartily in unison.

"I will never forgive Miss Barber, though I know her not," said Mr. Carnelly, as soon as he could speak for laughing.

"Surely Miss Barber was not the sole offender!" said the rector. "What else hindered you, my child?"

"Ever so many things, quite too small to mention separately," said Grace. "Let me see, the first was——"

"Watty's jacket," solemnly interposed Mr. Carnelly, with a look of infinite amusement on his handsome face.

Grace's countenance scarcely reflected it. She was saying to herself, "The girls must have told him. How unkind to go and proclaim at Hazelcourt that I was forced to stay at home to mend my little brother's tatters instead of going to a tennis party! They must have wanted to make me look ridiculous."

The very idea that the friends she loved and trusted, or any one of them, could have been thus unkind when her back was turned, stung the girl to the quick, and she strove hard to keep back some rebellious tears which threatened to put in an appearance.

Mr. Carnelly noticed the look of distress, and said, "Miss Steyne, I must confess that I this afternoon quite unintentionally acted the part of eavesdropper. You know the pretty summer-house, the back of which is close to the road? I was sitting there, when two groups of guests coming to Hazelcourt met just behind the great holly hedge against which stands the summer-house. They paused for a moment to exchange greetings, and, on one side, to inquire after a young lady who ought to have been with the other group, but who, alas! was missing. I heard nothing but kindly words and honest regrets when it was found that the young lady was busy at home. But there was one inquirer who insisted on knowing what the absentee was doing, I believe in the hope that she could rush into her presence, take the work out of her hands, and return with her in triumph, and the answer was 'Mending Watty's jacket.' Miss Steyne, you may believe me or not, but those three words brought a host of childish memories to my mind. In my early days I was an incorrigible ragamuffin. My clothes would tear, no matter how new or of what substantial material, and I had a very dragon of a nurse who objected to do more than a fair average of repairs. If my garments needed more—and they always did—I paid for the extras in various ways, such as being caned, imprisoned, or sent supperless to bed. I had no mother, and my dear father—the greatest man of his generation in his own line—had no time to do more than look in upon me now and then. He saw me strong and healthy; he knew nothing of the discipline I underwent at nurse's hands, and I was rather proud of being too much of a man to complain. But I had a sister then, several years my senior, though a mere girl. She used to stand between me and nurse's wrath, by repairing my tattered jackets and other garments, and thus saving alike my skin and my supper. Now you will understand why the allusion to Watty's jacket roused such sympathetic memories."

It would have been impossible to keep up the least bit of formality with Mr. Carnelly after this revelation, and Grace looked bravely up and confessed that she was not detained at home by one piece of mending, but by the family accumulation which necessarily followed the fortnightly wash. She had recovered all her courage after asking herself why she need be ashamed of womanly work done for the comfort of those who were nearest and dearest to her. And in this spirit she placed the piles of mended garments in the basket and sent them away to the several rooms, then proceeded to carry out her father's hospitable intentions with regard to supper.

"We can offer you nothing but what is of the simplest," said the rector. "I generally take a cup of coffee or a plate of porridge. Gracie joins me, and my wife has milk; but I daresay we can find you something more substantial."

"Is it coffee or porridge to-night, Miss Steyne?" asked Mr. Carnelly, with a grave interest that amused everybody. "If I dare express a hope, I should say I am longing for porridge, because I like it, but seldom get it."

"It is porridge," replied the girl with a merry laugh, and troubling herself no further about the bareness of the rectory larder. "You can have bread and cheese in addition, if you like."

"I shall not like, unless I am stinted of porridge. I prefer mine served in a soup plate, Miss Steyne. Will there be enough, do you think?"

The pretended anxiety provoked further laughter, and it was a merry little party which sat round the supper-table that evening. In the midst of the meal Mr. Steyne said, "I forgot to tell you, Gracie, that I had a letter from Dr. Crawford to-day. He again asks if there is any chance of your visiting Shelverton. He has often suggested that you should renew your acquaintance with Steynes-Cote and make that of his wife, who is but a very few years your senior. By the way, there is a pretty little scented note for you enclosed with it," added the rector, addressing his wife. "I forgot it until this moment;" and he began to search his pockets for the missive.

"I suppose you met the postman on your way to Hazelcourt?" said Mrs. Steyne.

"Yes, and he gave me a couple of letters, Crawford's and one from a clerical brother, to ask for an exchange of duties next Sunday. Here is your note, my dear, inside the doctor's letter. You may as well read both," and the rector handed them to his wife, and then turning to Mr. Carnelly said, "I wonder if you are related to Mrs. Crawford! She is Lord Carnelly's only sister, and the name is not a common one."

"We are rather far-away cousins, I believe, though not in the least acquainted. I wish I could make out a nearer relationship, and then I should be able to trace some sort of family connection with the Steynes, should I not?" asked the visitor.

"I am afraid we should have to make believe a great deal to arrive at such a conclusion. Dr. Crawford is not related to us Steynes. He was adopted by his uncle, the late Mr. Fereday, who married my cousin Grace. He called his handsome house at Shelverton, Steynes-Cote, after the home where his wife's girlhood had been spent. In fact, it was a somewhat reduced copy of the place which had passed from one generation of Steynes to another for centuries past. My brother owns it now, together with all the entailed property which would have gone to Mrs. Fereday if she had been of the right sex to inherit it."

"Those 'ifs' are always coming in the way, are they not? If Lord Carnelly had no son, I believe I should be next in succession to his title and the estates that go with it, but I am glad to know that he has a large family."

"Mostly girls," said Mr. Steyne, "though there is one boy, if no more. I have heard Crawford speak of them."

"Long life to father and son: I covet neither title nor lands; I rejoice more in being my own father's son than I should do in being heir to the oldest dukedom in the country, whichever it may be. Yet I might have been 'Sir David' if my father had not chosen to live and die plain 'Dr. Carnelly,' for the dear old man twice refused a baronetcy."

"I have been wondering whether you were a relative of the famous doctor whose discoveries revolutionised one branch of medical science, and have done so much to mitigate suffering. You may well be proud of bearing a name so honoured," replied Mrs. Steyne, her pale face lighting up as she spoke. "I am one amongst many who owe a debt of gratitude to your father's devotion to his profession."

"It is very pleasant to know this," said Mr. Carnelly. "It seems I can scarcely go anywhere without hearing of good that has resulted from the life-long labours of my father. A few months ago I was in a remote district in the Highlands, and the landlord of the little inn at which I stayed for a week discovered my relationship to the 'great doctor,' as he called my father. It seemed he had once been his patient, and at some considerable cost of fatigue and convenience my father had subsequently gone out of his way to assure himself of the man's continued well-being. He so overflowed with gratitude at the memory of these bygone services, that he manifested it in a somewhat inconvenient way, for when the time of my departure came he would not receive a penny at my hands. He declared, with tears in his eyes, that it had afforded him the greatest pleasure to shelter the son of the man to whose skill he owed his life.

"Just fancy, Mrs. Steyne, what my feelings were, for I knew that my host had been put to considerable expense and trouble to obtain various dainties, quite foreign in that out-of-the-way district, for my special refection, and neither by fair means nor foul could I succeed in leaving behind me any acknowledgment of his hospitality," added Mr. Carnelly.

"I should think your feelings would be, in a sense, very enviable ones, though perhaps a little mixed on account of the thought of obligations unexpectedly incurred. I can understand the satisfaction experienced by your Highland entertainer, for it is a great pleasure to me to see you this evening, not only for your own sake, but because I, too, though less directly, am indebted to your father," said Mrs. Steyne.

"You will have no undue sense of obligation on account of the entertainment we have offered you," remarked the rector, with a smile. "If I had only known who was to be our guest, I might have vied with the innkeeper, and spread our table sumptuously for your benefit, in place of which you have been offered a plate of porridge."

"But it was a soup plate, father," said Grace, with an attempt at looking demure, whilst her eyes were sparkling with fun.

"And please to note that it is now empty," remarked Mr. Carnelly, "a sufficient proof that the porridge was duly appreciated."

Grace's proposal to replenish the plate was received with a good deal of laughter, as also was a further offer of bread-and-cheese and an allusion to cold mutton in the background.

Afterwards the conversation turned again upon the visitor's family, and he said, "You will wonder that I know almost nothing about the present Viscount Carnelly. But the fact is, that there was some quarrel between our several grandfathers, and these having drifted apart, their descendants never came together again. Perhaps you, Miss Steyne, might be the means of bridging over the gap," continued Mr. Carnelly, addressing Grace. "If you were to visit Mrs. Crawford, my cousin thrice removed, you might let her know that she possesses a kinsman of whose existence she is probably ignorant."

Grace had never hitherto troubled herself about the oft-repeated invitations to Steynes-Cote, which had usually been from Dr. Crawford himself, though in his wife's name as well as his own. But on this occasion she manifested considerable interest in the contents of Mrs. Crawford's little perfumed note, and after reading it, said, "I should like to go, only I know you could not spare me, mother dear."

"I think we must try, Gracie," said the rector, "if only to keep you from being inordinately puffed up with the idea that you are indispensable here."

The girl returned her father's look of love with interest. He might jest a little, but she knew that no effort of hers passed unnoticed, no act of self-denial was undervalued by the parents for whose comfort she cheerfully sacrificed so many of the innocent enjoyments for which a young heart naturally yearns. Still, it would be pleasant to have a little change just for once, if it could be managed without harm to the dear mother. She had been a great deal better lately, and the doctor had spoken encouragingly as to the future.

There were only the four youngest children at home, and the baby of the family was five years old. There was Sarah Robinson, too, an old servant of theirs, who had left to be married when Grace was just in her teens, and whose loss her mother had never ceased to regret. Sarah had come back to Hillstead Magna a childless widow, with a few pounds a year as a nest egg, but not enough to live upon. She would have to do something to eke out her income. Doubtless her services would be available at the rectory during Grace's absence if she should pay the long talked of visit to Steynes-Cote.

All these thoughts passed rapidly through the girl's mind, and seemed to bring an affirmative reply to Mrs. Crawford's note within the bounds of probability. And yet, if the invitation had arrived the day before, Grace would have dreamed of nothing but a grateful refusal.

What could have brought about this change of mind? What had induced Grace to plan how she might leave home without any serious qualms of conscience? Her circumstances and surroundings had undergone no alteration since yesterday. Could Mr. Carnelly be responsible for this sudden change of inclination in Grace herself? He had made a half-joking suggestion that she should act as mediator in bringing together two kinsfolk hitherto estranged. Did Grace mean to act upon the hint, and, in all seriousness, set herself to carry it into practice?

Better not analyse the girl's motives too closely. Perhaps she thought it would be a good deed to make these distant cousins into friends at least. And—who knows?—perhaps in the process the acquaintance between Mr. Carnelly and herself, so brief thus far and yet so pleasant, might grow into friendship, or something dearer still.

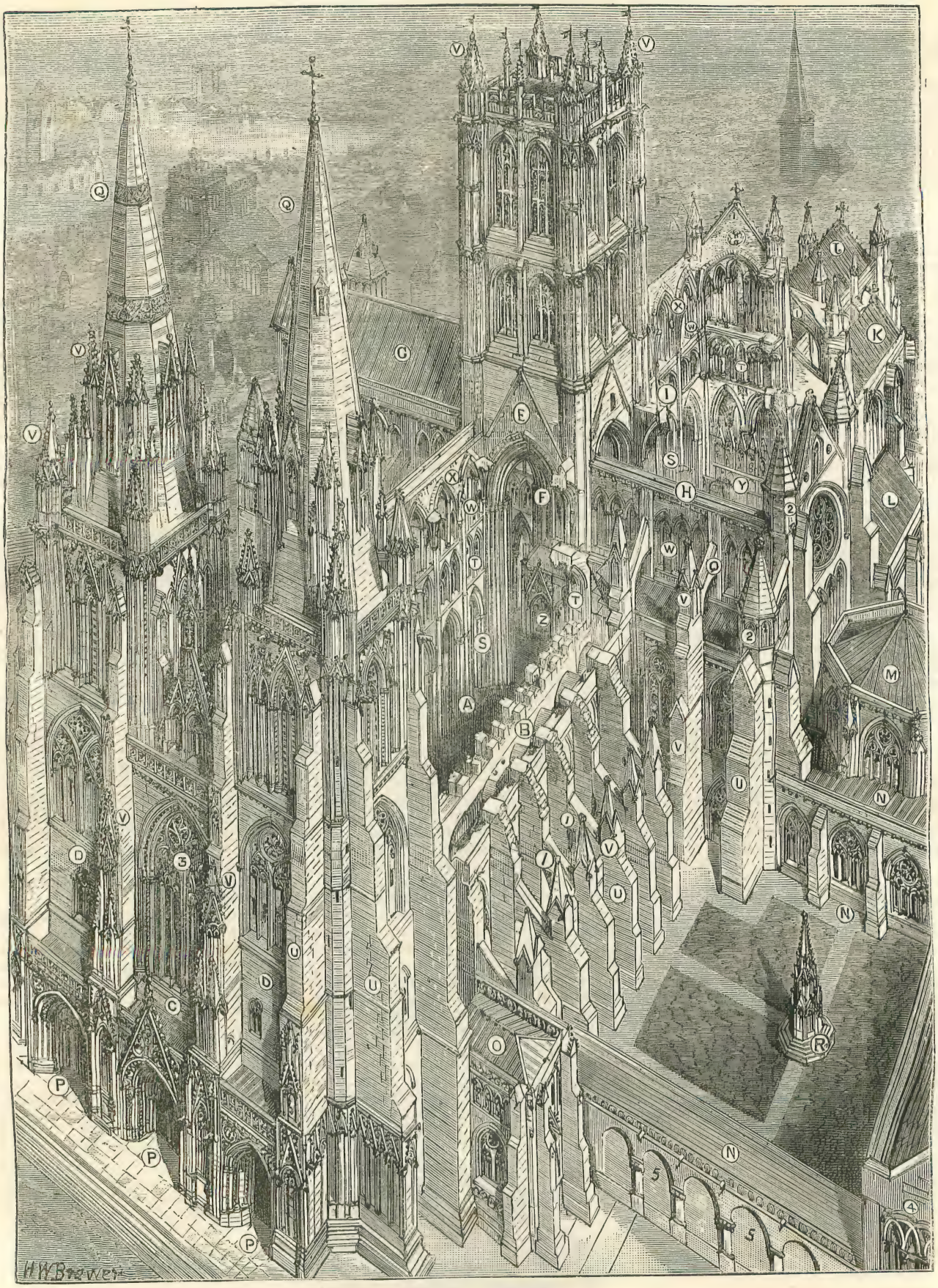
Things do not take long a thinking, and all these passed with rapid flight through Grace Steyne's mind, before the visitor rose to depart, after saying "Good-night and good-bye."

"Then you really leave Hazelcourt to-morrow?" asked Mr. Steyne.

"Yes, I must move on, notwithstanding a kind invitation to stay longer. But, though I have nothing to call me anywhere, I will not outstay my welcome, because I want, for more reasons than one, to visit this neighbourhood again."

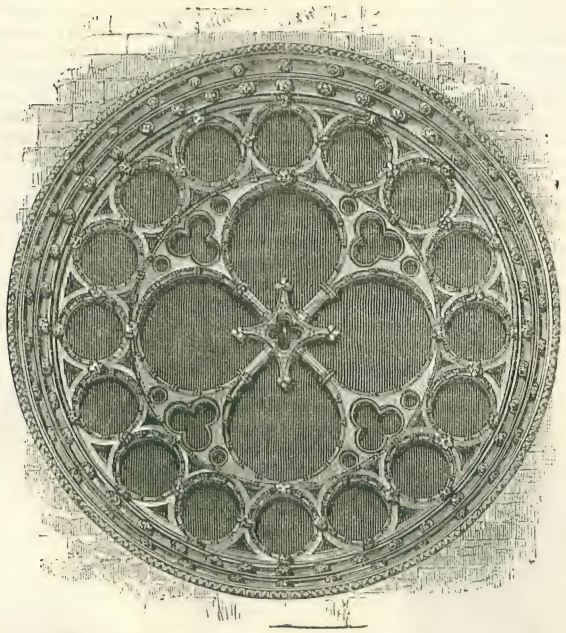
Mr. Carnelly looked at Grace as he said these words, and then he passed out into the moonlight, and Grace felt as though the lamp had become dim, and the cosy room less cheerful than usual.

(To be continued.)



A GOTHIC CATHEDRAL.

To obtain a knowledge of the technical terms used in describing the various parts of ecclesiastical architecture, compare the above illustration with the Index on opposite page.



WINDOW IN LINCOLN CATHEDRAL.

ARCHITECTURE; OR, THE ART AND HISTORY OF BUILDINGS.

By H. W. BREWER.

PART IV.—THE STYLE OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.]

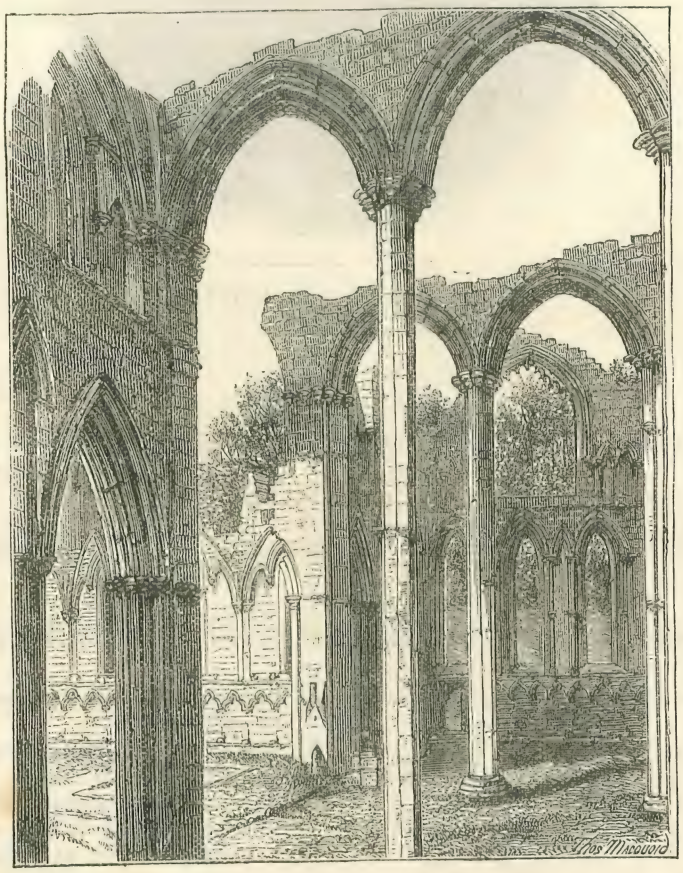
INDEX TO DRAWING, SHOWING THE VARIOUS PARTS OF A GOTHIC CATHEDRAL.

A. The Nave. From the Latin *navis*, a ship. The style in this instance is Early English.
B. The Aisles, or side passages to the Nave.
C. The West Front or Façade. Style, Decorated or Second-pointed.
D. The Western Towers. Style, Decorated or Second-pointed.
(Gothic churches are always built east and west, and the principal front is always to the west.)
E. The Lantern or Central Tower. Style, Perpendicular.
F. The Crossing—where the nave, choir, and transepts all meet, and form a cross; hence the word crossing.
G. The Transept or Transverse Nave. Sometimes wrongly called the "cross aisle." Style, Early English.
H. The corresponding Transept to the south.
I. The Choir or Chancel. Early English.
J. The Lady Chapel. This is not always East of the choir, though that is its usual position.
K. L. L. Side Chapels. Early English.
M. Chapter House. Decorated Geometric.
N. The Cloister. Decorated Geometric.
O. The Porch. Decorated Geometric.
P. The Western Portals. Decorated Geometric.
Q. Spires. Decorated Geometric.
R. A Cross or Calvary. Decorated Geometric.
S. The Pier Arches. Early English.
T. The Triforium or Gallery over the Aisle. Why so called is unknown. Early English.
U. Buttresses. To resist the thrust.
V. Pinnacles.
W. The Clerestory. Probably *clear story*, because it rises clear of the aisles. Early English.
X. The Vaulting, or stone-arched ceiling; called vaulting from its being composed of a series of vaults intersecting. It is sometimes constructed of timber, as in the choir of St. Albans Abbey, and occasionally of lath and plaster, as at York Minster. Early English.
Y. The Reredos or Altar Screen. Decorated.
Z. The Rood Screen or Choir Screen. In some cathedrals there were two screens: one called the Rood Screen, and the other the Choir Screen or Pulpitum.
1. Flying Buttresses, or Arched Buttresses, constructed to resist the thrust of vaulting.
2. Turrets or large pinnacles.
3. The Tracery of a window. In this case the window is of the Curvilinear-Decorated style, all the bars of the stonework being curved.
4. Intersecting Arcade. Late Norman.
5. Plain Norman Arcade. Early Norman.

N.B.—The vaulting and outer roofs of the nave, choir, south aisle, and south transept are removed, so as to show the interior of the building.

In a thirteenth, fourteenth, or fifteenth century Gothic church every portion of the building assists in supporting something else; thus the aisles help to support the nave; each arch by its thrust counteracts the thrust of the next arch; the walls of the side chapels act as abutments against the walls of the aisles. The traceries of the windows, in addition to protecting the stained glass and keeping it rigid, help to strengthen the great arch of the windows. The various little shafts or columns arranged in clusters help to distribute the weight of the superstructure, and thus relieve the greater columns or piers of some portion of the superincumbent weight. The towers are usually placed in such a position as to resist the accumulated thrust of all the arches along the sides of the nave. The clerestory windows act as relieving arches, and throw off a portion of the weight from the greater arches beneath; thus every feature in a genuinely constructed Northern Gothic church not only does its own work, but helps its neighbour, and thus becomes the type of a good practical Christian. In Classical buildings, on the other hand, each portion of the building is independent of its neighbour; the thrust of each arch is counteracted by its own pilaster or piece of solid wall between it and the next arch, the proportions are more square, and the general construction far more solid than in Gothic buildings. In Italy, even during the Middle Ages, the architects never quite abandoned the Classical mode of construction, but applied their Gothic detail and ornamentation to it, consequently Italian Gothic buildings, even of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, were always more Classical than Gothic in general outline; they have low pitched gables, heavy cornices, and very strongly marked horizontal lines, and very frequently the arches which divide the nave and aisles are supported upon vast square pilasters, instead of Gothic columns or piers. Then, again, their buildings were generally constructed of brick, faced with slabs of marble, a mode of construction quite unknown to the Gothic architecture of other lands. All this gives Italian Gothic a strange character, and even the exquisite sculpture, decoration, and magnificent material used often fail to compensate for the aspiring loftiness, graceful outline, and rich effect of light and shadow which distinguish the Northern Gothic cathedrals. Of course, in the Cathedral of Milan, and other buildings which are known to have been created by northern architects, many of the peculiarities of Italian Gothic are not so apparent.

Owing to the fact that each portion of a Gothic church helps to support something else besides itself, our readers will naturally infer that Gothic buildings can be erected with a far smaller amount of material than Classic ones—in fact, many of the most famous cathedrals in Europe contain less than one-fourth the amount of solid material which would have been used in constructing a Classical structure of a corresponding size. Another economy of material noticeable in Gothic buildings is the comparative small size of the stones which are made use of. It has even been said that "the most magnificent Gothic cathedrals in Europe are erected of stones, every one of which can be lifted or carried by a single human being." This is slightly exaggerated as to fact, though it embodies the principle which mediæval architects had at heart that there should be as little servile labour about their buildings as possible. In ancient times, under the Greeks and Romans, but more especially under the Egyptians, vast numbers of slaves were employed in gangs to do the mere manual labour, and therefore no economy of labour was for a moment thought of. If one drove of slaves was worn out or smashed by the falling of some huge pieces of stone, or killed off, another lot was ready to be harnessed in their place. What mattered a few more backs being broken in raising a pyramid to the king? They were but slaves after all, and the only man to be consulted was their master, who lent them out, and must be compensated for the loss of his human cattle! The great works of Egypt and other ancient countries literally stink of slavery and oppression, but it is far otherwise with Gothic buildings. They speak everywhere of high and noble aspirations, of freedom, of intellectual thought, of toil not dragged out of a man by force, or work done under the whip of a tyrannical taskmaster, but of skill and talent generously given for a high and noble purpose urged on by a strong and religious enthusiasm, and intense love of the work itself.



FOUNTAINS ABBEY.

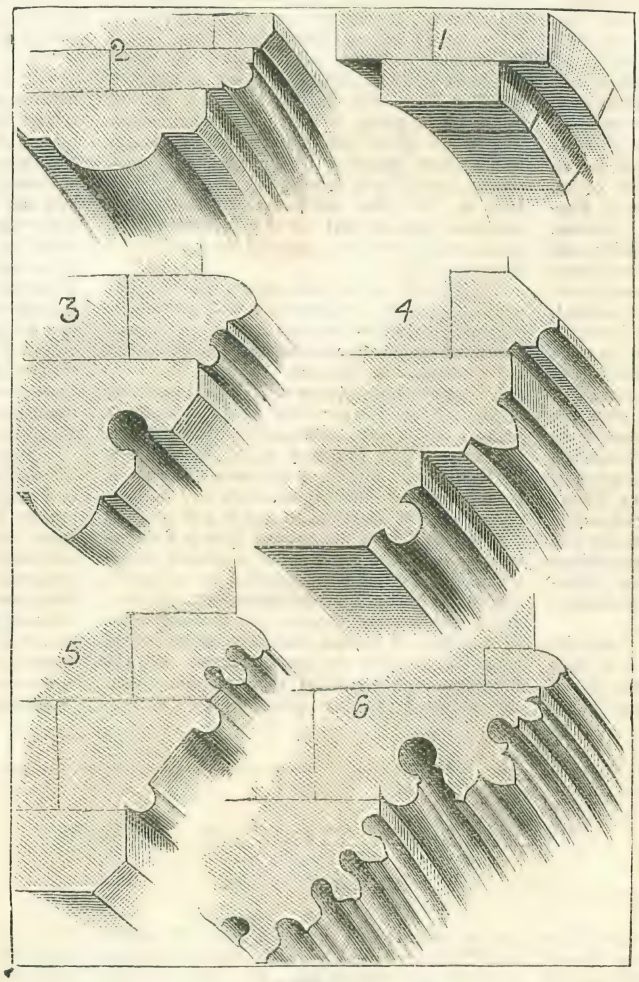
Most Gothic buildings of any importance were of course carried out from the designs and under the superintendence of the architect or "master mason," but still even the most subordinate workmen were left plenty of scope for original fancy or imagination, though restrained within decent limits. To such an extent was this the case that if we look at the carvings in an old Gothic building we can tell the character of the minds of the men who worked upon them. Here we find the serious man introducing into a capital or corbel a grave, thoughtful face, with eyes which seem to look through the ages which have gone by since the sculptor who fashioned it has gone to his rest, and which still gaze and gaze on into the dim future, when we who wonder at it shall long, long ago have gone to ours. We turn round, and some grinning monster attracts our attention, the work of the satirical carver of the day. We wonder what it can mean? Is it some long-forgotten joke buried in the oblivion of the past? Is it some hidden sarcasm against his own time? Or is it a caricature of some friend or enemy? We know not. We look again, and find an exquisitely-carved wreath of oak-leaves or roses, the work of a mind pervaded with refinement and elegance. Is it a mere ornament, or does it mean something deeper? Did its carver merely make a copy in stone of some natural wreath, or was it as a tribute to some memory sweet or painful? Perchance the roses may record his dead child, or be an offering to the eyes of a living mistress. It may be a thanksgiving for some blessing received, or it may be a token of sorrow bravely borne; but there it is, hundreds of years after the sorrow has ceased or the joy departed!

One of the great charms of old Gothic churches is the individuality which marks their ornamentation, the way in which they are penetrated and permeated by human thought; this it is which gives them that air of mystery which alas! we can no longer imitate; it is not so much the actual external beauty which takes hold of our imagination so much as the heart that is in it all. The old builders and carvers had no penny newspapers, no debating clubs; they could neither read nor write, yet they were thoughtful, earnest, reasoning men, and their thoughts must have some outlet, their reason some scope for its display, and it is in their work that we find it. These old Gothic carvings were the concentrated essence of the workman's mind, the one thing in which he could breathe his ideas and perpetuate the record of his wrongs and grievances, or of his light-heartedness and contentment. And if we observe these characteristics in the details of the building, how much more are they apparent in the general aspect of the building! Let any of our girls enter Westminster Abbey by the west door, and examine the effect which the first glimpse of that glorious building has upon them; the feeling of reverence and veneration and mystery which it inspires is far more powerful than the wonder as to its size, or the beauty of its proportions and details. Now this is not the case with Classical or Renaissance buildings. Upon looking at the Parthenon, the beauty of line and proportion is the first thing that strikes one. Upon entering St. Peter's, Rome, or St. Paul's, London, most English people are disappointed because there is no mystery about them, and it is not until the mind becomes used to the dimensions of these vast structures that their grandeur and dignity

become appreciated. They may be more perfect as mere architectural works, and we fully appreciate the mighty genius of their architects, but they do not appeal to our minds in the same way as our old Gothic cathedrals do. This air of mystery so peculiar to Gothic architecture is, to a certain extent, but only to a certain extent, dependent upon that kind of subdivision of the parts of a building. Thus in churches we find them divided into a nave and aisles, chancel or choir, transepts, porches, towers, &c. And in height we generally find two or three divisions, as "pier-arches" and "clerestory." In large churches and cathedrals we have generally three divisions in height—the "pier-arch," the "triforium," and the "clerestory." Now, in order that our girls may thoroughly understand this, we give a diagram of a church drawn as if the building were partly taken down so as to show both interior and exterior. The references to this will give our girls the architectural term used for every portion of a cathedral or church in the Gothic style. (See diagram.)

The style called with us the "Early English," of which Salisbury Cathedral is so notable an example in its earliest developments, and Westminster Abbey of its very latest in England, is chronologically measured by the reigns of Richard I., John, and Henry III.

Our girls will doubtless ask how an Early English church is to be distinguished from a Norman, a Transitional, or a church or building erected in a later style. Well, there are three great tests, and our girls must, in order to apply these tests, look first of all at the windows, and ask themselves the following questions:—A. Are the windows round-headed or pointed? B. Have they tracery; and if so, of what description? They must then look at the arches, and ask themselves, are the arches round or pointed? What is the character of their moldings, and what ornaments or enrichments are introduced into the moldings? And in the third place, our girls must look at the columns and see — A. whether they are arranged in clusters, or whether they are single. B. Whether the core round which they are clustered is so arranged as to let them fit into a square or triangular recess, or whether the recesses are circular in form. C. Whether the core is itself a column, octagon or circular in form, or a series of square masses of masonry. D. Whether the little columns or shafts are cut out of the solid core, or whether they are isolated, and merely attached by capital, base, and possibly a band in the middle. We give these tests because they are the easiest to apply, but of course there are other proofs and tests of the date of a Gothic building — the masonry, style of workmanship, carving, sculpture, and use of certain materials. Firstly, with regard to the windows. A. If they are round-headed they are sure to be Norman or Transitional; if they are very sharply pointed they are Early English; if they are only slightly pointed they are nearly sure to be Transitional. If they have tracery in their heads, that is to say, if there are ornamental piercings in the stonework, or if the stonework forms circles or other shapes, the window is either Early English or belongs to some later style. In order to settle this, see whether the tracery is formed by ornamental apertures pierced through a plate of stone in the manner of that shown in our illustration of Lincoln Cathedral, or whether it is formed of bars of stone. If it is "plate tracery," the work is certain to be Early English of the earlier part of the thirteenth century. If, on the other hand, it is "bar tracery," note whether the bars form circles alone, or whether they form other shapes, and also whether the circles are themselves filled in with other patterns in stone. If the circles are plain, the work is Early English. If there are other forms contained within the circle, note what they are. If they consist of simple cusps, forming a single trefoil, or quatrefoil, or cinquefoil, etc., the work may be either late Early English or Geometric Decorated; at any rate it belongs to what is called the "Geometric period."



MOLDINGS.

Now, with regard to arches. In Gothic architecture every arch has its moldings, that is to say, hollows or channels separated by cylindrical members, called beads, cut continuously along the edges of the stonework, forming a border or framework round the arch. Now, of all the tests as to date and style in a Gothic building, these moldings are the most certain, and a person who is well versed in moldings can never be mistaken as to the period to which a building really belongs. Norman moldings are very simple and early in the style consisting only of a series of squares following the courses of stone round the arch (see fig. 1). Later on in the style, however, we find the angles cut off, and the round or bead introduced at the angles, and some of the members of the arch cut into a semicircular form (see fig. 2). In the Transitional style we find hollows or channels sunk into the stonework, and occasionally the keel-shaped molding, in form like the keel of a boat (see fig. 3 and 4). In Early English style the moldings are very complicated and beautiful, and consist of beads, keel, and scroll moldings, all separated from one another by deeply-cut hollows, giving a rich effect of very decided lines of light and shadow round the arch (figs. 5 and 6). These deeply-cut hollows are a distinctive mark of the style.

The enrichments or little bits of ornament attached to moldings, especially those placed in the hollows, are most characteristic of the various styles of Gothic architecture. The zig-zag is peculiar to the Norman, the nail head to the Transitional period, and the dog tooth to Early English. The so-called dog tooth ornament is a flower, looking like four sweet almonds, arranged pyramidically. There are other ornaments which are not so distinctive.

The distinctive mark of Early English foliage is that its stalks are always shown growing up from the lower ring of the capital, called the astrigal. These stalks are generally grouped together, and curve forward in a very graceful manner. The plants which they appear most to resemble are the wild parsley, sea-kale, and celery; the stalks are ribbed, thick, and rigid. This foliage, which is called "stiff-leaved foliage," is found at no other period than the end of the twelfth and the earlier part of the thirteenth century. The term "stiff-leaved foliage" is a misnomer; it ought to be "stiff-stalked." The leaves are very crisp and very much undercut. The shamrock and oak are also occasionally used (though rarely) in capitals. It should be noticed that the foliage of Early English capitals is never disposed in the form of a wreath round the capital, but is always vertical in its arrangement. It always resembles growing plants, never cut flowers; whereas in the later styles the reverse is the rule. A very interesting thing about Gothic foliage is *the fact that Early* English foliage generally represents the plant or tree in a budding condition—the leaves only just coming out; whereas in the Decorated, or Second-pointed, the leaves and flowers are in full bloom; and in the latest Gothic they are often represented as overblown, and sometimes as decayed and dying. In France and Germany during the very latest Gothic the plants represented in carving are often leafless, as though the leaves had fallen—as if the sculptors and architects felt that the style was moribund and its day had departed. This intense sympathy with Nature is to be found everywhere in Gothic art, and is one of those things which endears it to Englishmen in such a special manner.

Early English columns or piers are of three kinds; they consist of single octagonal or round columns, or of clusters of shafts arranged round a circular or octagonal column, or they are solid piers with channels or recesses cut out, into which the shafts are introduced. It

should, however, be noticed, as a distinctive mark of the style, that the shafts are rarely cut out of the solid pier, core, or column, but are composed of a hard kind of stone or Purbeck marble, and are only attached to the core of the column at the capital and base. This is occasionally the case in Transitional Norman, but is a mode of construction never met with after the thirteenth century.

Early English sculpture is remarkably noble and dignified, and it is said that Flaxman considered the figures in the west front of Wells and the Angel Choir at Lincoln worthy of the greatest period of Greek art; yet to show how little this style depended upon sculpture or any decorative kind of ornament, we must call attention to the remarkable fact that some of the very grandest and finest Early English churches were erected by the Cistercian Order—a religious order which, by its rules, entirely forbade the use of sculpture, carving, painted glass, pictures, precious metals; towers, spires, and organs were also forbidden; yet with all this the Cistercian Order built some of the most magnificent churches erected during the thirteenth century, not only in England but all over Europe. Those glorious Yorkshire abbeys, the ruins of which are so exquisite, were mostly works of the order. *Fountains—(see illustration)*—Byland, Furness, Kirkstall, Ravaulx, and Jervaux. There is a noble and dignified simplicity, and a beauty of line and proportion about these buildings, which are not surpassed even by the noblest cathedrals. Being allowed no ornament, the whole attention of these Cistercian builders was turned to the study of proportion and outline. The only kind of ornament they could use were moldings, and these they perfected to such an extent that even the absence of carving and sculpture is not felt in their buildings. In later times the Cistercian Order modified its rules, and in the reign of Henry VII. we find towers added to Fountains and Kirkstall Abbeys. Their churches may have gained in sumptuousness by the change, but they lost in that harmonious simplicity and severe dignity which distinguishes their twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth century buildings.

We must now say a few words about the domestic and civil architecture of the thirteenth century. There can be little doubt that the general run of town houses during this period were of wood, and were rather low and small. There are in this country no examples of thirteenth-century town houses to be found, but on the Continent they are occasionally to be met with. The great Imperial city of Ratisbon, once the most opulent city in Germany, possesses many town houses of the thirteenth century. They are, however, peculiar to the place, and consist for the most part of very lofty towers, pierced by large Gothic windows divided into lights by columns. Now the frames and glass do not fit into the window, but are placed behind the mullions of the window, which thus stands free of the glass. I dwell upon this point because it explains a remarkable fact. It is this: that amongst the baggage of King Henry II., when he went from France to England, glass windows are mentioned. Now, until one has seen the arrangement of the thirteenth-century house windows at Ratisbon, it seems absurd that a man should be travelling about with ready-made glass windows, without considering for a moment whether they will fit the apertures of the house he is going to visit; but when these frames of glass are simply placed inside the window apertures like a kind of glazed screen, the thing is intelligible enough. The fact is, in the thirteenth century glass windows were a part of the furniture of a house, and could be removed from house to house at will.

We should not advise any of our readers who happen to be tenants to try to revive this old custom, as the landlord might not respect its antiquity, and would be likely to send in a little bill for dilapidations.

Of course these houses at Ratisbon were the residences of the noblest wealthy German princes or foreign ambassadors accredited to the court of the Emperor, who held his Diets at Ratisbon. Although this was the case, it would now considerably astonish any middle-class family if they had to live in one of these "mansions." On the ground floor is a stone-vaulted hall, like the crypt of a church, sometimes (where large) supported by columns. There the lord and his retainers, servants, etc., dined, supped, and the servants probably slept of a night. A narrow, corkscrew staircase led from this hall to the upper rooms. On the first floor was the chief room of the house, which served as drawing-room, ladies' sitting-room, and chief bedroom. Probably in earlier times this was the only room in the house provided with glass windows; the other chambers had only wooden shutters. Of course paper hangings to the walls of rooms were unknown, and the beautiful tapestry which formed such a charming feature in mediæval houses was not in use at this period. Queen Eleanor of Castille, the wife of Edward I., appears to have introduced the practice of hanging private rooms with tapestry; and although she was naturally delicate and unable to bear the cold of our climate, yet the good folks of London looked upon this innovation as a most criminal exhibition of luxury and ostentation. They regarded tapestry as a thing only to be used in churches or grand and solemn ceremonials, such as coronations, etc., but that it should be used by a young queen for the hangings of her bedchamber, was an unheard-of piece of extravagance, and it absolutely led to an insurrection.*

There was no distinction between bedrooms and reception-rooms; every room, in fact, was a reception-room by day and a sleeping-room by night. The young dandy of the period had to content himself with a truss of straw, shaken down upon the floor of the hall. From this has arisen the common English expression, "Give me a shake-down for the night," meaning to say that one does not expect to be treated ceremoniously. The young gentlemen of the house in the morning had to take their turn at what Sam Weller calls a "Rence at the pump." Our girls can imagine what would be their brothers' feelings now under similar circumstances, while they can well understand their own at having to sleep in a room with unglazed windows, and no looking-glass to do up their back hair by.

The dwellings and surroundings, in short, of our thirteenth-century ancestors were rude and rough enough to satisfy the most exacting ascetic, yet they worshipped in temples which have never been surpassed for grandeur and sublimity. To a religious man, whatever his particular views may be, there must be something very striking in this contrast between the rough houses they erected for themselves and the glorious temples they built for the worship of Almighty God.

* See Strickland's "Lives of the Queens of England."

"CALLED TO THE BAR."

By ANNE BEALE.

motto for the Young Women's Christian Association for 1885 is "Go Forward." It is delightful to find that the Association is acting up to its principles and motto, and throwing out branches in all directions. One of the latest offshoots of this wide-spreading tree is seeking to bring within its grateful shade the young women who work for long and weary hours at the restaurants and railway bars of this our province of London. Some thousands are thus employed, and Miss Gough has been appointed by the Y.W.C.A. to seek them out, and to offer to all the right hand of sisterly and Christian love. Hers is truly a strange, eventful, and stirring life. She has to travel, if not exactly from Dan to Beersheba, from one point of the London compass to the other, both above and below ground, and to bear with her not only a kindly heart and temperate judgment, but a store of pure literature, a penny bank book, total abstinence cards, invitations to Bible readings and drawing-room meetings, and, above all, entreaties to join the large army of Christian women who glorify their lives by consecrating them to the service of their Heavenly King. Two days in her company will suffice to show us the arduous and dangerous life of those who serve, and the need they feel of kindly sympathy under the temptations of a career little appreciated or understood.

Will the readers accompany us on these expeditions, and learn for themselves how many a weary sister wears out her days in an occupation that would be, it would seem, better filled by men? In America the stronger sex do minister to their brethren the spirituous compounds that tempt both sexes to lose their wits and addle their brains*; but here, in our equally enlightened England, employers find that women are the more attractive, and, consequently, they are subjected to long days of doubtful occupation, sweetened, alas! by dull flattery, and excited by temptations too often irresistible. This mission, however, would fain help them to shun both flattery and temptation.

A short journey by Metropolitan brings us to our first subterranean hostel. What would our forefathers, who were wont to refresh themselves in wayside inns or hospitable taverns, say to this? Underneath the foundations of a London, quadrupled since their day, below its sewers and its gas-pipes, they would gaze in amazement on the marble slab of the

* Since this was written, a law has been passed in Australia forbidding the service of women at these places.

AN ANGEL VISITANT.

ever-open window of a so-called bar covered with edibles, behind which stands a young woman ready to serve. She passes her long day in a small, dark, close vault inside this bar, ministering to those who, in their daily or occasional transit by underground railway, require the refreshment prepared for them. Beverages, both inebriating and uninebriating, are at hand, and the imbibers are too frequently men who look on her who waits on them as a recipient for coarse compliment or feeble jest. She needs to have on the armour of proof mentioned in Scripture to withstand much that she has to undergo during twelve or thirteen hours of labour. And she is expected to make herself agreeable, and not to be "prudish or sanctimonious," or her custom may fall off. She must be ever on the watch, standing the whole day, and not otherwise occupying herself than by this perpetual sale to such as pass and repass before her. In most places she may neither work nor read in the intervals of leisure, if she have any, but must devote herself, soul and body, to her employers. All the railway officials are overworked, she amongst them; and, in addition, those of the Metropolitan Railway have to breathe an atmosphere of sulphurous smoke highly prejudicial to the health.

We find more than one of our new friends suffering from throat and chest complaints, owing to exposure to the draughts that pour through the ever-open window and door behind which they stand. Thanks to their energetic visitor, a philanthropic doctor has prescribed for their bodies, while she brings kindly counsel and pure literature for their minds, together with an invitation to a drawing-room meeting at the house of a lady interested in the mission. "I can go, for I shall be off duty," says one, gladly. "I cannot accept it, for I shall be 'on' till twelve o'clock," responds another; "but I greatly enjoyed the concert at Lady Brabazon's."

It may be permitted us to mention here that those devoted friends of unprotected girls, Lord and Lady Brabazon, have lent their dining-room on Sunday afternoons for a Bible class for these and other *employées*, and given tea to all who take advantage of their kind invitation. Miss Gough, or some other good lady, holds a Bible class for their benefit, and thus probably provides for them the only spiritual food they are likely to obtain. In most instances only one Sunday in three is allowed for recreation of mind or body. The Lord's Day cannot, therefore, be kept "holy." As regards the drawing-room meetings, they are arranged in the private residences of kind ladies, who offer a pleasant and profitable evening once a month to such as are able and willing to attend.

We have been privileged to share in one of these enjoyable reunions, and can vouch for the hearty welcome, the abundant meal, the fragrant bouquets with pretty texts, and the happy faces of hostess and guests. Moreover, the songs, hymns, and recitations were enlivening, and the conversation anything but dull. It was encouraging, also, to notify that we all appreciated some short but kindly addresses by two clergymen at the close of the conversazione, and were ready to join in prayer and praise to the Giver of all good gifts before we separated.

Returning to our subterranean expeditions, we find here and there improved accommodation, and the refreshments placed within the station-room instead of on the marble window-sill. In some places, also, the atmosphere is clearer than in others, owing to the much-abused blow-holes; but everywhere the young women stand the livelong day imbibing the very unpleasantly-combined odours of sulphur, smoke, and alcohol.

Happily they do not sleep below ground, but when "off work," such as have no private homes seek such quiet and air as they may find in the nearest above-board stations, or in lodgings provided for them. We visit some of these, and find one or two young women attending to the wants of a score of men. It is almost impossible to gain the ear of the former until their male clients disperse, which they do as some special train becomes due, and gather again before another. We no longer wonder at what was said by more than one of the workers at the commencement of this mission.

"I shall believe in it when the visitors will come and speak to us across the bar, and shake hands with us in presence of our customers."

This being done, the belief has followed, and during one year's work between five and six hundred girls of this particular class have been visited, many of whom have joined the Y.W.C.A., subscribed to wholesome periodicals, belong to the penny bank, and have become total abstainers. It is well to make a point of total abstinence, because the temptations to drink are so great.

"I was so tired that I could not resist a small glass," says one, to whom the tempter comes all too often; "but I really will sign to-morrow."

Tired! This is the word for all. We find some passing their interval of relaxation in their sleeping apartment right above the railway, and wonder how they can sleep off their fatigue in the centre of so much noise and bustle. But they do, until the brain becomes irritated by the constant excitement, and the doctor prescribes that impossibility, perfect rest, until it regains its equilibrium. To these, also, invitations are given in really "sisterly" fashion to the drawing-room meeting already mentioned, and most of those who can, gladly promise to be there.

But there are many difficulties, to say nothing of other engagements, in the way of the fulfilment of these promises. Occasionally the bidden guest fights shy of the invitation, and looks upon it as a sort of trap to religion into which she does not choose to fall; but such rebuffs to Miss Gough's kindly overtures are, happily, rare. Genuine sympathy, whether with the griefs, temptations, or misfortunes of our fellow-creatures, is generally appreciated in the long run, and the half a million of young women who toil for a livelihood in this huge city are learning to understand the Christian interest taken in them by other women, older, maybe, or blessed with larger store of wealth than themselves. We wish their employers could give them one day of rest in the seven, and thus prove their "Christian interest" also. One large firm does allow four hours daily "off duty" to each *employée*, but the Sunday has no special consideration.

As we wander from refreshment bar to refreshment bar, we are struck with many things, but principally with the powers of endurance of the young women, and by their reception of the stupid and inane civilities of their masculine customers. We hope that they get used to them, for some take them quite stolidly, others indifferently, while they fill or wipe the ever-needed glasses. It were well if all could be strengthened to resistance by prayer to Him who gives His grace to every individual who asks for it, whatever her station in life. We are also struck by the amount of beverages consumed, and believe total abstinence would be good for most of the consumers, whether men or women.

Our powers of endurance, however, are not so great as those of our new acquaintances, and we cry peccavi and "strike work," while they toil on. "The wind has blown us west to-day; we will wait till it changes to blow us east," we say, wearily, and shaking hands with the last of our "workers," we withdraw from the bustling scene.

The east wind soon comes, however, and in a few days the indefatigable Miss Gough is ready to lead us to "pastures new," if the thronged streets of the city of London can be called "pastures." If so, the flocks are so crowded into them that they have neither space nor time for grazing. "Whence do they come—whither are they going?" is the natural question, repeated when we visit some of the great restaurants and railway bars of the City proper. We must say, and that without prejudice, that it is refreshing to enter a teetotal restaurant, not only because the fumes of coffee are pleasanter than those of alcohol, but because there is a better tone about the place. A small army of young women welcome us warmly, and we learn that all are members of the Y.W.C.A.; most wear the "blue ribbon," and all are interested in Miss Gough and her work. Many of them hope to be at the drawing-room meeting; others, who live out of London, cannot manage it. These latter reach their homes late and leave them early, yet would not for worlds relinquish that interval of "fresh air" gained in the comparative country. What a safeguard it is to soul and body!

"I have good news for you!" begins Miss Gough, enthusiastically, who has not been idle since we were "blown west." The dinner hour being over, she is able to address them more *en masse*. "Mr. Samuel Morley has promised me one hundred pounds a year for two years for an institute. I have been here, there, and everywhere, and at last have succeeded in taking two rooms. They will be for the use of all the young ladies connected with our mission. Who will help to furnish them and send books, ornaments, and funds? Ask your friends; help me in any way you can, for I want them ready at once We can have classes, and social evenings and a library at our Morley Rooms, 14, John-street, Bedford-row, Gray's-inn, W.C." This is the burden of her song whenever she can gain a hearing, and we are amazed to find that she has accomplished so much since we met last. May the same song pierce to willing ears beyond the circuit we have been traversing; for a temporary haven of rest is good for all.

We thread many streets, wander in and out of numerous railway terminuses, and make our way through concourses of people in our round of visits. They are similar to those paid on a previous occasion, only there is more difficulty in approaching the objects of our call. As in the monster "at homes," which are the mode at this present time, the hostess and others whom we desire most to see are unapproachable. We speak to the manageress of one crowded hostelry through the open window, and to her "helps" between the acts. The navigation is difficult, but our vessel disembarks and receives cargo at most ports. Although we would not make merchandise of the histories we hear, some of them are profoundly sad, and only too often we find that the young friend to whom we speak has lost both parents, and has taken the first situation that offered to maintain herself. Some are waiting their opportunity to embark on a less tempestuous sea. To all we would affectionately urge, "Watch and pray."

None of them actually complain of their lives, and most seek to make the best of them. As a rule, complaints and redressals arise from without, and it is the public outcry that would howl down the long hours, Sunday labour, and other abuses. Numbers of these young people, attracted by the doubtful charms of the town, come from "the sweet and blessed country," and to these the desecration of the Sabbath is at first an "astonishment and a hissing;" finally, alas! a matter of course.

To all such we would earnestly repeat the oft-given advice, "Stay at home. Find occupation, if possible, in or near your native place, or where your friends live." Hundred

of girls come to London thinking to find an El Dorado, and are ruined in the search for it.

Enough girls are born in the metropolis to supply all its needs, and they, being accustomed to town life, accommodate themselves to its requirements more readily than those who have been bred in the country. The stories of numbers who wander away from their natural surroundings and manage to come to London are simply heartrending, and hospitals, homes, penitentiaries, and even the London streets, could tell tales of wrecked lives that no ear has heard but that of the stranger. The other day a girl walked from Scotland and found herself alone in London. Happily she fell in with an honest woman who took her to a "home," where a lady connected with the Y.W.C.A. received her as temporary servant. Had she met with a woman of bad character she would have been lost. This is only one of hundreds of instances daily recurring; but, unfortunately, young girls will not take warning, and too often learn by bitter experience the truth of what they have been previously told. They are happier and more respectable in their native sphere than they can be when transplanted from it; and we would urge on all classes to strive after contentment in the state in which God has placed them. It is difficult to withstand the restless spirit of the age, but those who do so are best and happiest.

We will, however, wind up our second day's peregrinations hopefully by a visit to Crosby Hall, Bishopsgate-street. We had never before seen this curious old palace, once the royal abode of King Richard III., and the scene of many of his ambitious schemes. It was built by Sir John Crosby in 1466, who only survived its completion four years. It was his widow who sold it to Richard, Duke of Gloucester, and the pair are buried in the neighbouring church of St. Helen, where their recumbent figures may still be seen in that stone which outlasts our fleshly tabernacles. The hall was formerly chronicled as "Ye highest and fairest of ye citie." As a palace it is more than once mentioned in the third act of Shakespeare's magnificent tragedy of *Richard III.*, when Richard bids the hired murderers "repair to Crosby-place." Since those times it has undergone many changes, and been occupied by various tenants; now it has resumed to a certain extent its character as a city palace, inasmuch as banqueting hall, throne-room, and the other apartments are restored to their pristine state, and pictured walls and carved and gilded ceiling astonish the visitor. Here we find another small army of young women, amongst them one whom we have met before. They all wear cool, print gowns with a small crown and Prince of Wales's feather as pattern, and one and all "speak up" for the proprietor and arrangements of this, their work-a-day dwelling-place, or "restaurant," as we must call it French-wise—in other words, their "palace."

"It would be unjust to utter a word of complaint here," says a pleasant-spoken damsel, who ministers to us our modest cups of coffee. "We leave every day at seven, have the whole of Sunday to ourselves, and are treated with every consideration."

"The proprietor is a Christian gentleman," emphatically proclaims a second, as if in those words every necessary item were included, as it certainly is.

"I have been here fourteen years," says a third, "and have had no complaint to make all that time!"

This independent testimony is invaluable, and borne out by the cheerful faces and manners of the attendants, male and female. If all the railway directors, omnibus proprietors, heads of firms, and general managers of everything were "Christian gentlemen," what a peaceful life and joyful Sunday their *employés* might have!

"Maidens mine!" set such a holy example in your particular sphere that you may, by a modest demeanour and good conversation, help on the whole work of filling this vast city with Christian men and women. "Every little makes a mickle," and each one of us may cast our golden sand upon the golden mountain of good deeds which shall reach from earth to heaven.

"RAINY DAYS."

By L. C. SILKF, Author of "Loving Service," "Nora's Stronghold," &c.

CHAPTER IV.

ROSA was sitting alone in the room downstairs on the following afternoon, feeling disconsolate and lonely indeed. Miss Elton was away, or she would have been sure of her sympathy and help; but she was absent nursing a married sister, so that there was no knowing when she would be back.

Thus Rosa was utterly alone, bereft, as she felt, of everything; these last remaining relatives gone, even the shelter of Ivy Cottage taken from her, for she could not afford to stay there even if it had been possible to live by herself. She possessed very little of her own—so little, that now she had no home she must go forth into the world and find some means of adding to her slender income.

But what was she to do? Where was she to go? Dark and dreary indeed was the prospect as she looked the question in the face.

Poor, homeless, friendless, as she felt at that moment, the world did indeed seem a cold, desolate waste.

Her thoughts glanced back to that morning in the spring when her tears had been ready to flow, and she had felt her life so full of rainy days. Now she asked herself how she could have been so foolish, so ungrateful, when she had a shelter over her head and someone to care for her, someone to whom she could devote herself and be of use.

Now, shelterless, desolate, unable to form any plan of life that would be endurable, with none by to help or cheer or counsel, it was indeed a dark hour, and a look of hopeless dejection came into her face as she sat on there in a low chair, with her hands lying idle on her lap.

She shivered every now and then, and no wonder, for it was a cold December day, and in her misery and absorption she had forgotten the fire, which had got so low it seemed on the point of going out. But she heeded it not. What was physical discomfort compared with the mental anguish she was going through!

If she had had anything to occupy her, to demand her thoughts and attention, it would have been better for her; but there was nobody who wanted anything from her. There was not even any mourning to see about, as she was already in black for her Aunt Mary; and Mrs. Reeve had seen to all the arrangements for the funeral.

In utter weariness she lay back in her low chair and closed her eyes, while some stray tears trickled unheeded down her cheeks. At that moment she felt how glad she would be to flee away and be at rest.

But such thoughts as these must not be indulged in. The comfort and help she needed she knew she could obtain adequately only from one source, and surely it would not be withheld if she sought it!

Reaching out her hand, she took up her little Bible and turned over its leaves. Standing out clear and distinct—the more so that they were underlined—the words met her eye, "My God shall supply all your need."

It was like a ray of light flashing through all the gloom. There was One still left to care for her, to provide for her; One who knew all about her and her needs, and knowing, had also power to supply them all.

"Trust in Him at all times, ye people: pour out your hearts before Him." "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble." Then she would trust, she would look to Him. What David had found Him to be, she might also; refuge, strength, help, guidance—all she needed so sorely was to be found in Him. And He always cared for His weak and desolate children; those who had no strength to go alone were surely His special charge. She would lay her burdens, her cares, her sorrows upon Him. He would never fail nor forsake her.

Once more she leaned back in her chair and shut her eyes, but now it was to muse in thankfulness upon the loving-kindness and tender mercies which were so sure to follow her all the days of her life. God would not forget her; He had not forgotten her. He had doubtless already gone before to prepare her next halting-place, and in due time He would unfold His plans: all she had to do was to wait and trust and ask for grace to be willing to follow in whatever path He should indicate.

The gloom was gone, and a peaceful look stole over her face as she lay down, so to speak, in the everlasting arms that were folded about her, so warm and close, so tender and strong.

"Why, Miss Rosa, you've nearly let the fire out, and such a cold day as this is, too!" exclaimed Mrs. Reeve, breaking in upon her musings. "I thought perhaps you'd like to have tea a little earlier than usual, as it's such a dark, cheerless afternoon. And shall I bring in the lights now? the room will seem more comfortable when it is shut up for the night."

"Thank you, Mrs. Reeve. Yes, I should

be glad to have in the lights, and the tea too; it always freshens one up."

"Very good; then I will bring it in directly. But first I must fetch some sticks and get the fire up; you must be quite perished with the cold."

"After tea, can you not find me something to do that would be some help to you?" asked Rosa, while Mrs. Reeve was on her knees coaxing the fire into a blaze; "it feels so odd to be doing nothing for anybody."

"Thank you," returned Mrs. Reeve, raising herself up and looking at Rosa with compassionate eyes. "It must feel strange to you to be sitting alone with no one to think for, when you've for so long had two invalids incessantly on your mind. You did your part well by them, and no mistake, if you don't mind my saying so; and now I hope there is something brighter in store for you."

Tea was over, and Rosa was sitting at work upon a pinafore for one of Mrs. Reeve's grandchildren, when she was surprised by hearing a knock at the front door, and the next moment Miss Elton was in the room.

With a cry of delight Rosa flung herself into her arms, where she was held in a close embrace.

"My poor child!" exclaimed Miss Elton, "I would have been here before if I could."

"But how is it that you are here at all? I never dreamt of seeing you, but it is very delightful to have you," said Rosa, seating her friend in an easy chair and placing herself on a footstool at her feet. "I cannot tell you how glad I am to see you."

"Poor darling, you must have been feeling terribly lonely; but I must explain how I came to be here. My sister took a sudden turn for the better, and improved so much more rapidly than we had expected, that I was able to leave her two or three days ago. So I went on to pay my long-promised visit to my nephew, Fred Leigh. Your letter was sent on to me there, and I at once resolved to come off to you, for I felt you needed me more than he did, and he seemed to feel so too. In fact, I believe it was he who originated the plan—at any rate, he helped it forward by every means in his power. I assure you he was in a tremendous hurry to see me set off. He has a very kind heart, and feels for those who are lonely, for he is unusually thoughtful for a young man."

Rosa had laid her head down on Miss Elton's lap, so that her face was hidden, and the heightened colour on her cheeks and the bright light in her eyes could not be seen.

"It was very kind of you to come," she murmured. "I am only sorry to have been the means of cutting short your visit."

"And now, my dear, I am going to carry you off to come and stay with me directly the funeral is over. I can't let you remain here a day longer."

"That will be nice," said Rosa, with a sigh of relief. "Thank you very much. How kind you are," she added, warmly. "I had been wondering what my next step was to be," she went on, "for I must turn out into the world and do something for myself now. I must try to get some pupils, if I'm fit to teach, or some situation as companion. I should only want a home given me; I could do without any salary. Do you know of anyone who wants such a thing? I would try to make myself useful."

"Yes, I know of someone," returned Miss Elton, with a look that Rosa did not understand.

"Do you really? And do you think I should do for her?"

"Yes, I think so—indeed, I am sure of it."

"And is she nice? Would she be kind, or is she very formidable?"

"Of that you would have to judge for yourself. The best plan would be to give it a trial for three months and see how it answered. You had better not pledge yourself without a trial of it."

"But you speak as if she were quite ready to try me."

"So she is. She has come here on purpose to propose it."

"Oh, Miss Elton! do you mean yourself?" cried Rosa, crimsoning with pleasure, and yet scarcely able to believe she was not making some mistake.

"Yes, my dear, I want you to come and share my home with me. I have often felt lonely living alone, and it will brighten the house to have your young face in it. You will come, of course, as my friend—as a younger sister."

Rosa's head again went down on Miss Elton's lap, and for a few moments she said nothing; her heart was almost too full for speech.

"Well, my dear, what do you think of the plan? Are you willing to try it?"

Rosa lifted a half smiling, half tearful face, which said, eloquently enough, how much she liked the proposal.

"I don't know how to say all I feel; it seems so much more than I could ever have thought of—so much more than I have deserved. To live with you, my dearest, kindest friend, would be the most delightful thing that could be conceived. I had been making myself miserable this afternoon picturing myself forced to go among strangers who might be disagreeable people—people whom I couldn't love. And I thought I should have to go right away from you; and now—Oh, God is good to me!" murmured Rosa in lower tones. "He does indeed give more than we ask or think."

A few days later Rosa had become an inmate of Miss Elton's home, having left Mrs. Reeve, with many regrets on the latter's part.

Her face was wearing a happy, restful look now, which only reflected truly her feelings. The long strain of constant watching and nursing—of fighting against depression, the natural result of circumstances, but which she was always fearing was something wrong in itself—was over; and now she found herself with someone to watch over her, to think for her and of her, to surround her with care and kindness and little thoughtful tokens of love. She felt she could never be grateful enough for it all, or do enough in return.

Her life was full of new interests, too, for Miss Elton linked her in with herself in all her schemes of usefulness, in her various plans for helping and benefiting others, visiting in the cottages, teaching in the schools—in some way or other turning every talent to account.

Their days were very busy, happy ones, and at the end of three months there was no talk of any separation or change of plans, both being entirely satisfied with existing arrangements.

The following May they went up to London for a few weeks, and there came across Fred Leigh, who was up in town for a few days; and during that short time he managed to see a good deal of them. He was working hard, he said, and his practice was steadily increasing.

Another year or two of quiet, happy life at Westwood rolled by, and then one morning the postman brought a letter to Miss Elton from her nephew, inviting himself as her guest, if she would have him, for a visit which might prove longer or shorter, according to circumstances, he said, vaguely.

Miss Elton read on in silence to the close of his letter, and, as she folded it up, glanced across with a somewhat searching look at Rosa, who was seated opposite her. The latter, whose fair head was bent over the pages of a magazine which had just come in, remained quite unconscious that she was being thus observed; but when Miss Elton quietly said, "My nephew writes to say he hopes to be here the day after to-morrow, unless I put him off," a bright colour suddenly overspread her cheeks, making her look prettier than ever as she turned away in her wish to conceal any tell-tale looks.

Before Fred Leigh had been twenty-four hours in Westwood, his aunt had found out the secret of his coming, and had given him encouragement to try his fortune instead of quenching his hopes.

It was not long before he led Rosa, smiling and blushing, with a sweet, tender look of joy in her eyes, to Miss Elton, and claimed her congratulations that the dearest hope of his heart for many a year had been granted him, and Rosa had consented to be his.

It appeared he had not liked to speak to her until he was in a position to offer her a home, until he had made some way in his profession and was firmly established. Though he had got on better than he had ventured to hope, he still might have felt further delay desirable had not the sudden death of a bachelor uncle, who had left him a considerable part of his fortune, made the way easy and removed all obstacles to their union.

Miss Elton took Rosa into her arms and folded her in a motherly embrace.

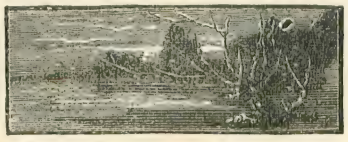
"I wish you all joy, my darling, for I know Fred so well that I feel I can safely trust you to his keeping; and I must give you up to him as ungrudgingly as I can."

"But we have been making a nice little plan for you," said Rosa. "We want you to come and live near us, and then you will always have close at hand a nephew and niece, who will try to be to you like a son and daughter. Will you think about this? Otherwise I don't know how I shall be able to make up my mind to leave you."

"We have set our hearts upon it," said Fred, "so we intend to use every possible argument to induce you to consent."

"You must give me time to ponder it over. It really is not a bad suggestion, and I think it is not at all improbable I may act upon it."

[THE END.]



PHOTOGRAPHY FOR GIRLS.

PART IV.

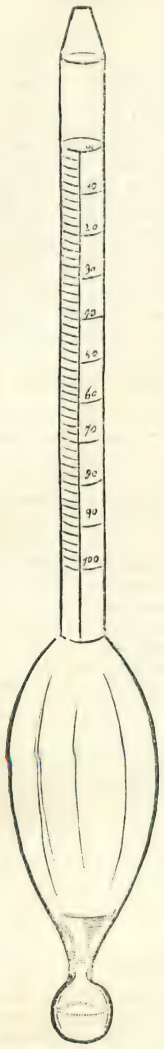


FIG. I.

OUR negative being successfully completed, we now turn our attention to producing from it as many paper positives as we may require. The four processes involved in this are known as printing, toning, fixing, and washing.

The paper on which the photographs are to be printed is specially prepared for the purpose by being coated with a layer of albumen, more or less thick, according to the quality of print required. It will be impossible for our readers to prepare their own paper in this respect, and they must therefore buy it ready "albumenised;" indeed, it proves in the end more economical, and also far more convenient, to buy it ready sensitised as well. But in case any of our readers should like to sensitise their own paper, we give the following instructions.

Select your largest dish, and pour into it water to a depth of at least half an inch. Measure this quantity, and add 40 grains of nitrate of silver for each ounce of water; when this has quite dissolved the solution will be ready for use. As this solution gets weaker with use, and it is important to have it of the right strength, it should be tested each time with an instrument called an argentometer, of which we give an illustration (fig. 1). This little instrument is floated in the solution, and the figure at which it stands shows the number of grains of silver to each ounce of the solution; thus, if the argentometer stands at 35, we must add 5 grains of nitrate of silver for each ounce of the solution. Some papers print better with a stronger, and some with a weaker sensitising solution than 40 grains; but this will be found a good average strength. If the solution becomes brown after a little use, an ounce or two of kaolin may be put into the bottle in which it is kept; and if it is shaken up from time to time it will be found, on the subsidence of the kaolin, to have become again clear and colourless.

The silver solution being ready, the paper must be cut to such a size as to easily lie flat in the dish. A piece of the paper must then be taken up by two opposite corners and dropped, albumenised side downwards, upon the silver solution. The middle of the paper should touch the solution first, the two corners being gradually lowered till the piece is left floating. After it has remained thus for a few seconds it should be gently lifted first by one corner and then by another, and should any air-bubbles be found adhering to the paper they must be removed, care being taken that the solution does not run on to the back of the paper. Leave the paper thus floating on the silver solution for three or four minutes, then one end may be lifted up, and the sheet drawn carefully off over the edge of the dish in such a manner that the surplus solution may be as it were scraped off, and flow back into the dish. The paper is now to be hung up by one corner to dry in a dark place. The sensitising need not be performed in a dark room, but strong white light should be avoided.

No more paper than is required for the day's use should be sensitised by the above process, for the keeping qualities of the ready-sensitised paper sold at the shops are obtained by a secret method, and that prepared at home will not keep well. A paper with rather better keeping qualities may, however, be prepared at home by floating the back of the sheet, when it comes out of the sensitising bath, upon a solution of citrate of potash one ounce, water thirty ounces. After which the paper should be dipped in rain or distilled water before drying.

Should any of the sensitised paper be unavoidably left unused, it may sometimes be kept good for a few days by keeping it pressed between sheets of *blotting*-paper which have been soaked in a saturated solution of carbonate of potash or soda, and dried.

The albumenised paper will cost about 5s. per quire, or if doubly albumenised, about 6s. per quire, and the ready sensitised 8d. to 1s. per sheet, or 3s. 3d. to 4s. per quarter quire; this latter should be kept in one of the tin cases sold for the purpose at 9d. each, and it will then remain fit for use for some months.

After sensitising and drying, the paper may be fumed. This is not indeed a necessary process, but it certainly adds to the beauty of the points and involves very little trouble, since we have only to hang the paper round the inner sides of a box, at the bottom of which is placed a saucer containing a little liquor ammonia, and then keep the lid shut as closely as possible for a short time.

Turning at length to the actual process of printing, we require for this a printing-frame, which will cost from 4d. upwards, according to the size and make. It is well to have half a dozen or so of these frames, so as to be able to print several photographs at the same time. The negative is first placed in the frame-glass, side downwards, then upon it is placed the sensitised paper. This is to be covered with a pad of either cloth or indiarubber, and the back of the printing-frame on the top of all; the springs are then closed, and the whole turned over and placed in the light. It is needless to say that there should be no dust between the negative and the sensitised paper. Some negatives will print best in the sun and others best in the shade; but as a rule a good light—as, for instance, that which is reflected by a white cloud, not the direct sunlight—will give the softest and most pleasing prints.

From time to time the printing-frame must be taken into a shady place and the print examined. This is managed by undoing the fastenings on one side of the back and turning it up on its hinges, when one side of the paper may be turned back and examined while the

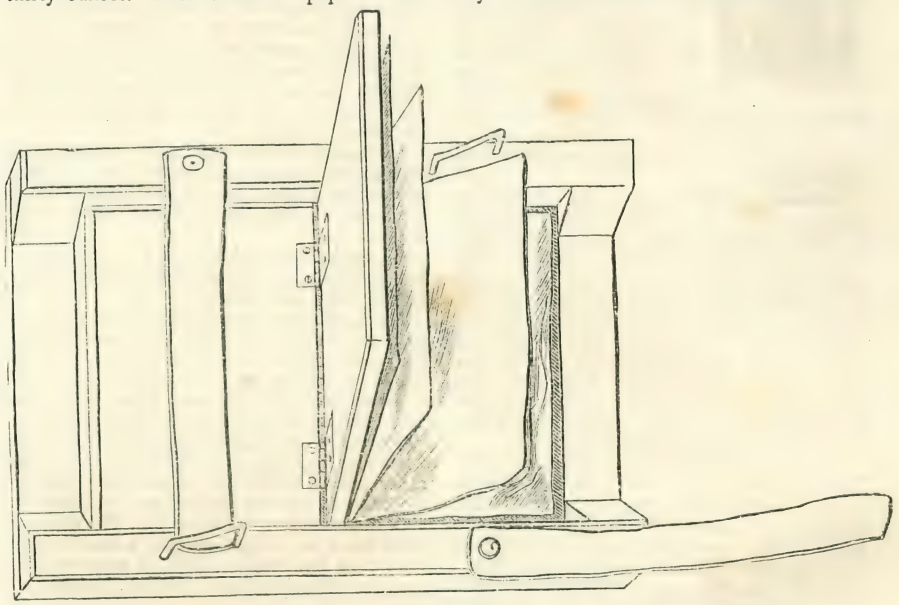


FIG. II.

other side will still be held fast in the printing-frame, as shown in fig. 2.

The extent to which the printing must be carried can only be learnt by practice, but it should be continued until the picture is rather darker than it is to be when quite finished, as it will turn rather lighter under the subsequent necessary processes.

The prints may now be trimmed to size with a sharp knife, or this may be left till they are quite finished; but it will be found rather easier to trim them at this stage, and will save the toning solution. Glass shapes are sold for trimming the prints by, to certain standard sizes that suit the mounts usually sold. Care must be taken not to touch the face of the print with the fingers, but the glass shape is to be placed on it and a sharp knife run round the edges.

When the day's printing is finished, the prints, which in the meantime should have been kept in a drawer or box away from the light, must be placed in a dish of water; all air-bubbles must be removed, and the prints kept moving about for five minutes. The water must then be changed and the prints again washed for another five minutes, and this washing must be continued until the water turns only very slightly milky; generally three changes of water will be found to be sufficient.

The next process—toning—consists in depositing a thin layer of gold upon the prints, during which process the prints change from reddish-brown to a chestnut, and afterwards to purple and purple-black, the toning being stopped when the print has reached the desired tint.

There are many formulæ for making up toning solutions, but the following can be recommended as excellent:—Chloride of gold, four grains; acetate of soda, quarter of an ounce; water, twenty ounces.

The chloride of gold is sold in glass tubes containing fifteen grains each; the tube should be broken, and fifteen drachms of water poured upon it, and when the salt is quite dissolved the solution may be put away in a stoppered bottle, and will, of course, be of the strength of one grain to a drachm, so that for the above formula we must take half an ounce of the chloride of gold solution. This toning solution will keep good for some months, but it must be made up two or three days at least before it is required, as it will not act well when quite new. The prints are placed in the toning solution a few at a time from the last washing water, and must be closely watched. Only experience can teach what is the most suitable tone to give to any particular print, but the colour is best judged by holding up the print and looking at it by transmitted light. It should be allowed to remain in the toning solution for a short time after it has reached the desired colour, as the fixing process tends to reduce it.

When the right tone has been thus obtained, the prints are removed into another dish in which a little common salt has been dissolved; this will stop the further action of the toning solution with which the prints are saturated, and they may remain in it until all are ready for the next process of "fixing."

After use the toning solution should be returned to its bottle, and shortly before using it again a few drops, say from ten to twenty, of chloride of gold solution should be added.

The fixing solution is made by dissolving two ounces of hyposulphite of soda in sixteen ounces of water. Great care must be taken that this solution does not come in contact with any of the others, which would thereby be inevitably spoilt; and it must be made fresh for each batch of prints. Sufficient should be prepared to allow the prints to float freely about in it, and it must be just so warm as not to feel cold to the hand.

We have no guide with the paper prints, as we had with the negatives, by which we may know when they are properly fixed. They must be kept constantly moving about, free of one another, ten minutes, and care must be taken that no air-bubbles adhere to the prints while they are in the fixing solution. From the fixing solution the prints must be removed into a dish of cold water, in which they must be well washed with several changes of the water, so as to get rid of the greater part of the hyposulphite of soda as quickly as possible. They should then be left under a running tap, if practicable, for six or seven hours, the dish which contains them being every now and then emptied to completely change the water, for upon the thoroughness of this last washing depends in a great measure the permanency of the photographs.

The fixing operation is better performed in the dark room.

The prints will curl up as they dry, but may be flattened by ironing on the back with a warm flat-iron. They should be mounted with white starch boiled and allowed to cool before use. If many are to be mounted, it saves time to mount them while wet, when they may be placed in a pile, backs upwards, upon a sheet of glass; the back of the top one is brushed over with the starch and then placed on the mount and smoothed down, and so on with the rest of the pile. If the mounted photographs are pressed before they are quite dry against a plate of glass, it will give them a smoother and more finished appearance.

J. POCOCK.

"THE BOYS' CLUB."

By DORA HOPE.

STAY-AT-HOME GIRLS.

ONE night when Ronald came home, instead of being greeted by Jeannette with her usual lively welcome, he found her in very low spirits—in fact, it was evident she had been crying. The patient invalid sister was a great favourite with all the family, and Ronald instantly drew a chair up to her couch, and sat down to find out what had distressed her.

She was very ready to tell him her trouble, which was that one of the boys, who had been for some time in her Sunday-school class, had got into bad company, and had sunk lower and lower, till, as she had just heard, he had been sent to prison for six months; and Jeannette felt that all her trouble and anxiety had been thrown away, for she feared that since she had been obliged to give up her class, several of the other boys had been getting into bad ways, and were likely to get into the same trouble, too, unless they could be got under some good influence.

Ronald comforted her as well as he could. The boys were at a very difficult age to manage, he said, for when they first leave school and go to work their one aim seems to be to appear manly, and, unfortunately, all evil appears so to them. They seem to think they must smoke, and drink, and swear, if only to show the world that they are quite grown up and can do all their elders do; and as they generally have their evenings to themselves, they soon get into the way of loafing about and standing in groups at the street-corners, and picking up all manner of evil.

"Lethbridge is an awfully good fellow, you know," Ronald went on, "and he was saying to me only yesterday that he wished he could find some amusement for all those great louts of boys who are always slouching about with their hands in their pockets at the corner of the street."

"How I wish we could, Ronald! they are sure to get into mischief if they have nothing to do; but I am no use for anything, and you are away all day, and, besides, what could we do?"

"I don't know: that is just the difficulty; but Lethbridge is coming in to-night, perhaps he will have some ideas."

Mr. Lethbridge came in, and he and Ronald, with the three girls, spent the evening in a long and animated discussion as to what it would be possible to undertake. The result of it was that Nannie and Elsie, being the only leisurely members of the company, were instructed to make certain inquiries, and report what they had done that day week. Amongst other points, they were to find out whether anything at all was being done for the rough class of young men in the village; also whether there were any rooms, or even a small empty house, to let, which might, if necessary, be used for a boys' club; and further, by inquiries amongst the churches of all denominations, whether any helpers could be looked for from each congregation in case the thing could be started.

Their report was not very cheering. Very few helpers could promise to come; they might join later, if the plan came to anything, but they were sure it would not succeed; young men of that class were too fond of their liberty to come to meetings, and so on; and, worse than all, no landlord was willing to let his rooms when he heard the purpose for which they were wanted. Miss Massingham, too, their unfailing adviser in all benevolent projects, was going abroad immediately, so could give no assistance; but she came to their next conference on the subject, and gave them a good deal of valuable advice.

In the first place, she laughed at Nannie and Elsie for being discouraged by the predictions of failure from those who refused to help them. New schemes, she said, were nearly always received in that way, and generally prospered much better than those which began with a flourish of trumpets. But at the same time she warned them that it was quite true that youths of the sort who frequent street-corners are very fond of liberty, and very much resent anything that appears like interfering with it; and in order to avoid this, she advised them to consult the boys themselves as much as possible about the arrangements; and by all means to call the meeting a "club" or "institute," rather than a "school."

The place of meeting was a great difficulty, but Jack, who displayed an unexpected interest in the proceedings, suggested that for a be-

ginning they might make use of the large unused coach-house and loft at the bottom of their own garden. The place was very dirty, and the loft had long been looked upon as a convenient storing-place for rubbish, so that the general prospect was not at first very inviting; but all agreed that it might be cleared out and made to serve the purpose very well, as it was some distance from the house, and could be entered from the road, without coming through the garden.

The conference lasted till quite late that night; and the general purport of the conversation may, perhaps, be best described by a short account of what followed.

On his way home a few evenings later, Mr. Lethbridge spoke to a group of youths whom he had often noticed loafing about outside one of the public-houses, and told them if they wanted a job of work for an hour or two they could come up to Mr. Mayhew's coach-house in half-an-hour's time.

The boys arrived punctually, and found Ronald and Mr. Lethbridge already hard at work looking over the rubbish in the loft. The first boy was given a hammer and strong nails, and told to fix up a number of lamps at intervals round the walls, their places having been marked beforehand on the walls with chalk. The lamps were of the common tin kind, such as are usually seen in poor people's houses. They are specially made for hanging up, and have a polished reflector behind the flame.

The other boys were kept busy helping with the sorting of the rubbish, and carrying down such articles as were condemned as worthless into the coach-house below; while they piled up in the saddle-room all the broken furniture which might possibly be repaired.

The work took so long that ten o'clock struck before it was nearly finished; and Mr. Lethbridge paid the boys and sent them home, engaging them to come again the next evening.

As soon as the sorting of the rubbish was done, the boys were told, to their great delight, to make a bonfire of all that was absolutely worthless, and then the cleaning began.

They had been told by this time what the preparations were for: that the building was to be a club, where any boys they liked to bring might spend their evenings and enjoy themselves. Ronald told them, too, that he was not going to pay them any more, but if they had nothing to do, and liked to come and help prepare the place for their own use, he would be glad to see them.

The boys fell into the plan heartily, and suggested that if they might bring a few more of their friends they could get the place ready all the quicker, to which their directors consented, only stipulating that they would be held responsible for the behaviour of any one they brought with them.

After this the work went on vigorously, even Jack rendered energetic help, and before long the floors were swept and scrubbed, and the walls cleaned and painted, and the whole place would have been quite inviting but for several alarming holes in the floor. To remedy these, Jack enlisted the help of a good-natured carpenter, who gave two or three of the boys their first lesson in carpentering, by making them mend the floor themselves under his supervision, Jack promising to make good any tools which were injured by their untaught zeal.

The man soon took a real interest in the boys, and set them to work making book-shelves and brackets for the walls, and even suggested that after a little more practice, if the gentlemen did not mind supplying the wood and the tools, they might as well make the forms they would want to sit on, and some trestle tables. The number of boys who begged to be allowed to help gradually increased, too, and they found employment in so many different ways that Mr. Lethbridge told the girls, when he came in to report progress one evening, that as a matter of fact the club was already in full swing without anybody knowing it had begun.

It must not be imagined that the girls took no interest in all this work; Nannie and Elsie went in every day, and admired, and suggested all sorts of improvements, but until the rough, dirty work was finished, their presence was rather an embarrassment.

The "club" gradually settled themselves down quite unintentionally into classes; one set kept to the carpentering, another, as soon as one table was finished, began, under Mr. Morton's direction, to write letters to all the likely people in the neighbourhood, informing them that a young men's club had been opened, and that contributions of books or papers for the reading-room would be gratefully received, and that any further information could be obtained by applying to Miss Mayhew.

Jack noticed that two or three of the boys took a special interest in the painting of the walls, and in order to encourage their taste for decoration, he offered to show them how to stencil a border under the ceiling and round the doors. He first explained what he meant by cutting out a scroll pattern roughly in paper, and laying this over another white sheet. He then brushed a coat of paint over it, and on removing the upper sheet, the design was found clearly painted on the one below. The same upper paper was used over and over again, being simply moved a little farther along, so that the design on the lower was continued in a long, unbroken border. After a few weeks' practice, when the boys could themselves draw and cut out a very fair design, they were allowed to practise on the walls in out-of-the-way, unnoticed corners, till their performances were quite satisfactory, and then, to the boys' unspeakable pride and delight, Jack took the best design each one had done, and had them cut out in tin, so that each might have a permanent pattern to keep and adorn their own houses with when the decoration of the club-rooms was finished.

All this elaborate work took a long time, and was not finished till long after the rough work of cleaning and most of the carpentering was done with. But the other boys were not left idle. Those who had been making tables and benches, and who wished to continue at the work, were formed into a class, and the old carpenter was engaged at a small salary to attend four nights a week to give lessons. The boys had to pay for their own wood, and could, if they wished, purchase the tools by paying in weekly instalments. They might make anything they liked, and, if they chose, might bring broken furniture from their own homes to mend. They only had two lessons a week, but so many wished to learn, that the carpenter found he could only manage half of them at a time.

On another evening all who wished joined a singing class. The voices were not, as a whole, very sweet, but they improved under Ronald's patient teaching, and with Elsie's able assistance.

Then, once a week, there were reading, writing, and arithmetic classes; but no one was expected to join unless they wished to do so. The old saddle-room, now the reading-room, was always left free for those who preferred to talk or play games.

Of course it could not be expected that the Mayhew family and their assistants could be at the club every evening. They did not even attempt to do so; but they secured voluntary helpers for some evenings in the week, and engaged regular teachers for other evenings.

For instance, on one evening the master of the National School volunteered his services to train a drum-and-fife band. This occupied the first hour, while the second was given up to the instructions of a drill-sergeant, who was paid to teach those who liked drilling and gymnastics; and, after a while, when the band had learnt to play with some regard to time as well as tune, those of its members who did not care for gymnastics would remain to enliven the proceedings with martial airs. Indeed, the band became so popular that they were often invited to visit the neighbouring villages and delight the inhabitants with their performances.

Once a fortnight an evening was kept open for entertainments. Mr. Morton generally gave a short lecture on some practical subject, with illustrations. One night he took "Emigration," with magic-lantern views of some of the countries best suited for English youths, and the kind of work they would have to do there; and adding all details (always gladly supplied on application to any emigration society) of the kind of questions an intending emigrant has to answer before a free passage is granted—such as age, trade, character, reference to previous employers, and so on.

Another evening Mr. Morton and Jack brought down some medical instruments, and let the boys listen to the beat of each other's hearts with the latest invention in stethoscopes, and see the wonders and beauties of a mate's eye with the aid of an ophthalmoscope. They were so interested in all these things, and asked such unexpectedly intelligent questions, that Mr. Morton promised that as soon as he had got through an examination he was working for, he would come down once a week to give them some ambulance and physiology classes.

The other lectures included electricity, with a miniature telegraph, and the way in which a house is struck by lightning, illustrated by the destruction of a model cottage; chemistry, and many other scientific subjects; but all with practical experiments or illustrations, and an opportunity to ask questions at the end.

But Nannie's favourite class must not be forgotten. This was called the "lodgers' class," and in it she taught any young men who were in lodgings, and had no one to look after them, how to sew on buttons, patch their clothes, and darn their socks.

As time went on, and Jeannette became stronger and able to bear a little more fatigue, she begged to be carried down to the club one night in the week, in order to hold a Bible class for the boys. The members of the club were given to understand that no one need attend it unless they liked; but after the first week or two almost the whole number crowded into the reading-room every week to listen to her. The class only lasted half-an-hour, but Jeannette was on her improvised couch in the club for an hour previously, in order to talk to the boys and get to know them and their difficulties; and without ever appearing to scold or preach to them, she induced many to give up their evil ways and turn to a better life. She always had a little table by her side, with a pile of pledge cards; and as she knew it was drink which led most of the boys into trouble, she used all the arguments and persuasion she was capable of to induce them to sign the pledge.

The club was continued very successfully all through the winter and spring. There were very few rules, but they were strictly enforced. The chief ones were that no boys under fourteen years old should be admitted, and that no swearing or bad language should be allowed.

(*To be continued.*)

The Poems are written by the Author of "John Halifax Gentleman," Sarah Doudney, Helen Marion Burnside, F. E. Weatherly, Annie Matheson, Anne Beale, Mrs. G. Linnæus Banks, the Rev. W. Cowan, Sydney Grey, Edward Oxenford, Isabella Fyvie Mayo, Clara Thwaites, Harriet L. Childe-Pemberton, the Dowager Lady Barrow, and others.

Illustrated by Frank Dicksee, A.R.A., M. Ellen Edwards, W. J. Hennessy, Davidson Knowles, John C. Staples, Robert Barnes, Charles Green, Arthur Hopkins, William Small, Frank Dadd, the late Cecil Lawson, and others.

"As *A Crown of Flowers* is carefully printed upon fine paper, full value is given to the engravings, which is one of the features of the magazine from which they are selected, and shows what a marked advance has been made of recent years in the character of such illustrations, which will, in the present instance, vie with anything of the kind produced on this or the other side of the Atlantic."—*The Pictorial World.*

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PERVERSA PUELLA.—"Her Object in Life" was in vol. iii, p. 449. Your sister's verses are full of good and religious feeling.

AN AYRSHIRE GIRL.—Miss Wetherell (Susan Warner) wrote about five books—"The Wide, Wide World," "Queechy," "The Old Helmet," "Hills of the Shatemuc," and "Melbourne House."

SHANGHAI.—Possibly Chinese weeds may be more difficult of extermination than British ones; but here we find that to pull the roots out, and to sprinkle the paths with salt, is an effectual method.

SISSIE.—We have answered your query before. A rector is one who has the full tithes and the parsonage and glebe lands of a parish. The name is derived from the Latin, and signifies a ruler—one who rules or guides the parish. The vicar is instituted and inducted in the same way as the rector, but the rectorial tithes belonging to a layman, he is empowered to perform all the religious functions of a rector's office in his stead, and a portion of the revenues are allotted to him for his maintenance. In this case the living is called a vicarage, and the incumbent is a vicar. So far as the rights and duties of such a position are concerned, there is no difference between them, excepting in the matter of tithes.

HILDA.—July 20th, 1861, was a Saturday. Try change of air and electricity for your loss of voice.

DARK DAYS.—We regret that we are unable to assist you to a publisher. We do not give such recommendations. You must depend on your own personal exertions, as all would-be and unknown authors have to do, and sometimes for a very long time. Publishers and editors do not care to bring out what will not fetch its own price, unless they be paid for the venture.

TOPSY.—If the clergyman be but little known to you personally you may address him as "Rev. and dear sir." If better known, as "Dear sir;" and if well known as a friend, "Dear Mr. ——." You have our best wishes in return for your own, so kindly given.

BRITANNIA.—The population of the British Empire was recently computed at about 305,859,182. With the United Kingdom, the empire includes British India, British America, Australia, New Zealand, South and West Africa, West Indies, Chinese Archipelago, portions of New Guinea and Borneo, Islands in the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, and in the Mediterranean.

SHAMROCK.—Davos Platz is considered an excellent winter residence in some cases, but a doctor's advice must be taken, of course. There appears to be plenty of amusement there in the way of skating, and all kinds of out-of-door sports. We do not quite understand what you mean by "shut in;" you can leave the place if you do not like it.

BETA.—The presents will probably have to be packed with the bride's personal clothes, and when all baggage is marked "emigrants' luggage," she should have no great difficulty in passing all through the American customs; but the intended bridegroom will know all about it when he arrives.

AN ANXIOUS ONE (No. 2) does not appear, from her letter, to have sufficient education to take a situation in business. There are four mistakes in spelling, and all the proper capitals are left out in her short note to us. She had better find an easier place.

MAPLE LEAF (Montreal).—Your little poem, "In Memoriam," is better than those we usually receive. But according to our rules, every poem must be certified by a parent, governess, or some reliable person. If you can get this done it might perhaps find a place in the amateur page. The pressed flowers arrived uninjured, and we thank you for the pretty souvenir, as well as for your nice letter.

CICELY AND POPPY.—Judging from their handwriting, they must wait some years before they become zenana missionaries. There is a long training to be accomplished in medicine and languages. The date of birth is obtained at Somerset House, and the date of baptism at the church. It depends upon which you want.

RUTH.—We can only suggest a double window, a second sash, glazed, which is the plan generally adopted in London when the street below is very noisy. If you cannot manage this, the only other plan is a padded blind, to be put up close over the window at night.

DOT.—The list given for three years' expenditure of girl's allowance is to be found in vol. v, in the number for November 10th, 1883.

ANNIE'S writing is shocking, especially her attempts at capital letters, and her poetry shows no ear whatever for sound; so, unless to please herself, she had better leave off writing it.

EMMA R. (Balham).—Many thanks for your note. We were very glad to hear the G.O.P. had been of such service to you.

A. F.—See our article on "Lissom Hands and Pretty Feet," vol. i., page 348.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. VII.—NO. 319.] FEBRUARY 6, 1886. PRICE ONE PENNY.

COURTLEROY.

BY ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER VII.

AN old pony, an antiquated pony carriage, an elderly coachman, and a cart stood at a small wayside station awaiting the train.

Wreaths of curling smoke were seen surmounting the woods through which the line had been cut, long before the engine appeared, and when it finally stopped, the lonely spot was for the moment alive. Out stepped Miss Heath and Mimica, out jumped the guard, and in a minute the platform was half-covered with luggage.

"How do you do, Grant? This is Miss Marmont," said Miss Heath to the coachman, holding out her hand.

"Bless my heart! Can it be Miss Emily's daughter!" returned Grant, as Mimica also shook hands. "Many changes since you were here last, ma'am," he added to Miss Heath. "There was no time to get a fly, so I brought the pony-carriage."

"Poor old Shock! I am glad he is alive," said Miss Heath.

"Is that Shock? Mamma's own old pony," exclaimed Mimica, running off the platform, and casting her arms round Shock's neck.

The luggage was carried to the cart, the wraps to the carriage. Miss Heath seated herself in front by the coachman, Mimica in the small back seat, and the cortége drove off.

Mimica found enough to interest her in a four-miles drive through shady country roads and lanes, past a picturesque village and many wayside cottages, and by occasional brooklets that sounded like music to her, after the drought of South Africa.

"They are almost as respectful as the negroes," she thought, as the country folk touched their hats and curtseyed as they passed. And she imitated Miss Heath in bowing in return, feeling almost royal as she made her best salute. Democracy and equality had not made their inroads as yet into that neighbourhood, which was especially Conservative, and the peasantry were still not above making the old-fashioned reverence to their betters.

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"AS THEY GATHERED ALL ROUND HER."

"Is that Courtleroy spire, and is that the parsonage amongst the trees, and is this the village?" she asked, touching Miss Heath's shoulder, who answered in the affirmative.

They had reached the scene where she was to live henceforth, and she rejoiced that it was so pretty. All the inhabitants, young and old, were at the doors of the half-dozen cottages that were known as Courtleroy Village; all were bowing and curtseying, just as if it was a carriage and four, instead of old Shock and the pony-carriage, and all were intent on catching sight of Miss Emily's daughter.

"There's no one at the lodge just now, miss," said Grant, in a whisper, as they drove through an open gate and past a neglected-looking lodge, about which jessamine and roses hung in unpruned and broken masses.

Mimica's attention was soon turned to fine oaks and elms that embellished the drive, which wound through rich and varied pasture-land, also dotted with groups of fine trees. The fields were undulating, if not exactly hilly, and the scenery was pleasantly domestic, if in no wise grand. It was essentially an English place; and when, after a drive of about half a mile, Courtleroy appeared, it looked as English as its surroundings. No Italian towers, or Grecian colonnades, or Babylonian terraces, or Elizabethan gables, or Queen Anne windows, but a fair-fronted, porticoed house of large proportions, surrounded by gardens and backed by shrubberies and trees. Mimica thought it charming as they passed through a second iron gate and saw a respectable-looking woman standing where Shock stopped of his own accord.

"How do you do, Mrs. Stone?" said Miss Heath, just in the same tone and manner she had used to Grant.

But Mrs. Stone was all fuss and flutter and apologies, declaring that she could get nothing ready at such short notice; hoped the ladies wouldn't take cold, for she had aired the beds; trusted they would excuse everything that was wrong, and finally led them into a room where tea awaited them. Mimica shivered involuntarily, and Miss Heath perceived it, who suspected—knew, indeed—that the room had not been tenanted for years. It smelt damp and mouldy, the paper was peeling off the walls, and the books were mildewed.

"This is better than the large rooms," said Mrs. Stone, aside.

"May we have tea removed to the hall?" asked Miss Heath.

"Certainly, ma'am," she replied.

Mimica felt as if she had left sunshine without and found darkness within. They went upstairs, and it was not much better. The house was thoroughly neglected and out of repair, and the furniture was old and waxing shabby. They were evidently interlopers, and nobody knew what to do with them. Miss Heath was well aware of this fact, but Mimica only felt it dimly.

"I wish I was back at the Cape," she shivered.

"We will improve it all to-morrow," responded Miss Heath.

"To-morrow is Sunday!" moaned the girl.

"Then we will go to church and see the neighbours."

"Neighbours! There is no gentleman's house except this anywhere; and this is only fit for the Kaffirs."

"My dear Mimica! what would your mamma say? This was her home. But come down to tea."

They went to the hall—or more properly, saloon; for it was a large room, and furnished with fireplace, settees, armchairs, screens, and other comforts, and, being essentially cheerful, had always been much used. The front was almost entirely of glass, through which the sun always seemed to be looking when not veiled in clouds or mists.

Boiling tea, cold chicken, hot eggs, strawberries and cream, and attentive Mrs. Stone, tended to reconcile Mimica to her meal.

"The gardener says the strawberry-plants are quite worn out, and want renewing," apologised Mrs. Stone.

"We will get fresh ones," said the child, with her queer little air of command.

"This is where your mother used to play battledore and shuttlecock when it was wet, Mimica," said Miss Heath. "You remember, Mrs. Stone?"

"I should think I did, ma'am. Miss Marmont is not so much like her as she is like Mr. Le Roy."

"I am sure I am not like my uncle," returned Mimica, offended.

"He was reckoned a very handsome gentleman, miss; and I dare say he is still; but he has never been here since——"

A cough and warning glance, not unperceived by Mimica, informed the housekeeper that this was a forbidden theme.

"I wish Georgie were here, that I might give him strawberries and cream. I mean to write to him on Monday," said Mimica.

"Write to Georgie! He cannot tell his letters," exclaimed Miss Heath.

"Mrs. Prettyman will read my letter to him. I think I may do him good," said Mimica, with an air of assumption that rather became her.

The remainder of that day and the night following passed peaceably enough, so did the breakfast in the hall. Preparations for church were hurried, owing to the unpacking of boxes, but Miss Heath insisted on a suitable costume both for Mimica and herself.

"First impressions!" she said.

"We ought not to think of impressions when we are going to church," rejoined Mimica, who had an idea that it was high-minded to abjure dress.

However, Miss Heath had her way, and both were dressed in scrupulously appropriate mourning, as were the few domestics, when they appeared at Courtleroy Church. Such had been the rapid succession of events that they had almost forgotten that this was the "first appearance" in church since Mrs. Le Roy's death.

In spite of Mimica's best efforts at attention, she looked about her. Opposite her sat a magnificently-dressed lady, with the carriage of an empress; if, after all, empresses do always carry themselves, as it is fabulously reported they do; a good-humoured-looking gentleman, a young man, and a little boy. In the body of the church she noted a lady in a long pew, with what seemed to her a dozen plainly-dressed girls and boys of all ages. She supposed it was a school. She liked the quiet church with its marble tablets, its one painted east window, its open doors through which penetrated the songs of birds, and, above all, its pastor. He, she thought, was a man whom she could love, and she hoped he was as good as he seemed from his manner, and above all, his plain, earnest sermon. She was a reflective child, and she certainly had much matter for reflection in Courtleroy and its surroundings.

When the service was over, much to Mimica's disappointment, Miss Heath remained in the seat until the congregation had dispersed. This, she afterwards found, was out of respect to the deceased Mrs. Le Roy. When they left it an open carriage was driving off, and Mimica's "empress" waved her hand to Miss Heath, who returned the salute.

"Who is that?" she asked.

"Lady Helena Carew," replied Miss Heath.

"And the others who are with her?"

"Sir Joshua Carew, and, I suppose, her sons. But I have not seen the eldest for six or seven years, and the youngest never."

"Did they know mamma? She never named them."

"Yes."

Further conversation was interrupted by the approach of the clergyman. He came forward and introduced himself as Mr. Leste, offering his hand in a kindly, clerical way. He was only curate in charge, the incumbent being abroad for his health. Miss Heath had known the former, but had never before seen Mr. Leste.

"We are all glad to see tenants at Courtleroy," he said. "Vacant great houses are sad eyesores in a parish. Neither Courtleroy nor Summerlands has been regularly inhabited during the five years I have been curate. I hope you will make what use you like of the vicarage and my wife and children. Miss Marmont will find two or three of us companionable, if not all."

Mimica looked at Mr. Leste amazed. He appeared to her quite a young man, and yet must be father of "the school" she had observed in church. He smiled at her kindly; and so winning was the smile, so pleasant the voice, that she would fain have accompanied him at once to the vicarage.

"I am not quite my own mistress," said Miss Heath.

"I understand; still I hope we may meet sometimes," returned Mr. Leste, looking kindly at the orphan girl. "Mrs. Leste and I will hope to call to-morrow."

But on the morrow poor Mimica was in bed. She shivered as she walked back to Courtleroy, and shivered still more when she reached it. She had the intermittent aguish fever of the country she had left, and Miss Heath and Mrs. Stone were very anxious about her. Fortunately she could prescribe for herself, and gave herself up to be nursed.

"She has taken cold in this damp house," sighed Miss Heath. "What can we do with her?"

"Send for the doctor," replied oracular Mrs. Stone; "and write to Mr. Le Roy."

Miss Heath acted accordingly, while Mimica spent her first Sunday afternoon in bed.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE CURATE'S FAMILY.

"WHY does not my uncle live at Courtleroy?" asked Mimica of the housekeeper.

She was still invalided, and Mrs. Stone was waiting upon her. The aguish African fever had hold of her, and no one knew when it would let her go.

"Mr. Le Roy has never been here since Lady Margaret jilted him," said Mrs. Stone.

"Who was Lady Margaret?"

"Lady Helena Carew's younger sister, a sweet young lady, and your dear mamma's friend. Miss Heath was her governess before she came here. I always say she was forced into the engagement by Lady Helena, with whom she lived, for Mr. Le Roy wasn't the sort of gentleman she was likely to care for. Anyhow, she ran away from home, and to this day nobody knows what became of her."

"How very sad for my uncle! Why did not grandmamma live here?"

"She had her jointure house in town, and liked to be independent."

"Will Lady Helena come and see me?"

"Bless your dear heart, no. The families have never been friends since it all happened. But you must keep quiet."

"I will be as good and quiet as a lamb, if you will only tell me about it."

"Well, Mr. Le Roy was in love with Lady Margaret, and proposed for her, they say, many times. He was rich, and she was poor, so she accepted him at last. There's a many do that. I hope you never will."

"Never!" cried Mimica.

"The poor young lady had to live with her brother-in-law, and that's never agreeable.

Anyways, she and your uncle were engaged. Never was such a commotion at Courtleroy before or since. The house was to be done up from top to bottom, and the rooms which look so shabby now were beautiful. The marriage day was fixed. They were to be married from Monkton, Sir Joshua Carew's, and then to go abroad for a bit, while the alterations here were completed. Some of the rooms, and the garden, were never finished, as you will see when you get about. There were to be fine goings on here and at Monkton, and you should have seen how pretty the church looked, all decorated with flowers and arches from the gate all the way to Monkton."

"Were they to have been married at Courtleroy?" asked Mimica.

"Of course. Monkton is about two miles the other side of the village. A fine old place; and Sir Joshua is one of the old-fashioned sort of squires. But to make a long matter short, our party went to church, and waited, and waited, but there was no bride. The church was crowded, and we were all looking to the door, when Sir Joshua Carew came in and went straight to the altar where Mr. Le Roy was standing, and beckoned him out. The two gentlemen drove off to Monkton, and left us all in consternation. Fortunately your grandmamma was too ill to come from London, so our party was only gentlemen. They and the rector consulted till long after twelve, and then we left the church. Outside it was said that Lady Margaret was dead, and some hours passed before the news spread that no one knew if she was dead or alive; but she was nowhere to be found. And from that hour to this, as far as I know, she has never been heard of; and from that hour to this I have never seen Mr. Le Roy."

"What became of him?" asked Mimica.

"No one knew at the time; but afterwards he wrote to his valet to pack up his clothes and come to him somewhere abroad."

"I will write to him, and advise him to come back."

"He won't take any notice, Miss Marmont. I've wrote to him often, but he haven't answered."

"I am his niece, Mrs. Stone; and he must reply to me."

Mrs. Stone laughed. She had heard from Searle, the bailiff, how that Mr. Le Roy had written to him instead of to Miss Heath, in answer to that lady's account of Mimica's illness, and had ordered him to see that a doctor was sent for. Also he had commanded that since it was evidently a case of fever, she should be isolated for some time, for fear of spreading the infection.

Thus, it came to pass that when Mimica recovered, she was kept a prisoner in Courtleroy. This gave her an opportunity to explore the house and its surroundings, and to make acquaintance with the few people who worked within its boundary. Bailiff, gardener, coachman, and labourers became as much her slaves as had been the blacks; and she alternately preached to them or ordered them about, much to their wonder and amusement. Miss Heath set her to work at regular lessons, but they wearied her. Habit had sent Miss Heath to her mother's old schoolroom, which was tolerably dry and cheerful; and here sententious and somewhat heavy instruction prevailed. The old grand piano was tuned, the pictures were rehung, and the books rearranged. In this Mimica took part; and was especially interested in her mother's books and sketches. Reading, writing, and drawing were passions with her; and conscientious Miss Heath sought to restrict her in these avocations.

In vain. Neither could she prevent her writing letters to her uncle, which, as Mrs. Stone had predicted, were never answered. Those to George Hope had a happier fate, since Mrs. Prettyman returned wonderful messages and hieroglyphics that took much time to decipher, and served to amuse Mimica. But quarantine must have an end; and at last Miss Heath yielded to the repeated invitations of Mr. and Mrs. Leste, and took Mimica to call at the vicarage. This was an old-fashioned, comfortable, homelike house, encircled by a garden and shrubbery, and protected at the back and sides by trees.

A bright girl about Mimica's age answered Miss Heath's modest ring. She shook hands with them, and showed them into a pleasant room on the right, where were seated in state Lady Helena Carew, her eldest son, Mr. and Mrs. Leste, and their eldest daughter.

"You are Miss Marmont. I am Leila," whispered the juvenile parlour-maid.

"Call me Mimica, if you are one of the Lestes," replied Mimica doubtfully, for in South Africa the young ladies never answered doors.

"My dear Milly, I am glad to see you again," were the words she heard, as she stood a moment at Leila's side.

Lady Helena kissed Miss Heath, and the face of each lady was troubled. They had not met since that inauspicious month when Mr. Le Roy was jilted.

"This is, I suppose, Miss Marmont," said Lady Helena, recovering a certain majestic manner for which she was celebrated; and looking at the girl, who shrunk back, repelled by something in the countenance. "And this is our son, Montague, whom you have not seen since he was a boy; now he thinks himself a man," continued Lady Helena; while Mr. Carew shook hands with Miss Heath.

"I am so glad to see you, dear," said Mrs. Leste to Mimica meanwhile, and voice and manner attracted even more than Lady Helena's had repelled. "I think you are about Leila's age. This is Barbara, the eldest girl; you shall see them all in time."

Mimica shook hands all round, and when the party had settled down, made, as she usually did, her observations upon them. Her first impressions were favourable to all except Lady Helena. Her son looked handsome and pleasant, Mr. and Mrs. Leste were delightful, but Barbara's expressive face pleased her most; and when Mrs. Leste suggested that perhaps Miss Marmont would like to go and see the children, she gladly followed her and Leila upstairs to a room that served for schoolroom, workroom, nursery and all.

"This is Miss Marmont, Mimica Marmont," shouted Leila, whose involuntary restraint was gone. "Now come and be introduced. We have all been wanting to see you for ever so long, Mimica."

"Do behave yourself, Leila. We are all like wild animals let loose when anything new happens," said Barbara.

Mimica, on the contrary, thought them wonderfully well behaved as they all gathered round her.

"I saw her first, and she is my property," said Leila, authoritatively. "This is my eldest sister, Bold Barbra; she is just sixteen. His reverence—that is papa—called her "bold" because——"

"Don't be so silly, Leila," interrupted Barbara, colouring.

"Because," resumed Leila, "she taught our brother Horace, and got Dick into the clergy school. She is afraid of nothing. This is Laura, next to Horace, and she is so clever that she teaches us all. Here is Totty, and Helena, and Octavius—and that's all."

There was a tap at the door, and a "May I come in?" followed by Mr. Carew. Mimica's swarm forsook her and buzzed round him; all but Barbara.

"We have been introducing ourselves," said Leila. "I have had all the work, as usual. Parlour-maids always say the names, don't they, Monty?"

"Of course they do. Now introduce me."

"Miss Marmont—Mr. Montague Carew. Is that right?"

Mr. Carew broke through his ring of girls and shook hands with Mimica; then, drawing a roll of music-paper from his pocket, he gave it to her companion, with the words—

"I have copied the carols, Barbra, six times over. My ardour has been wonderful. I wouldn't have done it for anyone but you."

"Lady Helena is going," spoke Mrs. Leste, from the doorway.

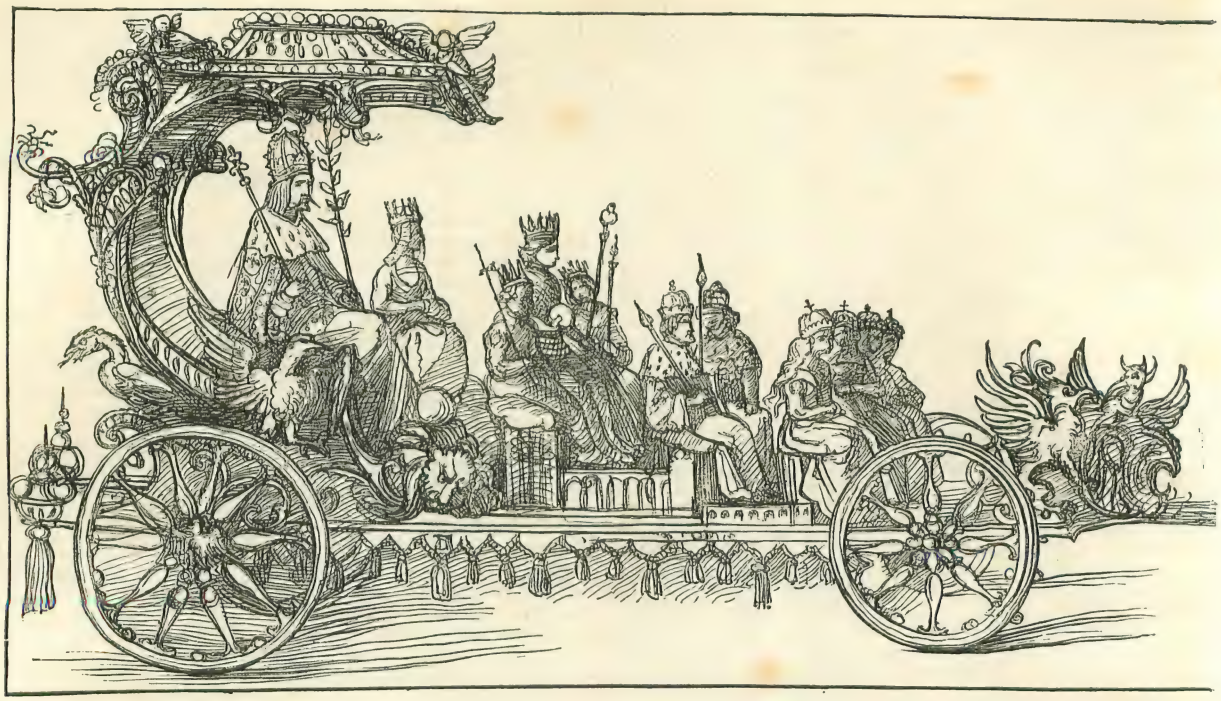
"Come down, Barbra," whispered Monty; and Mimica remarked that everybody called her "Barbra" sharp, as if the three syllables were too long in these fast days.

The three elders disappeared, and Mimica was again surrounded. She was soon made acquainted with the history of the Leste family, since each child had something to tell. They also heard hers, which was infinitely more stirring than theirs. Laura, a pale, delicate-looking girl, possessed herself of her hand, Totty and Helena seated themselves at her feet, while Octavius climbed into her lap.

"I must go and help with the tea. You will be sure to stay," said Leila, suddenly, abstracting Mimica's hat.

And, to Mimica's extreme happiness, she did stay, Mrs. Leste having prevailed upon Miss Heath to remain.

(*To be continued.*)



FIRST DESIGN FOR THE TRIUMPHAL CAR OF THE EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN I. (1514—1515)

ON COPYING THE OLD MASTERS.

By EMILY MACIRONE.

PART I.

"The great masters of old times never hesitated to borrow from others what seemed to them in harmony with their own feelings and worthy of imitation. In this incessant seeking and finding, giving and taking, lies the secret of a healthy existence for art. It might be compared with the change of matter in organic nature, and called the perpetual change of form in the intellectual world."

—*Harper's Monthly Review.*

"It is by examining into the methods eminent artists have adopted that we acquire the best modes of manipulation. This it is that converts a gallery of fine pictures into a school of study; and while copying the effects of nature we get the assistance and counsel of our predecessors. Reynolds was taught by the contemplation of the works of Titian, Velasquez, and Rembrandt; Lawrence by the pictures of Vandyke and Rubens; Etty by those of Titian and Paul Veronese; and Turner from the contemplation of the pictures of Claud, Cuyp, and Poussin. Lord Bacon says, 'Let us proceed slowly, that we may arrive at the end the sooner.' Turner was one of those artists who, like my friend Wilkie, followed the tortoise's footsteps instead of the hare's."

—*Burnet's Lectures.*

HAVING been asked to write about copying from the old masters, it has seemed to me that it would be interesting to consider one or two questions that bear upon the subject.

One would be to trace, however slightly, the rise of water-colour and oil painting, considering the question of the vehicles employed, as well as a history of the art.

Secondly, to observe how these great painters, whose works we all admire so much, when they were students like ourselves, studied and made such a point of copying the works of the great masters that had preceded them, and this was, we must recollect, some hundreds of years ago, when the difficulties of travelling were inconceivably greater than they are now.

Thirdly, to learn how they themselves painted; what colours, what materials, they used, and any other practical information that can be gathered from *contemporaneous* authorities. For the methods of painting in these days are so various that it would be a hopeless task to describe them, and, besides, how can we do better than learn how the originals were painted which we propose to copy? And more especially when we remember that the pictures they painted three or four centuries ago are in better condition than many paintings of modern date.

And now to give a slight sketch of the rise of water-colour paintings, and to show how it gave place to oil colours. And not to go further back than the Deluge, we may remark, that art had but one great epoch—the ancient Greek, in which the highest ideals had been attained. Even Greece after her fall was more lovely than all her conquerors, and left as a legacy to succeeding generations the matchless beauty of her works which we to this day hopelessly admire and vainly try to imitate.

Like a rivulet which, rising in some highland mountain, pursues its devious course till, fed by many streams, it broadens into a wide and sweeping river, so the stream of art sprung from Greece, and, passing through Italy, was never wholly lost, though at times hidden from view, and in the thirteenth century it rises again and travels forward on its glorious career.

Driven from Byzantium in the eighth century by cruel persecutions, many Eastern artists received a generous welcome from the great Charlemagne. In the great and holy city of Cologne—the German Rome—Art found a shelter, and well did she repay the hospitality of her noble host by the improvement her influence effected over the coarse and rude productions of the Empire of the West.

Another great source of Eastern influence arose at this time, in the return of the Crusaders from the Holy Land, bringing with them countless artistic treasures, and amongst them the art of illumination.

Splendour comes from the East, and from the East also came the art that transfigured the dull pages of black and white into a blaze of purple and scarlet, gold and silver. Moved by the deep religious feeling of the age (that age, remember, that could send countless men, women, and even children, to Jerusalem to rescue the holy sepulchre from desecration)—moved by this feeling, the sacred writings were decorated with endless holy and poetic fancies. In those wonderful missals, the admiration and despair of succeeding generations, the art of painting was safely enshrined, like a jewel in a casket, during the stormy times that preceded the Renaissance, or like the precious contents of the Ark, which carried the life and future hopes of the world above the stormy waters of the Deluge.

As in ancient Greece, so on its revival—the commencement of all art was deeply religious. The painting of glass windows added greatly to the beauty of the cathedrals, and also taught the people the stories of the Old Testament, and the great truths of religion, for pictures, we know, are the books of the unlearned. In Rio's "Christian Art" we learn that in the Confraternity of Painters, established in 1350, under the protection of St. Luke, they held their periodical meetings simply to offer up thanks and praise to God.

In the words of Buffalmacco, a scholar of Giotto: "We painters occupy ourselves entirely in tracing saints on the walls, and on the altars, in order that by these means men, to

the great despite of the demons, may be drawn to virtue and piety."

Fra Angelico used to say: "He who practises the art of painting has need of quiet, and should live without cares and anxious thought,

FROM PEN-AND-INK DRAWING BY ALBERT DÜRER IN THE ALBERTINA AT VIENNA.

for he who would do the work of Christ should perpetually remain with Christ."

It was the same thing with the sculptor, musician, and poet at this period of marvellous unity, when every kind of inspiration sprang from the same source. From thence resulted also an intimate sympathy between the artists and the people, which manifested itself either with *éclat*, as when the Madonna by Cimabue was borne triumphantly through the streets of Florence, which to this day records the event in its name, "Borgo Allegri," or, in a manner still more touching, as when the painter Bama was killed by a fall in the church of San Germignano, and the inhabitants of the city came daily to suspend epitaphs in Latin or Italian over his tomb.

As the rise of sculpture was due to the decoration of temples with statues, so the rise of painting began with colouring those statues to add to their effect.

All the earliest forms of architecture were coloured, and we can even now trace the faint lines of colours laid on ages ago, whether in the temples of Greece or our own Gothic cathedrals.

Now, in case you should desire to copy some of the fresco or tempera paintings in the National Gallery or elsewhere, I have hunted out from Vasari, Cennino Cennini, and others, some hints to guide you how to set about it.

Strictly speaking there are three kinds of fresco:—

Firstly, true fresco (from the Italian word *fresco*, fresh), which is executed on wet plaster and with colours mixed with lime.

Secondly, dry fresco, or secco, also executed with lime colours, but on plaster which has dried and been moistened.

Thirdly, tempera, or distemper, on a dry wall with no lime in the colours; this is probably the oldest of the three. Cennino says, "When you are going to paint on walls, which is the most agreeable of all kinds of painting, procure in the first place lime and sand, and sift both well. If the lime be very rich and fresh, it will require two parts of sand to one of lime. Temper them well together with water, and mix enough to last you fifteen or twenty days. Let the lime rest for some time till it be quite slacked; if any heat remains in it, it will crack the plaster. When you are going to lay on the mortar first sweep the wall and wet it well, and spread it over once or twice about the eighth of an inch thick until the intonaco (plaster) becomes quite even with the wall.

"And now to begin your painting, the wall being prepared. Make first a finished sketch of the intended picture, either the same size or smaller.

"The outlines of the design are carefully drawn on thick paper or cardboard. The sketch of the cartoon is then transferred to the wall. The tracing paper is laid on the cartoon, and the design traced on it; then the tracing is put upon the wet plaster, and the design is traced on it with holes and pounce powder. You see the design has to be traced twice—first on to the paper, then on to the plaster.

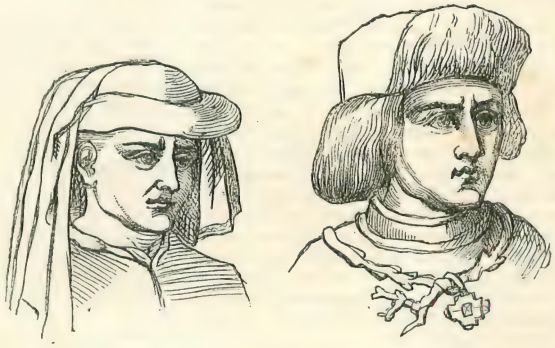
"The colours used are chiefly earths, as the chemical action of the lime destroys animal and vegetable colours. As you remember, lime is mixed with the colours in fresco and *secco*, but not in tempera.

"You must be very careful in the preparation of the grounds (which are either of burnished gold or white plaster), as the transparency of the picture depends on its being kept pure and clear.

"And now for the colours, of which there are seven—black, red, yellow, green, white, ultramarine, and Naples yellow. Grind them well between two slabs of porphyry into very fine powder, and lay each into separate vases. Tempera is composed of the white and yolk of eggs and fig milk, which in dry climates becomes very hard. Beat them well together, then add some of this tempera moderately into the vases; then dip your brush of hog's hair into the tempera and colours, and proceed with your painting. The wall must be saturated with water, and the colours must be mixed with lime and applied immediately with rapid touches. Every colour to be diluted with opaque white (Titian used white lead). While the wall is quite wet, a brush should be passed over it, to remove the loose particles of colour." When finished, the fresco must be covered with a coat of varnish or wax to preserve it. The extreme difficulty of fresco painting is that you can only paint on the plaster so long as it is wet; all the colours must be prepared beforehand, the design ready to be traced and pounced. You must not prepare more space than you can finish in a given time, and, having got all things ready, you must set hard to work. Banish all trivial fond records, and be for the time absolutely dead to all considerations, but the overpowering one of laying on your colours while the plaster is wet enough to receive them; once dry, all is at an end. Another great difficulty is that eggs, with which the colours are mixed, dry so rapidly that it is very difficult to unite the tints in the more nicely modelled parts of the picture, for retouching is impossible. So, pursued by the two demons, of the plaster that *will* dry and the colours that *won't* mix, fresco painting is difficult indeed. We shall wonder the more at the great works that were painted by artists hampered by such hindrances, and can easily understand how ardently a new method of painting was desired by them.

But it is certain that most of the great painters of the Renaissance won their immortal laurels by fresco painting; Cimabue (who learnt it from the Greeks), Giotto, Masaccio, Ghirlandajo and Michael Angelo, Raphael, Leonardi da Vinci and Fra Angelico, Fillippo Lippi, Andrea del Sarto, and Correggio.

Buonarotti's painting of "The Creation;" "The Last Judgment," Correggio's painting in the cathedral of Parma; Raphael's "School of Athens," "The Scourging of Heliodorus," and his other paintings in the Stanze of the Vatican, are all *only water-colour and fresco paintings.*



PORTRAITS OF HUBERT AND JOHN VAN EYCK.
From the altar piece in the Santa Trinita Museum at Madrid.

"The difficulties in the manipulation compels the fresco painter to avoid the display of mere mechanical skill—retouching, as I said before, being impossible.

"Poverty of invention, or of poetic feeling, cannot be concealed. Simplicity and breadth of treatment, grandeur, harmony, nobility of composition, and expression—the higher qualities of true art—are the only fields in which he could display his triumphs. Well might Michael Angelo say, 'Fresco was fit for men; oil-painting only for women and children.'

Coleridge says: 'The measure of greatness in a work of art is in its suggestiveness. The effect of a great work of art is not one of sense alone. When we see more with our minds than we can with our eyes, then comes the purest delight.' This property of suggestiveness is a vital element of the simplicity and grandeur of fresco painting, and it led the great artists of the Renaissance to select fresco as the fittest for the expression of their best thoughts." *—H. S. MACKINTOSH, *Atlantic Monthly*.

And now we have arrived at a most important crisis in the history of art, which, through the discovery of a vehicle, broke forth into uncommon splendour and beauty—which splendour and beauty of that date remain in works fresh and perfect unto this day.

You remember what great difficulties there were in the practice of fresco. No wonder that through the whole artistic world the desire for a softer material for painting was the subject of endless discussion.

As we are inquiring into the methods of painting at different periods of art, I think the following recipe for painting a picture will interest and amuse you, as it did me, for it shows how the more important parts of the picture, such as the hands and faces, were painted in the stiff and unaccommodating medium of tempera, while oil colours were employed in the humblest capacity—that of painting the draperies and backgrounds. How comp'etely the tables have been turned since then! (Like the little future princess, made a serving drudge by her hard sisters.) The old painter says, "Gild the surface to be occupied with the drapery; draw on it what ornament or pattern you please; glaze the unornamented parts with verdigris ground in oils, shading some folds twice. When this is done, glaze the same colour over the whole drapery, both ornaments and plain portions. These operations, together with the gilt fields round the figure, were painted first. Then the stucco decorations and the carved framework, tabernacle, or ornaments itself of the picture. Then, and not till then, the face and hands, which were always in tempera, were added afterwards."

"Italian oil painting of the fourteenth century often exhibits the partial oil painting thus described. It is to be detected by the difference of surface, the portions covered with oil colour being more raised than any other part of the work. In later times the work was divided, and the decorator and gilder was sometimes a more important person than the painter. Thus some works of an inferior Florentine artist were ornamented by stuccoes, carving, and gilding by the celebrated Donatello, who in his youth was a sculptor."

It was at this time, about 1410, that Van Eyck, in consequence of the splitting of a panel in the sun, proceeded first to prepare varnish so that it might dry in the shade, and, secondly—and this, remember, was his great improvement—to mix the colours partly with this drying medium.

To quote from Vasari, "He (Van Eyck) made experiments with many other substances, but finally decided that mixing the colours with these oils gave a degree of firmness to the work which not only secured it against all injury from water when once dried, but also imparted so much life to the colours that they exhibited sufficient lustre in themselves without the aid of varnish; and what appeared to him more extraordinary than all besides was that the colours so treated were much more easily united and blent than when in tempera. Rejoicing greatly over this invention, as it was reasonable that he should do, Giovanni (John Van Eyck) then commenced a multitude of paintings with which he filled all those parts, to the great delight of all who beheld them, as well as with very large gain to himself. His experience increasing from day to day, and his pictures constantly attaining to a higher degree of perfection, no long time elapsed before the fame of Giovanni's invention spread not only over all Flanders, but through Italy and many other parts of the world, awakening the utmost desire in all artists to know by what method he gave such perfection to his works."

One can imagine how the heart of the old Flemish artist would have glowed with rapture could he have foreseen not only the honours that would have come to him and his city, making it the object of endless pilgrimages for all nations—not only how the old withered hand that wrought the great discovery would be enshrined as a sacred relic; but, more than all these mere personal honours, how his artist soul would have rejoiced over the noble schools of art, flooding the world with deathless beauty, the result of his patient labour of love! For this was really the great discovery upon which was founded the art of painting in oils.

Van Eyck had been a distinguished painter in glass, and had put pictures into windows before he put them on opaque panels. He was, therefore, particularly familiar with the effect of light coming through colour, and the comparative *opacity* of the new art must have appeared to him in some measure a defect; for at that time no man living knew the value of opacity in pigments. Van Eyck, therefore, tried to give his oil painting as much transparency as possible. It was therefore—and this is a point I wish you to notice—a necessity of the case that the first conception of oil painting was of light coming through the colours; and, as the white ground of the picture was regarded as the source of light, the lights were thinly painted.

It was in 1440 that certain Florentine merchants trading in Flanders and Naples, sent a picture in oils by Van Eyck, to Alfonzo, first King of Naples, who greatly admired the work, as well for the beauty of the figures, as for the new invention of the colouring. All the artists flocked in crowds to see it. Among them was a certain Antonello da Messina, who was so enchanted with the beauty and harmony of the whole painting, that, laying aside every other thought, he hastened to Bruges and sought out the great Van Eyck, then in his old age.

Here was the one thing desired of all artists, the effect they had all longed to produce, and never knew how. The enthusiastic Sicilian cultivated his friendship, and presented him with many of his drawings executed in the Italian styles, and in return Van Eyck was content to satisfy his heart's desire and let him learn his method of colouring in oil.

Antonello came to Venice and painted several pictures in the new method, which were much prized in the houses of the Venetian nobility, and became greatly sought out and honoured by the leading men of the city, where he died about 1496.

(The following story is too interesting to omit, though I must tell you that Wornum doubts its authenticity.) It is said that before Antonello's death he imparted the treasured secret to Domenichino of Florence. The gift was a fatal one, for he confided this secret to Andrea del Castagno, who murdered him in order to be the sole possessor of Van Eyck's method. Andrea's ill-gotten knowledge brought him but little happiness, for in a fit of remorse he painted his own face as Judas the Betrayer.

The following notes on Albert Dürer I have gathered from his life by Moritz Thausing, a book well worth your studying:—

We have seen that in 1440 Antonello da Messina learnt the secret of oil painting from Van Eyck. About thirty years after that date, in 1471, Albert Dürer was born in Nuremberg, who was destined to exercise so great an influence over the artists of his time. He came of a good stock, as people say. His father was a religious, God-fearing man, of whom Albert Dürer writes:—"Every man who knew him spoke well of him, for he led a worthy Christian life, was patient and gentle, at peace with everyone, and always thankful to God. My dear father was very earnest about bringing up his children in the fear of God, for it was his greatest desire to lead them aright, so that they might be pleasing to God and man."

Close and active relations had long been maintained between Nuremberg and the City of the Lagunes, whose splendour formed a constant theme of conversation in Dürer's home, till at last, impelled by a desire to see Venice, in 1493, when about twenty-two years old, the young Dürer started on his journey. He probably travelled on horseback with, for company and protection, one of the goods caravans that plied between Nuremberg and Venice. If his route lay through the Dolomite Mountains, the birthplace of Titian, and whose scenery he has immortalised, we can imagine how that noble mind must have been roused and impressed by their beauty.

It was in Italy that Dürer devoted himself to the study of Mantegna. The interiors of Venetian churches, with their rich perspectives, had a peculiar charm for him. The graceful arched naves and slender columns massively clustered together, as in the church of Santa Maria Formosa, became vividly impressed on his mind. He introduced those same arches in his earlier compositions, as in the Grüne Passion of 1504.

When Dürer studied in his youth the works of other masters, he was carrying out the avowed intention of forming his hands and his eyes. He said, "An unlearned man is like an unpolished mirror." Mantegna was copied for his power of rendering expression of form; Wohlgemuth for his technical skill. Dürer was very fond of introducing landscapes into his backgrounds, and to him may be ascribed the chief merit of being the founder of modern independent landscape drawing. Such studies, of which we only possess a small portion, enable us to comprehend the wealth of landscape subjects which Dürer has scattered over his historical compositions, and which excited unbounded admiration from all quarters, nowhere more than from contemporary Italian painters, who, many of them, Raphael included, took pleasure in making use of and borrowing from Dürer's landscapes. Also Titian's love of wood engraving was due to Dürer, as Dürer was himself influenced by Giorgione's colouring. It is interesting to note the generous give and take of these great men, helping each other by their mutual love and sympathy in the pursuit of a noble art, and at the same time how they copied from each other. All the artists in Venice, Florence and Rome—then the golden age of art—were struck by something high and noble in the genius of Dürer, and it appears most probable that the great precision and finish which characterised his works at this period preserved the Venetians, Palma and Titian,

* On referring to Mrs. Fox's charming letters on the paintings in the National Gallery in this journal, Vol. V., Nos. 212—221, 231—239—which I would strongly advise you all to read if you have not already done so—I find that she has given such a very interesting account of the discovery of oil-painting by the Van Eycks that I felt inclined to omit any mention of the subject. But as you may not all happen to possess the paper, and as it is a most important turning-point in the history of art, I propose to retain what I had written before seeing her letter, on the consideration that if one had to write the history of England, one could hardly omit the landing of William the Conqueror, because other historians, however eminent, had mentioned it before.

from that laxity of treatment which the mere study of colour engenders. "I wish you were in Venice," Albert Dürer says to a friend. "There are many fine fellows among the artists, who get more and more friendly with me. It holds one's heart up: well brought up folks, skilled lute players, skilled pipers, and many noble and excellent people that are of the company, wishing me very well and being very friendly. Giovanni Bellini, who has praised me much before many gentlemen, wishes to have something from my hand, and he will pay me well for it. Alas! how shall I live at Nuremburg after the bright sun of Venice. Here I am a lord; at home I am only a hanger-on."

On hearing that perspective was taught at Bologna by some descendant of Paolo Ucello, of Florence, he says: "I mean to go on horseback to Bologna to learn the secrets of perspective, which someone there is willing to teach me." Dürer profited so well by these lessons that he constructed, upon the principles of Borgo, a machine by which he could trace the perspective appearance of objects. Does he not remind one of Chaucer's clerk? "Gladly would he learn and gladly teach."

The generous-hearted artists of Bologna prepared a reception for Dürer, who heard them publicly proclaim him as among the first of all the painters of the world, and declared that they were ready to die, now that they had seen the long-desired Albert. Even Raphael exclaimed, "Of a truth this man would have surpassed us all if he had had the masterpieces of art constantly before his eyes" (Vasari).

How sweet must have been such praises from the lips of that noble brotherhood of artists! Now I can give you an account of Dürer's mode of working. We learn that his copies are done with pen on white paper, and the same size as the originals. His sketches were most carefully executed in water-colours, and, note this, extreme care is the characterising feature of all great masters, especially in their earliest works.

The execution of Dürer's own portrait is exceedingly painstaking and delicate, especially in the hair and face, without being in the least finikin. In the flesh the grey shadows are very softly fused, and the white lights very broadly put in. Under the thin colouring may be seen here and there the fine pencil cross-hatching of the original sketch. After the sketch was finished, he then transferred it to the prepared panel in dark lines still visible when the colour is thin or damaged. Some of his sketches are merely drawn with Indian ink, and then washed over so as to make the ink run.

There is a most valuable collection in the British Museum of pen-and-ink drawings by old German and Italian artists; among them some of Dürer's works: The celebrated engravings, "Melancholia," "The Knight," "Death and the Devil," and part of Dürer's celebrated work, the "Triumph of the Emperor Maximilian."

The arithmetical puzzle of 16—34, which was the rage in England and America some years ago, is to be found in Dürer's picture, "Melancholia," painted *in the year 1514*. The figures, so arranged, can be added up twenty-two ways and with the same result — thirty-four.

16	3	2	13
5	10	11	8
9	6	7	12
4	15	14	1

(To be continued.)

THE LAW OF MISTRESS AND SERVANT.

By A SOLICITOR.

According to a learned writer the relationship of master and servant is one founded on convenience, whereby a person is directed to call in the assistance of others where his own skill and labour will not be sufficient to answer the cares incumbent on him. It is a relationship which has existed from time immemorial, though in olden times the respective positions of a master and his servant were much more akin to each other than they are in the present day. Of old the servant was more in the position of a slave, whose life and body were entirely at the disposal of his master, but as the age became more enlightened, his position improved. All traces of slavery in England vanished by the end of the sixteenth century, and thenceforth the relation of master and servant became one of pure contract.

In the present day a servant may, therefore, be defined as "a person who voluntarily agrees, either for wages or not, to subject himself at all times during the period of service to the lawful orders and directions of another in respect of certain work to be done." It follows from this that a master is the person who is entitled to give such orders and to have them obeyed.

From the foregoing definition it will be seen that the term "servant" has a very extensive meaning, and includes every person who is under the orders of another, no matter what his duties may be, but the following lines have reference to domestic or household servants only. Domestic servants are sometimes called menial servants, but there is a distinction in the meaning of the two words. The word "menial" has a wider signification than the word "domestic," and includes it. Every servant who at all times during the service is under the immediate control, discipline, and management of his or her master or mistress, and is liable also to attend their persons, is a menial servant; whereas those only who form part of the family household are domestic servants. There is no hard and fast rule as to who are domestic or menial servants, but each case depends on its own circumstances. All indoor servants whose duty it is to attend on their masters and perform household acts are clearly menial and domestic servants, and this will include a coachman or gardener living in a lodge or other separate cottage, but it will not include a farm bailiff, though living in the house. Neither is a governess a menial servant, from the position she holds in the family of her employer and in society generally.

The contract for the hire of a servant by a married woman as mistress of her husband's house is a good and binding one, and her husband will in most cases be bound by it to pay the servant's wages; for, although it is the wife who actually engages the servant, and who will during the service probably be the person to whom the servant will look to for her orders, still the wife only acts as her husband's agent and by his authority. This authority may be given expressly or may be implied by circumstances. A servant, suitable to their degree in life, engaged and hired by the wife can recover wages from the husband. Where a husband and wife do not live together, it depends on the circumstances of the case whether or not the husband is liable. For instance, if when living apart the husband allows the wife sufficient means to enable her to maintain herself in her proper position, he cannot be made liable for the wages, nor can he where he has expressly forbidden his wife to hire a servant, if the latter is aware of the fact.

[As this paper appears in a magazine devoted to matters of feminine interest, the word "mistress" will be used throughout the rest of it instead of master, though the latter must be understood to be included, and for the same reason the servant will be referred to by words indicative of the female sex, although the law laid down is equally applicable to males.]

With regard to the duration of the period of service, the contract of hiring between a mistress and servant is deemed to be a general one, and to last for the period of a year; and where there is no express mention made of the time for which the hiring is to continue, or of the time for giving notice, it is understood that the hiring is for a year, but may be determined at any moment by either party giving to the other a month's notice, or warning, or a month's wages in lieu of notice. Where, however, the duration of the engagement is expressly mentioned, the presumption that it is for a year is rebutted; and where there is nothing to show that it is not intended to be a yearly hiring, the payment of wages at short intervals, such as a fortnight or a month, will not make it less a hiring to last for a year, nor even the payment of wages by the week, where the engagement was to be determined by a month's notice. As before stated, it is a well-known rule—founded solely on custom, however—that a contract of service may be determined by either the mistress or servant giving to the other a month's notice, and at the expiration of this month, on the servant's leaving, she must be paid her full wages up to that time.

The service may also be determined at a moment's notice on payment by the party giving the notice to the other of a sum equivalent to a month's wages. (These remarks do not apply to the case of a mistress summarily dismissing a servant for misconduct, which subject will be mentioned later on.) If a servant gives notice and leaves there and then, she is entitled to be paid a proportionate part of the wages accrued since the last day of payment up to the time of leaving, but in return she must pay her mistress a month's wages as compensation for not serving the month out. If, however, a servant packs up her boxes and goes away without saying anything about it, she utterly forfeits all claim to any wages which have accrued since the last day of payment, and cannot, after wilfully violating the contract according to which she was hired, claim the sum to

which her wages would have amounted had she kept her contract, merely deducting therefrom one month's wages.

Some persons may, perhaps, think this somewhat harsh, but it is nevertheless the law, and, moreover, it is more consistent with honesty and common-sense than to allow a servant to break a contract, and at the same time claim a benefit under it, when upon simply giving notice to the mistress and paying, or agreeing to allow the mistress to deduct from the amount due to her, a month's wages, she can leave at any time. The distinction between leaving at a moment's notice and leaving without notice at all, may seem to some perhaps rather fine, but the practical effect of adhering to the strict letter of the law is merely to compel a servant to give her mistress notice when she wants to leave, which can be but little trouble to the servant, and will, in most cases, save the mistress a good deal of unnecessary trouble and inconvenience and, perhaps, loss. So that if a servant is paid on the first of each month, and on the fifteenth of the month she gives notice to leave, she may go there and then, and the mistress must pay her the amount of wages earned in those fifteen days; but the servant must pay the mistress a full month's wages as compensation for not staying the month out. But if, instead of giving notice, the servant simply goes away without saying a word, in that case the wages which had accrued between the first and the fifteenth would be absolutely forfeited.

The service is also put an end to by the death of the employer, and, of course, by the death of the servant. If, therefore, a servant be discharged on the death of the employer, she can claim and must be paid wages from the time of the last payment up to the death. If, however, the servant is kept on by the representatives of the deceased to look after things, she will then be their servant, and they must pay her. If a servant dies during the service, all wages due to her up to the time of her death must be paid to her representatives, who may sue for the same if withheld.

One of the cases in which erroneous impressions frequently exist is as to what will justify a mistress in summarily dismissing a servant. The following are the principal grounds which will justify the discharge of a servant at a moment's notice:—1, Wilful disobedience to any lawful order; 2, gross moral misconduct; 3, habitual negligence; 4, incompetence or permanent incapacity from illness.

As to wilful disobedience, if a servant will not obey a lawful order she must suffer for her obstinacy. If a servant will persist in going out, or standing at the street door, and such like, after having been forbidden to do so, such conduct will justify instant dismissal. In one case a female servant persisted in going out against her mistress's orders, though it was to visit a dying mother, and she was thereupon dismissed. It was subsequently decided by the judges that such summary dismissal was justifiable. This case is not quoted as an example to others to do likewise, but simply to show under what circumstances summary dismissal is justifiable. The mistress's orders must be confined to those services for which the servant was hired, and a mere obstinate refusal to do some particular act will not justify dismissal, the refusal must be persistent.

Again, theft, immorality, drunkenness, and such like, all constitute good grounds for discharging a servant. If a servant is grossly rude and insolent she may be at once dismissed; and if she is violent and uses abusive language to her mistress or one of the family, the latter may send for a policeman and give her into custody.

If a servant won't do her work or is habitually negligent in it, she may be sent away at once; but mere occasional neglect which does not cause injury, does not justify instant dismissal without compensation. And, again, if a servant is hired for a particular purpose and proves utterly incompetent to perform it, this is a good ground for discharge. For instance, if you engage a cook who represents herself to be thoroughly proficient and highly trained in the culinary art, and you pay her high wages, you will be quite justified in dismissing her if she altogether fails to redeem her profession in any essential particular. As a rule, however, it is not safe to dismiss ordinary domestics without notice or payment of wages for incompetence, for it is common knowledge that a great numbers of servants offer themselves, and are hired to perform services which they are utterly incapable of rendering. Want of experience, clumsiness, absence of skill and finish about their work must be expected when untrained servants at low wages are hired, and must be taken as part of the bargain, and it would be safe to dismiss only in the higher branches of domestic service, when special knowledge and skill are necessary, but are not forthcoming in the servant who professed them, as in the case of the cook just mentioned. Of course when a servant is dismissed for any of the above offences she forfeits all claim to any wages which have accrued since the last day of payment, in the same manner as if she left without notice.

A temporary illness, with incapacity for work, is not a good ground for discharging a servant unless the contract has been rescinded; but permanent illness is a good ground for dismissal. The wages that have been earned by the servant up to the time of the illness must be paid, because it is no fault of hers that she cannot continue the service; and unless the contract is put an end to, there is no suspension of the right to wages because of her illness and incapacity to work. It may as well be stated here that a servant cannot legally compel a master or mistress to find her medicine when she is sick, or surgical attendance when she has met with an accident, unless the illness or accident is the direct result of fulfilling a lawful command. However, very slight evidence will fix the master or mistress with liability, and it is probable that if a servant were ill and sent for a medical man with the master's knowledge, the latter would have to pay for the attendance. Indeed, in one case a servant was suddenly taken ill and sent for a doctor, and on the matter subsequently coming to the master's knowledge he sent his own doctor. It was held that he was liable to pay the surgeon called in by the servant, simply because his wife knew that he had been called in and did not express any disapprobation.

Now as to character. No mistress is legally bound to give her domestic or menial servant a character. It is, however, the duty of a mistress to state fairly and honestly what she knows of a servant when applied to by anyone who may be about to take the servant into their employ, and those who are about to employ them have a corresponding interest in knowing the truth concerning them, so that they may be rightly informed as to those who are coming to form part of their domestic household. Masters and mistresses should be freely, unreservedly, and truthfully outspoken as to their opinion of those servants who have left their service, not keeping back that which is unfavourable, nor speaking ill of them, nor recklessly exaggerating their faults and shortcomings. For while the law in the interests of society holds the communication of the character of servants privileged, yet a deliberately stated falsehood would be evidence of malice, and would tend to deprive the communication of its privilege, and render the person making it liable to an action at the suit of the servant. The mistress is in duty bound to state not only what she knows of the servant at the time of her discharge, but if she knows of any circumstance subsequently happening of which the inquirer is entitled to be informed, also to tell further what she conscientiously believes to be the case; therefore, if a good character is at first given, and the mistress subsequently finds out things unfavourable to the servant, it is her duty to communicate the discovery to the person to whom the character has been given.

Any communication made by a mistress as to the character of a servant—no matter how damaging such a character may be—if fairly and honestly made, is a privileged communication; that is to say, that such communication will not render the mistress liable to any action by the servant for slander. This privilege arises from the duty which, as before stated, lies upon all mistresses to state fully and fairly the truth about a servant, whether in her favour or against her; and a mistress, so long as she does not go out of her way to injure, need not be afraid of telling the truth about the real character of any servant. Any person knowingly giving a false character to another person about to hire the servant, and the latter subsequently robs or injures his or her master or mistress, the person giving the character is guilty of a criminal offence which renders him liable to a penalty of £20 or three months' imprisonment with hard labour. But a false character *bonâ fide* believed to be true will not render the giver so liable.

When a servant enters into the service of a mistress it is her duty to fulfil the engagement to the best of her ability; to be honest, respectful, and diligent, to take due and proper care of her mistress's property, and to obey all lawful orders. These orders must be lawful and within the scope of the employment for which the servant was hired; and no servant is obliged to obey an order attended with risk; for instance, a lady's-maid would not be obliged to clean the scullery, and such like.

It is the duty of a master to supply a servant with proper food and shelter, and to pay the wages agreed on between them.

A master may not, under any circumstances, chastise a servant, no matter how incorrigible. If they cannot agree, the servant must be discharged. A master is not liable to a servant for any injuries inflicted by fellow-servants in the ordinary discharge of their duty; for a servant, when he or she engages to serve, impliedly undertakes as between himself or herself and the employer to run all the risks of the service. This branch of the law is, however, somewhat complicated, and in case of an accident happening, the liability or non-liability of the master or mistress would depend so much on the actual circumstances of the particular case, that it is impossible, in a paper of this nature, to lay down any general rules bearing on the subject; and the only safe course under such circumstances would be to lay the case before a solicitor, and be guided by his advice.

Lastly, as to the liability of a master or mistress for the acts of the servant.

The principle on which a master or mistress is liable for the actions of their servant is that of agency. The mere relation of master and servant does not invest the latter with a right to pledge the master's credit, and if the servant purchase goods on credit without the leave of the master no liability attaches to the latter. But if a master holds out a servant as his authorised and accredited representative, it is only right and just that he should accept responsibility for his acts. For instance, where the master is in the habit of sending the servant to buy goods upon credit, and is not in the habit of paying for such goods at the time of buying, but on a particular occasion does furnish the servant with money to

AN ITALIAN GIRL. [*See page* 298.

pay for such goods, and the servant either loses or steals the money, but orders the goods, the master is liable, because the tradesman has been in the habit of supplying goods on credit. But when the master is in the habit of supplying his servant with money to pay cash down for the goods he orders, and the servant steals or loses the money but orders the goods, the master will not be liable, because he has always been in the habit of sending the servant with the money, and nothing but the master's express authority to the tradesman to supply the goods on credit will render him liable.

In conclusion, it may be stated generally that a master is liable for all the acts of a servant which come within the scope of the latter's employment, however wrongful and negligent such acts may be, but is not responsible for the wrongful act of a servant unless that act be done in the execution of the authority given by him in the course of the employment, for beyond the scope of his employment he or she is as much a stranger to the master as to any third person, and his or her act cannot, therefore, be regarded as the act of the master.

A PERILOUS ROAD.

CHAPTER I.

MARIETTA'S WISH.

SOME ten years ago Carlo Stefani, usually called *Il vecchio* (the old man), lived in a small village in one of the mountainous districts of Tuscany. His years numbered less than people supposed, but trouble, ill-health, and the necessity to labour beyond his strength, had bent his back, wrinkled his face, and enfeebled a step which, under happier circumstances, would still have had vigour.

The simple little village, on the day upon which this tale begins, looked gayer and more prosperous than usual, for it was a *festa* (holiday), so the inhabitants had laid aside their working dresses and come out arrayed in somewhat bright colours. The girls (and they are very healthy and pretty in that part) had coiled their luxuriant hair high up on the top of their heads, and the usual coloured handkerchief, which serves for hat or bonnet, was replaced by a becoming veil of black lace, carefully preserved for such occasions. Some of the women bring the fashions from Pistoia and Florence, and dress in ordinary puffed and frilled and tight-fitting costumes; but the greater number of the mountain-bred girls keep to the simple cotton or stuff skirt and bodice attached, but without a frill or an ornament of any kind, and do not even have a band around the waist. If they want to look festive, they put on their clean dress, choose a less serviceable colour, put on their pretty lace veil, and wear shoes and stockings.

Of this last class were the Stefani girls, the three young daughters of *Il vecchio* by his second marriage. They were merry that day, enjoying their well-earned rest, and chatting and laughing as they sat on the low wall which overlooks the lovely Pistoiese Valley. Their young brother Paolo was with them, and their old friend and playmate, Leonardo Sodini, a youth from Pistoia.

"Well, little one," said Leonardo to Ursula, the youngest of their party, "and what will you be when you are grown up and rich? What dreams are in that curly little head of yours? Marietta is going to be a great *cantatrice* (singer); Emilia is going to leave off tending the cattle and making chestnut cakes, and will live in some city and wear a real gold chain; Paolo thinks of becoming a second Garibaldi; and you, Ursula?"

"I'll be like the *signora* there"—pointing to the only fine house in the village—"and I'll drive every day in a carriage and take nice things to the hungry children and to old people like *babbo* (papa), who are so tired ——."

"*Brava, piccina*" (little one), said Leonardo: "you have chosen the best." And then a momentary seriousness came over them, for the child's words reminded them of a painful fact which distressed their young lives.

"But, Leonardo," broke in Paolo, presently, "we are not going to let you off. You have listened to all our nonsense, but you have not told us what you will do when you make your fortune."

"I," said Leonardo slowly, and looking across at Marietta—the eldest of the three girls and just seventeen years of age—"I shall never make my fortune, Paolo, but if I do I shall know what to do with it."

"But that's not fair," went on the boy, "is it, Marietta?"

Marietta, however, had her head turned away, and very little of her olive cheek could be seen, and she did not seem to hear.

"If Marietta would like to know——" began Leonardo; then suddenly he left off, for the girl slipped off the wall, and with her back to the others rearranged Ursula's red handkerchief which enveloped her auburn curls, for she was too young for a lace veil.

"Leonardo is cross," announced little Ursula, with more perception than tact.

The young man's face flushed, but he controlled himself and said good-humouredly, "Am I, little magician? did I look very black and ugly? Come, then, and smooth the frown away." And he lifted up the child on to his broad shoulder and walked on.

Ever since they were babies, Marietta and Leonardo, as is frequently done in Italy, were destined for one another by their respective parents. As they grew up, Leonardo saw everything to please him in this arrangement, and when the Stefani family had terrible reverses of fortune, he had no desire to make any change in the plans. Marietta liked no better than her dear old playfellow, and so some day or other they were to be betrothed. At present, however, she had many other things in her head, and she had one great wish which, should it be realised, would oblige her to postpone her engagement. Therefore she very rightly always discouraged Leonardo's hints and hope for a speedy betrothal.

In a few minutes Leonardo put Ursula down, and stood still looking at something he saw below. He glanced at Marietta, and knew that she had seen it too, for tears had started to her eyes.

"Leonardo," she exclaimed, going to him, and sending the child to the others, out of hearing, "can you wonder at this great wish of mine? Is it not my duty to save, at all costs, a sight like that? Look there at my dear *babbo*, so weak, so tired, toiling, and on a day, too, when all are enjoying themselves; and here am I, young, strong, and—at least, so they say—have been given a gift by the *buon Dio* (the good God), and yet——"

"Well, Marietta, we will see. I think I can do something, perhaps, and don't fret, *donnina* (little woman); and now good-bye."

He ran off at full speed, scrambled over the wall to save some distance, and made his way to the path where the well-known feeble-looking *vecchio* was walking up the hill with a sack of chestnuts on his back.

"Good day, Signor Stefani;" and before Marietta's father knew what had happened, the sack was on Leonardo's young back, and Stefani carried the lad's coat instead.

"This is just the work to suit me," said Leonardo; "much better than staying behind the counter of the Benoni's music shop all day."

"No, no, lad; you are town-bred, and this is not fit for you, and I am not tired;" but his patient voice sounded weak, and there were drops on his brow to belie his words.

"We are all having a holiday to-day."

"Yes, that's right. I rest on Sundays, and that is enough."

"Any village boy could have carried this for you for a *soldo* (halfpenny) or two, and it saddens Marietta to see you working so hard."

"The *soldi* I earn are not mine to give. You know that, Leonardo, and so does she, though she has a good and tender heart, has the little Marietta."

Leonardo Sodini knew the whole sad story; how Stefani's only son by his first marriage had grown up a worthless fellow, and after leading a life of selfishness and extravagance, died, leaving heavy debts behind him, and how the father had had to sell everything, deprive himself of every comfort, and was now endeavouring, *soldo* by *soldo*, to pay off what still remained.

"Signor, you will not think me impertinent. Is there still much to do? I have a good reason for asking, and Marietta must know the exact truth."

His companion looked at him uneasily, and had some suspicion of what was in the minds of the "children," as he called them, Leonardo and all.

"I have a first-rate place at the Signora there, and I find a good many odd jobs; still, I can't deny that it all goes slowly."

"Ah! we thought so."

"But," continued the *vecchio* cheerfully, "people are kind, and as they will wait God will vouchsafe me strength—to—to the end;" but his voice faltered, and Leonardo knew that he was speaking against his convictions.

His strength was failing him, and the task was not nearly done. Leonardo reserved what he had to say for another opportunity, but his mind was made up. Marietta must have her wish, or the life of the dear father she loved so well would slowly ebb away. In the meantime Marietta gave the younger children in the charge of Emilia, who was the next in age; she bade them *buon divertimento* (enjoyment), and then leaving a parting injunction not to spoil their best dresses, she hurried back to the little hut which was now their home.

"If I could only prepare something nice for the *babbo*," she said sadly to herself; "some *brodo* (broth), or his favourite dish with mushrooms."

But she knew well that he could not be persuaded to take anything excepting bread and chestnut cake, for it was the cheapest food and yet nutritious.

"How different it all is, and must be more so to him, for I was a mere child," she thought as, while making the simple preparations in case Leonardo succeeded in bringing in the *vecchio* earlier, her mind went back to the past prosperous days.

They had a beautiful old house and large farm then at Pistoia, and the Sodini were their neighbours. Her own mother was alive at that time, and she remembered how merry they used to be, and how comfortable. But one day all seemed to change; first, she lost her mother, and then, though she knew not why at the moment, everything had to be sold, even to the little presents which she and the other children had had. She parted willingly with her pretty things, among which was a beautiful and very fine and delicate gold chain, which they told her had come all the way from Venice; but when they took away a little old pianoforte, which she alone made use of, it did seem very hard to bear. She had always had a great love of, and a wonderful natural capacity for music. Leonardo had taught her all he knew, but now she could do nothing except go and sing in the woods—for her voice became too strong for the hut—and relieve her brain of all the tunes which haunted her.

One day, when she was about sixteen, she was singing in the wood, believing that it was only to some children who had gathered round her. She discovered presently, however, a party of tourists—for so they seemed—listening from behind the trees. As they went off she heard one saying "What a pity, for, *c' è fortuna in quella voce*" (there is a fortune in that voice).

When Leonardo came next she told him this, and to her astonishment he did not appear to be surprised. Again and again she spoke to him, for she could not help dwelling upon these words which she had overheard, but he only said—

"But, dear Marietta, of what use even if it is so? It would first require a fortune to procure the necessary instruction, and—and——"

"I know what you would say, Leonardo," for the girl had thought everything out, "I should need education also. You need not mind speaking out. Of course I know that I am an ignorant peasant girl, with the manners of a rustic . . . . and I am helpless, and my dear *babbo* is killing himself;" and then tears came and choked her.

"Now, little Marietta, there you are wrong; you have much to learn, but there is very little amiss with your manners."

"Dear Leonardo, it is not because you think so that it might be so. We have always been brought up together, and——"

"And another thing, Marietta," interrupted Leonardo, "you are wrong in; you are not helpless. It is all very difficult, but it shall be managed, I promise you that." And he kept his word.

(*To be continued.*)

FANCY PASTRY, AND HOW TO MAKE IT.

By PHILLIS BROWNE, Author of "The Girl's Own Cookery Book," &c.

ALL amateur cooks are fond of making pastry, and quite reasonably, for pastry making is very interesting work, and when successfully done is sure to obtain credit for the maker. As everyone knows, however, it requires practice and a light, cool hand. Some months ago I gave in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER minute directions for making the different sorts of pastry. I have no doubt the girls of our class have profited by the lesson, and have for a long time been adepts in the art of pastry making, and accustomed to make beefsteak pies, apple tarts, gooseberry turnovers, &c., to their own exceeding satisfaction and that of their friends.

It is not always, however, that one wants a pie or a tart. It is often a convenience to have on hand small articles of pastry suitable for serving at luncheon or breakfast, or supplying an elegant little addition to the tea-table. Supposing, for instance, that we are homely people, with not too much money to spend, and a friend drops in unexpectedly to tea: how much better the tea-table looks if we can put on it one or two pretty little inexpensive fancy dishes which have cost very little more than the trouble of preparing them, and which yet make all the difference between an elegant, tasteful, inviting repast and a solid, homely, sternly-economical one. If we have to get these little extras from the confectioner, we seem, both to ourselves and our guests, to have made quite a fuss. Our guests recognise the confectioner's pastry at a glance, and they think that we are making strangers of them, while for our part we are unpleasantly conscious that we have gone into unusual expense, because trifles which cost only a penny a piece are expensive when we have not got the money to spare for them. Yet if these trifles were made of the little pieces of pastry which were left over when we were making pies, they would cost us comparatively nothing. Or supposing a child has to take refreshment to school, or the father of the family, unable to get a proper midday meal, is accustomed to take something in his pocket to "put him on," as the saying is, until he reaches home again—how weary both father and child become of the inevitable sandwich. Far be it from me to say anything in disparagement of well-made sandwiches. I am quite aware that they can be varied to any extent and made to be most appetising. Yet it does not follow that an occasional change from them will not be acceptable, and it would be so easy to supply this out of the trimmings left over after making pies and tarts.

With regard to these same trimmings, it is astonishing how much more some cooks will make of them than others. It very rarely happens in making pies that the exact quantity of pastry is made, and that no scraps are left over. Yet on these same scraps some cooks will bestow trouble and make half a dozen pretty little tartlets, which will furnish an inviting dish; others will toss them into the fire and be done with them, while the large majority will roll them out into one irregular piece, put them into the oven, and then leave them to burn. It is the cooks who are not afraid of trouble who make the most of odds and ends, and one reason why we are glad that so many girls are now interested in cookery is that they are generally not averse to bestowing pains on what they do. To these girls I now address myself, hoping, if I can, to supply a few ideas which may be useful in preparing the small extras and inexpensive trifles of which mention has been made. I suppose that everyone knows as much as I do about ordinary jam tartlets and patties, therefore I will say nothing of them, but try rather to give suggestions for something different.

Open Fruit Tarts may be made as follows: Roll out a piece of pastry a quarter of an inch thick, and stamp it into a round shape with a saucer or a saucepan lid whatever size may be wished. Make a border by moistening the edge of the round and sticking upon it a roll of pastry, which roll may be pinched with the fingers to make it thinner at the top than it is at the bottom, the paste outside being afterwards pressed. Prick one or two holes in the round to make it keep flat, then bake it. When cold, fill the centre with any kind of fruit which has been boiled till soft without being broken in a syrup of sugar and water, and pour over all the cold syrup which has been boiled longer than the fruit to make it thick. The pieces of fruit should be arranged neatly in a single layer, not piled one upon the other. Apples cut into quarters, small fruit and plums cut into halves, with the stones turned out, are very good served in this way. If liked, an open tart of this sort may be made of firm pastry by rolling the paste to a flat round and turning up the edge, or rolling the edge by turning the paste over, then baking it, and filling it when cold with sections of bright-coloured red jam and yellow marmalade or apricot jam. A superior tart also may be prepared by spreading jam upon the round of pastry, then piling whipped cream on the top, and scoring a pattern on the cream, or sprinkling chopped pistachios and chopped cherries upon it.

Cream Tartlets.—Mix a teaspoonful of flour and a quarter of a pint of cream (or of cream and milk, or of milk alone) till quite smooth. Turn the mixture into a small saucepan, and stir it over the fire without stopping till it is thick and the flour is quite cooked. Turn it into a basin, and put with it a piece of butter the size of a walnut, some sugar to sweeten it agreeably, a little grated lemon rind, the beaten yolk of one egg or more, and two macaroons, or six ratafias, which have been crushed to powder with a rolling-pin. Put the basin containing the mixture into a saucepan of boiling water over the fire and stir it again, keeping the water boiling round it till the egg is cooked. Line some small tartlet tins with the rolled-out trimmings of pastry, fill with the preparation, and bake in a good oven. If liked, these tartlets may be still further enriched by placing lightly on the top of each, before putting the tartlets in the oven, a little knob of icing which has been made by mixing the white of one egg with a tablespoonful of icing sugar.

Pastry Fingers.—Roll the pastry out thinly, and cut it into fingers about an inch wide and three inches long. Spread a little jam or marmalade on one half of these, and press the remaining halves on the top to make a sort of jam sandwich. Bake these lightly in a well-heated oven. A minute or two before they are done brush them over with white of egg, and sprinkle on the top crushed loaf sugar, and either almonds or pistachios which have been blanched and roughly chopped. Put them back into the oven till the glazing is set, and pile them crosswise on a dish.

Fruit Custard Tartlets.—Line some small tartlet tins with pastry which has been rolled out very thin. Dissolve a tablespoonful of red or black currant, or any other fruit jelly, and mix with it three spoonfuls of beaten egg. Fill the pans with the custard,

and bake in a quick oven till the pastry is done.

Fruit Rissolettes.—M. Soyer recommends that tartlets should be made as follows:—Roll out as many scraps of pastry as there may be into two thin large pieces of equal size. Upon one of these pieces lay at equal distances, about an inch apart, little knobs of firm jam. Moisten the pastry round each knob with water or white of egg, then lay the other piece of pastry on the top, and with a small round cutter press the pastry lightly close to the jam. With another cutter a size larger cut the tartlets out, lay them on a buttered baking sheet, brush them with white of egg, and bake. This is a quick way of making a number of small tartlets all at once. Round ring cutters are to be bought, both plain and fluted, in boxes containing a dozen each for a moderate sum—two and sixpence, if I remember rightly—and they are very convenient for stamping out trifles of this sort. The appearance of these rissolettes will be still further improved if, after being egged over, a little round of pastry the size of a shilling is laid on the top of each, then egged over again. When the tartlets are almost baked, take them out of the oven, sift white sugar over them, and put them back to glaze. Before serving them put a knob of bright-coloured jelly upon the smaller ring.

For a homely dish made from the remnants of pastry, the following is to be recommended:—Grease a plate or oval dish, and line it with pastry. Fill the centre with a single layer of fresh lemons, which have been very thinly sliced, after having been peeled and freed entirely from the white pith and the pips. Sprinkle castor sugar over the fruit, pour a little golden syrup on the top. Moisten the edge of the tart, lay the cover on, and fasten it down securely, to keep the juice in; pinch or otherwise ornament the edge, and bake in a good oven.

Lemon Cheesecakes are perhaps too well known to need description, but they are so good that I give the recipe. Put the strained juice and grated rind of one large fresh lemon into a saucepan, with the yolk of an egg, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, and a slice of butter the size of an egg. Stir the mixture without ceasing until the ingredients are thoroughly blended, and it begins to thicken. These quantities make a small portion only, but they can be relatively increased if liked. A large open cheesecake, made with this mixture, may have one or two very thin slices of candied citron laid on the top.

Turnovers of all sorts are always approved. The pastry should be rolled out thinly, and stamped into a round shape with a saucer. A little jam or stewed fruit is then placed on one half of the pastry, and the other half is turned quite over, the edges being first moistened to make them adhere. Sometimes thin slices of cheese, with pepper, salt, mustard, and a few drops of vinegar, are put inside turnovers for the sake of variety.

I must not turn away from speaking of the small trifles which may be made of pastry, without reminding my friends that, if there should happen to be a little cold meat of any sort in the house, very excellent Cornish pasties may be prepared, especially if there are also a few cold boiled potatoes in the larder. There should be about equal quantities of meat and vegetable. If there are no cold vegetables, they must be boiled specially for the purpose. Cornish pasties are prepared as follows:—Cut both meat and vegetables quite small (the potatoes are best when passed through a wire sieve), and with each pound of meat put half a small onion, which has been chopped as finely as possible, and plenty of salt and pepper. If approved, other additions may be made such as chopped apple and chopped boiled turnip; but, whatever these are, it is better that they should be well chopped. A by no means despicable Cornish pasty may be made of flaked dressed fish and potatoes. Roll out the trimmings of pastry to the thickness of a quarter of an inch, then stamp it out in rounds with a saucer. Wet the edges all round, put a little of the savoury mixture in the middle, bring the edges to the top by doubling the paste up, and press them together with the thumb and finger to make a frill. Put them on a greased baking sheet, and bake in a good oven till the pasty is done, then take them out, brush them over with yolk of egg or with a little milk, put them again in the oven to brown, and they are ready. I believe these pasties, as actually made in Cornwall, are much larger, and square, instead of round; but the idea is the same.

I daresay cooks who think themselves very clever will be very scornful as they read this recipe. They will say these pasties are made of nothing but cold meat and cold potatoes, they are not worth thinking about. I assure the girls of our class they are worth a good deal. Make them carefully and take pains with them, and fathers and brothers will be sure to enjoy them, and will say, "What good pasties those were you made the other day. When shall we have some more?" Only remember, that the various ingredients, and especially the onion, must be finely chopped. If this is put in slices or large dice, or if too much is used, it will be too strong, but if it is chopped till it is as fine as dust, and then mixed in, it will give a good flavour, and that is all.

Sausage Rolls are also very excellent. Boil the sausages for five minutes in water. (This preliminary boiling is necessary, because the sausages would not be sufficiently cooked if they were allowed only as much time as was required for baking the crust.) Take them up, drain them, skin them, cut them in half, and let them cool. Roll out the pastry to the thickness of a quarter of an inch, and cut it into pieces, four inches one way three inches the other. Lay half a sausage in each, wet the edges of the pastry, roll it round the meat, and press the ends securely. Bake in a good oven, and five minutes before the rolls are taken out, brush them over with egg or milk. When baked, let them stand upright leaning against something till cool.

Sometimes trifles of pastry are wanted, specially when there are no scraps to be utilised. If required at short notice, Victoria sandwiches will be found both excellent and convenient, for if the oven is hot they can be made and baked in half an hour, and can be used either for tea or as a substitute for a pudding. Use two eggs as weights, and take the same weight of sugar, butter, and flour. Cream the butter and sugar together, that is, beat them with the back of a spoon till the mixture looks thin and has the appearance of cream; then add the eggs, and gradually the flour, beating well between every addition. Put the mixture into a greased pudding tin, and bake in a good oven. The preparation should be about half an inch thick, and should rise well in the oven. When the cake is cold cut it in half; spread jam on one piece, lay the other on the top; press the two together, and cut the sandwiches into fingers. Pile crosswise on a glass dish; sift white sugar over, and serve. If this mixture is considered too rich and costly, an economical variation may be made by creaming four ounces of dripping, or half butter and half dripping, with four ounces of sugar, then adding two eggs well beaten, half a pound of flour, and half a teaspoonful of baking powder.

Genoese Pastry.—(Light and wholesome. Used for Swiss roll, jam sandwiches, trifle, or to be eaten cold.) Genoese pastry is often cut into fancy shapes, and iced or ornamented as fancy dictates. To make it, melt six ounces of butter, and with a portion of it grease a saucepan or shallow cake tin about ten inches in diameter, line the pan with paper, and grease this also. Melt the butter, and keep it in a liquid state till wanted, but do not let it be hot. Pass six ounces of Vienna flour through a wire sieve to be sure it is free from lumps. Put half a pound of castor sugar into a basin, and break seven eggs in, one at a time. Set the basin over a saucepan of boiling water, draw it back, do not let it boil underneath, whip the mixture vigorously for twenty minutes, and work in at the same time grated lemon rind, or any suitable flavouring, till it is frothed and very light. Lift the basin away from the hot water, add the butter gradually, stirring all the time, then add the flour, stirring it lightly. Pour the mixture on the buttered paper, and bake in a hot oven until the pastry feels firm in the centre, then turn it top side down on a towel, spread jam over it, and roll it by raising one end of the towel, or letting the pastry turn over and over. Some cooks prefer to take the pastry out when half baked, spread jam on it, roll it over and over, and put it again in the oven. If the pastry is not to be used for Swiss roll, it may, of course, be simply turned out, have the paper torn from it while still warm, and used as required. A simple way of making Swiss roll is to mix the eggs as Victoria sandwiches are mixed, taking any number of eggs according to the quantity of pastry needed, and using them as weights for the sugar, butter, flour, and castor sugar. When the ingredients are worked together the mixture may be poured upon a well-greased paper on a baking sheet spread to the thickness of a quarter of an inch, and baked in the oven, as already directed. A cheap Swiss roll pudding for family use may be made with six ounces of butter, six ounces of sugar, eight ounces of flour, three eggs, and a teaspoonful of baking powder. Pour the mixture on a greased paper, bake ten minutes, spread jam over, roll and bake till done; sift white sugar over, and serve.

There is still another sort of pastry which, before I leave the subject, I should like to mention, because it is so much liked by many people. It is the pastry used for

Petits Choux, or Spanish cakes, which are elegant little trifles usually made up in the form of balls, and either served plain or opened at the side for the insertion of a little whipped cream and preserve, or decorated in some way to give them an attractive, glossy appearance. The following is the recipe for making these delicious cakes:—Put half a pint of water and two ounces of butter in a stewpan, and stir in when boiling five ounces of flour which has been passed through a sieve, and two ounces of castor sugar. Beat very well over the fire with a wooden spoon till the mixture leaves the sides of the saucepan quite clean, and has the appearance of a soft, compact paste. Work in a few drops of any flavouring essence which may be chosen, then add, off the fire and one at a time, three eggs. If the paste should be stiff, another egg or the yolk only may be beaten in. Butter a baking sheet and lay the pastry on it in small round balls the size of a pigeon's egg. They may be shaped with two spoons and smoothed with a knife dipped in hot water. When arranged, dust the cakes with castor sugar and bake in a slow, steady oven for one hour. When finished they ought to be quite crisp and hard, and are very usually brushed over with caramel and then sprinkled over with desiccated cocoanut or chopped pistachio kernels. The caramel is made by boiling a quarter of a pound of sugar in a gill of water for about five minutes. When the syrup is stringy it is ready for use.

ONLY A GIRL-WIFE.

By RUTH LAMB, Author of "Her Own Choice," &c.

CHAPTER XVI.

OULD I be spared to take a month's holiday, mem? I've had word from home that my mother has been ailing, and would fain see me. She and my father are growing old, and it's seven years since I set foot in the house where I was born."

It was Jean Graham who made this request, and Mrs. Crawford could only consent. Jean had been most abstemious in the matter of holidays, having only taken an occasional day since her last visit to Scotland seven years before. Her mistress gave a little sigh as she answered, "Of course, Jean, you must go. It is not a very convenient time, but I am sure you are right in wishing to visit your parents."

"Thank ye, mem; but if you thought of a better time, a week more or less would not matter. My father does not write that my mother is laid by altogether, only that she is getting into years, and feeling infirmities creeping over her with increasing age; and it is natural that parents and children should want to see each other's faces now and then, though it may be many a year since the young birds left the old nest."

What could Mrs. Crawford say to such words as these? Her heart echoed the truth of them, and she replied, "You ought to go, Jean. I do not know that any other time would be better than the present, though, of course, I shall miss you dreadfully."

Jean's face was instantly overspread with a bright smile as she answered, "Indeed, and I would not like to think that, after so many years, I could go away and neither be missed nor wanted. But it's not for so very long, and if anything very particular were to happen ye must just send for me, mistress, and I'll come back."

"Indeed, you shall do no such thing, Jean. You must go, and take whatever holiday you wish for. It would be a shame to cut short your one visit in seven years."

Yet Mrs. Crawford sighed at the prospect of being without her faithful handmaiden. She had never known by experience how much difference Jean's absence would make, but there was no doubt it would mean unwonted exertion, and much worry and vexation of spirit to herself.

Jean hoped that good would come of it.

"The mistress is sure to have her hands full, but she must learn something that she did not know before when I'm not here. That fine lady nurse will not be able to take Jean's Graham's place, though it would be like her impudence to meddle," thought she. "I'm sorry for the doctor; I doubt he'll not get his meals as comfortable whilst I'm away, for it isn't everybody can manage to have a bit always ready, so that he may eat it when he happens in between whiles, and has a few spare minutes. There's nothing worse for those that have to go from one sick bed to another than to do it with empty stomachs. A doctor is so tempted to just make another visit or two when patients' houses lie convenient; then when dinner-time is just past they think they may as well go on. It is strange how those that are always busy trying to patch up the broken-down bodies of other folk are so careless about their own health. Doctors might be made o' different stuff, or fancy that sickness is meant to be the end of everybody but themselves."

It was anxiety on "Master Andrew's" account which had already more than once deferred Jean's application for leave of absence, and, as above narrated, her mind was much exercised respecting him, when she had actually obtained it. For some time past Dr. Crawford had been culpably careless of his health, had worked too hard and fasted too long. But for Jean's watchfulness and the dainty "bits" which she exerted all her culinary skill to keep in a presentable and appetising condition for him, whenever he might arrive, the doctor would have fared still worse.

Ida always gave her husband a glad welcome, and sometimes gentle reproaches for his long absences, when at length he made his appearance, weary and jaded-looking. If the dinner hour were past she took it for granted he had dined elsewhere until enlightened by Jean, and then she only said, "You must take care the doctor has something nice, Jean. Be sure you look after the doctor," which injunction had been faithfully obeyed hitherto.

"I've left everything straight and orderly, mem, and here are the keys," said Jean, on the morning of her departure. "I hope Jessie will manage the cooking to your mind, but, being young, she's just a bit thoughtless and not to be trusted about the doctor's dinners. The regular meals will be served right enough, but I have my fears for any between-whiles cooking, so ye'll please not take it amiss if I say to ye, that it would be well ye should give an eye to this one matter yourself."

"Never fear, Jean, the doctor shall not starve during your absence," said Mrs. Crawford.

"And, mem, I hope ye'll not be angry, it's for the good of the children, bless them, and because I think ye should know——"

Mrs. Crawford's face grew hard as she listened to this preface, and she promptly interrupted the speaker.

"I have said before, Jean, and I repeat it now, that I will not have you interfere with nursery matters. I know there is a little jealousy between you and Bennett, but it cannot be expected that she will allow you to meddle in her department any more than that you should like her to give orders in the kitchen."

"She has tried to do it many a time, mem, and would like to guide the whole house, you and master, and the children, to say nothing of the other servants. But it's not of any meddling with me I would speak now."

"As to the children, Jean, I know how good you are, and that you would help to spoil them by your very kindness. You must not blame Bennett if she objects to your putting their stomachs out of order by giving them too many nice things."

"Indeed, mem," said Jean, earnestly, "I never gave them bit or sup that was not good and wholesome for the youngest among them. I would rather take what would harm myself than hurt a hair of their heads. Mistress, believe me, the nurse knows this as well as I do, but she wants you to credit her and not me. You say sometimes how wonderful quiet the children are kept, and how seldom they disturb anybody. They sleep too well, and Bennett knows best what she gives them to keep them from disturbing her rest."

Jean persisted in finishing her sentence, though Mrs. Crawford, with flushed face and in an indignant tone, tried to stop her.

"I never thought your feeling of jealousy would induce you to try and injure another servant's character, Jean," said the lady. "I know you have never liked Bennett, I suppose because she is in a manner placed above you."

"Dear mistress," cried Jean, her eyes filling with unwonted tears, "if you do not believe me, ask Mr. Armstrong how often he has caught Bennett in the surgery, helping herself to drugs that she had no lawful business with. She could be only wanting them to make sleeping stuff for those precious children. I could not bear to trouble the doctor, for just now he is working himself to death, but I *cannot go away* without warning you, mem, and I must speak out, whatever comes of it. Take those keys into your own keeping, and, though it may cost you a little trouble, do not let them out of your hands."

The keys indicated by Jean Graham were those of the wine cellar and the beer barrel. She had time to say no more, for the housemaid came at this moment to tell her that if she stayed another minute the cabman would not be answerable for catching the train.

Jean seized Mrs. Crawford's little white hand, and clasped it between both hers, then kissed it, and with a "Ye'll

forgive me, mistress, and may God bless and keep ye, and the doctor, and the children!" she hurried away.

The rattling wheels of the cab soon told that Jean was gone, and though her mistress had felt inclined to be angry, she could not help a sense of desolation as she realised how much must depend upon herself, for four long weeks to come.

"Poor Jean! She means well, but she almost hates Bennett. What a ridiculous notion that was of hers about the laudanum! I wish I had been able to tell her how it happened that Bennett went into the surgery for it," said Ida to herself, as she mused on Jean Graham's words of warning. "The explanation is so simple, though, perhaps, with Jean's feeling of prejudice against Bennett, she would not have believed it to be the true one."

The fact was that the nurse had entered the surgery during the temporary absence of Mr. Armstrong, the assistant, and helped herself to some laudanum. Twice he had surprised her doing this, and threatened to speak to Dr. Crawford, but the woman boldly set him at defiance, and said that her mistress knew why she wanted the laudanum, and that had Mr. Armstrong been in the surgery she would have asked him for it. As it was, there was no harm in her helping herself to such a small quantity. She was not a child to make a mistake about a teaspoonful of laudanum, or to use it improperly when she had got it.

Bennett's confident manner disarmed the assistant, and the nurse took care that any complaint from Mr. Armstrong should fall harmless, so far as she was concerned, if he carried out his threat of speaking to the doctor. She went straight to Mrs. Crawford, carrying with her the little bottle of laudanum, and said that she was going to prepare a camomile fomentation for her face.

"I have been just wild with pain, and hardly had an hour's sleep at once for the last two nights," she said. "I feel quite worn out, and if I cannot get some rest I shall not be fit to look after the children. I went to the surgery to ask for something, and Mr. Armstrong being out, I took the liberty of getting a small drop of laudanum to use with the camomile. I once heard a doctor say that it was better to put a little laudanum in than to boil poppy-heads, which were only like husks. Then you would be able to measure the exact quantity, whereas it was all guess-work with the poppy-heads."

Mrs. Crawford was full of sympathy with Bennett, and said she must lie down at once, and she would come to the nursery herself.

"There will be no occasion for you to trouble, ma'am, thank you," said Bennett. "Ann is out with the children, all but baby, and she is asleep. I shall not lie down now, but keep fomenting my face, and if I get relief from the pain I shall make up for loss of rest by a good night's sleep. Only if Mr. Armstrong should say anything to you about my taking the drop of laudanum you will, maybe, explain how it was, and that you are aware it was only needed for outside use."

To this Mrs. Crawford readily assented, and even went out of her way to mention the matter to the assistant.

If she could have followed Bennett's movements she might not have felt so satisfied, for she would have seen the laudanum bottle hidden away with its contents untouched, and found further that, though the nurse made a show of preparing a fomentation, she did not trouble herself to apply it. To her mistress's kind inquiries later in the evening, Bennett replied that she was now quite free from pain, and Ida, perfectly unsuspicious, rejoiced with her in having obtained such prompt relief.

Though Mr. Armstrong did not mention the abstraction of the laudanum to Dr. Crawford, he was far from satisfied, and it was a hint from him which aroused Jean Graham's suspicions, and set her on the watch, with what result has already been told.

Mrs. Crawford's easy-going method of delegating her domestic and maternal duties to her servants was patent to all around her. And yet, though she received a certain amount of censure, it was softly uttered, and accompanied by a sort of tender pity for the girl-wife, and praise of her many charming qualities.

"She married so young, and without any training to fit her for household duties or family cares."

"And she is so pretty, and has such perfect taste and fascinating manners, no one could help liking her," some other enthusiast would say; and so the one voice of blame would be turned into a chorus of praise or of regrets, that Dr. Crawford, poor man! had married out of his own sphere, and was paying the penalty of his mistake.

Mrs. Crawford did not repeat Jean Graham's warning words to her husband, but she could not wholly dismiss them from her mind. Jean might be prejudiced against Bennett, but no one could doubt her uprightness and devotion to those she served.

"Dear old Jean," thought Ida; "I am sure she thinks Andrew will be famished, the children poisoned, and the whole place go to wreck and ruin whilst she is away. There will be no harm in my keeping my eyes open, if only to convince her that she is mistaken about Bennett. I will look in at the nursery a little later than usual this evening, and every night for the future."

As a rule, Ida did not superintend the washing and dressing of her little people. There was the accomplished head-nurse and her younger assistant. What were these for, if not to take such work off the mother's hands? But sometimes she spent a little while in the nursery during the bathing process, dabbling her white hands in the water, and throwing it over the round, chubby limbs of the children. Or she would play little merry games with them, whilst the nursery rang with baby laughter, and the scene brought back memories of the old days in India, when she used to delight her brother's children in a similar manner. She did no serious work amongst Lord Carnelly's youngsters, but she was greatly beloved by them, and brightened many a dull hour by her girlish presence. It was the same now in her own nursery at Steynes-Cote, only that Bennett did not always seem over pleased if her mistress stayed too long, especially towards bed-time.

"Don't you think, ma'am, that playing with the children when I am getting them ready for bed is very apt to wake them up?" she would say, in an injured tone; and then probably add, "But, of course, I shall take care that you are not disturbed if they are restless in the night."

Naturally, such a speech made Mrs. Crawford feel quite guilty, and would send her out of the nursery. Sometimes she would steal in still later, and, with gentle footfall, creep to the bedsides of the little sleepers, just to kiss the soft, round cheeks and delight herself in the sight of their infant beauty. But such visits were manifestly opposed to Bennett's notions of nursery discipline, and she would look severe and remain silent, or sigh audibly, as if in anticipation of wailing children and broken slumbers.

So the two domestic departments at Steynes-Cote had each a head, yet neither was under the rule of its mistress. Jean Graham held sway as housekeeper because Mrs. Crawford would have it so, and Bennett governed the nursery, and Mrs. Crawford in addition. The wily nurse took care to impress her nominal mistress with the idea of her own importance and superior knowledge, and lost no opportunity of showing up Mrs. Crawford's inexperience.

It is due to Mrs. Prattely to say that Bennett was not the nurse recommended by her when little Doris was born. That first nurse had been carefully chosen, and proved to be everything that was satisfactory. But, unfortunately, her strength proved unequal to the demands made upon it by the rapid increase of the family, and she was compelled to resign her post. Against this first nurse Jean Graham was strongly prejudiced, to begin with; but in time she learned her value, and the two worked well together.

Bennett was of Mrs. Crawford's own engaging, and had been taken on the strength of written testimonials, and rather hastily, Ida being terrified at the idea of having the children left on her own inexperienced hands.

On the day before Jean Graham started for Scotland Mrs. Prattely told her husband of the intended journey.

"I wonder what they will do without Jean for a month!" she said. "I think I must look in at Steynes-Cote and see if I can do anything for Ida."

"No, my dear," replied Mr. Prattely, "let that girl-wife feel her feet and learn a lesson of self-reliance."

"She will think me very unkind, James," pleaded the lady.

"She shall have no excuse for so doing, my dear, for we will start to-morrow for a little tour in North Wales," said Mr. Prattely. "We have been talking of it for some time past, as Mrs. Crawford well knows."

The suggestion was carried out

with great promptitude, and Ida found herself unable to refer to her old friend during Jean Graham's absence. It gave her a rather desolate feeling, and produced one ill effect by making her afraid of offending Bennett.

The nurse was extra important and touchy in temper at the time, and Ida asked herself, "What would become of the children if nurse were to leave in a huff?"

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

Susan Gold.—At eighteen you will be too old for a London appointment, but not too old for one in the country. The limits of age in the latter are fourteen and twenty-five. The scale of pay is 10s. per week at first, when the school certificate is obtained, rising to 12s. when you can transmit public messages, and rising to 14s. when you are certified as capable of taking charge of an instrument, afterwards rising to 17s. and to 27s.

Lily W.—We should not give up a certainty for an uncertainty, of course, but we think you would be well suited for a hospital nurse if your strength and health be good. We went thoroughly into this subject in "Work for All," vol. v. p. 119. Please to read the article and our constant answers to correspondents.

A. G. G.—The subject of female clerkships in the Post Office was thoroughly dealt with in "Work for All," as we have said to "Lily W." There is a very useful little guide, issued by Cassell and Company, to the Civil Service, price, 1s.

Mazeppa.—Pronounce *Ukraine* as *U-kraine*. It comes from the German word *Uher* or frontier, hence *Ukraine*, a frontier district. *Kief* or *Kiew* is pronounced *Keef*.

The Marchioness.—The name of London is derived from the British Lyn-din, the port on the marsh, which was Latinised by the Romans into Londinium. The addition of the long "p" to the cross, gives the signification *in pace*, or "through the cross he rests in peace."

C. Hacking.—We are much obliged to you for sending us the rules of your Early Rising Society, which are very reasonable and good, and as we think such amateur efforts to aid our girls are deserving of much encouragement, we gladly give the address you send us. Miss C. Hacking, Seymour-grove, Old Trafford, Manchester.

Sandeman.—If a member of the Church of England, the Improvement Society, of which the Rev. G. V. Collison is the President, might suit you. Reading, languages, essay-writing, music, and drawing are taught. The entrance fee is only one shilling, and the annual subscription one shilling, payable in advance. The Secretary is Miss Knapp, Ivy-place, Hampstead-road, Handsworth. Copies of the rules to be had from her, price threepence.

Bruin.—Charles Manners Sutton became Speaker of the House of Commons June 2nd, 1817, was created Baron Bottesford and Viscount Canterbury, March 10th, 1835, and died 1845. He was succeeded by his son, Charles John, 2nd peer, who was in turn succeeded by his brother, in 1869. For any other information consult a Burke's peerage.

Steel Pen.—By an act passed in Queen Elizabeth's reign, 1577, all persons above the age of six were required to wear on Sundays and holidays woollen caps made in England. These were called statute caps, and explain the use of the term in Shakespeare's "Love's Labour Lost," act v., scene 2. This act was repealed in the same reign, 1597.

ART.

Paint Brush should obtain a few good specimens of painted photographs to copy, and make herself perfect in the art. We have given an article on the subject at page 183, vol. iii.

Jessie.—We have given the School of Art recipe for setting chalk drawings several times, but as we have constant inquiries we repeat it again. Take two ounces of methylated spirits and half a drachm of gum mastic; apply with a spray diffuser or odorator. Milk is used to set pencil drawings, and must be boiled.

Jessamine.—You do not need to varnish terra-cotta after painting in either oils or water-colours.

Lorenzo.—There are two, if not three, Teniers, all painters and natives of Antwerp. The first, called "the elder," was born 1582, and died in 1649. The second Teniers, his son, called "the younger," was born in 1610, and died in Brussels, 25th April, 1690. This was the famous Teniers, one of the greatest of *genre* painters, but also of historical works and landscapes. In all, he painted nearly 1,000 pictures. A recent authority suggests that the Teniers who signs himself "D. T., Junior" is probably a son of the above, and his productions are usually confounded with those of his father.

Little Nell.—A full account of lustre painting will be found on page 375, vol. iv., G. O. P. Please refer to it.

Jay.—The original painting shows some skill, and we think you will do better by-and-by. Put a little salt in the water in which you keep flowers.

Blondinella tells us she "is said to have some *dispositions*." What does this mean? We hope it was not equivalent to O'Connell's charge against the irascible Mrs. Moriarty, "that she had a parallelogram locked up in her cupboard?" Perhaps, however, our correspondent has got something good and worth having. We recommend her to procure a drawing instruction manual and some sheets of lithographed landscapes and tree studies to copy if unable to procure lessons. After home-made work of this kind, she had better make an attempt at sketching from nature.

MUSIC.

Nanny and Nancy should always be accompanied by an elder person when they go to take their lessons in music. Girls nearly always require checking and looking after, or they take up time in talking.

Annie Lee.—There are two kindred musical societies, one for the encouragement of regular music practice, conducted by Miss Garrett, Blacklands Hall, Cavendish, near Sudbury, Suffolk; and there is the Prize Music Improvement Society—principal, Miss Graham, Cambridge Academy, 19, Cambridge-street, Abercromby-square, Liverpool. Either of these might suit you. Write for their rules, and then make your choice. The subscription to the former is 1s. 6d. half yearly, and entrance fee 6d., payable in advance; and for the latter, 1s per annum only.

Gwenllian.—The oratorio called "St. Paul" is by Mendelssohn, composed in 1846. This work and his "Elijah" are considered the grandest modern examples of the kind.

Pansy, Leonie.—1. Address the secretary, Trinity College, Mandeville-place, Manchester-square, W. 2. Novello's music primers would be suitable.

Well-wisher.—1. *Una corda* and *ped* mean both pedals. 2. You might write to Miss Leigh, Avenue Wagram, Paris, and ask her advice. Local information is always desirable, and she might take you in at first, or at least give advice.

Way.—You will obtain all the musical instruction you require from Novello's primer of music.

Brenda.—The question of the musical pitch is likely to be settled before long, the Austrian Government having invited representatives of the Powers to a conference on the subject at Vienna at the end of October. Her Majesty the Queen has already acted on the advice of her Master of the Music, and purchased a complete set of wind instruments tuned to the French pitch.

Tommy D.—We do not recommend any special violin strings. You should take your master's advice, or that of the instrument maker. It is not the custom to wipe off the dust of the resin.

Eta.—A year or two ago we published a small volume of Christmas carols. Inquire for it from our publisher.

An Amateur Organist.—We do not advertise publications, and must refer you to some first-class music publishers, such as Novello, Boosey, Cramer, and others. Write to them for a recommendation, or go to a shop and try over a few of the arrangements before making a selection.

MISCELLANEOUS.

One Trying to do Right.—Under the circumstances which you name we recommend you to accept the invitation, and go without further scruple.

E. M. G.—There is a good early rising society, of which Miss Ellman, of the Rectory, Berwick, Sussex, is the secretary.

A National Schoolgirl.—The G. O. P. has recently completed the sixth annual volume, each containing the numbers for one year. Either the complete volume for any one year, or a monthly part of any, may be had in writing for it to our publisher, Mr. Tarn, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C.

A Real Irish Lassie.—Oatmeal is not fattening in a special degree, but fairly so. What objection could there be to your wearing a ring, unless the gift of a man to whom you were not engaged? In such a case you should not accept it if not presented as an engagement ring, and accepted as a favourable response, and with an understood intention of marriage.

Trixie.—We have not any idea at present of the future appearance of any sequel to the story "When We Were Girls Together." We are glad that so many of your friends were interested in it. Your handwriting is too angular. Use a softer pen.

Hilda.—Sir Bernard Burke gives it as his opinion that the Queen and Royal family have no surname. We have answered this foolish question many times. Oct. 11th, 1866, was a Thursday.

Susan.—We do not quite understand what your friend is arguing about, and think that, like some positive people, she does not know herself. No human being knows but the voter what name he has written on his paper, unless he discloses it himself.

E. E. A. should apply to the Colonial Emigration Society, 13, Dorset-street, Portman-square, W. Write to the secretary.

A New Forester should steam the back of the velvet over a vessel of boiling water, and dry by shaking it before the fire.

Anxiety.—Such violent transports of passion are frequently a sign of incipient disease of the brain. You had better take a doctor's advice, but no institution that we know of receives such undeveloped cases.

Eva, (Trinidad, W. I.).—The sentence, "It is going to rain," is generally regarded as correct idiomatic English. You may also say, "Rain is coming," or "coming on," but "It is coming to rain," is not idiomatic English, and we never heard it. You may preserve the colour of the ferns by drying and pressing them between relays of blotting paper, changing the latter daily, so that no dampness may injure them.

Snowdrop and Florence Nightingale.—We are much obliged for both the contributions, and regret they are not quite up to the mark for our pages.

Grateful Eighteen.—Such operations are not always successful in restoring the sight. You have been fortunate, but others might fail. However, we are much obliged by your sympathy, and regret we cannot proceed further in the matter.

Sunburnt Liz.—Jean Ingelow's poems are published in a single volume. The letters are "A. O." Alpha and Omega, the first and last letters of the Greek alphabet. See Rev. i. 8. The letters "J. H. S." are from the Latin words *Jesus Hominum Salvator*, "Jesus, Saviour of men."

A Tradesman's Daughter should think less of herself and her looks, and confine her attention entirely to her business in the shop. If she did this she would cease to become red when a customer speaks to her. As to blushing whenever a young man's name is mentioned, it appears so imbecile, we wonder you were not ashamed to tell us so. We can only suppose that you have apartments to let in your upper storey.

Paddy, Excelsior.—We never deceive any of our girls by pretending that they can procure home employment. It is almost impossible, we should say, as needlework is at a discount, and copying and translating not to be had. But where there is a will, etc., and perhaps with some personal exertion, you may be more fortunate than others.

Shellie.—We know of nothing but as nursery governess, which does not require the highest education, or upper nurse. But you are very young yet. Had you not better join a correspondence class, and try to pass some examination? Half our unhappiness at home arises from idleness, and the dulness of lack of occupation to loss of mental power.

R. A. M.—If you are earning £60 a year you certainly ought to pay your father something for your board and lodging. Why should he keep you when you are twenty-eight years of age, and able to earn so much? We should think £30 a year enough, and £15 for your dress and other expenses, and you should save the rest.

Floraleigh.—Feathers can be curled again by gently drawing each filament between the forefinger and a blunt penknife.

Mina.—We think the jubilee singers sell the book themselves.

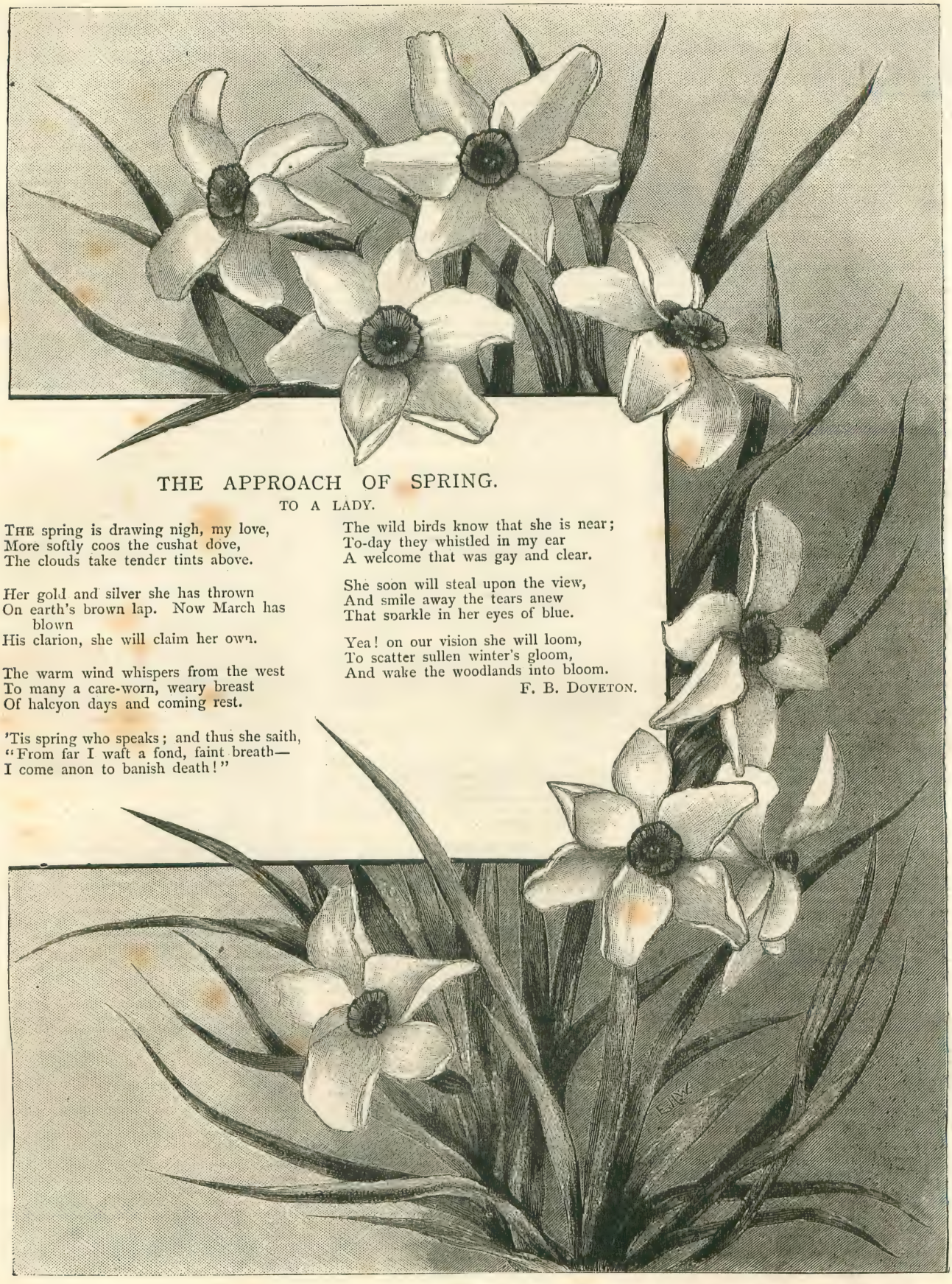
Mistress.—You must give your servant a proper notice, *i.e.*, one month, or else a month's wages. You should have taken her for one month's trial. It is wise to have a clear arrangement with servants; but can you not have a little more patience, and make her suit you?

Ghou Bhang (Vancouver's Land).—Poor, dear, neglected Dorothy, *Gwendoline, Lily, and Bess!* Believe us, we have no recollection of having heard from you before, and if your questions had been repeated they should have been answered now. We also assure you that we by no means intended to show any disrespect to your country. All nationalities are the same to us, so far as our girls are concerned. We congratulate you on having acquired the art of type-writing, thank you for all the kind things you say of our paper and special contributors, and wish you happiness and health.

Bundaberg and Brisbane (Queensland). — Your question is of too extensive a character, and we have not space to answer it; the Royal Family is large, and the connections with foreign Courts so many. The sisters of our much beloved Princess of Wales have severally married the Czar of Russia and the Duke of Cumberland (hereditary King of Hanover). Her eldest brother is the future King of Denmark, and her second brother is the King of Greece. The Duke of Edinburgh married the Grand Duchess, sister of the Czar, and thus the children of the latter are first cousins of those of the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh. In fact, the rising Royal families of Great Britain, Russia, Germany, Denmark, and Greece are all first cousins, the one to the other, all round. Of course you remember that our Princess Royal married the Crown Prince and future Emperor of Germany. The other children of the Queen married (with one exception) princes and princesses, but of less distinction. You should get an English almanack.

Jessie.—The year of the G.O.P. begins on the 1st October. The monthly parts can be obtained.

A Lover of Poetry.—We have read your poem on your favourite "Turkey," with much amusement The versification is fairly correct, and it shows some cleverness.



THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

TO A LADY.

THE spring is drawing nigh, my love,
More softly coos the cushat dove,
The clouds take tender tints above.

Her gold and silver she has thrown
On earth's brown lap. Now March has blown
His clarion, she will claim her own.

The warm wind whispers from the west
To many a care-worn, weary breast
Of halcyon days and coming rest.

'Tis spring who speaks; and thus she saith,
"From far I waft a fond, faint breath—
I come anon to banish death!"

The wild birds know that she is near;
To-day they whistled in my ear
A welcome that was gay and clear.

She soon will steal upon the view,
And smile away the tears anew
That sparkle in her eyes of blue.

Yea! on our vision she will loom,
To scatter sullen winter's gloom,
And wake the woodlands into bloom.

F. B. DOVETON.

A Promise of Spring

VOL. VII.—NO. 320. FEBRUARY 13, 1886. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

RESIGNATION.

Translated from the Swedish.

By the Rev. LEWIS BORRETT WHITE, D.D.

WHY should I mourn, my painful stroke receiving,
Which is a God-sent angel meant to be?
Why should I ask my Heavenly Father, grieving,
Why such a messenger He chose for me?

Like bird beneath its mother's pinions clinging,
Against His breast I lean contentedly,
And though death come, his thousand arrows flinging,
I conquer still, and faith's my victory.

Like peaceful dove my prayer upward gliding,
Reaches my Father's starry home on high,
And when it finds Him there in light abiding,
Breathes in His ear this softly whispered sigh.

O Thou who seest my deepest heart's emotion,
Accept my will, I offer it to Thee,
And as in love Thou giv'st the bitter potion,
So taught by love I'll drink it cheerfully.

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"MY DEEPEST HEART'S EMOTION."

PHOTOGRAPHY FOR GIRLS.

PART V.

BEFORE leaving the subject of silver-printing, we will mention a few of the defects most commonly met with, and their causes.

The prints have a hard black and white appearance, with no roundness of outline, and but little half-tone. In this case the negative is at fault, and has probably been under-exposed. A good print can never be made from a bad negative. The prints are weak, and of a cold, slaty colour. They are under-printed and overtoned, or may have been left in the fixing solution too long, or possibly the negative is again at fault—over-exposed. The white parts of the print, after a short time, turn yellow, indicating insufficient washing after the fixing process.

Opaque brownish patches appear in the print. The fixing has not been properly carried out, and there has been too little of the solution used for the number of prints fixed, or the prints have not been kept long enough in it.

Red spots, which do not change colour in the toning bath, show defects in the paper or grease-spots, caused perhaps by touching the face of the paper with the fingers.

The prints do not tone, but will only take a brown leathery colour. The toning bath too old or deficient in chloride of gold, the paper kept too long before being printed on, or too long between printing and toning.

Metallic-looking spots, smears, etc. Metallic particles lodged on the paper, or the paper has been in contact with hyposulphite of soda at some time previous to the completion of the toning. Ebonite pincers are sold for taking the prints out of the washing water after printing, and out of the toning bath. They should be kept for these purposes, and be carefully put away before the hyposulphite of soda is taken out.

Photographs are sometimes printed on what is known as plain paper. This paper is not albumenised, but is prepared with a solution of the chlorides of ammonium and barium, and sensitised, toned, etc., in the same way as the albumenised paper. It has not the glaze of the latter, and is best adapted to rather large pictures with considerable breadth of subject.

Perhaps the most beautiful photographic process within the reach of an amateur is that known as the platinotype process, the pictures produced by which are far more artistic and pleasing than those produced by the silver process we have till now been describing; and we venture to predict that those who have followed us thus far will, if they try the platinotype process, find their former interest and pleasure in the art of photography at least doubled. Moreover, platinotype photographs have the great merit of not fading, as do all silver prints sooner or later; also, they can as easily be printed upon muslin, linen, silk, or satin, as upon paper, and thus this process lends itself to many decorative purposes, for which the silver process is not suitable. It is a patented process, and the patent is in the hands of a company, who make a charge of 5s. for the licence to use the process, and issue this licence on condition that all the chemicals required shall be purchased from them. The materials required are the sensitised paper or other fabric, which is best obtained ready cut to the sizes required, as half-plate, quarter-plate, etc. The paper costs 5s. 6d. and 6s. 3d. per ¼ quire for "smooth" and "thick rough" paper respectively. For general purposes we recommend the latter quality. Sensitised nainsook may be obtained at 1s., and sateen at 1s. 6d. per square foot.

As it is most imperative that these materials should be kept perfectly dry, it is necessary to have a special tin in which to keep them, which has a receptacle in it for a small quantity of chloride of calcium; this will absorb any moisture within the tin, and must itself be dried over the fire from time to time. The cost of such a tin, 4 inches in diameter by 10½ in length, is 3s. 4d. An iron developing dish, 8½ by 6½ inches, will cost 1s. 4d, and half-a-dozen sheets of vulcanised rubber 1s. 2d.

The only chemicals required are oxalate of potash and hydrochloric acid.

The printing process is the same as with silver paper, except that a sheet of rubber must be placed at the back of the paper, and all pads, printing frames, etc., must be well dried, and every precaution taken against the least trace of damp getting to the paper or other material.

The photographs do not come out clearly in printing as in the silver process; but the paper, which is of a lemon yellow colour previous to exposure to light, becomes during exposure first of a greyish and then of an orange colour. The printing should be stopped before the shadows assume this latter colour; but, as in silver printing, experience alone can teach us to what depth of colour to print.

After printing, the paper should be at once returned to the calcium tin. When the whole batch of prints is ready they must be developed in a solution of oxalate of potash—five and a half ounces to the pint of water. A quantity of this solution may be made up, as it keeps indefinitely. Some of the developing solution must be poured into the iron dish, and the latter placed over a gas or lamp flame until its contents reach a heat of between 170° and 180° Fahrenheit; at this point it should be kept while the prints are developed, which is effected by floating them face downwards on the hot solution, taking care that there are no air bubbles imprisoned between the paper and the solution. In a few seconds the photograph will be found to have developed in black upon a yellowish ground.

The prints, directly they come from the developing solution, must be immersed in a bath composed of one drachm of hydrochloric acid to seven and a half ounces of water, and washed in three or four changes of this solution, and on no account be placed in plain water so long as they communicate the least colour to the acid bath. When, however, this latter is left quite clear and colourless, the prints are to be placed in clean water, which must be changed three or four times to get rid of the acid, after which the prints may be dried and trimmed.

It will be seen that the prints are by this process completed much more quickly than in the silver process, there being neither the toning nor the tedious washings necessary in the older process, while the final result is undoubtedly far more satisfactory.

In concluding our instructions on the art of photography, we must beg our readers not to be alarmed by the number of chemicals required or the intricate details of the various processes described. The art is far more simple and easy in practice than it can be made to appear in a few short pages, in which many processes and many formulæ are necessarily brought before the mind in so short a space of time that they appear far more confusing than when they are, so to say, "spread out" in practice. J. POCOCK.

A PERILOUS ROAD.

CHAPTER II.

THE PROFESSOR.

SOME six months before this last conversation with Marietta, Leonardo Sodini had been the means of saving the youngest child of his employer from an accident which, in all probability, would have resulted in death. The houses in Italy are very high, and the Benoni dwelt in some rooms in the same building as their music and instrument shop at Pistoia, but on the upper floor. The little girl, though she had been forbidden to do so, leant out of the window, overbalanced herself, and would have fallen out had not Leonardo sprung up from his chair and dragged her back in time. Signora Benoni, the mother, was there too; she also at the same moment tried to save the child but failed, and before she realised what Leonardo had done, fell fainting on the floor.

The gratitude of the parents was boundless. They raised the lad's salary and his position in the shop. They treated him as if he were a son of the family, but they were never satisfied, and begged Leonardo again and again to let them materially help to push him on in whatever manner he should prefer. Leonardo, however, asked for nothing more for himself, but little by little a plan came into his mind, and, though reluctantly, he did beg a great favour of the Benoni. He told them about his old friends the Stefanis; about their reverse of fortune; of the old man's breaking down; of Marietta's voice and talent: and asked them if they could help the girl to get proper training.

"For myself," said Leonardo, in some confusion, "I should never have done this. I consider that I did nothing but the barest duty which accident placed before me; but for the *vecchio* and the little Marietta—I——"

"My dear lad, my dear Leonardo, not another word," broke in father and mother together, as they grasped his hands in delight that he should have come to them in his trouble.

"And," continued Signor Benoni, "my wife and I know the very man for you—Professore Barbarelli. He is an enthusiast, and he has done much for music—vocalism particularly. His wife was also a teacher, and a celebrated concert singer in her day; and though both have now retired from the profession, nothing enchants them so much as, in some way or other, occupying themselves with music. By the way, has your friend any dramatic talent, for if so—— ?"

Leonardo interrupted eagerly—

"I don't know at all; but that is not what

any of us would wish for her. If she could sing at private houses and concerts, and, failing that, teach."

"Then the Barbarelli can do that excellently well, and I will tell them exactly what you have told me. We will lose no time; they live in Florence. We can catch the midday train."

During the journey Leonardo felt in a tumult of anxiety. If it should be decided that Marietta would have to stay at the professor's house for months and months—perhaps years—what a change it would be for the girl, and how would she bear being separated from her family? Then, also, having been brought up among the mountains, she would feel the confinement of a town life. She would have to study hard without ceasing, and she was not used to study. She would feel strange, timid perhaps, and lonely.

"Ah! poor Marietta!" he said to himself. "Has she realised it all, I wonder!"

When they had reached Florence and were making their way to the house or *palazzo* in the Via Martelli, he asked his companion what sort of a lady the *moglie* (wife) was.

"Is she nice, and kind, and——"

"I should think so! Be easy, my boy; your little mountain nightingale will be in good hands."

These comforting words brought them to the fine old *palazzo*, the fourth floor of which was occupied by the Barbarelli. Leonardo noticed that the street was very narrow, and to him it felt stifling. The handsome staircase seemed interminable, but the steps were easy, and, as usual, each floor was provided with a comfortable bench.

He was ushered alone into a fine room, while Signor Benoni went to speak to his friends, and sympathetic Leonardo rushed to the window to assure himself that the little "mountain nightingale," as his employer had called her, would not pine to death in her beautiful town cage. Over the roofs of the houses rose domes and church towers, and quite in the distance he saw the tops of some trees. His investigation was interrupted by the entrance of Signor Benoni and the professor.

Leonardo looked and saw a tall, elderly man, with a rugged, clever face, bushy eyebrows, and prominent brows such as one often sees in musical heads. The professor had been told of the unwillingness with which Leonardo had claimed his reward, and being warm-hearted by nature, and possessing the perfect tact of his nation, he soon put Leonardo at his ease.

He took his hand in both his, and said, "Signorino, I have to thank you for what my friend tells me you will do for me." Then he clasped his own two hands together, and looking up, said, "*Cielo!* (heaven). Is there another pleasure so great as the bringing out of talent, the developing of that divine thing—the human voice?"

This was neither theatrical nor false, as to some of us English it might appear. That kind of manner was quite natural to him, for no one was more sincere than Professor Barbarelli.

Leonardo eagerly spoke out his thanks.

"And now, signorino (the masculine of signorina—mademoiselle) we will proceed to business, or rather I will tell you a little plot, a little idea which I have," tapping his forehead, for the professor could no more have talked without further explaining his words by some action, than he could have lived without breathing.

"Many and many a time have I brought out some obscure signorina; for instance, La Villari was nothing but a rustic maiden, and she——"

But at this point his friend stopped him, knowing this to be a subject of which the professor would not easily tire.

"Yes, you are right," he continued, in perfect good humour, "I must not delay. I was going to say that I should like to hear the young lady sing, if possible, myself unseen. From my experience I know that if you were to bring me your friend, and I went to the piano *cosi*" (like this)—and he seated himself at the instrument; "and then if I were to beg the signorina," smiling up at an imaginary girl, "to favour me with a song, a trifling air, anything, she will turn pale, she will then close her throat," clutching at his own, "she will open her mouth just this much only, and so ——" and then he leant back as if in despair, "*tutto inutile* (all useless). Signorino, you understand and you agree?"

Leonardo smiled, for though he was an Italian himself, the younger generation have not as much gesture now. But he was delighted with him, and also with the suggestion; for he was thankful that poor Marietta should be saved the ordeal of a first attempt before so great a man.

"Quite," he answered, "and nothing is easier. I am going to-morrow, and if you will kindly accompany me I will put you, when no one sees us, into the room which Signor Stefani always gives me. The window overlooks the lane where we go *passeggiare* (to walk). Marietta will come out; I shall ask her for the guitar, play a chord or two, and she will at once sing as certainly as would a lark when the sun shines."

"Excellent," cried the professor, rubbing his hands; "could not be better. I go *piano*, *pianissimo* (quietly, very quietly), and he made a few steps on tiptoe. "I stand so," putting himself behind the curtain with his ear to the window, "and *ecco!* (there!) One word more, Signorino. I am an enthusiast for music, and an honest man, too. If I find that partiality—excuse me—has blinded you, and that I can make nothing of the signorina, I will tell you so frankly. Believe me, it is a bad time, this, that is before her, and such application as I shall demand from her, neither I nor my wife would willingly put anyone to, unless we felt confident of the greatest success. If, instead, she is as capable as I hope—ah! then you will see what we shall make of her," and his face radiated with anticipated pleasure.

After this Signora Barbarelli came in. She was a little dark lady, rather stout, but with a refined, regular-featured face, and the prettiest and kindliest manners. She said a few pleasant words to Leonardo, and then they parted most cordially until the following day.

On the next afternoon Marietta, unconscious of all that was coming to her, was preparing for the arrival of her friend Leonardo.

"*Fanciulli* (children), is everything ready in Leonardo's room? The *babbo* has invited him to come this evening."

"Yes," they answered, but they ran off to make quite sure, for he was a great favourite with them.

"Greet him for me when he comes," said Marietta, "for I must be off and bring the cattle in."

Leonardo had purposely chosen a moment when she must be absent.

Shortly after she had disappeared along one path, Leonardo appeared up the other. A tempestuous greeting followed, and then he said—

"Now, little ones, let me see who runs the best. Here is a *soldo* for the one who first reaches that small oak-tree yonder, behind the big house."

Off went the unsuspicious children, and the professor came forward, and was safely housed in Leonardo's little room.

"I am afraid you will have to wait awhile, sir."

"*Niente, niente* (it is nothing.) In the interest of music I would do more than this; besides, this is glorious," looking at the glimpse of the valley which could be seen; "*e qui c'è un aria*" (and here is air), opening his nostrils and inhaling with enjoyment a whiff of mountain breeze.

He was left alone, and presently he saw a nymph-like figure coming up a steep path. Her little brown feet were bare, her glossy black hair was curling and waving, for the handkerchief had fallen behind, and he saw a satisfactory set of small, even white teeth as she smiled, presumably at her friend under the window.

"*Bellina, graziosa*" (pretty, graceful), he said to himself, pleased that she should be so. He heard her say a few words, and they were uttered with perfect intonation, and expressed in the marvellously pure language for which that part of the country is noted. It is a fact that there, and in one or two other spots in Italy, those who are born, or at least bred there, have a purity of tongue which the greatest gentleman or the most refined lady of many of the cities could not attain to.

"Fortunate," he thought; "nothing to learn in that respect; and, better still, nothing to unlearn."

By-and-by Leonardo said from below—

"When you have recovered your breath, Marietta, won't you bring the guitar?"

"To be sure, Leonardo; what shall I sing?"

"I have a fancy for your very best songs this evening, *donnina*. What say you?"

"I'll sing *babbo's* favourite. He is still out there working in the field, but if the '*Belle Montagne*' ('Beautiful Mountains') reaches his ears he will not be able to resist, and he will come in to supper."

She began, and the strains of a pretty, melancholy song in the minor key rose in the air. She sang it at first rather softly, but the experienced ears above knew that there was great power in those rich, true tones.

"She'll do," he said to himself; "utterly untaught, but gifted by Nature."

"*Eccolo!*" (here he is!) cried Marietta, waiting for no compliments, and clapping her hands with pleasure as she saw her father coming up the hill.

And then the bright, sweet, young voice carolled forth a gay air, putting all the power of her lungs in it this time, singing, as Leonardo had said, like a lark in the summer sunshine. More than once her ignorance of the art was quite apparent, and her unseen auditor made a grimace as a fine note got strangled in her throat before it somehow found its natural exit.

Nevertheless, the professor was charmed, and in his excitement he forgot his plot, and ran down among them and wrung Leonardo's hand enthusiastically.

"Signorino, you have found a treasure. Signorina, if you will permit me, I will congratulate you!" And, still holding his hat in his hand, he bowed. Everyone's eyes turned to Leonardo for an explanation, which he gave.

"Ah, Leonardo! it can't all be true!" exclaimed Marietta, almost incoherent from sudden gladness and surprise. "If it is, how can I ever thank you? Signore"—turning to the professor—"if I only knew how to express myself! It is for my *babbo* there that I want this. No, *babbo*, you are not to shake your head. In a year or two it will be all finished, and then we'll go and live again at the dear old home. Signor Professore, I will work night and day if you bid me."

And then, in her joy and gratitude, the girl bent her head and kissed the *maestro's* hand.

(To be continued.)

ONLY A GIRL-WIFE.

By RUTH LAMB, Author of "Her Own Choice," &c.

CHAPTER XVII.

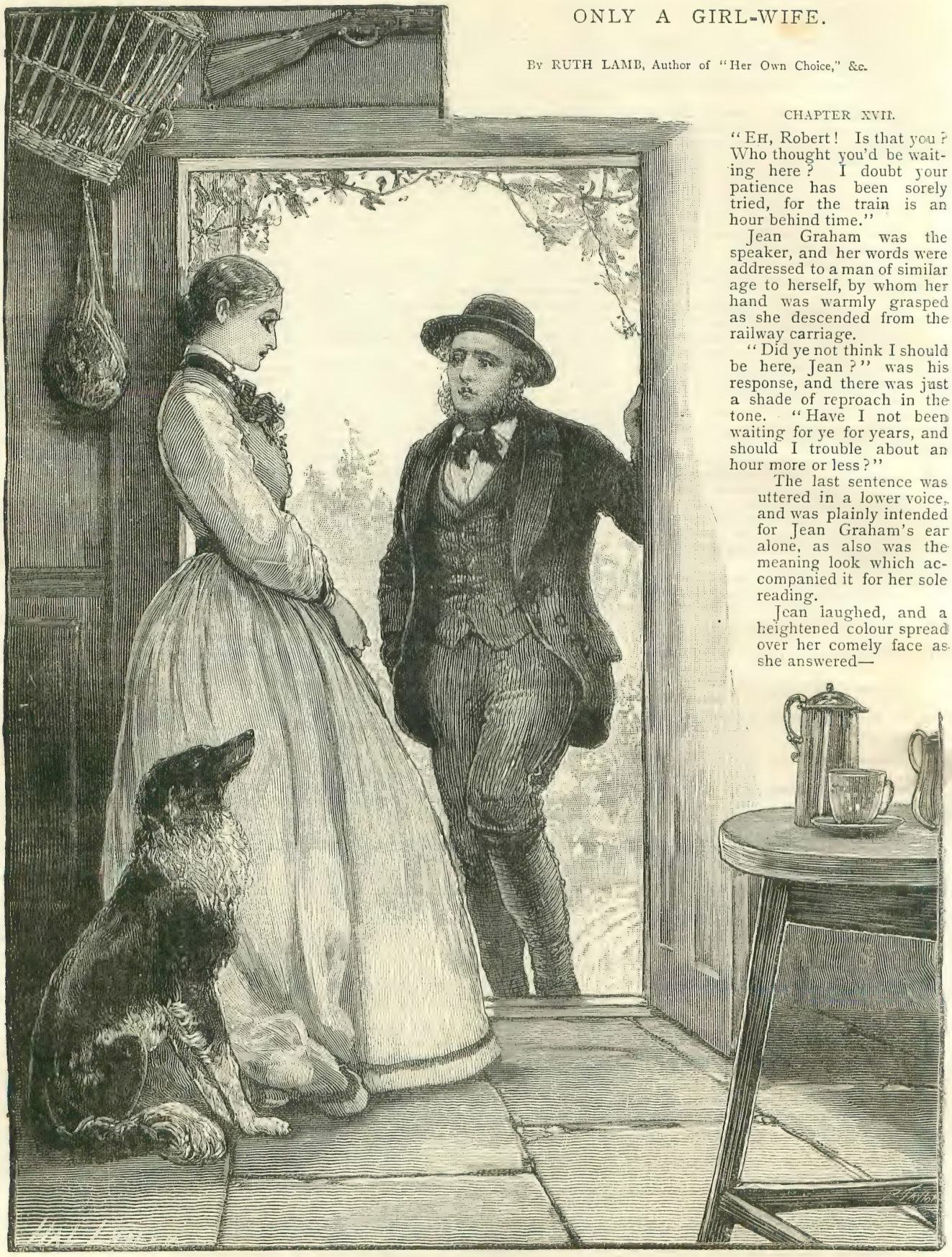
"EH, Robert! Is that you? Who thought you'd be waiting here? I doubt your patience has been sorely tried, for the train is an hour behind time."

Jean Graham was the speaker, and her words were addressed to a man of similar age to herself, by whom her hand was warmly grasped as she descended from the railway carriage.

"Did ye not think I should be here, Jean?" was his response, and there was just a shade of reproach in the tone. "Have I not been waiting for ye for years, and should I trouble about an hour more or less?"

The last sentence was uttered in a lower voice, and was plainly intended for Jean Graham's ear alone, as also was the meaning look which accompanied it for her sole reading.

Jean laughed, and a heightened colour spread over her comely face as she answered—



"'JEAN,' SAID HE, 'I WANT A WORD WITH YE.'"

"Well, Robert, I'm glad to see you again after all these years. It has been hard work to get away, and I doubt they'll be wanting me back before I'll be ready to go."

"Nobody can be wanting you back so much as you are wanted here, Jean," was Robert's reply; but he did not wait for an immediate response. Assisted by the porter, he placed Jean's luggage on the spring cart which was waiting outside, and, having helped her to the front seat, took the reins and drove homeward.

No one at Steynes-Cote—not even Dr. Crawford—suspected that Jean Graham had her love story. But such was the case, and the sunburnt, tawny-haired, rather rugged-featured young farmer beside her was its hero.

Jean could not remember the time during her early life in Scotland when Robert Hamilton had not been mixed up with it. He and his sisters had gone to the same school with her and her brothers and sisters. When Jean left home to take service in England, the honest blue eyes of this sandy-haired "neebor lad" had followed her departing figure with sad and wistful looks, until it could be discerned no longer. Whenever Jean took holiday, Robert Hamilton's voice was the first to greet her and the last to say "Farewell, and God be with ye," when the time came for her to return.

The two had "understood each other" for many a year past, yet Jean had kept on serving the Feredays and Crawfords in succession, and Robert ploughing, sowing, and reaping on his Scotch farm as if there were no engagement between them. Jean well knew, however, that this was not the result of want of true, heartfelt affection on either side; but before Robert could take home a wife he must act the part of son and husband to his widowed mother, and be both father and brother to the troop of young children who looked to him as the head of the family.

The young farmer was not out of his teens when this burden was laid upon him, but he had shouldered it willingly, worked cheerfully, and earned the grateful love of the younger Hamiltons, who had gone out into the world one by one to do credit to their home training. Now there was only the old mother left, and her great desire was that Robert should bring home the wife for whom he had so long waited.

"Jean must come now, Robert, and your mother will be the happier for knowing that you have a true helpmeet by the old fireside. I shall be near, but the farmhouse needs a younger mistress. Bring Jean home, and may the blessing of God be upon you both!" said Mrs. Hamilton, when she knew Jean Graham was expected at her father's.

Robert lost no time in quoting his mother's words, and urging upon Jean that they had now nothing to wait for but just herself. After his long patience he was ill-prepared for her answer.

"You must bide a wee bit longer, Rab; I cannot be spared just yet; I did not know ye were ready. You should have told me, and I would have spoken to the mistress."

"And who has the right to say you nay, Jean, if you make up your own mind? You're no bond-slave to be held against your will."

"It is just a question part of pity, part of duty that holds me to Steynes-Cote," replied Jean; and then she gave Robert Hamilton a graphic description of the state of things at Dr. Crawford's.

"It seems, Rab," she continued, "as if it were laid upon me to try and rouse the young mistress to a sense of what she owes to her God, her husband, and her children. Of Him I doubt she has but little serious thought. Not that she speaks lightly of holy things, but they have no reality to her. D'ye mind what I mean?"

Robert assented, and Jean resumed her story.

"Of the doctor she thinks much, but not in the right way altogether. She's proud of him, and thinks him a grand man, clever and wise, and she dresses herself in her best, that she may look fair in his eyes. She meets him with a smile, and she bids him look at her new gown, and gives him welcome with all her heart. But, Rab, she is so much taken up with her bits of finery and with the thought of looking fair in his eyes, that she does not see that he wants something else besides smiles and winsome ways. They are like the sauces that come in with the good meat—very tasty to go along with it, but not enough to feed and live upon.

"I often see the doctor come in with a weary, far-away look on his face, and I feel that he needs, above all things, to be quiet and to be waited on silently, but with thoughtful care and loving hands. Mrs. Fereday knew in a moment when the old master wanted word-sympathy and when he would fain be let alone."

"Eh, but I shall have a wise woman when I get ye, Jean. Ye've had one mistress for a pattern and the other to warn ye," said Robert.

Jean laughed and replied, "Better not reckon too much; I might follow the wrong one. But, Rab, I hope I shall feel always with ye and for ye, and it is just in that the young mistress comes short towards 'Master Andrew.' I cannot understand it. If I were in her place I should want to hear about his work, and especially about those whose pains had been relieved by his skill. The young mistress will hear nothing of the kind. When he began once to speak of the way in which a mother's precious life had been saved and given back, in a way, to the longing hearts of her husband and children, the mistress put her hands to her ears and cried, 'Don't, Andrew, I cannot bear to hear of those horrid things.'

"The doctor's face was all aglow when he came in, and I doubt not he was thanking God for that He had made him wise-hearted and given him understanding, and blessed the use of his talents to the sick and sorrowful; but when his wife's words fell on his ear, the light died away from his face, and he went straight out of the house without speaking again. She gave him a sore wound, but she never meant it, or even knew what she had done. Then she does not think or reckon how much it costs to keep up Steynes-Cote, and pay all the troop of servants. She gets her will, and she never asks herself where all the money comes from, though she will say to the doctor, 'Andrew, what a slave you make of yourself! You ought not to work so hard, for my sake; I see so little of you.'"

"He should tell her," interposed Robert. "He should let her know that it is by this hard work alone that she keeps her house and her servants, and buys all she sets her mind on. Would she not heed his words?"

"No doubt she would, for the doctor is before all the world to her, according to her light. But he has taken the bonny young lady, and because her father was a lord, and no common man, he has made up his mind that she must flutter in the sunshine like a butterfly, whilst he labours like a bee to store her home with sweets."

Robert Hamilton echoed the sigh with which Jean closed her word-picture. Then, after a brief silence, he asked, "How about the children?"

"The mistress thinks they are just the bonniest bits o' playthings in the world. She looks almost a bairn herself amongst her babies, and when I hear her laugh ringing out above theirs, the music is so sweet that, whiles, I laugh myself without being able to tell why. Next moment I wipe away a tear that has come as unbidden as the laugh did, for I know the young mistress leaves the care of those precious living treasures to a woman that is not fit to be trusted with the guiding of a kitten. I warned her as well as I dare before I left, and I bade her take good care of two keys in particular. But I can hardly sleep o' nights for thinking whether the mistress has given heed to my words, or says to herself, 'Jean is cross and jealous. Who cares for her old maidish words and ways?'"

Robert Hamilton listened patiently whilst Jean told her tale. Then he said, "You have done right, Jean, my woman; and if, after all your years of service, your word is not worth heeding, you'd better leave your young mistress to look out for herself. I want ye, Jean, to rule at the farm instead of serving in the great house."

"And I want ye to give me a few more months, Rab, to finish the task that is laid upon me. You have been very patient through all these past years; it is no long time I ask for now."

"You have been patient, Jean, and I have waited, because I could not help myself," replied Robert. "Fretting would have hindered work, and if the work had not been done, how could I say to-day, 'Jean, the house is ready for its mistress,' and I want my wife as the reward for past years of patience and of labour?' A few months may seem short when compared with them, but to me every day will be as a week now, because there is not the needs be for waiting."

Such pleading was very hard for Jean to withstand. Indeed, her own heart joined in it. Was she not pledged by

the most solemn of engagements to this good, true man? Had not the thought of her spurred him on to greater efforts, and made him toil when others had gone to rest, and work on in spite of weariness? Had he not the first claim upon her? Ought she, for the sake of her girl-mistress, to entail further waiting and self-sacrifice on Robert Hamilton?

There were yet others to be considered—the parents from whom she had been parted, except at rare intervals, during nearly twenty years. Had not they openly expressed their joy at the thought that Jean would for the future be very near them, and that as years increased she would always be within call and ready to minister to their wants?

At last Jean said, "I must go back to Steynes-Cote and give reasonable warning."

To this Robert answered gravely, "If you give more than due notice, Jean, I shall begin to fancy that I am losing grip of you *altogether*."

The speaker's look and tone expressed dissatisfaction — almost doubt — and troubled Jean, though she answered cheerily—

"No fear of that, Rab. I'm owre old to change; but you would think badly of me if I were not to consider those I have served so long."

"I shall think you are putting them before me if you give them more than the lawful month's notice," persisted Robert.

After this speech he was strangely silent, and then he went away sooner than usual, after a less kindly and affectionate leave-taking. Poor Jean! She was not a very demonstrative woman, but she was true to the core, and there was in her a wealth of tenderness, despite her business-like, self-contained manner.

Through so many years of absence she had kept her love story to herself, even while longing for sympathy; but never for one moment had she varied in her whole-hearted affection for Robert Hamilton. She never believed it possible that he could have any doubt of this, or that he could be less true than herself. Yet Robert's abrupt departure wounded her sorely, and his dogged words seemed still to sound like a threat in her sensitive ears. His manner to-night had been to Jean a new and sorrowful experience.

Anxiety for the safety of the little ones at Steynes-Cote had of late interrupted her rest and kept her on the alert at times. But it was not often Jean's personal concerns robbed her of the nightly sleep she so well earned by her conscientious daily work. On this night, however, Jean's heart was too full, and her mind too busy to allow of much rest. First she grieved over Robert's hardness of manner, then began to make excuses for it.

"Poor Rab! He can only see what a long wait he has had already. When he has made all smooth by his patient work it must try him sorely for me to put hindrances in the way. How can he enter into what I feel for the master and mistress, that are strangers to him? How can he understand that I shall be happier all my after life if I can only think that the mother is awake to her children's needs, and is watching over them herself, instead of trusting them to such unsafe hands?"

No doubt Robert had planned to give her a glad surprise, by hiding the fact that his preparatory work was now done, and his home ready for Jean. But he had plainly forgotten all other claims upon her, in thinking of his own.

How could he expect her to blurt out all at once the story that had been so long kept secret, and say, "I must leave on the shortest possible notice"? Would not Dr. and Mrs. Crawford feel that she had treated them very ill?

Jean could not blame Robert for demanding the wife so long promised, so patiently waited for. He had right on his side, and yet, in thinking matters over, Jean could not help saying, "And so have I."

Agitated by contending thoughts and interests, she passed a sleepless night, and came down early, a weary-eyed, sad-faced woman, very unlike the Jean Graham whom Robert Hamilton met at the station a few days before. Probably his night had also been one of unrest, for he presented himself at the door before Jean's parents were downstairs.

"Jean," said he, "I want a word with ye. I doubt I troubled ye last night, and I troubled myself no less. I have come to tell you so. I did not mean to grieve ye, Jean," he pleaded, and he looked wistfully at her, as he read on her honest face unmistakable traces of suffering.

"I was troubled, Rab," she replied, "for you hardly seemed like yourself. Best forget what passed altogether, as one forgets an ill dream," and, with a smile, Jean extended her hand to meet that which Robert was holding towards her.

"If your dreams were as few as mine were, you'll have none to forget for the last night," said Robert as their hands met with a hearty clasp. "I could not sleep for thinking of my Jean's face that spoke, though her tongue was still when I left her."

Jean's looks were eloquent enough now. Robert's words made amends for all, and he saw that he was forgiven.

"And now, Jean, my woman," said he, "I want ye to take away from me, once and for all, the temptation to part as we did last night. Why need ye go back to Steynes-Cote to serve, when you can be mistress here? Write and tell Mrs. Crawford that you want no more wages, and ask for your clothes and all belonging to ye to be sent. Let her know that you have been promised to me since we were boy and girl together. She cannot say you ought to go back just to serve the month after all these years."

"If I had told them, Rab, it would have been easy, but I never said a word; and if I were to leave them in this sudden way, they would have a right to think I had behaved ill to them. I must come to you with a clear conscience, Rab, and to do this I *must* first serve out my time at Steynes-Cote. Bid me go, and you will make me very happy, and I will make up to you through all my life for this little extra patience."

But Robert did not say, "Go, Jean!" he turned away and left her without a word. And the glad look died away again, and the unwonted tears streamed like rain down Jean Graham's cheeks as she gazed on the retreating figure of her lover, who deigned no backward glance, and who, having come to heal the wounded heart, now left it sorer still.

(*To be continued.*)

NURSES AND PATIENTS.

It must be very evident to any reader of our correspondence columns that the candidates for the profession of nursing are rapidly augmenting in number. But, the more ready we find our young countrywomen to enter on this arduous vocation, the more is it incumbent on us to take no unfair advantage of their noble devotion. They should not be permitted to accept, almost blindfold, a present life of unlimited risk and self-denial, nor a future of broken health and, more or less, of penury. Of course, if they survive to retire from work, they will have the reward of seeing the fruits of their labours in the persons of others, and the still greater consolation of the "answer of a good conscience," as regards the faithful manner in which their work was accomplished. And truly, to the God-fearing, and even to the mere philanthropist, such a reward would be more precious than any decoration or pension, however justly awarded.

But we have no right to take advantage of the self-denying devotion of those who expend the best efforts of mind and body in assuaging the sufferings, and contributing to the cure of ourselves or our fellows. "He that watereth, shall be watered also himself," and a sacred obligation is laid upon us to give back to our faithful nurses "good measure, pressed down, and running over."

* * * * *

What have we done?

So far as I have yet been informed, scarcely anywhere has a provision been made, up to the present time, of the nature of a pension to be granted on the retirement of nurses from the various hospitals where they were employed. One or two exceptions may be named, however; for an asylum for the worn-out, or a fund for their benefit, has, I believe, been provided by the Devonshire-square Institution and the Sisterhood of St. John. There is also a Trained Annuity Fund, to which they may have a claim under certain

conditions (Hon. Sec., J. C. Stirling, Esq., 9, South Eaton Place, S.W.). But with the exception of these provisions, I believe that until now, none other has existed, the unendowed hospitals being too poor to do more than make their own individual work self-supporting.

Having directed attention to the fact that some further effort was necessary, both to preserve the health and strength of our nurses, and to provide for their support, when worn out with sickness or age, I pass on to the second point for consideration; viz., the risks run, and the unavoidable penalties entailed on the members of such a profession, and to the question, why we are bound to regard their claims on our own resources as so strong and urgent. Dr. William Farr, of the Registrar-General's office, states that "the mortality in the fifteen largest Metropolitian hospitals, amongst the nurses, exceeds the ordinary mortality of the female population of London, in the ratio of 40 per cent."; and, when quoting this statement, Professor Erichsen observed, in the course of a very able speech of his, "What does a mortality of 40 per cent. represent? It means that, out of every hundred hospital nurses who die, forty would still be living, at any given time, if they followed a less hazardous walk in life. A mortality of 40 per cent. is tenfold greater than that which is inflicted by the bullet upon any field of battle. This mortality is the result of the conditions to which these women voluntarily expose themselves; and that is proved by this additional fact, that 50 per cent. (exactly one-half) of all the nurses who die, die of infectious diseases, of fevers, etc., caught in the discharge of their duties. Whereas, in the female population of London generally, the mortality from infectious diseases is only 16 per cent. of the deaths; in other words, one-half of the nurses die, and only one-sixth of women who are not nurses die of these diseases." Add to this item of deaths from infectious fevers, small-pox, etc., the destruction of limb, if not of life, or of health and bodily power, from blood-poisoning, insufficient sleep, over-taxing of the nerves or muscles, depressing influences, lack of fresh air, and change of scene; and casualties of all kinds. Aye, and if death should not bring the career to a premature close, while the nurse be still in harness, what remains to the worn-out or superannuated amongst them but "labour and sorrows," in those days of which they must be compelled to say, "I have no pleasure in them?"

The third point to which I would draw your attention has reference to the various trials and temptations to which, even while yet in health and vigour and actual enjoyment of the work, nurses are necessarily exposed. Apart from the pain of witnessing human suffering, and deprivation of innocent and refreshing recreation; apart also from trials of temper and patience, provoked by unreasonable or ungrateful patients, fellow-workers, and officers of the hospital; there are others, of a twofold and moral character, against which the nurse should be watchful herself, and carefully guarded by those in authority. Her position, whether in the hospital or in a private house, is a difficult one. She is in continual attendance on persons of a different sex, a connection of extreme intimacy and confidence must exist between her and them, more especially dangerous in private houses. Almost as great an intimacy, of a certain description, must also be involved between her and the doctors with whom she is associated. Thus, the natural bulwark of reserve between the sexes is broken down to a considerable degree, and ceases to prove one of those natural safeguards that shield a woman under different conditions of society. In every word, look, and action she must, therefore, be the more scrupulously circumspect, and, without making any guardianship irritatingly evident—to the insult of the feelings of doctor, patient, or nurse herself—a watchful care for her protection is highly desirable.

I said that the nurse's moral trials and dangers were of a twofold character; under the second head is the temptation to drink.

"In bad cases of cancer especially, and of fever" (says Lady Bloomfield, in her article which appeared in *The Day of Rest* of May 16th, 1874), "the air she breathes is so vitiated, she is unable to eat her meals without a stimulant, and this, alas! frequently engenders a habit of drinking, the bane of many good nurses, and otherwise well-conducted women." Against the inroads of such a vice I warn those of my young readers who desire to adopt the vocation of nursing, and all those, likewise, who may ever employ their services.

Having drawn your attention to the trials, temptations, dangers, and ultimate penalties inseparable from the pursuit of such a vocation, I feel pleasure in making the following announcement:—

A certain benevolent lady residing in London, who lost her health, and sacrificed nearly all her bodily powers, as an amateur nurse, has ever since made the interests of sufferers, of her own class of life, and those nurses, the special object of her consideration and active sympathy. To the institution of a home, based on peculiar and very superior principles, she has devoted all the energies of her mind, her influence in high quarters, and her own pecuniary means. No longer able to devote her hands to the work of personal attendance on the sick and bed-ridden, and as much broken in nerves as in muscular power, she commenced those "labours of love" that were steadily prosecuted through a course of some years, and have now reached that maturity of perfection, of which we are henceforth to reap the most invaluable fruits. The scheme consisted in the formation of a home, chartered by Government, the first expenses of which being paid, it should thenceforth be self-supporting. This institution was inaugurated no less for the sake of paying patients, of both sexes (of the gentry), than for the benefit of the nurses employed therein, and sent out professionally into private houses. It was intended to supply to the former class all the appliances and benefits of hospital treatment, each being under the care of his (or her) own specially chosen doctor; persons who would otherwise have been obliged to content themselves with the scanty comforts of a lodging in town, or else to accept the sole alternative of obtaining admission into a public hospital.

So much for the scheme as regards the patients and doctors. And now a few words with reference to the nurses. Their many deprivations, varied dangers, physical and moral; their precarious condition, as to the limit of their professional career; its possible extension under the influence of sanitary conditions; and lastly, their prospects on retirement from service, when too invalided or aged to commence bread-earning. All these questions have been thought out, thoroughly discussed with those most competent to advise or assist, and been ultimately provided for by this sympathetic lady.

At her quiet bedside I received from her own lips a list of the objects and the rules of this new and valuable institution, all devised in that dim chamber of suffering and of truly Christian patience. See, my young sisters, what may be accomplished, even under the most adverse circumstances of bodily helplessness and pain.

Shortly after my last visit, I was invited to the opening of the home, now known as the St. Helena Home, at Grove End Road (No. 1) N.W., close to Lord's Cricket Ground. The house is large, very suitably appointed in every respect, and stands in an extensive garden. There the inmates can refresh themselves amidst the flowers, in the intervals of blessed sunshine, as few have the means, if the leisure or health, to do in this dark London of ours; and the songs of the birds can at least reach the ears of the sick and sorrowful, while yet confined to their beds.

Of the rules and advantages connected with this home, so far as they concern the interests of the nurse, I now add a few words in conclusion.

In this, as is usual in all institutions of the kind, the nurses consist of two grades. All dine together with the lady superintendent so long as located in the home, but when sent out to attend cases in private houses, those of the first grade dine with the family, those of the second in a room as near the patients as possible, but not with the servants. Their earnings are rated at from one to two guineas a week, and when the staff is augmented to a certain number, and all in full work, their combined earnings will suffice to pay the current expenses of the institution, and the surplus laid aside to form a nucleus for a Pension Fund for the nurses.

Their salaries will vary according to their individual qualifications, from £20 to £30 per annum. They will be provided with a uniform, with their washing, postage, telegraph, and travelling expenses gratis.

It is expected that they shall lay by a small sum out of their salaries, to form their own Provident Fund, from which they can draw what they may require, as occasion may demand.

The home is non-sectarian, but is governed by religious as well as moral influences, and there are family prayers night and morning. On Sundays the nurses attend their own places of worship, each respectively.

Dr. Hicks of Brompton has kindly offered his services to the nurses, when needing medical advice, and when change of air and rest are prescribed they will enjoy the privilege of being sent to some convalescent home. But care will be taken not to over-tax their strength, so far as may be possible, and on that account no nurse will be permitted to undertake two serious cases successively, without a proper length of interval for rest between them; nor to leave the shelter of the home without the permission of the doctor. A fortnight's vacation, or three weeks, will be allowed to each nurse during the year, which if desirable may be spent in a convalescent home.

For all furthur particulars, and printed circulars, our readers should write to the lady superintendent, at the address already given. I have supplied you with an article on "Nursing as a Profession" (page 454, vol. i.), and have now supplemented what I then told you by a special recommendation to your notice of an admirable field for the labours of any fully trained nurses, under exceptionally advantageous circumstances. A visit to the institution will repay you for the time expended on it. Go, and judge for yourselves.

S. F. A. CAULFEILD.

A BIRTHDAY LETTER.

(With a perfumed card or sachet.)

By SARAH DOUDNEY.

Gone are the blossoms gay,
Sunshine and heat;
Yet will I send to-day
Sweets to the sweet.

Colour that lives and glows,
Perfumes that last,
Snatched from the dying rose,
Won from the past.

Oh, may thy new year bring
Old joys once more,
Scents from the vanished spring,
Sunbeams of yore!

May the old blessings blend
Still with the new—
Love from the long-tried friend,
New friends as true.

So that thy life shall miss
Naught that is meet,
Old peace and new-born bliss—
Sweets to the sweet!

A GIRL'S RAMBLES THROUGH HAUNTED LONDON;

OR,

ANECDOTES OF THE STREETS OF THE GREAT METROPOLIS.

By JAMES and NANETTE MASON.

IV.—From St. Paul's to the Mansion House.

We intend in this article to make our way to the Mansion House and the Royal Exchange, so we leave the dome of St. Paul's behind, and throw ourselves into the life and bustle of Cheapside.

This is the greatest thoroughfare in the City of London, and such it has been from very early times. Silk mercers, linendrapers, and hosiers were long its most conspicuous shopkeepers. As far back as the fifteenth century we find a poet—Lydgate in his "London Lykpenny"—making his hero tell of his experiences in Cheapside, where, he says—

"—— much people I saw for to stand;
One offered me velvet, silk, and lawn,
Another he taketh me by the hand—
'Here is Paris thread, the finest in the land!'"

It seems, as this passage suggests, to have been the custom in those days for many kinds of tradespeople and their apprentices to solicit custom at the shop doors, just as we still hear butchers doing on Saturday nights.

Of all the linendrapers of Cheapside John Gilpin is the most famous. No other "linendraper bold" has ever equalled the popularity of that "train-band captain" and "citizen of credit and renown." It was from this street, as everyone knows, that his wife and sister-in-law, with the four children, started on their pleasure trip.

"Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,
Were never folk so glad;
The stones did rattle underneath,
As if Cheapside were mad."

Gilpin's good friend the calender, from whom the horse was borrowed, that led to John's "running such a rig," appears to have been a next-door neighbour.

A beautiful cross used to stand in Cheapside, opposite the entrance to Wood-street. It was one of the nine crosses set up by Edward I. in memory of Eleanor of Castile, his beloved queen. We mentioned another of these crosses when speaking of Charing Cross in our first article. This Cheapside cross was gilt all over on great occasions—for example, when Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn were married, and when James I. visited the City. It fell into disrepair, however, and after getting many of its ornaments knocked off by the Puritans, the House of Commons ordered it to be destroyed. This was in 1643. On the 2nd of May of that year Evelyn says in his diary, "I went to London, where I saw the furious and zealous people demolish that stately cross in Cheapside."

There is a beautiful plane tree at the corner of Wood-street, marking the site of an old churchyard. "Of all trees," says one writer, "that show themselves in unexpected places in the City, this is perhaps the most famous. It is well cared for, the terms of the lease of the adjoining houses forbidding the destruction of the tree or the building of an additional story that might injure it."

In all probability it was this tree, a fragment of green and happy country in a great city, that suggested to Wordsworth his touching poem, "The Reverie of Poor Susan," with which Wood-street will ever be associated.

"At the corner of Wood-street, when daylight appears,
Hangs a thrush that sings loud: it has sung for three years;
Poor Susan has passed by the spot, and has heard
In the silence of morning the song of the bird.

"'Tis a note of enchantment. What ails her? She sees
A mountain ascending, a vision of trees;
Bright volumes of vapour through Lothbury glide,
And a river flows on through the vale of Cheapside.

"Green pastures she views in the midst of the dale,
Down which she so often has tripped with her pail,
And a single small cottage, a nest like a dove's,
The only one dwelling on earth that she loves.

"She looks, and her heart is in heaven; but they fade,
The mist and the river, the hill and the shade;
The stream will not flow, and the hill will not rise,
And the colours have all passed away from her eyes!"

A little way up Wood-street we come to Maiden-lane, so called from a sign of the virgin displayed there in the olden time. In this neighbourhood is the Haberdashers' Hall, belonging to one of the great City companies. Speaking of this hall, Mr. Walter Thornbury, in his "Old and New London," mentions an interesting fact in the history of the shopkeeping industries of the metroplis. "In the reign of Edward VI.," he says, "there were not more than a dozen millinery shops in all London, but in 1580 the dealers in foreign luxuries had so increased as to alarm the frugal and philosophical."

On the south side of Cheapside stands Bow Church, whose bells proclaim the limits of Cockneydom. A cockney is usually defined as one born within hearing of Bow bells, but what the derivation of the name is has never been satisfactorily explained. The most humorous account derives it from the question put by a Londoner once to a countryman. He heard a horse exercising its lungs. "What is that beast doing?" he asked. "The horse neighs," he was told. Then a cock crew. "Does the *cock neigh* too?" he asked.

A BIRTHDAY LETTER.

True-born Londoners have always been laughed at for their ignorance of country life. We all have heard the story of the cockney woman, who was walking through a field of barley and someone told her that it was woven in a loom. "I knew that already," she said: "anyone can see the ends of the threads still hanging out."

On the site now occupied by Bow Church, Edward III. and his Queen Philippa sat in a wooden gallery to see a tournament, which was held for three days here "with the nobility, valiant men of the realm, and other some strange knights." An accident happened on this occasion; the temporary structure giving way, and many of the richly dressed ladies coming tumbling down on the top of the knights who were underneath. The carpenters were in great danger of being hanged for their bad workmanship; but the queen, we are told, "through her prayers (which she made upon her knees) pacified the king and council, and thereby purchased great love of the people."

The accident led to the construction of a stone gallery, from which royalty could in safety see the City pageants, nearly all of which used to pass through Cheapside. When this part of the City was laid in ashes in the great fire of 1666, Sir Christopher Wren included a pageant gallery in the front of the beautiful steeple of Bow Church, just over the arched entrance.

From this gallery Queen Anne in 1702 saw the last *great* Lord Mayor's show. It was a costly and stupid affair, contrived by the last City poet, Elkanah Settle, on whom, however, we must not be hard, for he did penance for all his stupidities by being obliged in his old age for a livelihood to roar at Bartholomew Fair in the body of a painted dragon, which he had invented for one of the municipal pageants.

An interesting story connected with this portion of Cheapside, and having for its date the Lord Mayor's show of 1761, is told by Mr. Frederick Martin. "On the occasion," he says, "of the state visit of George III. to the City, on the first Lord Mayor's day after his accession to the throne, there was a considerable tumult, amounting to a riot, in the great thoroughfare from St. Paul's to the Bank. The shouts of the people, added to the dismal noises made by the creaking of the various signs over the shops, caused one of the horses of the king's carriage to become restive, so as to cause imminent danger to the illustrious occupants.

"In this emergency a worthy quaker and linendraper, David Barclay, seeing the royal carriage swaying to and fro in front of his door, just opposite Bow Church, and the king and queen seriously alarmed, stepped forth into the street and addressed George III.—

"'Wilt thou alight, George, and thy wife, Charlotte, and come into my house and see the Lord Mayor's show?'

"The king, who had, with many of his family, a strong partiality for quakers, condescended to accept the invitation of the worthy linendraper, and went up into the first floor over the shop to see the Lord Mayor's show.

"David Barclay now introduced the whole of his family to the king and queen. 'George, King of England—Priscilla Barclay, my wife; Priscilla Barclay, my wife—George, King of England,' and so forth."

His homely and good natured majesty kissed the ladies all round, and was greatly amused by one of the little girls telling him that "she loved the king, though she must not love fine things, and that her grandpapa would not allow her to make a curtsey." The queen—whose dress, by the way, was "as rich as gold, silver, and silk could make it," with a train "supported by a little page in scarlet and silver"—made herself equally agreeable, and took a cup of tea before she went away.

The king was so pleased with his new acquaintances, that he invited David and his eldest son to Court, welcoming them heartily when they came, and interested himself in the advancement of the whole family. The worthy linendraper soon after established two of his sons as bankers, and, aided by royal and aristocratic patronage, they laid the foundation of a large fortune.

The sad stories of two illustrious Englishwomen are brought to mind when, turning up King-street, on the north of Cheapside, we approach the Guildhall. It was here that Anne Askew was tried in 1546. This sufferer for conscience' sake had come to town to sue for a separation from her husband, who had turned her out of doors because she had become a Protestant. Queen Katherine Parr received her kindly, but she was arrested for heresy, and speedily brought to trial.

She nobly stood to her opinions, asserting that she was innocent of crime. She "neither wished death," she elsewhere said, "nor feared its might, and was as merry as one that is bound towards heaven." Sentence of death was passed upon her, and she was afterwards cruelly tortured on the rack to extort evidence against the Court ladies. But Anne told nothing; she preferred to die, and to death she was left. On the 16th of July, 1546, she was burned at Smithfield, treating with scorn the proposals of her persecutors to recant, and wearing, says a spectator, "an angel's countenance and a smiling face."

Seven years afterwards—it was on the 13th of November, 1553—Lady Jane Grey was brought from the Tower to the Guildhall, and there tried, found guilty of treason, and condemned to die. The Twelfth-day queen, as she was called at the time in scornful pity, has by her untimely end excited the pity and secured the affection of all readers of history. Well might John Foxe say, in giving an account of her life—

"What eyes thou read'st with, reader, know I not;
Mine were not dry when I this story wrote."

"She had," says Thomas Fuller, "the innocence of childhood, the beauty of youth, the solidity of middle, the gravity of old age, and all at eighteen; the birth of a princess, the learning of a clerk, the life of a saint, yet the death of a malefactor, for her parent's offences.

"She cared so little about being Queen of England that she lifted not the least finger to put the diadem on herself, but was only contented to sit still whilst others endeavoured to crown her." Of her execution we shall speak when we come to the Tower. In the meantime we shall part from her by repeating this anecdote from Fuller in illustration of that love of learning which so became her.

"Once," he says, "Mr. Roger Ascham, coming to wait on her at Broadgates, in Leicestershire, found her in her chamber reading Phædon Platonis in Greek, with as much delight as some gentlemen would have read a merry tale in Boccaccio, whilst the duke, her father, with the duchess and all their household were hunting in the park. He asked of her how she could lose such pastime? who smiling answered—

"'I wist all the sport in the park is but the shadow of what pleasure I find in this book!'"

The Mercers' Hall, entered from Ironmonger-lane, one of the northern tributaries of Cheapside, occupies the site of the house of Gilbert à Becket, in which his son Thomas, the archbishop who was murdered, was born in 1119. There is a romantic legend told in connection with the marriage of the archbishop's parents. It is said that Gilbert à Becket in his youth followed the Crusaders to Palestine, and while in the East was taken prisoner by the Saracens. He regained his freedom, however, by the ingenuity of his captor's daughter, a Mohammedan princess, who had fallen in love with him.

The princess was not wholly disinterested in securing liberty for Gilbert. She made him promise that as soon as he had settled quietly in his own country he would send for and marry her.

No message coming from him for a long time—communication, we may readily suppose, proving impossible—affection urged the lovelorn maiden to proceed to England, and she arrived in this country knowing only two words of English, "London" and "Gilbert." The repetition of the first brought her at last to the metropolis, and once there she went through the streets calling "Gilbert! Gilbert!" till she happily came to Cheapside and found him at last. Before the marriage took place she professed her conversion to Christianity, and was baptised with great solemnity in the old church of St. Paul's.

The legend is almost too romantic to be true, but it has been accepted by several historians of repute, and it is pleasant to believe in it as the triumph of true love and the reward of faithfulness.

In the Poultry was the house of Edward and Charles Dilly, the booksellers, at which Dr. Johnson often visited. On the 15th of April, 1778, he dined there, with Miss Seward, the Lichfield poetess; Mrs. Knowles, a Quaker lady; and two or three others. It was a memorable evening, and a full account of it has been given by Boswell, who was present.

At table several topics of womanly interest were touched upon. The subject of cookery was introduced, and Johnson declared, "I could write a better book of cookery than has ever yet been written. . . . Women can spin very well, but they cannot make a good book of cookery." In this we need hardly say he has been proved to have been mistaken.

Mrs. Knowles affected to complain that men had much more liberty allowed them than women.

"Why, madame," said Johnson, "women have all the liberty they wish to have. We have all the labour and the danger, and the women all the advantage. We go to sea, we build houses; we do everything, in short, to pay our court to the women."

Mrs. Knowles, however, still persisted in saying that it was a hardship that women had not so much indulgence. "It gives," she said, "a superiority to men, to which I do not see how they are entitled."

"It is plain, madame," replied Johnson, "one or other must have the superiority. As Shakespeare says: 'If two men ride on a horse, one must ride behind.'"

We now arrive at the Mansion House, at which the Lady Mayoress is "at home" daily for many months during her husband's year of office. Her duties are by no means easy, and her privileges are not so many as the envious outside world imagine.

It used to be the custom for the sovereign on visiting the Guildhall to kiss the Lady Mayoress. When Queen Anne came to the throne she dropped the affectionate salute; but it was supposed that things would be different on the accession of George I., who, though he did not admire English beauty, was not wanting in gallantry.

Sir William Humphreys was Lord Mayor when George made his first appearance in the City, and Lady Humphreys confidently expected that the old custom would be revived. George, however, gave no sign of altering the new observance established by Queen Anne.

The Princess of Wales, the mayoress thought, might at least have saluted her, but that strong-minded woman, Sophia Dorothea Wilhelmina, steadily looked away from her. She would not do what Queen Anne had not thought worth the doing.

"Lady Humphreys, we are sorry to say," remarks a writer in the *Athenæum*, "stood upon her unstable rights, and displayed a considerable amount of bad temper and worse behaviour. She wore a train of black velvet, then considered one of the privileges of City royalty, and being wronged of one privilege she resolved to make the best of that which she possessed—bawling, as ladies mayoresses and women generally should never do—bawling on her page to hold up her train, and sweeping away therewith before the presence of the amused princess herself.

"The incident altogether seems to have been too much for the irate lady's nerves, and, unable or unwilling when dinner was announced to carry her stupendous bouquet, emblem of joy and welcome, she flung it to a second page who attended on her state, with a scream of, 'Boy, take my *bucket!*' In *her* view of things the sun had set on the glory of mayoralty for ever.

"The king was as much amused as the princess had been amazed; and a well-inspired wag at the Court whispered an assurance which increased his perplexity. It was to the effect that the angry lady was only a mock Lady Mayoress whom the unmarried Mayor had hired for the occasion, borrowing for that day only. The assurance was credited for a time, till persons more discreet than the wag convinced the Court party that Lady Humphreys was really no counterfeit. She was no beauty either, and the same party when they withdrew from the festive scene were all of one mind, that she must needs be what she seemed, for if the Lord Mayor had been under the necessity of borrowing, he would have borrowed altogether another sort of woman."

Some curious particulars of the costume of a Lady Mayoress about a century ago are given by Sir James Saunderson, Mayor in 1792-3, who left a minute account of the expenses of his year of office for the edification of his successors:—

"Lady Mayoress, November 30th.—A hoop, £2 16s.; point ruffles, £12 12s.; treble blonde ditto, £7 7s.; a fan, £3 3s.; a cap and lappets, £7 7s.; a cloak and sundries, £26 17s.; hair ornaments, £34; a cap, £7 18s.; sundries, £37 9s.

"1793. January 26th.—A silk for 9th November, 3½ guineas per yard, £41 6s.; a petticoat (Madame Beauvais), £35 3s. 6d; a gold chain, £57 15s.; silver silk, £13; clouded silk, £5 10s.; a petticoat for Easter, £29 1s.; millinery for ditto, £27 17s. 6d.; hair-dressing, £13 2s. 3d. July 6th.—A petticoat, £6 16s. 8d.; millinery, £7 8s. 8d.; mantua-maker, in full, £13 14s. 6d.; milliner, in full, £12 6s. 6d. Total, £416 2s."

The worst of being Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress is that their reign is so short. The return to private life must seem to them both for all the world like merely waking from a dream of grandeur and importance. Theodore Hook has wittily described the sensations of a Lord Mayor at the end of his brief season of dignity on going back to his old residence in Budge-row.

"Never in the world," he says, "did pickled herrings or turpentine smell so powerfully as on the night when we re-entered the house. . . . . The passage looked so narrow; the drawing-room looked so small; the staircase seemed so dark; our apartments appeared so low.

"In the morning we assembled at breakfast. A note lay upon the table, addressed 'Mrs. Scrapps, Budge-row.' The girls, one after the other, took it up, read the superscription, and laid it down again.

"A visitor was announced—a neighbour and kind friend, a man of wealth and importance. What were his first words? 'How are you, Scrapps? Done up, eh?'"

"'Scrapps!' No obsequiousness, no deference, no respect. No 'My lord, I hope your lordship passed an agreeable night, and how is her ladyship, and her amiable daughter?' Not a bit of it; 'How's Mrs. S. and the gals?'

"This was quite natural. All as it had been. But how unlike what it was only the day before! The very servants—who, when amidst the strapping, stall-fed, gold-laced lackeys of the Mansion House, transferred with the tables and chairs from one Lord Mayor to another, dared not speak, nor look, nor say their lives were their own—strutted about the house and banged the doors, and spoke of their 'missis' as if she had been an old apple-woman."

The Royal Exchange was founded by the munificence of Sir Thomas Gresham, a princely merchant of the days of Queen Elizabeth. It was opened in 1570 by Queen Bess, who was infinitely pleased with it, and commanded her heralds by sound of trumpet to name it the Royal Exchange, "so to be called perpetually and no otherwise."

On this occasion the queen dined at Gresham's house, and there is a romantic tradition connected with the banquet given by the great merchant. Healths went round, and Sir Thomas drank to Her Majesty in rich wine, into which a precious pearl, previously ground to powder, had been thrown. In reference to this, one of the characters in a play of the period says, in not very elegant verse—

"Here fifteen hundred pounds at one slap goes!
Instead of sugar Gresham drinks this pearl
Unto his Queen and Mistress. Pledge it, Lords."

The pearl, it is said, was one which, solely on account of its value, had been refused by several persons of high rank. The story, however, though in harmony with the wild gallantry of those days, is not at all in keeping with Gresham's steady-going character. He knew many a better use to make of fifteen hundred pounds.

Gresham's Royal Exchange was destroyed in the Great Fire. It was replaced by a building on a larger scale, but on a similar plan. This building was also burned—the fire occurred on the 10th of January, 1838—and in its stead was erected the present stately structure, which was opened by Queen Victoria, October 28, 1844.

When the fire consumed the second Exchange in 1838, an odd thing happened, of which we are told in a letter, written on the following day by a lady who witnessed the conflagration, to Lady Morgan, the well-known Irish authoress. She says, "that the bells chimed their last in the midst of the fire, and strange to say, the last tune they chimed was at twelve o'clock, and that tune was, 'There's nae luck about the house.' It quite affected me," she adds, "to hear it, and it had a choking effect upon us all, for the bells literally dropped one by one as they were playing the tune."

(*To be continued.*)

SMUGGLING BY DOGS BETWEEN SWITZERLAND AND ITALY.

Of all the uses to which man for his own profit has adapted the sagacity of the dog, smuggling is probably the most lucrative. As I think that the extent to which this profession is carried on between Switzerland and Italy, and the mode of it, is not much known, a few particulars which I have gathered entirely from the inhabitants of the district to which I am about to call attention may not be unwelcome to such of your readers as take an interest in dogs and their doings.

The frontier line north of Como constitutes the chief field of the tobacco and cigar smuggler's operations. Notwithstanding the cordon of preventive men stationed at short intervals along the whole line of this hilly and broken country, the work of conveying tobacco and cigars from Switzerland into Italy is pretty evenly divided between dog and man. It may be taken for granted that the peasants of this extensive district are each and all smugglers, more or less, and when once the goods are safely conveyed into the country, they are disposed of in small quantities and dispersed far and wide, in a great measure by the women.

In training the dog to this perilous profession, the first step is to teach him so great an abhorrence of the douanier as to make him flee as for his life at the sight of the uniform. This is achieved in a few lessons by dressing a confederate up in a similar uniform. This man thrashes the poor dog every time he sees him. The animal, having acquired a mortal dread of the aspect of a douanier, while his master, living on the Italian side, endears the dog to himself by good living and caresses, is taken over to see the Swiss friend whose tobacco or cigars he will have to convey across the frontier to his own master. Here he is left in durance vile for some days without food; he is then packed round the body with a belt, resembling a swimming belt, divided into pockets filled with the merchandise, the door is opened, and he is hunted out with threats and menaces. He rushes off, and, guided by instinct, hunger, and love for his master, he flees at an incredible speed by tracks known only to himself, and where the human foot could scarcely follow. It may take him an hour to reach his home, where he finds his master waiting, and is at once unloaded, fed, and petted for his pains.

The douaniers, if they catch sight of him at all during his transit, never capture him, and rarely succeed in hitting him with a bullet; for the hour chosen for this business is after dusk, and the dogs know their danger, and on occasions at the sight of the douanier have been known to keep in hiding till the coast was clear. These dogs know the boundary line perfectly well, and leap over it like hares.

It is sad, however, to have to relate that occasionally the preventive men take advantage of a weakness that costs the poor canine smuggler his liberty, if not his life. They rely on the influence of the female sex, and employ a Chloé or a Dulcinea to decoy him from the path of duty and to cast discipline to the winds. Thus demoralised, the dog will allow himself to be led inside the very door of the guardhouse, and, his pack being unfastened and confiscated, he may think himself lucky if he is mercifully sent adrift with his life and the chance of resuming his contraband career.

M. H. C.

COURTLEROY.

By ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER IX.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"HERE is a letter from Milly Heath!" exclaimed Mrs. Prettyman. "She says there is a nice place to let not far from Courtleroy called Summerlands, and that you can have all the shooting and fishing. Lord and Lady Manville, the owners, spend part of every year abroad, and are not coming home at all this year, so you can rent it for as many months as you like."

"Then we should see Mimi!" exclaimed a voice, clear as the eyes of the speaker.

"And Master George would have his way as usual," responded Mr. Prettyman; and there was a laugh as telling and clear as the eyes and voice.

We left George Hope a child; we find him a lad. He is receiving the best of educations at a first-class school, and is at home for the holidays. He is the son of the house in all but name. His face is as handsome, his manner as frank, his mind as resolute in boyhood as it was in comparative infancy. His tastes are still military; and although he does not either double up his fists or wear a sword, he has resolved to be a soldier; and what he resolves is law. Mr. Prettyman says still that it would be impossible to spoil him, and both he and his wife do their utmost to prove his words. The trio are at breakfast, and they are in the habit of discussing all sorts of topics at that meal.

"You may as well go to Courtleroy—I mean Summerlands—as abroad, or to the moors, Joe," pursued Mrs. Prettyman. "I should have Milly Heath and those nice people, the Lestes, for neighbours: and you could shoot and fish, and wear yourself out——"

"As well as his boots, *madre*," interrupted George; for there was a perpetual joke about Mr. Prettyman's apparel when in the country.

It may be well to state here that soon after his adoption George had taken a fancy to a certain Italian organ-grinder and his wife, not only because of their music, but their dress, and a certain military monkey that accompanied them. Once or twice a week at least they had appeared beneath his nursery window, and each time he had carried them out a penny, and a cake for the monkey. They had been in the habit of returning profuse thanks to the *padre* and *madre*, who never tired of watching the scene from the window, and insensibly those soft-sounding words had taken the place of the "Joe" and "Lou" which had been his first familiar appellatives of his benefactors.

"It is not exactly father and mother," pleaded Mrs. Prettyman, when her matter-of-fact husband declared that everything connected with the boy should be above-board, "and Mr. and Mrs., and sir and ma'am, are so uncommonly stiff."

"That is true, Lou. Perhaps we may jump over our difficulty in this way," laughed Mr. Prettyman, and many other people laughed, subsequently, at what they considered the affectation of the worthy citizens of London town, and their Irish adopted son.

"And what does Miss Marmont say in her letter, Georgey?" asked Mrs. Prettyman.

"You may read it, *madre*. It is full of good advice. She says I had better let Carew and all the rest of the bullies alone; but what does she know about it?"

George's eyes flashed as he handed the letter to Mrs. Prettyman, and her husband inquired what it all meant.

"A lot of fellows have taken to twit me because they have found out my history," said George. "I long to fight them all, and I know I could lick every one of them; but I promised you never to fight anyone but the enemies of my country. If I am Irish, I suppose I shall have to fight the English."

A merry laugh accompanied this sally.

"You know what I meant, you young rascal," replied Mr. Prettyman. "But do you tell Miss Marmont everything?"

"Almost. You see she is my sister, in the same way as you are my foster parents. She has adopted me ever since she saw me first; and she knows me, not only because I write to her, but from all my photographs."

"How many have you had taken?"

"One a year is it not, *madre?*" said George, with a mirthful glance at Mrs. Prettyman.

"I think so, dear. He changes so, that I like to have him taken frequently, Joe, and I am sure you don't mind. Miss Marmont doesn't appear to know of Milly's wish that we should take Summerlands; but then Milly is so close."

"Yes. Mimi says she lives a life apart. But now she is grown up she means to assert herself," said George.

"She seems to tell you everything also," remarked Mr. Prettyman, amused.

"She says she wishes to do me good," replied George, with a merry twinkle in the bright eye. "If the boys knew, how they would laugh and tease me. You will take Summerlands, *padre?* But then I should be near Carew—at least, Mimica thinks I should. She wishes me to see her uncle, Mr. Le Roy."

Mr. Prettyman made inquiries, which resulted in some curious revelations concerning Mimica's correspondence with George. She had confided in him, as her only friend in London, that she wished to know something of her uncle, from whom she had never heard, and who yet appeared to have absolute power over her. She had written to him frequently with no result, and she thought if George could only see him, and tell her something about him, it might be a satisfaction to her.

"Le Roy is a selfish, one-idead man, who passes his time in ways peculiar to him," said Mr. Prettyman. "But I have never come across him since he left the square."

"He sold up everything when he gave up the house," put in Mrs. Prettyman, "but I got my share. Milly sent all Mrs. Le Roy's old clothes to me, and I distributed them. At any rate the neighbouring poor were the better for her death, if no one else was."

"Did you give any to the ragged-school, *madre?*" asked George.

"They had their share, but it is so long ago that I almost forget. Before you heard the fife and drum band, and ran away after it."

The trio laughed, for this incident was not without results, and was often discussed in the back slums of the square, for that neighbourhood, like most of our fashionable localities, had its "dens" well within reach. It was doubtless to one of these that the woman escaped, who brought George Hope to his present benefactors. The ragged church and school near the square had inaugurated the military band, to which Mrs. Prettyman alluded, and which had attracted George's attention some years before, when tooting and drumming past the house. He had escaped after the juvenile redcoats, and was recaptured with difficulty. But his memory was retentive, and Mrs. Prettyman had no rest, until, on a certain festive occasion, she took him to the place where the band mustered and practised. As time went on he accompanied her occasionally to the ragged school at which she taught, and so it came about gradually that he also became a teacher. He needed no better incentive to learn such lessons as were distasteful to him than the promise of a sight of the fife and drum band, or of books or sweets to be distributed amongst the poor children. Mrs. Prettyman would wonder whether his love for the redcoats, and his natural inclination for the ragged, proceeded from early associations, and her husband would assure her that this was doubtless the case, and that they could not do better for his welfare, temporal and spiritual, than foster it. Accordingly, he was allowed to frequent rehearsals of the musical performances of the fifers and drummers, and to become quite an *habitué* of the yard.

As to his pensioners, they were legion, and all his money, toys, and various presents were lavished on the children so much poorer than himself. As he grew to boyhood he would reflect that probably such as they were he would have been, but for a merciful Providence, and it would seem that his mind's eye saw every privation of the poor as if by instinct. He remembered little of his early life, though he was constantly striving to recall it. A wild country, soldiers, and the woman Biddy, were the only prominent features of it, and these naturally faded as he grew older.

At school the boys, who bullied him occasionally, or twitted him with his uncertain birth, yet respected him, for he was bold and brave. Many of them loved him—the weaker especially, whom he ever supported. One of these chanced to be the son of the captain, now major, and Mrs. Percy, who brought Mimica to England. He was a shy, delicate boy, and George protected him. A son of Sir Joshua Carew happened to be at their school, who took delight in tormenting Percy. In defending the one George offended the other, and Bully Carew, as he was called, revenged himself by insulting George concerning his birth. Mimica, in her superior wisdom, was wont to give George good advice, and was especially interested in Carew and Percy, of whom she knew something; and thus the correspondence between her and George assumed a personal character.

Consequent on all this, a friendship had sprung up between the Prettymans and Percys. The latter had been to India and back since they brought Mimica to the square, and during the Indian period had left their only boy at school. He had spent most of his holidays with George, and thus the acquaintance between the families had begun. Major and Mrs. Percy were still much interested in Mimica, but only heard of her second hand through Mrs. Prettyman and George. They had exchanged formal visits with Mr. Le Roy, who seemed to know little or nothing of his niece, and whose manners repelled inquiry.

"I will ask Major Percy to take me to see Mr. Le Roy, and then I can tell Mimi all about him," exclaimed George, suddenly, after an interval of silence, during which he had been self-absorbed.

"Happy thought. I fancied the brown study was to evolve something original," laughed Mr. Prettyman.

"They are coming to luncheon to-day with Bobby," said Mrs. Prettyman. "I wish they hadn't settled at Sydenham, it is a long way to come, and they aren't rich. We can drive them back, though. You will be home to luncheon, Joe?"

"I will try."

"The kiss of peace" said George, as the trio rose from the breakfast table.

This "kiss of peace" had been an institution as long as the boy could remember, and passed from husband and wife to him quite naturally.

The Percys duly came to luncheon, and Mr. Prettyman returned home to meet them. They were cheerful, pleasant people, and talk flowed easily.

"I never come to the square without thinking of Mimica Marmont," said Mrs. Percy. "That was a strange home-coming for her."

"And I behind the door all the time," returned Mrs. Prettyman. "I shall never forget the poor child."

"Nor I her uncle. He is the most incomprehensible man I ever knew," remarked Major Percy. "He thinks it a duty to invite me to dinner when I am in town, and makes a point of accepting our mild invitation to luncheon. I wonder he does, for our moderate meal is a sop to Cerberus compared with his elaborate ceremonial. And as to his house!"

"Will you take me to see him, Major Percy?" broke in George. "I want to tell Mimica all about him, and to find out why he will not write to her, or give her any money, or let her come and see him."

"You will have to be cautious in your inquiries, for my lord will not brook curiosity," laughed the major. "Still, if you wish it, I can bring you together. May he come and spend next Monday with Bobby, Mrs. Prettyman, for on that day we rather expect to see Mr. Le Roy, who has intimated his intention of honouring us, on his way to the Crystal Palace? He goes to all the oratorios there, is very musical, and affects the ancient music. His own music-room is a curiosity in itself. May George come, Mrs. Prettyman? Will you bring him and see the lion for yourself?"

It was finally arranged that Mrs. Prettyman and George should spend the day with the Percys, and so take the chance of meeting Mr. Le Roy.

"He will not thank you for the introduction," said Mr. Prettyman. "He looks down upon us merchants, who have made our own fortunes, as parvenus, and on one or two occasions, when chance brought us together, gave me to understand that we were quite of different races. But that is only the way of the world, unless one forces oneself into it by Babylonish feasts, and all sorts of heathenish entertainments."

"You are a philosopher, Mr. Prettyman. It is not everyone who knows how to spend his money when he has made it, and to entertain hospitably without show," said the major.

"*Padre* entertains strangers such as me, as the Bible says," exclaimed George, who was in the habit of joining in all the conversation.

"I suppose you mean to add that I have thereby entertained 'an angel unawares,' you young rogue," returned Mr. Prettyman.

"I think you have, sir," meekly put in Bobby, "for he always helps us when we are in trouble."

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

THE TOUCH OF THE BLIND.

They were in the grocer's. Said the grocer, seeing a blind man about to enter, "Are you aware how delicate the touch of a blind man is? When Nature deprives us of one sense, she makes amends by bringing the other senses to extraordinary acuteness. Let us illustrate by this gentleman. I'll take a scoop of sugar and let him feel it, and you will see how quickly he'll tell what it is."

The blind man having entered he was put to the test. He put his thumb and finger into the scoop, and without hesitation said, "That is sand."

Everybody laughed but the grocer.

LEARNING AND IGNORANCE.—It is less pain to learn in youth than to be ignorant in age.—*Solon.*

A REQUISITE FOR BEAUTY.—There is something in the old proverbial phrase of "beauty-sleep"—that is to say, more sleep, or to put it broadly, more restfulness of life is required for beauty than suffices for bare health.

WHAT ENGLISH PROVERBS SAY ABOUT WIVES.

An obedient wife commands her husband.

If you wish to ruin yourself, marry a rich wife.

A man's best portion or his worst is a wife.

Choose a wife rather by your ear than your eye.

Observe the face of the wife to know the husband's character.

OURSELVES AND OTHERS.—She who wishes to secure the good of others has already secured her own.

THE ART OF LIVING WELL.—The highest of all arts is the art of living well. Beyond the beauty of sculpture, or painting, or music, or poetry, is the beauty of a well-spent life. Here all can be artists. Every girl can be a heroine. Obedience to the command, "Be ye perfect even as your Father in heaven is perfect," would ally us to God and make earth a paradise.

MEN AND BOOKS.—A single conversation across the table with a wise man is better than ten years' mere study of books.—*Chinese Proverb.*

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

One who would check the course of Freedom's swing,
Thus drawing on himself the people's hate:
Determin'd to the block his head to bring,
They clamour for his death in fierce debate;
Hemm'd in by danger, an ungrateful king
Yields him to suffer all a traitor's fate.

1. Far in mid ocean, 'neath a burning sun,
A tall volcano shoots its pointed head;
Masses of brilliant verdure o'er it run,
And round it are the Isles of Fortune spread.

2. Of human flights, this memorable one
Stands first of all 'mongst those of which we've read.

3. In Rome's decline, a Gothic leader seiz'd
On Italy to make it all his own,
Parting it 'mongst his soldiers as he pleas'd,
And held possession of th' imperial throne.

4. Napoleon's thirst for pow'r was unappeas'd
When here he made his will to Prussia known.

5. Tho' only lake and stagnant marsh of yore,
Through fertile, fruitful valleys now I go;
Laving the classic, bright Tyrrhenian shore,
Into whose sea my rapid waters flow.

6. A Russian gen'ral; nothing chaf'd him more
Than to be answered thus, "I do not know."

7. Land of grey mountains and of limpid stream,
'Gainst which the salmon rush with headlong speed!
Of shadowy king and heroes, poets dream,
And still their ancient tongue can speak and read.

8. Frog-eating bird, whose snowy train would seem
Too delicate for marshes where he'll feed.

9. A meter, on a verdant island set
To note if harvests will be scant or full.

10. Antipodean island, whence we get
Not iron, gold, or silver—only wool.

11. Thrown by the weaver as the framework met
And parted, and each way the fabrics pull.

12. A Scandinavian king, who strove to seize
On London, but was forc'd his siege to raise.

13. The birthplace of the poet, who could please
By tales of chivalry of Charlemagne's days:
And his whose pencil drew, with graceful ease,
A weeping Magdalene beyond all praise.

14. A cape which names a vict'ry where our fleet
Chastis'd the arrogance of England's foes.

15. The passage of a stag where waters meet,
Has nam'd a town that near those rivers rose;
And in whose castle, after sad defeat,
A captive king in exile found repose.

XIMENA.

IT'S NOT SO DIFFICULT TO SPEAK FRENCH, AFTER ALL.

Mistress (fluently): "Oh-er-Françoise, il faut que vous alliez chez le chemist, dans High Street, pour le gargle de Mademoiselle Maud —et chez le toy-shop, pour le lawn tennis bat de Monsieur Malcolm—et n'oubliez pas mon waterproof, chez le cleaner, vis-à-vis l'underground railway station—et dites à Smithson, le builder (dans Church Lane, à côté du public-house, vous savez) que la kitchen-boiler est—est—est——"

Françoise (who has been longer in England than her new mistress thinks): "Est burrest! Très bien, madame."—*Du Maurier.*

BEAUTY UNADORNED.

Loveliness
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is, when unadorned, adorned the most.
—*Thomson.*

A COLLECTOR'S MISTAKE.

"Madam," he began, as he lifted his hat at the front door, "I am soliciting for home charities. We have hundreds of poor ragged and rude children like those at your gate, and our object is——"

"Sir, those are my own children," she interrupted, and the front door was violently slammed to.

LONG LIFE AND GOOD LIFE.

Desire not to live long, but to live well;
How long we live, not years, but actions tell.

LOVE AND LAW.—The difference between love and law is this—in love the attachment precedes the declaration, in law the declaration precedes the attachment.

A GOOD EXAMPLE.—She has the greatest honour and the purest morals who is ready to pardon all mistakes in other people as if she herself offended daily, and at the same time as vigorously abstains from all appearance of evil as if she forgave nobody.

THE PRAISE OF MERIT.—True merit is always a little suspicious of praise.

ALWAYS LEARNING.—Boys and girls, remember the schoolhouse and the college are not all. There you lay the foundations, there you learn to use the tools. In every hour of your life you can learn something. Be observing; read, consider, think. Determine that you will never seek repose at night unless you have added a fact or two to your store of knowledge. What an accumulation you can make in a year!

WRONG ESTIMATES.—If the internal griefs of every man could be read written on his forehead, how many who now excite envy would appear to be objects of pity.—*Metastasio.*

HOW TO HIDE DEFECTS.—There are few defects in our nature so glaring as not to be veiled from observation by politeness and good breeding.—*Stanislaus.*

FORGIVENESS.—One forgives everything to her who forgives herself nothing.

STRIKING FOR LIBERTY.—A man with a discoloured eye, upon being asked what had occasioned the marks, replied in the following weighty sentences:—"Bruce had recourse to the sword; Tell to a bow and arrow; but when a woman strikes for liberty she uses anything she can lay her hands on. Flat irons are the handiest things in our house!"

ANXIOUS MINDS.—Anxiety is the poison of human life. It is the parent of many sins and of more miseries.—*Blair.*

THE WORST OF FLATTERY.—She that is much flattered soon learns to flatter herself.

RULES.

I. No charge is made for answering questions.

II. All correspondents to give initials or pseudonym.

III. The Editor reserves the right of declining to reply to any of the questions.

IV. No direct answers can be sent by the Editor through the post.

V. No more than two questions may be asked in one letter, which must be addressed to the Editor of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, *56, Paternoster-row, London, E.C.*

VI. No addresses of firms, tradesmen, or any other matter of the nature of an advertisement will be inserted.

EDUCATIONAL.

INQUIRER sends us a small paper, in which the fact that "the earth is a planet, or spherical body floating unsupported in space," is called in question. If this queer tract had not been professedly Christian, and our correspondent apparently one who would appeal to the divinely inspired Scriptures, we should take no notice of either. But, as one single text in support of the facts above named is not supposed by the writers to exist in the Bible, we must refer them to Isaiah xli. 22, "It is He that sitteth upon the circle of the earth," and Job xxvi. 7, "He stretcheth out the north over the empty place, and hangeth the earth upon nothing." Laying aside the religious element in the question, we recommend our friends to make a few voyages round the world, observing the constellations above them changing and reappearing as they return to each starting point, and if they find (what we always thought) the fabulous turtle on whose back the earth is supported, and the pedestal on which the turtle himself stands, we shall be satisfied, and shall not ask them to pursue their investigations any further down. Or if they arrive at what the Yankees call the "jumping-off place," that would do equally well.

GRETTON.—If unable to go as a pupil to a French school in Paris, you had better get some French teacher to give you conversation lessons so many times a week. These would not be expensive.

NIL DESPERANDUM.—Try to write straighter, and improve your spelling. In the word "receive" you have placed the "i" before the "e." When there is a "c" preceding these two letters in connection, the "e" must be next the "c," and when a word ends with "ing" the "e" next preceding it is dropped, as in "writing," "loving," etc. If strong and healthy, we think your low stature would not preclude your reception as a nurse probationer.

CONSTANT READER, ROSEBUD, and LILIAN H.—Preparatory classes for the competitive examinations for female clerkships in the General Post Office are held in the Polytechnic Institution, 309-311, Regent-street, W. The salaries of such clerks of the lowest class commence at £65 per annum, and rise, according to merit, to £80. There are also special classes at the above-named institution for bookkeeping, arithmetic, and writing. Terms, 15s. per course of ten lessons, £1 per month, and £2 2s. per quarter, payable in advance.

PERPLEXED.—There is a school at Casterton for the daughters of clergymen. Apply to Miss Vincent, Kirkby Lonsdale, Casterton. We advise your writing to the Corporation of the Sons of the Clergy, 2, Bloomsbury-place, Bloomsbury-square, W.C., and address W. Paget Bowman, Esq. This society bestows grants in aid of the education of clergy children, whether orphans or not. On obtaining, as we hope, a grant from them, you might send your daughters to the Irish Clergy Daughters' School, 6, Northbrook-road, Leeson Park, Dublin. Address the lady principal, Mrs. Dannan, or the secretary, the Rev. J. H. Monahan, D.D. Applications should be accompanied by references to two or more clergy acquainted with the circumstances of the applicant. Board and education may be had for £15 per annum, and entrance money for use of books, etc., £1. We regret that your letter did not receive an earlier reply. There is a society for the relief of poor pious clergymen residing in the country. Secretary, the Rev. S. D. Stubbs, 70, Pentonville-road, N.

MUSIC.

DOT.—There are many musical practising clubs, and amongst them we may name that of Miss M. L. Phillips, secretary and treasurer, 6, Ashbrook-terrace, Sunderland. We thank you sincerely for telling us of the very gratifying opinion entertained by your mother of our paper.

EDINA.—You might add, "pupil of the Royal Academy of Music," under your name on your prospectus.

BELLA.—The word waits is derived from "wayghtes," the old term to signify persons who play or sing hymn tunes at Christmas time. Hautboys were called waits, and so were performers on those instruments.

A WOULD-BE COMPOSER.—Robert Schumann was born June 8th, 1810, and died in 1856, July 29th, at Bonn. He was born at Zwickau, Saxony, in 1840. He married Clara Wieck, the daughter of his former teacher, one of the most accomplished of pianists. About two years before his death his mind gave way, and the ablest of musical critics and modern composers closed his life in mental gloom.

DENNA.—The latest authorities give the pronunciation of Berlioz as "Ber-le-o." He is called the leader of the romantic school of music in France, and was born at La Côte Saint André, Isère, 11th December, 1803, and died at Paris, 9th March, 1869.

A CURIOUS ONE.—Pronounce Chopin as "Sho-pain," the last syllable pronounced as the word bread in French—*pain.* The hair is cut short and curled on the head.

JOAN.—Yes, there is a series of articles on violin playing in our magazine. It is evident you do not make use of the indexes we give, but wish to throw on us the trouble of looking through them for you. Is this fair to any editor? See vol. i., page 232.

PINK ROSEBUD.—You must use the pedal when the pedal-mark is put. Of course, it should be sparingly used.

PINKIE.—The little instrument of which you send the sketch is called the ocarina. They are kept at most musical instrument makers', and sold at a low price. You could obtain all information by asking at the shops.

W. B. S. must study the subject for herself, and will find Novello's Primers very useful. The meaning of hallelujah is "praise ye the Lord."

NELLA.—The custom of standing during the singing of the "Hallelujah Chorus" had its origin in the devotional feelings of the listeners. The word *syncopation* is from the Italian, and means, in an abbreviated or truncated manner. The original word is *sincopato.* "Hymn of praise" is a translation of the German word *Lobgesang.*

A DAUGHTER OF ISRAEL must inquire of any large music-seller.

EXPECTATION.—The Society of Arts, John-street, Adelphi, London, W.C., holds examinations in the theory of music and counterpoint at centres all over the country; fee, 2s. 6d.; address the secretary. The Royal Academy holds examinations in instrumental music also; fee, £1 1s. Secretary, John Gill, 4, Tenterden-street, Hanover-square, W.

A TARNAGULLA GIRL (Australia).—Italian is pronounced exactly as it is spelt. A few reading lessons would teach you the right method. You must cultivate the habit of attention first, and learn to control your thoughts.

PHIBBY.—*Basso cantante* means the vocal bass part; also the principal bass singer in an opera. All voices require training and good lessons to teach even the art of practising well and properly.

COOKERY.

CIS is wise in not permitting anyone to "cook her goose" for her; but we think she might contrive to accomplish that feat for herself by the aid of a shilling cookery-book, or by asking for a hint from any old "goody" within a stone's throw. After being well plucked, singed, drawn, and trussed, which the poulterer will do for you, stuff it with sage, onion, and potato, well-mixed. Cut the thin outer rind from a small lemon, and place it in the stuffing that the white skin left upon it may absorb what is objectionable in the onion flavouring. When the goose is dressed, remove the lemon before serving. Fasten a greased paper over the breast, and roast neck downwards, basting well during the roasting. A small bird will require about one and three-quarter hours, and a large one from two to two and a half hours in roasting. Serve with good gravy and apple sauce.

M. L.—The ginger beer plant appears to be of the same division of minute plants as the yeast plant—*i.e.*, the *Conferva.* In Johnston's "Chemistry of Common Life," vol. i., page 299, you can read a description of the latter. They are harmless and useful.

BASHFUL FIFTEEN.—Use the essence of rennet to make Devonshire junket. There is a very good

recipe on each bottle, and it may be obtained of any grocer; but it should be freshly made, not old and stale.

ANGLO-INDIAN.—*Dhal* is made in England by putting one pint of split peas into one pint of boiling water or thin stock. Boil for five hours slowly till the peas be soft and pulpy, and add more liquid during the boiling if required. Add a dessertspoonful of curry-powder, two small onions cut up and fried, two ounces of butter, a little pepper, and three cloves. The peas should be boiled for some hours before they are wanted, and then warmed up with the other ingredients mentioned. In India this dish is served with boiled rice, as you do curry. We do not know a more nutritious dish, nor one more appetising, than *dahl*.

MARY DEANE.—The name "fool," as applied to a fruit dish called "gooseberry fool," is a corruption of the word *foulé*, the French for mashed, or pressed. Thus it can be applied to any kind of fruit that has been finely mashed after having been boiled till soft, then pressed through a sieve and mixed with cream till of the consistency of soft mortar. A dulcimer is a musical instrument of very simple construction and ancient origin. It is a flat resonant box, on the side of which there are a number of metal strings, which are tuned in various ways, for these instruments are not uniformly tuned, and are struck with a stick having a cork end or head. The size of the box is such as to be held and supported against the breast without inconvenience.

E. C. P.—Clear the broth in which beef has been boiled, and then boil it quickly, no lid being on the saucepan, and remove the scum as it rises. When reduced to about a quart, turn it into a small stew-pan and boil it again, but more gently, till it becomes a thick syrup. Take out a little in a spoon, and if it set like a jelly it is ready. When at this stage it is in danger of burning, and then is spoilt, so be careful. Then place it in a dry jar, and it will keep for a considerable time. When required, dissolve it by standing the jar in a saucepan of boiling water, half way up it. Glaze may be had ready-made in skins, although we think it inferior to a good home-made preparation. Another plan is to soak a spoonful of gelatine in cold water, and then dissolve it in twice its bulk of strong brown gravy.

MISS DOMBRAIN is thanked for the recipe for preserving eggs for the winter. Take three pounds of quicklime, ten ounces of salt, one ounce of cream of tartar, and one gallon and a half of boiling water. Mix and stir well, and as soon as cold begin to put in the eggs, day by day, keeping a cover on the crock. The lime will probably sink to the bottom, but that will be of no consequence if the liquid cover the eggs. If necessary, more may be prepared of the mixture as above described, and added when quite cold. The eggs should be perfectly fresh and completely covered.

R. M. B.—Read the article by Phillis Browne on preserving, entitled "Home-made Jam," page 526, vol. iv., part for May, 1885. When the servant waiting at table supplies ale she should hold the bottle or jug in her right hand and present a small round salver to the person requiring it, who places his or her tumbler on the salver. She then fills and returns it on the salver, and the person she serves takes it when thus presented. We thank you for your recipe.

POLLY.—To make potato cheesecakes, take one pound of mashed potatoes, a quarter of a pound of sultana raisins, a quarter of a pound of sugar and butter, and three or four eggs. Mix well together, and place in patty-pans lined with puff or flaky paste.

MISCELLANEOUS.

W. R. had better try to find some occupation, interest, or amusement, that will take her out of herself, and make her think of other people. She should take plenty of exercise, and bathe in tepid water every day; abstain from sitting up late at night and from reading novels.

OLD COTTONBALL.—A person is a bride whether married in church or at a registry office. In country neighbourhoods a bride is said to be considered one till some other bride comes within the year.

GORSE FLOWER had better induce a friend to give her lessons. A raw egg beaten up with sugar is said to give the voice strength, also gargling with salt and water.

F. H.—The female glowworm, which emits the greatest light, has no wings, and during the daytime is hidden in the grass and leaves. The male has wings, but emits only a feeble light. We suppose the glowworm escaped from the glass.

A CONSTANT READER OF G. O. P.—If the doctors cannot help you, we fear we cannot. Cod-liver oil might do you good. Such glandular swellings are not uncommon, and they are very generally painted with iodine. Ask a doctor whether it will succeed.

HELEN.—The title, "Pope," is derived from the Greek "Pappas" and the Latin "Papa." The first Bishop of Rome who called himself Pope was Hyginus, A.D. 139. The title was previously that of all bishops, and Pope Boniface III. induced Phocus, Emperor of the East, to confine it to the prelates of Rome, 606, and by the connivance of the same monarch the Roman prelate's supremacy over the Christian Church was established. In the Eastern Church pope is merely the title of an ordinary priest, signifying father, the origin of the term being found in 1. Cor. iv. 15.

SALLY COOK.—We do not think you are wise in praying so much for a husband, however lonely you feel. Marriage is a more serious undertaking than you are aware, and certainly we cannot tell you how to gain the young man you wish for very much. If you already have a comfortable home, be contented with it, and thankful, and if you have a widower father, let it be your business in life to be a help and comfort to him in his comparative loneliness. This is your obvious duty.

MARGUERITE.—You are in a low state of health, of which the lumps in your throat and the neuralgia are the results. Take cod-liver oil, and paint the lumps with iodine.

DAGON and KATE A. (Gravesend).—We are much obliged for your little article, and regret our space is too limited to insert it in our columns.

MATHILDE.—Girolamo Savonarola was an illustrious Italian preacher, reformer, mystic, and politician, born in 1452. He endeavoured to reform Florence and the Church; and brought about a truce between the parties who divided and rent the state. He was excommunicated by the pope as a heretic, and burnt to death, with two disciples, in Florence, 1498. He was a man of the most saintly life and the noblest aims. There is no doubt now that Savonarola's battle was that of the spirit against the flesh. Florence, like the rest of Italy, contained the noblest art and the foulest morals; a revival of learning, but no true freedom; and it was against the sins of his day that he fought, and by political hatred mainly was overcome. There is a life of him by Horner, translated from the Italian, published in 1863, and in Trollope's "History of the Commonwealth of Florence," 1865, you will find a good account.

MARGARET.—We think, if carefully used, the recipe for cleaning steel ornaments with quicklime might answer your purpose. Try a small portion first. We are obliged by your kind and cordial praise.

BOY READER.—We feel much flattered at your request to be allowed to compete for prizes in our paper, but we think that, considering you have a paper of your own, you must be satisfied with the competitions in that. Your paper, however, shall be considered if you send it in.

MATTY B.—Canaries that are used for breeding seldom live more than ten years, but a bird kept for song alone has been known to attain the age of twenty years and upwards.

EMILY.—The words of "'Tis but a little faded flower" are by Helen C. Howarth, an American lady; it was set to music by J. R. Thomas.

PHILAMON.—It is not very easy to give a definition of anything so comprehensive as the philosophy of Plato or Aristotle. The former "considered the sensible as transitory, changeable, and, therefore, untrue; it is but an imitation of that which alone had true existence, the ideal world. With Aristotle the experience of the sensible is the starting point; from the actual he ascends to the ideal, beginning with the impressions made upon the senses from without, and advances step by step, through the operations of consciousness, till he arrives at the highest energy of the intellect." If you are desirous to read up the subject, you will find Grote's "Plato and other Companions of Socrates," Whewell's "Platonic Dialogues for English Readers," or any of the English translations of the two philosophers.

VIOLET F.—The instruction for using the chemical food will be found on the packet. Cod-liver oil must be taken at first in small quantities, the doses ranging from a teaspoonful to two tablespoonfuls, after meals or before going to bed if there be any difficulty in retaining it.

BLACKBIRD was very wise in the plan she adopted to prevent her letter being overlooked. Her envelope would serve for a baby's pillow-case, and her letter for the sheet. Her writing is very good, and even a bat could read it without spectacles. As to the quotation competition, all quotations, from wherever taken, must have the author's name, but will secure more marks if the page in the writer's book where they are to be found is also given.

PEGGIE.—If your husband died without a will, leaving you and one child, the estate would be divided in one third to wife and the rest to the child. His sisters have no claim on it.

LOUIE DAVIE CAT'S-EYE.—The Spanish Armada was three years preparing and making ready in the Tagus.

THE CAT'S GRANDMOTHER.—The use of hot curling tongs makes the hair dry and brittle. We do not think it a good thing to eat just before going to bed, unless you be an invalid.

ONE OF YOUR GIRLS.—Many thanks for your kind note. The cards may be rubbed with flour to clean them, and we hear that some people wash ordinary cards in warm soap and water.

A BOOK LOVER.—"George Geith" is by Mrs. J. H. Riddell, pseudonym, "F. G. Frafford." The last named is amongst Miss Edgeworth's tales.

HOPE and CHARITY.—Inquire of a bookseller, giving the publisher's name. "Charity" should not bow to people whom she does not know.

POOR MARY ANNE.—The ferns would not need heat, but must be kept from frost and watered very little.

ERIN.—Accept our sympathy for the loss you have sustained, which has evidently caused you much grief in the past. The verses, however, are not suitable for publication, and we regret that our young readers should send us such a quantity of similar "poems," which, though well meaning and showing pious and affectionate feeling, are not poetry.

A. BARTLETT.—We regret to say that the lines you sent are exceedingly incorrect in composition, and have no originality to make up for their defects; but the sentiments expressed are very good.

A. J. L.—We commiserate you on having "such a red nose" that it "keeps you away from meetings because you feel so dreadful!" Take more exercise to produce a better circulation, and attend to your digestion.

AILIE.—We should advise you to take the indiarubber plant to the nearest nursery gardener, and let him deal with it, as you evidently understand nothing about it, and we have not seen it.

BAB.—1. We have often told our correspondents that articles of indiarubber or guttapercha when needing repair should be sent to a shop where such are sold, as no one but a manufacturer could mend them. 2. Guttapercha is the dried sap of a tree, a native of the islands of Borneo and Singapore. It is of considerable dimensions—sometimes six feet in diameter—and while the milky sap that exudes from a cutting in the bark proves so useful, the wood is of no value. It was introduced into this country in 1843 by a Dr. Montgomerie.

SILKWORM.—Many efforts have been made from time to time in this country to rear silkworms for trade purposes, and plantations made of mulberry trees—notably, at Knebworth, on the estate of Lord Lytton. But the extensive trade carried on already with India, China, and Italy proved too much for the young enterprise at home. In reference to any little private undertaking such as your own, no sale could be found for unspun silk, not even were you in a position to prepare it thus. *It is sold by weight*, and so is the grain, and you may imagine what a quantity would be required to find a sale and bring any return. The latter must also be thoroughly certified as being free from disease, and its origin, likewise, must be attested beyond a doubt.

A REBELLIOUS ONE.—There is no necessity for being awkward because you are tall. Be careful how you hold yourself. Never stoop, keep your head up and your chin well back, and take pains in walking well. Perhaps your brothers are envious of your height. If not strong, lie down for some time daily to rest your back, and always be thankful that you are not a poor little dwarf. We thank you for your kind letter. Your handwriting is neat and fairly good.

GOOSEBERRY.—When our girls send us questions answered too often for replies to be inflicted on other readers again, we refer them to back numbers, and the excuse that the inquirer has not got them is no excuse. In referring to the back monthly numbers, we let them know which to send for from our publishing department, having taken the trouble of searching our indexes for them to give the date required. For the removal of freckles there is no certain method, as they belong to some complexions. Those that only come from exposure to the sun in summer will probably disappear in the winter. See page 383, part for June, 1880.

ONION.—The words, *Gott mit dir*, are German, and mean "God with thee." It is not proper for any girl to speak to a strange man without an introduction, except to thank him for any little act of politeness on his part, or to ask the way if in a difficulty. Little chance occasions of this kind are only exceptional, and should not be sought with a view of forming any acquaintance. Be careful to maintain your self-respect.

GERTRUDE.—Sir James Outram, G.C.B., G.C.S.I., was one of the heroes of the Indian Mutiny. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, and was called the Bayard of India, the special friend of the native chiefs and people. He was born at Butterly Hall, Derbyshire, January 29th, 1803, and died at Paris, March 11th, 1863. Statues have been erected to his memory at Calcutta and on the Thames Embankment.

IPHIGENIE EN AULIDE.—The 25th of March, or Quarter Day, falls on the day commemorating the annunciation made to the Blessed Virgin by the angel Gabriel, for which it was styled Lady Day by the Roman Church. For cleaning ivory pianoforte keys, rub them with a soft damp flannel dipped in whitening. You employ the word "if" incorrectly for "whether" in two places. Study the rules respecting the subjunctive mood.

ULEPHIB.—We should think the lamp must be in a draught.

MAY.—The question is not so much about May's work as its market value, and whether her master could supply her place on the same terms. We think he has shown his satisfaction by raising her salary £5 this year, and he will probably do the same again.

A READER OF G.O.P. should send her wool mats to a dyer.

L. S. S.'s lines are very romantic indeed. The 31st May, 1869, was a Monday.

HASTY TEMPER.—The cure for all your ills lies in your own will and determination to conquer your faults, and in the help of the grace of God. If you ask for it you will be heard. Judging by many of the letters we get, our girls think bad temper is like measles or mumps, and can be cured by medicine.

BEAUMARIS inquires, "Why, if men outnumber women in Australia, two or three thousand of the latter could not go over there?" Why? Does not your own common sense tell you that paupers are not wanted? You must find young women who could both pay their own way over and keep themselves when they arrive. Does "Beaumaris" think she will find a market there for the exhibition of women, and men waiting to make proposals of marriage? Certain numbers are perpetually being sent out at the expense of the country. Your other question shocks us much. The second Divine Person in the Triune Godhead, Jesus Christ, was Incarnate, and born into this world for our redemption 1885 years ago. Where have you lived, and who brought you up, that you are so deplorably ignorant? Do you not know from what event in the world's history our year is dated? Do you think we should have dated from the birth-time of any ordinary man, or, still less, one of doubtful existence? God is omnipresent; He is not merely "in the sky." We hope that His divine influence is now leading you to inquire about Him. Read the four Gospels carefully.

ROMNEY LEIGH.—If you refer to page 16, monthly part for November, you will see that all our subscribers are invited to take part in our next competition, irrespective of age, although the award of prizes is restricted to the younger competitors. The limitation of the age up to which we can promise prizes does not in any way limit the period of "girldom" to the early age of twenty-three! In Ireland every woman is called a "girl" till married, and every man a "boy" till then.

SKINNA.—A touch of ammonia or chloroform will sometimes take spots of grease from paper and cardboard.

CLAN DONNOCHIE.—You misquote the passage. Read it for yourself—Proverbs xxxi. 6-7. The use and the abuse are spoken of in these and the two preceding verses, which may be read in connection with 1 Tim. v. 23. When you quote Holy Scripture be very careful to do so correctly, and if you desire any explanation refer to the context; and if in one of the holy Gospels, to a similar passage in one or more of the other three; and then seek out every passage bearing on the subject throughout the Bible by the aid of a "Concordance," as one will help to throw light on another.

A CONSTANT SUFFERER.—Noises in the ear are generally the result of cold or careless drying of the ear after washing. They may also have their origin in a rheumatic tendency. We think you would be wise to try a hot flannel held to the ear, and also to consult a medical man.

A. S. T. S. must make inquiries of the vicar of the parish in which she lives. The 20th March, 1862, was a Thursday. The 13th December, 1854, was a Tuesday.

E. A. C.—The great cotton famine in Lancashire began in 1860-1, in consequence of the secession of the Southern States from the Union. In July, 1862, a meeting was held of the noblemen and gentlemen connected with the cotton manufacturing districts at Bridgwater House, St. James's, the late Earl of Derby in the chair; £10,000 were subscribed. The Viceroy of Egypt gave £1,000, and the Queen gave £2,000. In July, 1863, the whole subscriptions amounted to £1,900,000. We do not remember any such donation as you name.

M. L. T.—Colds are often symptomatic of a low condition of the general system. You should live generously, dress warmly, and take exercise in moderation, so as to assist the circulation. See "Bright Eyes and Teeth like Pearls," vol. i., p. 390.

A YOUNG TRADESMAN is anxious we should warn our girl readers when enclosing stamps in a letter not to fasten the stamps themselves firmly to the letters, as is so often done by thoughtless people, but to leave them loose in the letter, or, if resolved to stick them, to make use of the gummed paper which edges the stamps. This is a very wise caution, and we are obliged to our worthy correspondent. We ourselves have received stamps stuck tightly on a postal note—a very silly trick.

A. E. C.—We read your letter with much interest, and we are quite sure that our girls, the future mothers of England, have all power in their hands for good in the way of teaching lessons of temperance to the younger generation. We earnestly pray God to show them the way to use this power, not only with their future offspring, but over themselves and their friends. But young men, like yourself, must not altogether depend on others, for of yourselves you must learn to follow higher things for their own sakes, and to use the world and its pleasures without abusing them.

POLLIE FARFAX.—Oil your hands at night, or rub in vaseline, and wear gloves with the centre of the palms cut out; and wear gloves in the day whenever possible, washing the hands in bran-water. See our article on "Lissom Hands and Pretty Feet."

SAIRY GAMP.—The quotation—

"Man wants but little here below,"

is taken from Goldsmith's "Hermit."

MIGNONETTE.—You would be quite justified in going to see the children of your class in the Sunday-school, and in that way you will make acquaintance with their parents; but being a young girl, you must be careful in entering on religious subjects with older people. "Let your light shine," and try to live and act so that all men may know you love God. You might lend them books, the G. O. P., *Leisure Hour*, or *Sunday at Home*, and for reading to your old man you will find plenty of interesting things in all three—interesting and religious too.

A TROUBLED ONE had better ask a doctor about her hair. Her general health may be weak.

ANNIE II.—The days of the week are called after the gods and goddesses of the northern mythology. The months of the year are from them, from emperors, and from characteristics of the various seasons. As to your last question about the "meaning of the weeks in the month," we do not understand it. What a silly girl you seem to be; and on what a poor religious basis you are beginning your married life!

P. T. C.—The Brehons were ancient judges in Ireland, who are said to have administered justice with great impartiality. In Edward III.'s day it was enacted that no English subject should submit to them, 1365. These laws were recognised by the native Irish, till 1650. A translation of them was proposed, a commission appointed in 1852, and the publication of the ancient laws of Ireland was begun by the Government in 1865.

C. M. D.—October 9th, 1848, was a Monday; October 9th, 1874, was a Friday; October 18th, 1852, was a Monday; and March 14th, 1872, was a Thursday. After such a kind note you deserved an answer.

CLIO.—In the last century, in war-time, 1780, the troops of the line amounted to 110,000; in 1800, to 168,082; the last year of the war, 1815, 300,000; in 1879 there were 135,452; in 1884-5, 140,314.

BERTHA F. H. P.—We think your suggestion about cutting the tips of the roses before putting them into water very good. As regards mackintoshes, the difficulty is, with the coloured ones, to take out the spots made by mud in London. One correspondent suggests ammonia and water to sponge them with, but the stains appear immovable.

CURIOSITY.—Styes in the eyes are very usually the result of breathing bad air, which likewise results in whitlows; besides this cause, a weak, low condition of health, and a lack of good and sufficient nourishment, are accompanied by such complaints. Why do you not consult our indexes? We have so often repeated our directions for such complaints. See page 272, vol. i.

AHENAWAKA.—The Scandinavian "god of peace and plenty," Feeyr, was said to ride on the boar, Gullinbursti, and his festival was held in the winter solstice, Christmas-time, on which occasion a boar was sacrificed in his honour. This ancient form of banquet (a boar's head as the chief dish) has been handed down to us from our forefathers from a period of many centuries back in our history. But as it is an expensive dish, and its use is attended with stately ceremonials unsuited to homely reunions, a turkey or a sirloin of roast beef has taken its place as a general rule. It is quite in place at the table of H. M. the Queen, and at some of the grand old country seats of the aristocracy. The use of a boar's head has no connection with the commemoration of our Saviour's advent, beyond that it marks the same period of time, and the ancient customs of merry-making, family reunions, and interchange of gifts.

A LEGEND OF THE VIOLET.

By CLARA THWAITES.

WITHIN the gates of Eden blest,
Fair Eve her favourite blooms caressed,
And in her fair white palm she set
The white and fragrant violet.

Outside the gates of Eden blest,
Fair Eve was weeping, sore distressed—
The petals with her tears were wet;
"Alas!" she cried, "O violet!"

That Eve's sad heart from earth might rise
To seek her Eden in the skies,
An angel came and changed its hue
From pearly white to heavenly blue.

"Look up," he whispered, "Eve, and see
The home which Love prepares for thee;
And in the violet's heart behold
What waits for thee—a crown of gold!"

VOL. VII.—NO. 321. FEBRUARY 20, 1886. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

OUR BAZAAR.

STAY-AT-HOME GIRLS.

By DORA HOPE.

WORKING FOR THE BAZAAR.

"GIRLS! come here," called out Jeannette Mayhew, as she heard her sisters coming in from a walk one morning. "Who do you think has been to call while you were out? But I may as well tell you, for you will never guess—Lady Cargle, of Cargle."

"Oh, I wish we had been in!" exclaimed both the girls at once. "What did she come for? It could not have been only a friendly call, for people say her visiting list is so extremely select she will not know a creature in the neighbourhood."

"No, it was not pure friendliness that brought her, but she is going to have a bazaar

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for the orphanage, and she said she had heard you were greatly interested in it, and she wants you to help."

"And what did you say?" asked Nannie.

"I could only say what I knew to be true—that I had heard you bemoaning the poverty of the Home many times, and wishing you could help it; and that being the case, I thought you would be glad to help her. There is to be a committee meeting to-morrow at The Park, and she hopes you will be there, overflowing with ideas."

The girls, to Jeannette's surprise, did not much like the idea; it was true they were most anxious to help the orphanage, but they protested that Lady Cargle was a stranger, and said to be very haughty, and they had no ideas to suggest, and not much money to spend.

"Oh, you perverse couple," replied Jeannette. "I thought you would be so delighted, and it is not so much money she wants as genius, and if you will bring down a Shakespeare with you, and one of those books of selections from the poets, I am sure that amongst us we can get some suggestions for you to take. It is the general plan of the bazaar and the kind of stalls that you have to settle to-morrow."

Jeannette had thought of two possible schemes, and with her sisters' help they were both roughly worked out, so that they might each have a suggestion for the next day.

Lady Cargle was a woman of experience and considerable common sense, and she had learnt by her previous efforts that a small committee, as a rule, does much more work than a large one, so when Nannie and Elsie were shown into the library at the hall the next day, they found that the committee consisted so far of only six persons. There were actually seven present, but Lady Cargle explained to the girls that as they were twins, she did not know which to ask, so she thought they had better both come the first time, and they could do as they pleased afterwards; but she begged they would only count as one, for she considered six quite enough for a committee.

Lady Cargle began the proceedings by remarking that it had been decided, if the committee did not object, to hold the bazaar during the first week of July, and that, consequently, the time for preparation was short, and she was determined not to close the meeting till the general plans were all arranged. The result was that the meeting was a very long one, and the girls reached home late and tired, and, it must be confessed, a little cross; for they said, not only they but everyone else had splendid ideas for a fancy dress fair, and yet after all the trouble everyone had taken to find suggestions, the whole plan had been given up, and it was to be a simple, common-place bazaar after all.

Jeannette sympathised with their disappointment, but quite agreed with the alteration which had been made, on the ground that many would-be helpers had a strong feeling against any kind of theatrical performance, and that it would be much better to avoid anything which could possibly be a cause of offence to anyone. But as, at the same time, it is often very difficult at a bazaar to distinguish between stall-holders and visitors, it was decided that all the assistants should be asked to wear light grey dresses, made in a severely plain style, with large spotted muslin aprons, and mob caps instead of hats.

The only variety to be allowed in the dresses was that each lady was to choose a different flower, and to wear no other kind during the whole bazaar.

It was some consolation to Elsie that all the suggestions for a more elaborate fancy fair were not to be forgotten again, for she was asked, in her capacity as secretary, to write a full description of them, to be carefully preserved in case they were ever required. The following were the principal ideas.

One lady suggested that the bazaar should represent a gathering of the characters in fairy tales. Her plan of stalls was as follows:—

Stall I.—Mermaidens. The stall to be built as much as possible like a cave, and decorated with seaweed and shells; some of the large common kinds of both could be sent by any friend at the seaside, and imitation green seaweed made with mauve green ribbon. The stall-holders to wear very pale green dresses, with coral or shell necklaces and ornaments.

Stall II. — Wood-nymphs. Stall ornamented with virgin cork, rustic wood-work, and a tree trunk for a seat. The assistants to wear russet brown, and each trimmed with the leaves and flowers, or seed vessels, of a different hue.

Stall III.—The flower fairies should preside over the flower stall, which should represent a mossy bank, the fairies themselves to be dressed in white, and each profusely adorned with a different flower, with ribbons to match.

Stall IV.—The gnomes should have a cave, lighted with a number of little coloured lamps; they themselves to be dressed in drab, with pointed hood, like the familiar picture of these little underground workers.

Stall V.—The brownies, the useful fairies, should have the practical stall of underclothing and household articles. Their dress should be much the same as that of the gnomes, but more of a dark terra-cotta colour.

Another lady described a bazaar representing an old English village, with the different shops and their signs hung outside, and an old "Tabard Inn" for a refreshment room.

Another suggested a Japanese village; the dresses, she said, could easily be copied from pictures, and might be made of very inexpensive cotton materials. The greatest difficulty she anticipated was that all the assistants were such unmistakable English girls, fair-haired and rosy-cheeked, that she was afraid it would be impossible to make them look Japanese.

Nannie's idea was to represent English poetry, ancient and modern. The first stall should be devoted to Chaucer, and should be arranged to depict the outside of the Tabard Inn, while the attendants should each represent one of the Canterbury Pilgrims.

The next should be a "Spenser" stall, with characters from the "Faerie Queene;" and so on through the list of our most popular poets, till a Princess stall should bring up the rear, with a Lady Psyche, and the "sweet girl graduates," in their caps and gowns, waiting upon the customers.

The last scheme, a Shakespeare fair, was proposed by Elsie, who, however, candidly acknowledged that Jeannette had arranged it all. Her suggestion was that each stall should be in a tent representing a scene in one of Shakespeare's plays, and the attendants should be dressed as characters from the same play.

Thus one tent should, by means of drapery and a little scene painting, be made to represent a room in Portia's house; the stall-holders Nerissa and Jessica, and, if necessary, also Antonio and Lorenzo in old Venetian dresses (easily copied from an illustrated edition of Shakespeare), and Portia in her well-known lawyer's dress. It was suggested, also, that a new form of the time-honoured bran pie might be introduced on this *Merchant of Venice* stall in the shape of Portia's three caskets.

Another stall was to be, as much as might be, like Prospero's cell in *The Tempest*, the special feature of this stall being the opportunity of fishing with a shrimping-net for salvage from the wreck. When talking over the arrangement of this stall, the girls found some difficulty in deciding what the style of Miranda's dress should be, as she must have found it exceedingly difficult to procure any dresses at all; but they decided finally that she should wear a loose white robe of no particular style, trimmed with shell and coral ornaments.

They thought of proposing that any stall to be presided over by elderly ladies should represent some scene in *Romeo and Juliet*, as the characters of the ladies Capulet and Montague, and the Nurse would be so suitable for matrons, while refreshments might be very appropriately dispensed by the characters in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, two children taking the parts of Oberon and Titania.

The one detail of this Shakespearian scheme, for which Nannie was especially eager, it being indeed her own idea, was that Jack should be asked to take the part of Autolycus, the pedlar, in the *Winter's Tale*. He should carry out the character throughout, and sing his songs while he sold things from his pack up and down the bazaar.

Nannie and Elsie had taken so much trouble in picking out the most suitable plays and characters and in talking over their dresses, that it was no wonder they were disappointed that the bazaar was to be a mere "sale of work" after all; but they were sensible girls, and soon got over their annoyance, and set to work vigorously to make the affair a success.

On one point Lady Cargle herself insisted strongly. There were, she said, a large number of servants and respectable working people in the neighbourhood who would gladly help on the good cause, but who could not, and ought not, to spend any money on unnecessary articles. She was very anxious, therefore, that the greatest strength of the committee should be devoted to stalls for the sale of useful things, whether clothing, household goods, or food. Also, she suggested having a stall entirely of things which gentlemen could buy; she had noticed, she said, that bazaars were almost exclusively patronised by ladies, and it was no wonder, for there was usually very little in them which either gentlemen or poor people could wish for.

Accordingly two stalls were furnished entirely with articles which would be useful to poor as well as rich; the one was exclusively for clothing, the other had all sorts of useful things for the house, as well as books and inexpensive pictures. This stall, as well as the one devoted to refreshments and the sale of provisions, was almost entirely supplied from the contributions in kind of local tradesmen, to all of whom notices of the bazaar had been sent, with requests for help. In this way considerable quantities of crockery, stationery, tinware, small articles of furniture, and bottled and tinned fruits and meats, as well as the usual pickles and sauces, were received; and the supply of these useful goods was further increased by consignments from some of the large firms to whom Lady Cargle applied for help.

The articles which seemed to afford the greatest satisfaction to the working women were the bulky parcels, each containing a small but complete outfit for a young servant. The members of the two or three mothers' meetings in the neighbourhood had been told, when the bazaar was first talked of, that these outfits were being prepared, and many of the thrifty ones had been saving up their money in order to fit out young daughters just ready for service. The parcels included two cotton dresses (the bodices only tacked together, so as to allow of alterations), collars, caps, aprons; and the more expensive ones three, the others two, of each article of underclothing. Several of these outfits were bought by ladies for presents for young *protégées*.

Then there were boys' socks, knitted by some old ladies who could not see to do anything else, and babies' and children's dresses and pinafores of all varieties, from the coarsest and strongest, for hard wear, to the most fascinating little "confections" of muslin and lace. Amongst the most useful articles for poor babies were a number of cloaks made of rough cloth and shaped exactly like ladies' old-fashioned circular waterproof cloaks, but having a little hood bound and drawn up with scarlet braid.

The gentlemen's stall had less needlework than any of the others, though there was, of course, the usual assortment of embroidered tobacco pouches, cigarette cases, shaving tidies, bathroom slippers, and cricket belts. The rest of the stall was filled up with good scent, stationery, pocket-books, walking-sticks, boxes of white ties, studs, brushes of various kinds, all sorts of contrivances for holding photographs; and, most important of all, pipe-racks, match-boxes, and all the other conveniences which make a smoker's life happy. Lady Cargle assured the committee that she considered smoking a most pernicious habit, but since all her masculine friends persisted in it, she thought she might as well make use of their bad practices to get some money from them.

The refreshments were scattered up and down the bazaar; there was one small tent, with little round tables and seats outside, where tea and coffee, both hot and iced, were dispensed, with appropriate cakes and biscuits. At another tent, surrounded by delightfully rustic seats formed by fallen trees, ices and iced drinks were served, while at yet another more substantial viands could be obtained.

The remainder of the stalls were of a nondescript sort, at which anything and everything was sold.

Amongst the novelties for sale on one of these were several sets of toilet-table and washstand mats, painted on pale green or blue American cloth, with splashers, toilet-tidies, and hair-pin stands, all to match. Some had groups or wreaths of flowers painted on them, others had designs copied from Japanese pictures. These are very easily obtainable now that Japanese work is so common, and as a rule there is not a great deal of work in the designs, which is a recommendation to those who wish to copy them. There were also a number of palm leaf fans, very beautifully painted with sprays of Virginian creeper, clematis, and honeysuckle, which, being useful as well as ornamental, found ready purchasers during the hot days of the sale.

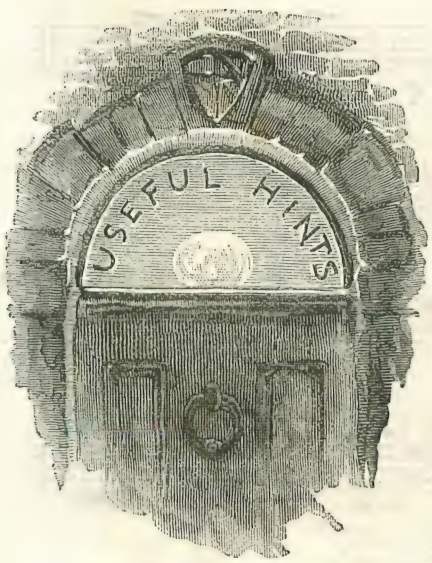
The very first articles to be completely sold out were sets of dinner-table decorations, made of pressed leaves, flowers, and ferns. These had been very carefully prepared and mounted on ribbon. Some sets were on broad strips of crimson ribbon, so that the colour showed through here and there; others had only the narrowest possible background of green ribbon, just sufficient to gum the end of the stalks to, so that the foundation should not show at all, but should look as though the leaves were freshly arranged on the table cloth.

Those who were clever at this kind of work had also been busy making fireplace ornaments of pressed plants securely gummed to a cardboard foundation. Other more substantial ornaments were embroidered on Roman satin, and fixed into a square wooden frame, so as to fill up the whole space inside the mantelpiece. These were made especially strong for the benefit of those who use gas fires, and who are consequently tempted to remove their ornaments and light their fires whenever the weather is in the least chilly, even in the height of summer.

In addition to all these stalls a good deal of money was taken with a weighing machine and a stand for measuring a person's exact height. An amateur photographer, too, offered his services, and met with a surprisingly large number of customers—in fact, hardly any one came to the bazaar without having their photographs taken.

Altogether Lady Cargle had no reason to repent the simplicity of her bazaar, for a good sum of money was raised, and everyone was satisfied; and Elsie and Nannie had the pleasure of hearing on every hand that their energy had, to a very great extent, contributed to the successful carrying out of the scheme and the material lightening of the debt on their favourite charity, the orphanage.

(*To be continued.*)



To Keep Cut Ferns and Flowers Fresh.—Procure a spray-producer; such as are frequently used for blowing perfume through answer the purpose very well. When you have arranged your flowers, blow a water spray all over them. As long as you keep them, repeat this process when they look dry. The finer the spray the better. A short time ago I was arranging flowers for a dinner-table; the day was very warm, and I was very anxious to keep the maidenhair fern fresh. For one plateau I kept it in water until late and then stuck it in with the flowers, looking wonderfully fresh; in the other plateau I put the fern as I arranged the flowers, and then blew a very fine spray all over it. At the end of the evening the maidenhair that had not had the spray was quite faded, while that which had had it was almost as fresh as when I put it in. I believe the reason is that the water when put on the leaves as spray has so much air with it that it does not run off and leave the leaves dry as it does when one dips them in water. If flowers are faded from being packed (particularly roses) a little ammonia or a few drops of sal-volatile put into the water in which the stalks are will considerably help to revive them.

Crochet Respirators.—For invalids of all ages the air should be warmed before it passes into delicate lungs, and it has been agreed by most medical men that metal respirators are not so healthy as respirators where the air is passed through wool. In cases of infection the spread of the disease to those engaged in personal attendance on the sick is often prevented if the contaminated air in the room is not breathed directly by the healthy person, but is passed through a disinfectant. To perpetually hold up to the mouth such a remedy is troublesome, but to fasten on something that will hold it is comparatively easy. Both for invalids and their attendants the respirators made of wool will be found invaluable. They are made as follows:—Use a fine bone crochet-hook and double Berlin wool, white and grey. First row, with the grey wool; four chain, into which work four double crochet. Second row; two double crochet into the first chain on previous row and one chain into each of the others, and finally make one chain. Work the rows in ribs by always inserting the hook into the back and not front loop of the stitch. Work twenty-one rows as the second row, increasing at each row by working two double crochet into the single chain made at the end of each row. Work two rows without increasing, and then decrease for twenty-one rows by taking two stitches together at the commencement of each row until only four stitches remain, which cast off. Make a second piece of crochet with white wool, similar to the one made of grey wool; sew the two together and fasten a loop of elastic to one end of the respirator and a small button to the other, and put the respirator on by passing the elastic round the head. For wearing during nursing, drop small pieces of camphor between the two pieces of wool before they are sewn together entirely. The respirators can be knitted in double knitting as long as the work is increased in every row to the centre and then decreased.

Stewed Endive (Very good).—Pick to pieces, mash and drain four or five heads of endive, throw them into boiling water with a handful of salt; boil on a quick fire till tender, strain in a colander, squeeze dry, chop fine. Place in a saucepan one ounce of butter, a little grated nutmeg, pepper, and salt; stir the endive in this over the fire for twenty minutes; add a little cream, and serve with fried sippets. Lettuce may be used instead of endive, but it is not quite so good.

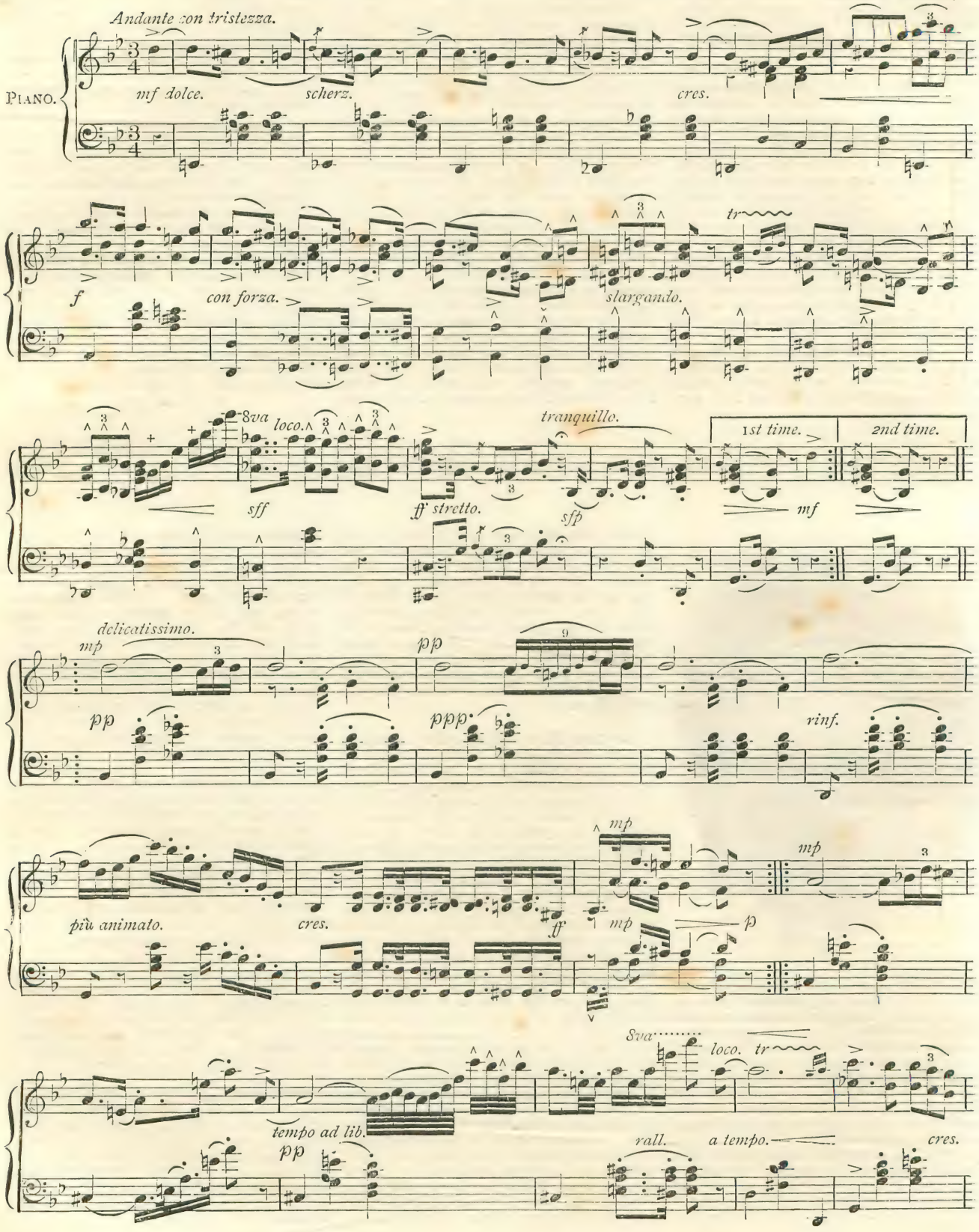
Potatoes au Gratin.—Boil, peel, and mash smoothly one pound of potatoes, place a layer of them in a baking-dish, then sprinkle over them some grated cheese (Parmesan is best) and a few small lumps of butter; repeat the layers till the dish is full; put some bread-crumbs on the top, brown and serve.

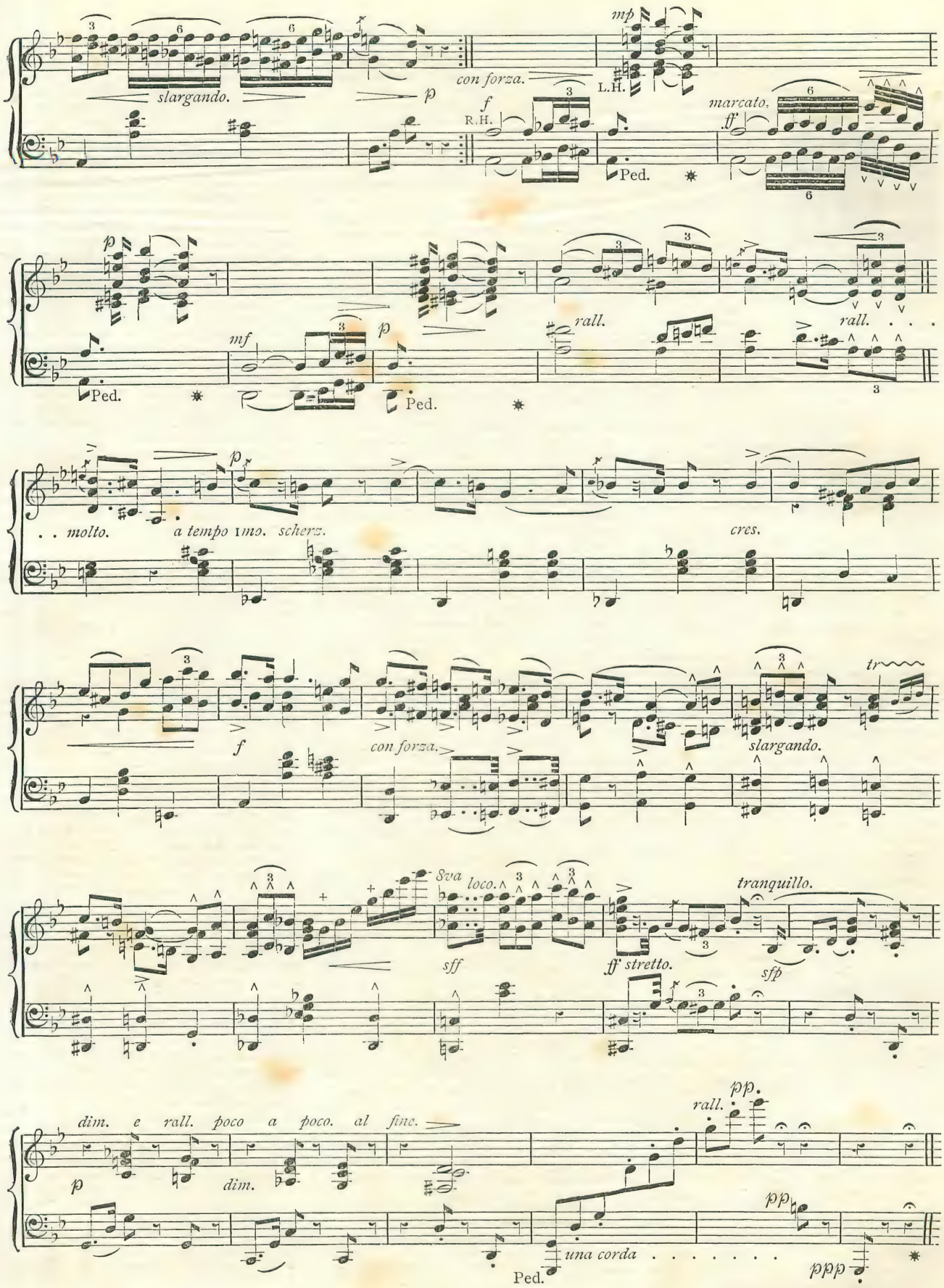
Scalloped Artichokes.—Boil thoroughly and break up one pound of artichokes (Jerusalem, *bien entendu*), mix one ounce of butter with one ounce of flour, a little milk or cream, and a small teaspoonful of anchovy sauce, the yolk of an egg, and a little lemon juice; stir the artichokes in this, then put all into a flat dish; put bread-crumbs on the top; salamander.

A LITTLE MAZOURKA.

IN MEMORY OF CHOPIN (BORN MARCH 1, 1809).

MYLES B. FOSTER.

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A PERILOUS ROAD.

CHAPTER III.

TWO YEARS IN FLORENCE.

NKNOWN to his children, the *vecchio* paid a visit to a doctor, but poor Signor Stefani came back sadder than ever. The physician's opinion confirmed everyone's fears about him, and he was frankly told that if he did not take life more easily he would soon leave his young family fatherless.

As the time drew near for Marietta to go away from them, he said to her—

"I believe the professor is right, and that you will get on well, child, yet—— "

"What, *babbo ?* "

"Don't let them spoil you, *piccina* (little one). You must not learn to look down upon us simple folk, my darling."

"*Babbo !*" exclaimed the girl, so terribly pained that tears started to her eyes.

"Forgive me, Marietta; perhaps I had no right to say such a thing. You have always been a good child, and your motive is a good one, and has nothing to do with personal desire."

A little later on that same day she met the pastor, and he stopped and spoke to her, and kindly gave her a little warning and a little advice.

"Ah ! *figliuola mia* (my daughter), I see that you have no fears, and that my plain speaking vexes you; but I have done my duty."

As was usual with her when Leonardo came, she told him her troubles; but when she waited for his customary sympathy he was quite silent, and turned rather pale.

"Then you think the same ? " she said, rather indignantly. "You believe, too, that when I have succeeded—if I do—in paying off these debts, I shall have become so fine a lady that I shall be ashamed of my darling *babbo*, and—everybody ? "

"No, Marietta, not that; but I am forced to see that to some girls, so young, so inexperienced, and brought up as simply as you have been, there might be danger; but of course I would trust you, dear."

She gave him a grateful look.

"Besides, Marietta, neither your father nor the good pastor meant to offend you, only to advise you at a critical moment, and you ought not to resent advice from them."

"You always know how to soothe me, Leonardo. I see I was wrong, and I will beg their pardon and thank them."

They were walking on together, for Leonardo was leaving.

"I shall come from Pistoia sometimes to see you in Florence, Marietta; but Signor Stefani does not wish me to come too often. There is to be no betrothal between us, he says, until this is all done and you come back. Marietta, *cara* (dear), you wish it, too, do you not ? It shall be so then. I may come and ask you ? "

The girl looked down shyly, and then she looked up at him and said, frankly—

"Yes, Leonardo, come."

"Thank God ! " said the lad, relieved of a fear, though a vague one, and then he pressed her hand and went off.

The next day was a sad one for all, for it brought the dreaded parting. Leonardo's friend—for so she must now be called—Signora Benoni, came up from Pistoia to fetch Marietta to take her to her new home at Florence. The parting was necessarily made slightly less painful by the presence of this comparative stranger, and also by the diversion of dressing Marietta in some town-made modern garments which she had brought for her.

Thus transformed, the village maiden clung round her father's neck, and promised to make haste and improve her handwriting so as to be able to write *spessissimo* (often and often).

"And Emilia," she added, "must let me have all the news, too."

"Good-bye, my child, and may God love you and keep you safe," came from the *vecchio's* quivering lips; and then Marietta got into the chaise, and the sturdy, fleet little mountain pony trotted her waving handkerchief and tearful eyes swiftly out of sight.

* * * * *

"Welcome, my dear signorina," said the Signora Barbarelli and the professor to the bewildered girl, who a few hours later found herself mounting several flights of stairs, and arriving in a lofty, richly-furnished room, the like of which she had never seen.

"I shall call you Marietta," continued the signora, "and I hope you will be able to feel happy with us, dear child."

"Oh, yes ! " said Marietta, feeling a little happier already.

"As for me," said the professor, "I am a regular tyrant. I keep a ruler in my hand to knock your knuckles with when you play or sing a false note. I lock up my pupils on bread and water if they don't open their mouths enough, and I am —— but I see the signorina does not believe me. *Moglie mia*," addressing his wife, "I am not joking, am I ? "

"Well," said his wife, smiling, "I think I could give you a better character, but then Marietta would not know which of us to believe."

"Yes, I should," said Marietta, laughing and looking at the professor's mild expression of countenance.

Having accomplished what he wished, which was to bring a little mirth into the sad face of the lonely young stranger, he went to the door with Signora Benoni while his wife showed Marietta her room.

"How beautiful ! " cried the girl.

"I am glad you like it; and, Marietta, I think you will soon get used to being with us; for one thing, you will be so constantly busy."

"Yes, I shall indeed. I have so much to learn besides the music." Then she blushed a little, as she added, "I do read and write, but very badly, and that is all I can do; for seeing after the house and the little one's clothes and *babbo*, and making bread and chestnut cakes, do not count, do they, signora ? "

"Well, no, I suppose not; but it will all come by degrees, child, and in many respects you will do just as you are."

Before she left her she went close to her, and said, tenderly—

"Marietta, you will suffer a little from home sickness, I daresay. If you do, dear, don't forget one thing: I am a woman, and have been a mother, too, but it pleased God to take my two darlings from me."

"Oh, dear signora ! " and sympathetic tears came into the girl's eyes.

"Yes, Marietta, it seemed best to Him to do so; but the professor and I feel lonely sometimes, and often talk of our little angels waiting for us in heaven. Now, dear, get ready for supper."

Then the two kissed, and were friends from that moment.

The first few months of Marietta's new life went swiftly by. Her day was so fully occupied, and she was so interested in all she did, that there was little time for sadness; yet now and then she felt that she would give much to see her simple mountain home and all the dear ones there. She looked out eagerly for Emilia's poor little scrawl, and Leonardo's occasional visits were a delight, not only because he and she were such good friends, but because he always came bringing the latest news from her *paese* (village). She loved writing to them, and she told them frankly all she did and felt and thought.

"I am quite used now," she wrote, soon after her arrival, "to wearing shoes and stockings every day, instead of only on a *festa*; and my hat does not make my head ache as it did at first. They do not eat chestnut cake here—indeed, the professor and the signora have never tasted it; is it not strange ? Leonardo has promised to bring me some of our own beautiful chestnut flour—it is quite a different thing here; and on the professor's birthday I am going to make him a real mountain cake."

Neither the professor nor his wife shared Marietta's enthusiasm on the subject of chestnut cake, but she was not permitted to suspect this fact.

Another time she wrote :—

"Oh, Emilia, fancy ! I am not allowed to sing one single song, not even my beloved mountain melodies. I sing *solfeggi* (exercises) two hours a day now, but only with the professor, and half an hour at a time. Alone, I am not to open my mouth. Playing I learn from the signora; and now that I can read and write easily, I am to have a lady from the town for three hours every day to teach me history, geography, something of literature, and by-and-by a little French. Some day when I am very, very clever I will teach you and the others all these things."

Then later she said :—

"I can't tell you how kind the professor and his wife are to me—almost like a father and mother. I don't know what I should have done if I could not have loved them. This town is beautiful, and you would delight in the shops, which are gay to bewilderment. And the churches ! I wish I could describe to you how rich and splendid they are, and how different the services. Yet last *festa*, as I knelt down I cried quietly all the time, longing to be praying instead in our dear simple little church, which I used to think so beautiful, and to have *babbo's* dear white head beside mine. But skip this bit, Emilia, when you read out the letter."

That very day her longing, or home-sickness, led her to go into one of the rooms and stand on a chair at the window, and put her head out as far as it would go. She gazed and gazed at the distant tree-tops, and involuntarily she disobeyed orders, and the "Belle Montagne" broke from her, all her heart as well as all her lungs singing out her pain. When she had finished, a gentle but very firm hand took hold of her arm, brought her down from the chair, and the first frown she had seen on the professor's face met her eyes.

"Signorina, am I to have the management of your voice or you ? If it is to be you, you had better say so at once."

"Signor, forgive me; I did not mean to go contrary to your wishes. It may seem incredible to you, but I don't think I knew that I was singing, at least I had no intention of it, only to try and —— see the trees there

——" And then she sank down in her chair and burst into passionate weeping.

The professor went and sought his wife. "Anna," he said, "take the Signorina Marietta out for a long drive up the hills—to Fiesole perhaps. I dare not send her home even for a few days, for seeing her own people would upset her; but *soffre qui poveretta*" (she suffers here, poor thing!) touching his heart.

This drive was a great success. As they left the town behind them and ascended the hill, though there is little view until one reaches the ancient town of Fiesole, Marietta's spirits rose, a faint colour came into her cheeks, and her eyes glowed with pleasure.

"I wish we could live here instead of in the town, Marietta, but my husband would miss everything that he has been used to; and to him not to be within the reach of music would——"

"Of course, signora, and I think I am stupid and ungrateful. What would many girls not give to see so beautiful a place as Florence? And I like it," she hastened to add.

It was quite true, for she had thoroughly appreciated all that they had shown her. The Bell, or Shepherd's Tower, so called, for it was designed by Giotto, who at one time was only a shepherd-boy; the marble-faced cathedral and baptistery; the bronze gates, the history of the competition for the designing of which she had read with interest; and the famous picture galleries.

"Another day we will go to Vallombrosa, Marietta, and see the monastery built by that good man St. Gualberto."

"He who pardoned his enemy, do you mean?"

"Yes; you have a good memory, child."

"The professor gave me his history to read, and you showed me the *fresco* painted on the wall on the road to San Miniato."

"I'll never disobey again," she whispered to the professor when she went back, and she never did.

Some more months passed away and little by little she became reconciled to her life. Indeed, she knew later on what she did not quite realise at the moment—that the old associations gradually lost some of their hold upon her. By-and-by, to her great delight, the length of the singing lessons increased to two hours in the morning and one in the afternoon, and she was allowed to learn songs.

"When shall I be able to begin?" she incautiously asked the professor one day.

"Begin what?" he said, pretending not to understand.

"To earn money."

"When I give you permission."

"Of course, when you give me permission," she answered, laughing; "but when will that be?"

"Signorina Marietta, I have no time this morning to answer foolish questions."

"But, dear signore, I am so anxious about *babbo*. And then, when I have done all I can for him—there will be——"

"What else, pray? What else have you to do with your money?"

"You and the signora have done so much for me—and it seems to me that——"

"Signorina, if you do not wish to anger me you must not say what you were going to say, nor, indeed, think it. Of course you feel grateful, as every good girl would. We did this to oblige our friend Benoni, who wished to befriend Leonardo, and you know why. Besides, I cannot live without occupying myself with music. If you are anxious to do something for us, I will tell you a way."

"If you only would!"

He took her hand.

"Love us, child, and make us forget—as indeed you have—that our little daughter was taken from us."

At the end of two years the professor procured Marietta her first engagement. It was to sing at an afternoon party at the Duchessa N——'s. This lady was a great connoisseur, and this was not the first time that a young singer had made her *début* at her house. If Marietta pleased her, her eventual success was secured.

In the meanwhile Leonardo had also got on well. He was no longer shopman, but played a good deal in orchestras. He had great taste for music, and had practised the violin indefatigably.

The professor managed that he should hear Marietta on her first appearance, and of the three the young fellow was the most agitated as he saw Marietta come forward, music in hand. She was too intent and anxious to succeed to be more than momentarily nervous, and the professor, who accompanied, seemed calm, and was secure in the proficiency of his pupil. The girl's fresh and powerful voice filled every corner of that large and lofty room, and there was a pathetic earnestness in the way she sang that won her more applause than the most studied efforts at making an effect would have done.

When she finished her song — one of Gounod's beautiful airs—the professor, as is usual, shook hands with her, and thanked her for having done him credit; then the hostess came forward, complimented her, and led her to a seat beside her own.

As she passed along Marietta heard many remarks giving her such wonderful praise that when she sat down she felt somewhat dazzled. She scarcely knew what was going on around her, but presently became aware that some *marchese*, whose name she did not catch, was being introduced to her, and that he paid her—as it seemed to her then—exaggerated compliments. Then he led her to the instrument again for her second song; he talked to her until it was time to leave; he took her to the carriage, and begged her to do him the honour of presenting him to the *distinto* (distinguished) Signor Professore and his wife; and then she heard him ask their leave to call in the morning and inquire after the "signorina's" health.

Leonardo, pleased and excited at Marietta's success, was waiting for her outside, in order to be the first to shake her hand and congratulate her. But at that moment, for once in her life, Marietta had forgotten even the existence of her best friend. He saw her coming out, and darted forward; but she was on the arm of an aristocratic-looking young man, and did not even turn her head as if to seek him, as he had expected that she would do. He fell back, chilled and disappointed. The carriage rolled off, and he made his way to the station to go back to Pistoia.

"Of course," he said to himself, "it is quite natural that her talent should be admired."

Yet, try to comfort himself as he would, terrible possibilities came into his mind.

"No, no," he went on thinking; "it would be injustice, and God is not unjust. It can't be that they all were right, and that I have helped her to get beyond my reach! Ah, no, because my Marietta is one in a thousand." Nevertheless, he had ugly dreams that night. He seemed to see Marietta on the edge of a precipitous path, and she needed a steady hand to help her. He went to lead her, but she passed him by, and accepted the aid of another, who was there ready to assist her. But after making a few steps, either the girl stumbled or the stranger did, and she fell and rolled over the precipice; and Leonardo awoke himself owing to the loud cry which had broken from him.

(*To be concluded.*)

VARIETIES.

GOODNESS AND CLEVERNESS. — Virtue without talent is a coat of mail without a sword; it may indeed defend the wearer, but it will not enable her to protect her friend.

NOTES ABOUT EYES.

It is not generally known that the eyes of infants are always blue, and that they do not begin to assume their permanent colour until the sixth or eighth week. There is therefore truth as well as poetry in the statement that babies look about them "in blue-eyed wonder." The wonder may be left to poets and philosophers, but the blue is always a practical fact.

It is not uncommon to see different colours in the eyes of the same person, and even in the same eye half of the iris is sometimes brown and the other half blue.

There is a popular notion that dark eyes are stronger than light ones. There is no truth in this except so far as they are better protected against excessive light; hence light eyes prevail among northern nations and dark eyes among the races who live in the glare of a tropical sun.

HOW TO READ WELL.—Let your mode of reading unite gravity with a certain degree of sweetness; and let not your reading of poetry be like that of prose, for it is verse, and the poets say that they sing. Yet, let not your rendering of poetry degenerate into singsong or be rendered effeminate with unnatural softness—on which sort of reading it is said that Caius Cæsar observed happily to some one who was practising it, "If you are singing, you sing badly; if you pretend to read, nevertheless you sing."—*Quintilian.*

HEARTS AND HEADS.—Some people carry their hearts in their heads; very many carry their heads in their hearts. The difficulty is to keep them apart and yet both actively working together.

FULL FORGIVENESS.—To forgive our enemies, yet hope that God will punish them, is not to forgive them enough.—*Sir Thomas Browne.*

FORCE AND DEXTERITY.—A little management may often evade resistance, which a vast force might strive in vain to overcome.

IN HEALTH AND IN SICKNESS.—It is not easy to make allowance for sensations in others which we ourselves have not at the time. We must all have experienced how very differently we are affected by the complaints of our neighbours when we are well and when we are ill. In full health we can scarcely believe that they suffer much, so faint is the image of pain upon our imagination. When softened by sickness, we readily sympathise with the sufferings of others.—*Boswell.*

ARCHITECTURE; OR, THE ART AND HISTORY OF BUILDINGS.

By H. W. BREWER.

Part V.—Architecture of the Fourteenth Century.

With the year 1300, Gothic architecture reached its climax, and writers upon art generally date the commencement of its decline from this period. Certainly its greatest glories were achieved between the years 1180 and 1300. In our own country alone the whole of the cathedrals of Lincoln, Salisbury, Worcester (except their towers), and Westminster Abbey (except the western portion of the nave) were erected, and there is scarcely a single cathedral or abbey church in the whole country which does not owe some portion of its structure to the builders of the thirteenth century. Thus, Hereford Cathedral is indebted to them for its transepts, and Lady Chapel, Durham, for its eastern transepts; Wells, for its nave and transepts; York, for its transepts; Rochester, for its choir, presbytery, central and eastern transepts;* Ely, for the eastern portion of choir or presbytery; Peterboro', for its west front; Southwell, for its choir; St. David's, for its choir; and Lichfield Cathedral, for its nave and transepts, etc.

In France, the list would be still longer, as it would include the greater part of the noble cathedrals of Rouen, Rheims, Bourges, Laon, Soissons, Noyon, Coutance Leman, Notre Dame Paris, Amiens, St. Paul de Laon, and many others.

Architecture has never at any period produced anything more magnificent than these noble churches.

The French excel ours in boldness of construction, in noble proportions, symmetry, and loftiness, and a general monumental character. The French use of sculpture in combination with architecture was far more magnificent than anything that we can show in England. For instance, we have nothing in this way to compare with the superb portals of Notre Dame Paris, Rheims, or Amiens. But, on the other hand, there is a picturesqueness, an exquisite contrast of light and shadow, a mysterious and poetical look, with a richness of molding about our English cathedrals, which are unsurpassed by those of any other country. Nor must we omit to notice the exquisite examples of thirteenth century architecture to be found in Scotland. Glasgow, Jedburgh, Pluscardine, Dryburg, Elgin, and Holyrood are, in their way, as superb as anything in Europe.

The fourteenth century builders did not, as a rule, commence new cathedrals, or the entire rebuilding of more ancient ones, as was done in the thirteenth century, but seem, at any rate in England and France, rather to have satisfied themselves by continuing and bringing to completion the noble churches left unfinished in the preceding century; and it may be said that, except in Germany, scarcely any cathedral of first rate importance was commenced in Europe during the fourteenth century.

Some writers explain this by supposing that there was in the fourteenth century a cooling down of that zeal for religion which formed so marked a feature of the thirteenth century. Possibly there is some truth in this, but there were other causes at work to hinder grand architectural operations being carried out during the fourteenth century. The perpetual wars between England and France for the possession of the western provinces of the latter country crippled the resources of both lands—then France no longer possessed a St. Louis—and that great patron of art in England, Henry III., had given place to a son who preferred the arts of war to those of peace; again, if we just look into the year 1300, we shall see how other causes arose to hinder architectural development.

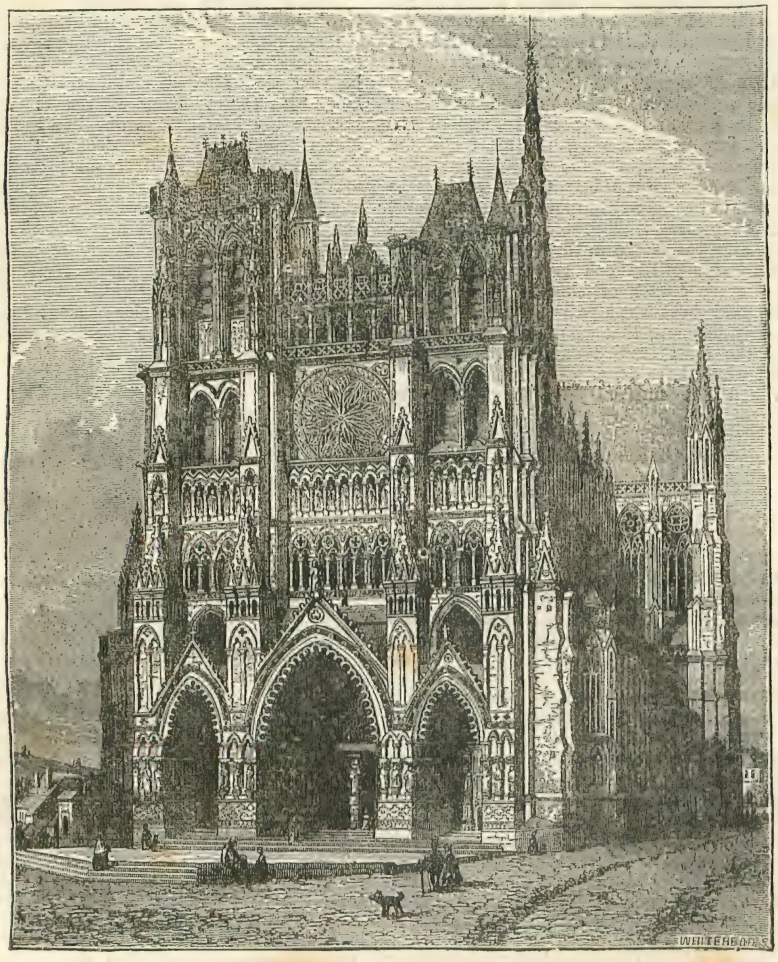
In the year 1300 Pope Boniface VIII. proclaimed the "great jubilee." Europe was at peace, and the Church was at peace, and the outlook for the future seemed to be most promising. Never, however, was promise more delusive; never was a bright prospect destined sooner to be overcast with gathering clouds.

Within three years the Pope was involved in a quarrel with Philip Le Bel, and ended his life in his own palace, the victim of cruelty and probably of murder. Shortly afterwards the "dual Papacy" and the preachings of Wycliffe and Huss gave a rise to questions which were too serious and too all-absorbing to allow of men turning their minds to cathedral building. In secular matters things were equally unpropitious for the development of architecture.

The perpetual wars which were going on all over Europe were followed by famine, which was again succeeded by a dire pestilence. Then also the immense increase in luxury, extravagance in dress, food, and general style of living, though conducive to an improvement in domestic architecture, had the reverse effect upon ecclesiastical.

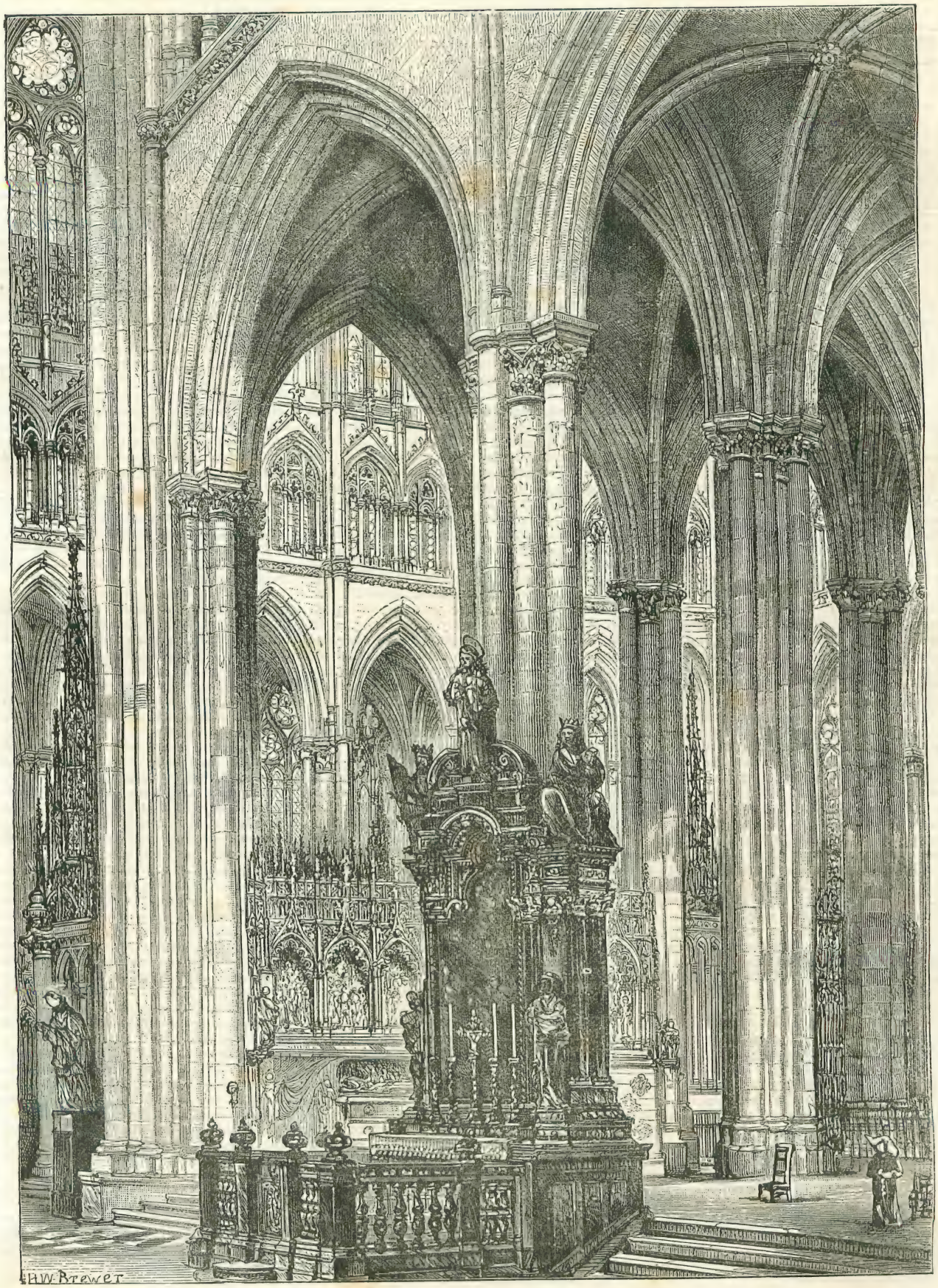
It must, however, be taken into consideration in favour of the fourteenth century, that the twelfth and thirteenth century builders had been so extremely active in the cause of ecclesiastical architecture, that they had left little to be done except the completion of churches already in progress; and thus we find both in England and France that thirteenth century cathedrals were not finished until the fourteenth. Such is the case with Salisbury, which received its completion by the addition of its magnificent tower and spire; Lincoln, which had its three towers added at this time; Amiens, which received its choir-chapels and clerestory.

The "Geometric Period," as it is called, embraces the latter half of the thirteenth century and the first twenty years of the fourteenth. Unfortunately we cannot class it distinctly as belonging either to the "first" or "second pointed" style, because in its earlier develop-



AMIENS CATHEDRAL.

* A few English cathedrals and churches have double transepts, one pair at the crossing, and the other, either at the east end, as at Durham and Fountains Abbey, or dividing the choir into two parts, as at Canterbury, Rochester, etc.



INTERIOR OF AMIENS CATHEDRAL.

ments, although its window tracery would seem to belong to the second period, its moldings, arches, columns, vaulting, and general scheme of decoration certainly belong to the first. We have already pointed out how the earlier developments of tracery may be distinguished from the later ones. Perhaps the most perfect example of the "geometric style" in existence, and the most typical church of the period, is the Cathedral of Amiens, because, although the greater portion of this most magnificent building dates from the thirteenth century, yet in the clerestory and triforium of the choir and the side chapels of the nave we find its later and richer developments. That the mediæval architects regarded the general arrangement, plan, and proportions of this cathedral as being more than ordinarily perfect may be gathered from the fact that they copied it over and over again with more or less modification. It is the "mother church" of the "geometric style," and though her daughters were many and fair, none of them equal the loveliness of their parent.

In France the cathedrals of Beauvais, Troyes, Claremont, Limoges, Narbonne, and St. Ouen at Rouen; the choir at Tournay, in Belgium; the choir of the cathedral of Bois le Duc, in Holland; Westminster Abbey, in England; Toledo, in Spain; the cathedral of Cologne, the church of Altenberg, and the nave of Strasburg, are all, more or less, copies of the cathedral of Amiens.

Unfortunately, Amiens was never completed according to the original designs of its architect, owing, probably, to the badness of the soil or some defect in the foundation. Its central tower was never erected, and its beautiful *façade* has never received the spires which must have been contemplated. It also suffered much during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, when a good deal of its superb ancient furniture was removed and replaced by altars and fittings, many of which, like that shown in the foreground of our drawing, though good in themselves, are very inferior to the ancient screens also visible in our illustration, and to the superb stalls and organ-case which still remain. But if we regret these seventeenth and eighteenth century alterations, we are unable to speak with anything else than the strongest expressions of reprobation of the so-called "restorations" recently executed under the late French Government architect, M. Violet le Duc. The buildings which that gentleman erected in connection with this noble cathedral are acrobatic and eccentric to the last degree, and the altar and chapel which he restored and redecorated are gaudy and inharmonious. Although the altars and fittings erected during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries are somewhat out of keeping, and unworthy of this sublime church, they are good in themselves, and certainly do not inflict upon the building the injuries which are effected by the modern Parisian Gothic architecture.

It may seem strange that a man who could write so ably and with such just appreciation about mediæval architecture as did M. Violet le Duc should have failed so lamentably when he came to execute practical work in that style. Those, however, who have studied the history of architecture are not surprised at this, as it is rather the rule than the exception. Some of the ablest writers upon architecture have proved most miserable practical architects. Notwithstanding, however, these drawbacks, and the fact that the church is surrounded with about the most dismal scenery in Europe, it may be doubted whether architecture ever produced a nobler, more graceful, or more thoroughly beautiful building. In the Middle Ages, when its windows were filled with rich stained glass, its aisles and chapels adorned with delicately-canopied altars, richly-carved screens, and harmoniously-coloured tapestry, it must, indeed, have presented a vision of exquisite beauty which no building before its time had ever approached, or probably ever will again.

It is generally stated that the cathedral of Cologne was commenced in the year 1248 by the German architect, Gerhard von Rhile, but a very careful examination of the whole question has led the writer to the conclusion that there is no proof whatever either that Cologne Cathedral was commenced at this date, or that Gerhard von Rhile had anything whatever to do with the present building. Even if it was commenced during the thirteenth century, little if anything more than the foundations of the choir can be of that date, as it is evidently a fourteenth-century copy of Amiens Cathedral, the plan of the choir being simply identical; but, like all copies of Amiens, it is less pleasing both as to general proportion and detail than its magnificent French prototype. Cologne is, in fact, a very exaggerated Amiens. Amiens is very lofty. Cologne is just too lofty. Amiens is very graceful, and its columns slight in proportion to its vast size. At Cologne the columns are absolutely wiry. The arches at Amiens are slightly stilted. At Cologne they are very much stilted. The vault at Amiens is slightly acute. At Cologne it is far too acute. The clerestory windows at Amiens are long, and in the choir are connected with the triforium, the latter being pierced and glazed. This treatment is copied at Cologne, but the proportions are so exaggerated as to give an appearance of weakness rather than grace. At Amiens the lower portions of the building are rather plain, and the upper very rich and full of detail; but this is done with such consummate skill that there is no appearance whatever of incongruity or loss of harmony. At Cologne, on the other hand, this treatment is so overdone that the lower portions of the cathedral are absolutely bald, and the upper portions finnikin and over-elaborated. Again, the delicacy and extreme elegance of Amiens just avoid attenuation and flimsiness; but the architects of Cologne, by attempting to go a little further than those of Amiens, have fallen into the snare which had been so skilfully and carefully avoided by the French architects. The consequence is that Amiens strikes one as being a giant in repose, but Cologne a very tall man standing on tiptoe; and it is a remarkable example of Shakespeare's words, "When workmen strive to do better than well they do confound their skill in covetousness."

The nave and west front of Cologne are in no way copied from Amiens, and in them we find exemplified every fault of German mediæval architecture combined with many which have been introduced by the nineteenth century architects, who have carried out the old plans. The old design for the west front of this cathedral was discovered in a very remarkable manner. It is drawn on parchment with pen and ink, and had been cut in half. One portion of this had found its way into a library at Paris, but the missing piece could never be found until it was discovered by the architect, Zwerner, who was employed by the Prussian Government to complete the cathedral. After ransacking nearly every library, not only in Germany, but in other parts of Europe, he had abandoned the search, when one day he strolled into one of the villages near Cologne, when his attention was arrested by some beehives in the garden of a cottage. Upon examining more closely he noticed that the hives were supported upon an oak plank, evidently of great antiquity, attached to the under side of which was a covering of parchment. Such a find as this naturally interested this enthusiastic antiquarian, especially when some delicate outlines were visible on the parchment. The poor bees were at once sacrificed and their hives removed, when, to his delight, the drawing turned out to be the missing portion of the design for the west front of Cologne Cathedral. Upon placing the newly discovered portion against that found at Paris, it fitted exactly. The two were mounted together and are now to be seen in the Cathedral.

Notwithstanding the criticisms we have expressed concerning this cathedral and its defects when compared to Amiens, or our own Westminster Abbey, it must be acknowledged that it is a very impressive and magnificent church, and as the largest Gothic cathedral in the north of Europe is of course singularly interesting. We think, however, that even Germany possesses examples of fourteenth century Gothic which are more pleasing.

The great rival of Cologne as to size is Ulm. But, apart from its superb furniture and porch, neither of which belong to the original design, and are a century later, it is one of the worst designed churches erected during the Middle Ages. Even its vast size does not impress one. It looks like the work of a man who had never seen a cathedral, and imagined that all he had to do was to copy a small church ten times its actual size. The building consists simply of a nave and aisles, a single chancel, and western tower.

Internally there is no triforium, and the whole building is bald and wiry. The superb porch and furniture are works of a later date, as we have said, and will be mentioned when we come to consider the later styles of Gothic architecture.

The two fourteenth century cathedrals in Germany which are most pleasing are those of Ratisbon and Halberstadt. These two beautiful churches were both commenced in the preceding century, but they may be said to belong almost entirely to the fourteenth. Ratisbon is a most masterly design, very simple and grand in its proportions, and rich, but not overlaid with ornament. It retains much of its fourteenth century furniture and stained-glass. There is a tradition that Ratisbon Cathedral was designed by the celebrated Albertus Magnus, and it is possible that the ground plan may have emanated from that extraordinary genius, as it is a very masterly composition, and one of the most scientifically arranged plans ever designed, both as to proportion and the constructive disposition of void and solid. Little except the foundations could, however, have been carried out under the direction of Albertus Magnus, as he died in 1280, and the cathedral is distinctly fourteenth, and not thirteenth century work. Halberstadt is another most charming church. It is less simple in plan than Ratisbon, but is exceedingly elegant in detail. Its furniture, rood screen, altars, etc., are of the date of the building, and it is in nearly the same state as it must have been in the sixteenth century.

The cathedral of Freiburg, in Breisgau, is another beautiful example of fourteenth century work. It has about it a singular charm of colour, as it is built of a rich crimson stone. The exterior of the church has never suffered from the process called "restoration," and the beautiful orange-coloured lichens and mosses with which its surface is everywhere covered render it one of the most charmingly pictorial buildings in Europe. Like Ratisbon and Halberstadt, it contains a great deal of its ancient furniture and stained glass. We shall have occasion later on to describe the justly-celebrated tower and spire of this beautiful cathedral.

We must also refer to a remarkable class of fourteenth century churches erected in the

north of Germany—the "brick churches" of the Baltic and Mechlinberg. Some portion of the north of Germany and Mechlinberg appear not to have been converted to Christianity until quite the close of the thirteenth century, and probably were still sunk in barbarism and paganism. Shortly after their conversion to Christianity some of the towns appear to have been very opulent, and many large churches capable of holding vast congregations had to be erected; not cathedrals or conventual churches, but great parochial edifices.

A difficulty presented itself. There was no building-stone in the neighbourhood, and there was little or no architecture of a previous date to help the architects. Undaunted, however, by these drawbacks, they constructed, in brick, buildings which in other regions were being erected in stone. Thus we find immense brick churches, everything about them being of brick—window traceries, doorways, vaulting, and, occasionally, even the internal screens, pulpits, and altars. The detail is generally very simple, and the more ornamental portions are frequently worked out with glazed bricks of a dull green colour. One of the most surprising churches of this class is that of St. Mary Lubeck. Though simply a parochial church, it is nearly 400 ft. long, and 150 to the vaulting—that is to say, as long as Westminster Abbey and half as lofty again! There is little or no detail about the building, and the interior is covered with whitewash. Now, this whitewash cannot be very modern, because it is shown in pictures of these buildings dating back two centuries. Some of the churches in Mechlinberg have been restored and the whitewash removed with bad effect. There is at the present day a prejudice against whitewash. Now, we should not for a moment advocate the whitewashing of the interior of a stone church, but it is certainly the best treatment for a large brick building, or for walls covered with plaster, and we most heartily wish that people would whitewash their houses in London, as they used to do in the Middle Ages,* instead of painting them all kinds of horrible colours. If one walks down a London street nowadays one sees dirty yellow houses, dirty brown houses, dirty grey houses, dirty damson jam-coloured houses, dirty strawberry ice-coloured houses, rotten apple-coloured houses—all very hideous and gloomy, whereas if people would paint them white or whitewash them, they would look cheerful, wholesome, and cleanly, instead of nasty, vulgar, and pretentious. Even in our churches a great deal of what goes under the name of "decoration" might, without any loss to art, be carefully veiled under a thick coat of whitewash. In the Middle Ages whitewash was very largely used; it is perhaps not too much to say that about nine churches out of ten were covered with it internally; and when decorated the decoration was executed over the whitewash instead of being, as is now the case, painted upon a drab background of oil-paint. The consequence is that wherever ancient decoration exists it is delicate and luminous, whereas in nearly every case the modern restorations of it are heavy and opaque.

Other brick churches of great dignity are found in the south of Germany, of which Straubing, Landshut, Ingolstadt, and the Frauenkirche at Munich are good examples. In these, however, stone is used for most of the ornamental portions. Many of these churches, unlike those of England and France, possess neither clerestories, transepts, or distinctive chancels. They are simply vast halls, divided into a nave and aisles by two rows of immensely lofty columns. In the Church of Landshut, for instance, the columns are a hundred feet high. We have dwelt at some length upon these great brick churches of Germany, because they seem to point out to us how the mediæval architects would have met the difficulties of supplying such places as London, Liverpool, and Manchester with vast places of worship, and they seem to offer to the architects of our day models which they might well follow.

In our own country the most perfect examples of the fourteenth century architecture are not so much to be sought for in cathedrals or very large churches, but in "chapels." These buildings are of an especial interest, and perfect models of their class of ecclesiastical edifice. It is, however, greatly to be regretted that the most magnificent specimen has been destroyed within our own time. This was the superb chapel of St. Stephen at Westminster. This most exquisite edifice formed a collegiate chapel attached to the ancient palace of our kings at Westminster, and was commenced by Edward I. to supply the place of a previous building destroyed by fire. Left incomplete by Edward I., little or nothing was done towards finishing it by his worthless successor. Edward III., however, completed the whole structure, together with its most sumptuous decorations. What gives an especial interest to this work is the fact that nearly the whole of the accounts of moneys expended, not only upon the structure but even upon the decoration and stained glass, are still extant; and from them we learn that Master Thomas, of Canterbury, the chief architect, received six shillings a week for his work, whereas William Lehare, who "carried the stones" and "cleaned out the lodge," received one shilling and sixpence a week. This is equality with a vengeance when the lowest workman received a quarter of the wages that was paid to the leading architect! Master Hugh, of St. Albans, who painted the pictures in the chapel, also received one shilling per day; whereas Richard Lincoln, "for grinding his colours," received 4½d. per day. Imagine a Royal Academician (and Hugh of St. Albans was at least in that position at his time) receiving only three times the wages of an ordinary labourer!

Although only 90 ft. by 35, nothing could surpass the extreme magnificence of this chapel. The interior, which was constructed to a great extent of Purbeck marble, was everywhere either splendidly carved or enriched with painting, gilding, or "jessowork"—a very fine kind of stucco stamped with minute patterns and then burnished and gilt. The walls, wherever a flat space presented itself, were covered with beautiful little pictures painted upon gilt backgrounds and finished with almost the same delicacy as miniatures.* The magnificent windows were filled with the richest stained glass. In the reign of Edward VI. this chapel was given over for the meetings of the House of Commons, and for the next two centuries and a half it underwent a series of most disgraceful mutilations and disfigurements. So thoroughly were its beauties concealed by plaster, galleries, brickwork, and wood panelling, that it was supposed that all its internal decorations had been destroyed. When, however, the union with Ireland took place, it was rendered necessary to remove some of the panelling, the most exquisite remains of painting sculpture were brought to light. The magnificent marble wall arcades were in many cases almost perfect, yet it is scarcely possible to conceive that not only were these exquisite works of art ruthlessly destroyed, but that the greatest difficulties were placed in the way of those two enthusiastic antiquarians and artists, Carter and Smith, who made and published drawings of all that was then brought to light. It is even said that the "red tape" authorities of the House of Commons "refused these two gentlemen the use of a ladder!" They were, however, able to do enough to show us what a superb building it must have been in ancient times. The perpetual patchings up, the contemptible meanness of the Government in making paltry additions with lath and plaster, canvas, and thin deal boards, met the fate that it deserved, and in the year 1832 the whole of the House of Commons, together with the House of Lords and the adjoining buildings, were burnt to the ground, which had over and over again been predicted.

Several other chapels of the same class as St. Stephen's, though less sumptuous, are fortunately left to us, and amongst them we mention the beautiful chapel of the palace of the Bishops of Ely, in Ely-place, Holborn, now the Roman Catholic Church of St. Etheldreda. Ely Chapel is almost identical in plan and dimensions with St. Stephen's. It is, however, earlier in style and far plainer. Unfortunately, it was never finished according to the original intentions of the architect, and the crypt and roof appear to have been left in a very incomplete condition. It was most barbarously used during the last century, its walls cut into for galleries, its delicate sculptures destroyed, and its open roof covered with a plaster ceiling. Worse treatment still threatened it, for a few years back it was put up to auction, and would have fallen a prey to some speculating builder, but, fortunately for art, the Reverend H. Lockhart purchased it. The east and west windows are amongst the finest examples of early Decorated tracery in existence.

The choir of Merton College Chapel, Oxford, is another very beautiful example, and is, like Ely Chapel, early in style.

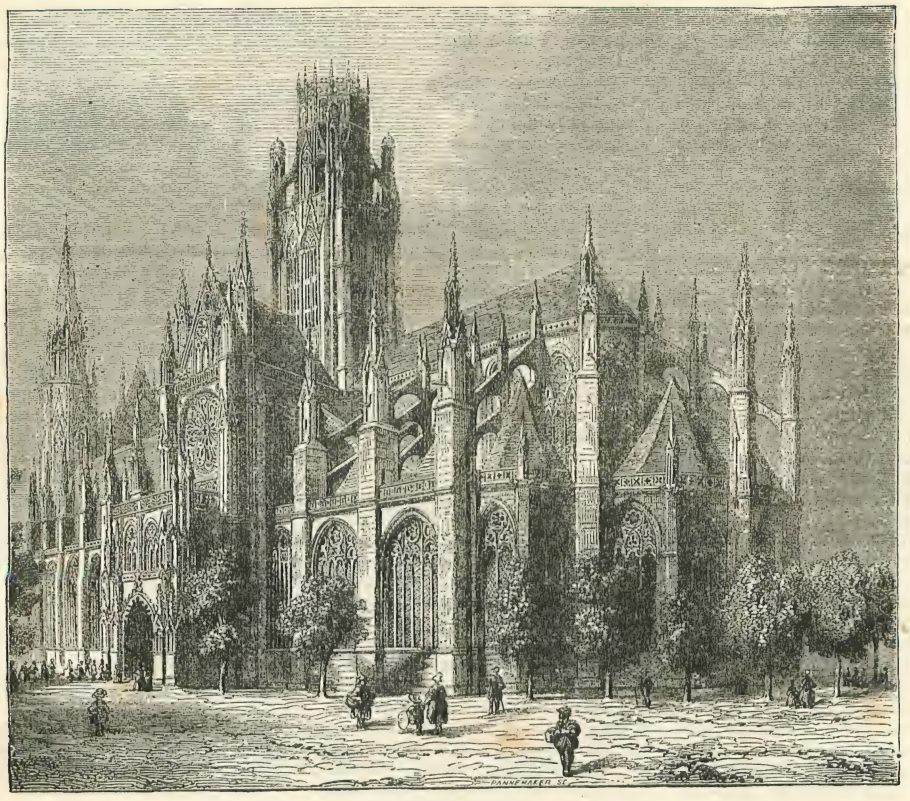
Luton Chapel is a rather more advanced specimen, following very much the lines and proportions of Ely.

Our Lady's Chapel, now Trinity Church, Ely, and Prior Crawden's Chapel, also at Ely, are sumptuous examples of the latest developments of the style. The former is probably the richest and most highly wrought building in England, and it is without doubt the most perfect example of the "Curvilinear" period. The amount of carving and moulding about this chapel is not more remarkable than the extreme delicacy of the work and the variety and intricacy of the detail. In plan and proportions, this building greatly resembles Ely-place Chapel, except that it is vaulted, whereas the latter has a wooden roof and has no crypt. No building which we know has such a collection of foliage carving as this; it is a veritable garden in stone—the vine, the oak, the hazel, the maple, the rose, the lily, and the apple, are everywhere to be found; alas! more or less mutilated, but most lovely. What set of fanatics could have mutilated these delicate carvings we cannot say. It is difficult to imagine that anyone could have thought that he was doing the Lord's work by such an act; the same persons would, if they had lived at the time, have broken down the carved work and mutilated the cherubs and pomegranates of Solomon's Temple.

We must now say a few words about the distinctive marks of the Decorated style, and how buildings of this date are to be distinguished. With regard to the windows. Decorated windows may be divided into two classes — geometric and curvilinear. The first have tracery composed entirely of geometric circles and figures composed of parts of circles, the spherical triangle, for instance, as

* London was called the "White City" in early times.

* These paintings seem to have represented subjects taken from the Old Testament, especially the Book of Job. Probably the stained glass illustrated the New Testament. A few fragments of the pictures are still to be seen in one of the glass cases at the British Museum.



ST. OUEN, ROUEN.

we see in the triforium of the choir at Amiens. The curvilinear have traceries formed by curved lines, enclosing openings not unlike a shawl pattern.

The windows of the Lady Chapel at Exeter, Ely Chapel, and Merton Chapel, Oxford, are beautiful examples of the former class. The east window of Carlisle Cathedral, Selby Abbey, and the Dutch Church* in Austin Friars are excellent examples of the latter.

Beautiful as are these curvilinear windows, they undoubtedly mark a certain decadence in Gothic architecture, because it is an irrational treatment of stone, as they suggest the idea of the material being bent instead of cut into the form required, and as stone is a substance incapable of being bent or twisted, the impression is one of instability. These delicately curved lines are incapable of giving support to anything, and are thus lines of weakness, whereas geometrical figures always give a notion of strength. It is in fact a sacrifice of strength for elegance which always marks a decline in art.

Decorated columns are much more elaborate than Early English, and in plan have curved profiles, with molded members between the shafts. These moldings are more varied than in the Early English, but the hollows are not so deeply sunk, and the projecting portions not so much undercut, so that the general effect is less liney and broader than Early English. The arches in the Decorated style are, as a rule, less sharply pointed than in the Early English.

The figure sculpture is less noble and dignified in the Decorated than in the Early English style. A great peculiarity is to be seen in the proportions of the figures—the head is so large in proportion to the body, and in female figures the breast is quite flat. Notwithstanding these defects, some of the monumental effigies are very fine, though not equal to those of the previous style. The foliated sculpture, however, is most exquisite; it always represents natural objects, and almost every kind of leaf and flower is to be seen represented. The oak, the vine, and the rose are, however, the most common. The foliage of the capitals does not grow out of the astrigal, as in the earlier styles, but forms a wreath round the bell of the capital.

Plucked flowers are generally represented, and sometimes the little stalks are interwoven in a very graceful manner. Birds, lizards, squirrels, and other creatures are frequently represented amongst the foliage.

At St. Albans Abbey, owing to some addition or alteration, the string course beneath the windows is about six inches lower in one place than the rest of the church. This would have a very ugly effect, and in our day would have given the builders no end of trouble, but the mediæval workman was just delighted with such an opportunity of showing his ingenuity, and this is the way he got over it.

He carved the termination of each string into a bunch of hazel nuts, and made a little squirrel climbing from one to the other. The workman who did this was a thorough artist.

Domestic architecture made great advances during the fourteenth century, and the dwelling-houses of the period show that the primitive simplicity, not to say roughness, of life of the thirteenth century had given way to a much more luxurious style of living. Glass windows seem to have been in common use, the walls were covered internally with carved panelling, or hung with tapestry. Several magnificent mansions and houses which date either entirely or partially from the fourteenth century still exist.

The greater part of the upper "baley" of Windsor Castle is of this date, though greatly disfigured by Wyatville's restoration. Corfe Castle, Dorset, perhaps one of the finest buildings of its class in Europe, was erected in the reign of Edward I., and its stupendous ruins cover many acres of ground. Portions also of the Castles of Kenilworth and Warwick, and of Durham, Raby, Alnwick, Warksworth, etc., date from this period.

But a class of buildings came into existence in the fourteenth century which are only partly fortified. We refer to the old manor houses—Penshurst in Kent and Haddon Hall in Derbyshire. The halls of Wenham and Old Armingshall are especially interesting examples, the first because it is one of the earliest buildings constructed of brick in this country, and the second (although now used as a farmhouse) must originally have been one of the most elaborate domestic buildings in England. The principal porch is adorned with carving and statuary, worthy of a cathedral, and a little doorway at the back of the house is remarkable for the beautiful carving of vine-leaves, which completely surrounds it. Unfortunately, very little remains of this interesting building, which has been rebuilt as a modern farmhouse.

(*To be continued.*)

* Formerly the church of the Augustinians.

COURTLEROY

By ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER X.

THE HANDEL FESTIVAL.

R. Le Roy kept his appointment, and, accordingly, Mrs. Prettyman and George Hope had their desire. They met at luncheon at Major Percy's. Mr. Le Roy was too courteous to show surprise, but his formal bow and distant manner displayed some of the pride with which Mr. Prettyman accredited him when he was introduced to that gentleman's wife. It was, perhaps, scarcely pride, but a dislike to make new acquaintances—a dislike of his kind, in fact.

Major Percy's abode was a small, snug, detached villa, and his dining-room was also small but pleasant. Generally, luncheon there was a gay, sociable meal, and Mrs. Prettyman and George especially enjoyed sharing it, but Mr. Le Roy made it formal. It must be confessed that the scrutiny he underwent from his new acquaintances was enough to render him stiff if he was conscious of it. George, particularly, scarcely took his eyes off him, being resolved to gratify Mimica's curiosity about her uncle. He was, even at that early age, a shrewd observer; but Mr. Le Roy baffled him. He had a handsome, pale, marked face, but it was characterised by a strange irritability and moroseness of expression rarely relieved by a smile. His bearing was haughty, and, at times, speech seemed an effort to him. He was well known as a virtuoso, a man of taste, if not of feeling; an amateur of arts, if not a patron; a thing of humanity, utterly self-absorbed. Mr. Percy had found one vulnerable part in him, and that was his sister. It was for her sake he maintained a sort of intimacy with the Percys, although he chose to ignore her child. He had disliked Colonel Marmont, and would never speak of him or his affairs—indeed, he rarely conversed on any subjects save such as were artistic and in no wise personal.

Nothing could exceed the formality of that luncheon. Even Mrs. Prettyman, generally so innocently loquacious, had not a word to say, and such talk as there was was carried on between the two gentlemen.

"George, you are eating no luncheon," said Mrs. Percy, abruptly. "What is the matter?"

"I—I am not hungry," he replied.

"He has been feeding on my countenance. Pray, what have you discovered?" said Mr. Le Roy, suddenly turning his grey eyes full upon George, who sat opposite him.

"Nothing," replied the boy, returning the gaze frankly, and producing the ghost of a smile in the Le Roy mouth.

"Then may I ask what you wished to discover?"

"I wanted to tell Mimica all about you, sir. I did not mean to be rude."

"Mimica? What do you know of her?"

"We write to one another. She is my adopted sister."

"Indeed! And what is your name?"

"George Hope."

Here Mr. Le Roy suddenly turned towards Mrs. Percy, away, it would seem, from those large, clear, truthful, inquisitive eyes that were so honestly fixed on his, and asked if she were going to the palace, adding that he had a spare ticket at her disposal. She was, however, engaged with Mrs. Prettyman, and declined it with many polite acknowledgments; so did the major.

"Are you fond of music, George Hope?" asked Mr. Le Roy, again returning the now furtive gaze of the boy.

"I love military music best, sir; and next to that, sacred," replied George.

"Then the *Israel in Egypt* should please you. Will you come with me?" returned Mr. Le Roy.

"May I, *madre?*" asked George, glancing from him to Mrs. Prettyman.

"Certainly, if you can be back in time to get home for dinner. I am sure we are much obliged to Mr. Le Roy; George has been longing to hear an oratorio ever since—well, ever since he was old enough to know what it meant."

"And what does it mean?" asked Le Roy.

"A religious drama set to music," replied George, reflectively. "Is it right to set the Bible to music?" he added, as if the idea struck him for the first time.

"Now, George, no metaphysics or theology to-day," laughed Major Percy, and Mr. Le Roy attempted no reply to the oft-disputed question.

Moreover, it was time to proceed to the festival, for, although luncheon had been early on Mr. Le Roy's account, the moments sped. He promised to bring George back, and the pair departed in his carriage, in waiting for him at the door of the modest villa. George thought he might have been a duke at least, to judge from his powdered footmen and other appointments.

It was soon apparent why Mr. Le Roy invited George to accompany him, for he began at once to question him concerning his acquaintance with Mimica. George told him everything, even to that first interview when she made him march round the room, and finally helped him to fight his mimic battle.

"And you have never seen her since?" asked Mr. Le Roy.

"No, sir; but I know her quite well, because she has written to me so regularly. If *padre* will only take Summerlands, I shall see her."

"Whom do you mean by *padre?*"

The answer to this question was cut short by the arrival at the Crystal Palace. They were late, much to Mr. Le Roy's annoyance, whose frowning face betrayed the temper that lay beneath the polished exterior. George treasured it up for Mimica, as well as several muttered sentences to the effect that he had been a fool to accept Percy's invitation; he, who hated luncheon parties and dull festivities. He had reserved seats in front of the orchestra, so, once in their places, they had only to listen to the magnificent oratorio they had come to hear.

The *Israel in Egypt* certainly was to George's taste, and there was no more excited and breathless auditor than he in that vast concourse of some eighty thousand people. Indeed he grew giddy as he looked at the great orchestra with its band of nearly five hundred instruments, and its chorus of hard upon three thousand singers—truly sights and sounds to be remembered so long as memory lasts. Often had he followed on the map the wanderings of the children of Israel; often had he imagined their condition in Egypt, the plagues sent by God on that country, and above all the power of His servant, Moses; but never had he before realised what the hailstones, and the darkness, and the other plagues meant. The choruses electrified him, the solos stirred his young soul to its depths, and such was his enthusiasm that he attracted the attention of those immediately surrounding him, but fortunately not of Mr. Le Roy; he was too much absorbed in the music or himself, until, at the close of the last chorus of the first part, "And the people feared the Lord, and believed the Lord and His servant Moses," he felt a hand laid on his, and heard the words, "I will be like Moses, a servant of the Lord."

Turning round, he saw the boy whom he had forgotten for the moment, his eyes gleaming, his lips parted, his frame quivering with emotion.

"I think I should rather be Handel," he said, withdrawing his hand from beneath the child-hand, and clapping delicately.

This cold rejoinder, and the gradual emptying of the great orchestra, brought back George to the actual world as by a sudden shock. His vivid imagination calmed, he relapsed into silence, and began to wonder, as we all do, why unreal or imaginary sounds and objects should chain or excite the senses out of their just equilibrium. But his meditations were cut short by the words—

"What do you mean by *padre?*"

"I call Mr. Prettyman *padre*. He is my father—that is to say, I am his adopted son."

"Strange! Who were your parents, if I may be permitted to ask?"

"I do not know. I am Irish. I was left, a poor child, in Mr. Prettyman's hall, and now I am his son."

George's face flushed all over as he repeated this oft-told tale, which he never flinched from telling. Mr. Le Roy looked at him, and a touch of feeling moved his compressed lips and thin, over-sensitive nostril. It was usually by the quiver of the nostril alone that his domestics and acquaintances knew whether he were pleased or displeased.

"And what does my niece wish to know about me? We shall have leisure for explanations during the interval between the parts," he said, averting his face till the flush disappeared from that of the boy.

"She would like to know why you do not answer her letters," was the frank reply.

"I should have thought Miss Heath would have told her that I hate both receiving and answering letters, and would have recommended her not to write to me."

"She says Miss Heath is so reserved that she never tells her anything," said George, confidentially.

"Milly Heath! Yes. She is a wise woman. She knows all and tells nothing," returned Le Roy, the dark frown on his brow. "I suppose Miss Marmont is fond of scribbling, since she writes so voluminously!"

"Scribbling!" echoed George. "Her letters are beautiful. She gives such good advice, and describes the parish, and the vicar, and the Lestes, and the hop-pickers, and the books she reads, and the neighbours, and ——"

"What neighbours?" interrupted Le Roy.

"There are none but the inmates of the vicarage."

"Sir Joshua and Lady Helena Carew and

Mr. Carew. She need not describe Bully, because I know him better than she does."

"And has Miss Heath allowed this acquaintanceship?"

There was that in the voice which enunciated this last question that frightened George. He saw the pale face of the questioner grow *livid*, and the tell-tale nostrils work, and the mouth set itself as if in a vice. He knew that, in his desire to interest the uncle in his niece, he must have said more than he ought. He made an awkward attempt to explain that he believed Mimica and the Carews only met at the Vicarage; but there was no change in the iron countenance.

"Are you in the habit of giving my niece good advice in return for hers?" at last whispered, or hissed, the stately man. "If so, advise her to keep at Courtleroy. But I will see to that. You are too young for a father confessor."

"She is tired of Courtleroy," replied George, boldly. "She is grown up, and wants to come to London and see you. She means to be of use in the world, and would take care of you, sir, or be a sister, or go to her father's friends; or——"

"Enough! You are a bold advocate for your age, and not like Miss Heath—reticent. You must study diplomacy before you take another brief. Stay where you are till I return. I see some friends yonder."

With these words Mr. Le Roy rose and left George to his meditations. He watched the tall, stately figure make its way to a group of men standing not far off, and then began to wonder at what could have annoyed him. He was not, certainly, born a diplomatist, but, from what was known of him, a combative infant, developing into a lad far too open-hearted and open-mouthed for the world that is. He and his adopted parents were of one mind, and he had not yet learned secretiveness."

"I don't like him, and I wish I hadn't come," was the uppermost thought in his mind, when the orchestra began to fill again, and Mr. Le Roy returned.

He soon forgot him, Mimica, and the troubles of life in Handel. Not so Mr. Le Roy, who watched him narrowly, and whose face wore the same set, contracted expression. It relaxed a little, however, at the delight and enthusiasm of the boy, and when the exultant duet, "The Lord is a Man of War," resounded through the place, he almost smiled as George rose in his excitement and gazed on the singers.

"A man of war—that is what I mean to be," he said, turning suddenly on Mr. Le Roy, when the applause began.

"Then you have no pity for Pharaoh and his host?" returned Le Roy, cynically.

"I never thought of that, sir," he replied, as the chorus, "The depths have covered them; they sank into the bottom as a stone," proceeded.

The magnificent oratario, with its grand cast of the finest singers and musicians in the world, was performed to its finale without flaw or blemish. George's vivid imagination followed the Israelitish host, and still he wished to be a leader such as Moses, entrusted with the work of the Lord. His thoughts were visible on his intelligent face, and Mr. Le Roy sighed as he watched him. What would he not have given to be a boy again, and such a boy as George Hope!

"Is it Moses or Handel?" he asked, as the final chords of the last chorus sounded.

"The servant of the Lord, for 'He shall reign for ever and ever,'" returned the lad, again impulsively putting his hand on that of his companion, and using the words he had just heard.

They made their way through the crowds as best they could to the carriage that awaited them. During the short drive George thanked Mr. Le Roy with the words—

"I never enjoyed anything so much in my life, sir—except, perhaps, the fife and drum band."

"Truth at last!" exclaimed that gentleman. "If you go to Summerlands perhaps you will write to me?"

"But you hate letters, sir?"

"From girls and women; not from boys."

"What shall I write about?"

"All you see—things and people. My niece, Miss Heath, Courtleroy, the—the neighbours."

"Perhaps it would not be right. *Padre* says I am too communicative; but I will write if he will let me. May I give a message for you to Mimica? Will you send her your love?"

"Love! I have none to give. I never send my love."

The carriage drew up at Major Percy's gate, George got out, and Mr. Le Roy proceeded on his lonely way.

(*To be continued.*)

THE MUSIC FOR THE MONTH.

By the time that these remarks appear in print, many of our good concerts for the performance of choral, orchestral, and chamber music will have been given. We should do well sometimes to consider whether and how we have profited from listening to the varied beauties presented to our ear, and whether we have studied to improve our knowledge, and to help to make our nation in the highest sense a musical one. To listen well is an art of itself. To make up a musical community, we need to have passive as well as active musicians.

This can never be if what we hear enters at one ear and passes out at the other, causing merely a pleasant sensation, which may accompany either an examination of the dress and lace of the person in front of us, or a criticism of the way in which her hair is plaited. But some will say, "We don't understand the music," and many of us do not—at one or even more hearings; no, we do not; and we go away disgusted with it, and say it is either bad, or dull, or something of that sort. And yet often this may be our ignorance and our want of perseverance. Take another art, for instance. How many of us would understand Shakespeare, or, more recently, Tennyson and Browning by a cursory glance at their poems? We read and read again, and gradually beauty after beauty unfolds itself, and as Ruskin says, becomes "a joy for ever." A thing worth appreciation should be listened to attentively again and again. Music is so cheap nowadays that we can afford to peep at the great masterpieces of music, even at full scores, and see before our concert-day what the instruments are going to do, what the musician has written, and what are the characteristics of the music. A most remunerative lesson would be an explanation and examination of works about to be listened to—a lesson which our masters would often prefer to hearing us play our pieces. Any way, I think that we shall agree that the same chance of bringing out hidden treasures and elucidating obscure meanings should be given to music that is allowed to poetry and painting. Not content with the ignorant, "I know nothing about music, but I know what I like" (a saying one hears so often), let us, each one, do our utmost in this passive way to be a musical portion of a musical nation.

Boosey and Co.

The Cavendish Music Books.—We have received some of the latest of these wonderful little books. They are really marvels of cheapness and excellence combined. For instance, for 1s. you can have either eight piano pieces by Sterndale Bennett (No. 80), or eleven songs by him and other good song writers (85), or twelve songs by Rubinstein (84), different piano works of Schumann (86 to 88), fifty waltzes by Beethoven and Mozart (89), or Clementi's Sonatinas (91), besides numerous collections of ballads, dances, and national airs. We specially recommend to young singers Taubert's eighteen songs for young girls (No. 77). All these are well printed in good, clear type.

An Old Garden. Music by Hope Temple.—A quaint, charming ditty. Miss Burnside's words wedded to this music produce a delicious old-world sentiment. There seems to be a scent of lavender about the pages.

Bonnie Lesley. By Maude Valerie White.—A really fine ballad, eminently Scotch, but most original in treatment. Note the very simple means by which this distinctly northern feeling is conveyed. No imitation of bagpipes, or other vulgar means, could have given the "local colouring" half so well or so ingeniously.

Simeon Sly. Music by J. L. Molloy.—The story of an old miser and the wealth which outlives him. If the moral intended is, that as long as you keep your old love-letters there is every excuse for living a miser's life, we fail to sympathise as much as the folk in this song are supposed to. It is published in C and F, is of moderate compass, and easy to learn.

A. Hammond and Co.

Academic Edition of Pianoforte Music.—The first four numbers scarcely supply the music needed by our academies. The following, charming little pieces as they are—No. 1, *Sonatinas*, by Lange; No. 6, *Bluettes*, by Neustedt—rather suggest the nursery edition of pianoforte music. We feel sure that the academies would in no way encourage the numbers devoted to distortions of Mendelssohn's and Schubert's songs.

E. Ashdown.

The Bird and the Choir. By E. M. Lott.—Our readers may remember this song's appearance in a back number of The Girl's Own Paper. It is now published in the popular sheet music form, with a separate harmonium part which can be dispensed with, but which, when available, plays the part of "blackbird." The song is effective, and suitable for Sunday singing.

City Music Publishing Company.

Serenade, with violin obbligato. By Erskine Allon.—A well-written song, and suitable for baritones, the compass being from E to F. The violin part would have been effective had there been less of it. There is absolutely no relief.

ORSBURN AND TUCKWOOD.

How I love her. Song by Erskine Allon.—We recommend this excellent music for the same purpose as the last-named. Compass, D to F♯.

LONDON MUSIC PUBLISHING COMPANY.

First and Second Sets of Dances. By Erskine Allon.—Attractive and melodious piano pieces in various dance rhythms. Well worth what little study they demand.

SWAN AND CO.

Waiting for the Dawning. Music by J. Stuart Crook.—A semi-sacred song. The words represent a bereaved one's longing for the happy reunion in "our eternal home." The compass of the song is quite moderate—never above E.

ALFRED PHILLIPS.

Tarantelle in F. By H. E. Warner.—A spirited and fairly characteristic piece, but hardly worked up sufficiently towards the end, by which period the tarantula's bite would have driven its victim into a fury!

NOVELLO, EWER, AND CO.

Six Two-part Songs, Four Easy Two-part Songs, and Six Two-part Anthems. By Myles Foster.—These little works quite answer the purpose for which they are apparently written, viz., to supply ladies' schools and colleges with duets for class-singing, for which style of composition there is a constantly growing demand.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

GRISCHA WITTE (Warsaw).—The two Latin quotations, *Res non verba*, and *Honorem meum nemini dabo*, mean respectively "deeds, not words," and "I will give my honour to no one." The name of the mythological personage who made wings for himself and his son, Icarus, out of feathers and wax, was Dædalus. The heat of the sun during the long flight from Crete to Sicily melted the wings of Icarus, and he fell into the sea, but his father reached Sicily in safety.

MARTHA.—The signs, plus (+) and minus (−), are attributed by Professor De Morgan to Christopher Radolf, who published a book on algebra about 1522, or to Michael Stifelius about 1544.

L. B. and FAIS CE QUE TU DOIS.—Pupil teachers are ordinarily engaged for four years, and must be over fourteen years of age. They can become assistant teachers after passing an examination at the end of their time, and they can become certificated teachers after passing the annual December examination. They must pass their last examination before they are twenty-five. To become a head teacher the certificated teacher must undergo a probation of eighteen months, and have obtained two favourable reports from the inspector.

L. M. C.—Read the numberless articles in this paper treating of the employments and amusements of women, especially those by James Mason, Alice King, Miss Macirone, and others. To obtain admission to the reading-room of the British Museum as a reader, you must apply by letter to the librarian, and also enclose a letter from some London householder who can certify your respectability.

THOMASINA.—Plough Monday is in January, the first Monday after the Epiphany. It received its name from its having been the day fixed by our forefathers for returning to agricultural work after the festivities of Christmas were over.

DAMARIS ROTHERHAM.—The age for admission into the Children's Hospital, Great Ormond-street, as a probationer is twenty; but in most hospitals at twenty-five. Your once having had a serious operation would not preclude your admission now if pronounced healthy and strong by a medical certificate.

RUBY and YOUNG LADY.—Yes, you could get instruction in bookkeeping, etc., at the place you name, and likewise at the Polytechnic Institution, Regent-street, W., not far from the Langham Hotel.

EMELINE.—The name, *Pons asinorum*, means the "asses' bridge," which is the name given to the fifth proposition in the first book of Euclid, as the earliest which is found hard by dull pupils.

HOUSEKEEPING.

COWSLIP WINE is a purely temperance drink if made as follows:—To one peck of freshly-gathered cowslip pips put eight pounds of the best lump sugar, the rind of one and the juice of two oranges, the rind of two and the juice of four lemons (only the yellow portion of the rind to be used), and eight quarts of cold water. Put all together into the barrel, with two tablespoonfuls of good fresh brewer's yeast; stir it every day with a clean stick till the fermentation ceases; then bung it down air-tight, bottle in six weeks, and put into each bottle two small lumps of sugar. It will keep any length of time, but gets darker, and does not sparkle after it is a year in bottle. All must be cold when made, and no brandy or spirits added. Ginger wine is also a temperance drink when made in the following manner:—Into five quarts of water put three pounds of crystallised sugar; allow it to boil down to four quarts; let it stand till cold, and then add three drachms of essence of ginger, three drachms of essence of cayenne and one ounce of tartaric acid. Colour it with burnt sugar and bottle it. It will be ready for use in about ten days. You say you need something to drink with meals; but we hope you follow the excellent new rule of drinking as little as possible when eating—in fact, the less you drink the better; and milk being meat and drink both, is almost the worst thing to be taken during dinner.

WORK.

OLD LADY.—Antimacassars made of wool are not much used now. But you may make bassinette covers and sofa feet covers of wool. Double Berlin is generally used as being soft and thick. We suppose Tennyson means what he says—viz., that people look nicer in new clothes, which seems self-evident.

A READER OF THE G. O. P., A SHAWL MAKER, and Others.—Now that small manuals of knitting can be obtained so cheaply at every fancy work shop, we do not give the long directions in our much-crowded correspondence columns.

CASPAR, ANDREAS, and MINIAN.—Dip the grass into a very strong solution of alum for a few hours till crystals form, then hang up to dry.

WHITE CHRYSANTHEMUMS.—The frosting on Christmas cards is done with powdered glass, pounded as fine as possible. Do not cut yourself, and take care of your eyes when doing it. Coarse Epsom salts may also be used.

ANNIE D. KNOTT.—Like multitudes of other girls, you make no use of our indexes, and prefer to give us the trouble of searching through these for you. Surely it was enough to have taken all the trouble of making those indexes for you! See p. 363, vol. ii., for "Christmas Card Table," and illustration of it, with a very full description as well.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FAN.—Tailor-made dresses have rarely very full overskirts or much drapery, but they often have braided bodices. Many thanks for your note. We hope the Bee Reading Club will not be less successful under its new hon. sec., Miss Eva Playfair, 23, West Park, Clifton, Bristol.

AMY RITTER.—Exercise and bathing are the best improvers of the complexion, and the other query you had better leave alone. Your letter is very well composed and written for a foreigner and one who has only studied English three years.

AZALEA.—The meaning of the words *Ecce homo* is "Behold the man," the words used by Pilate (St. John xix. 5). They are divided and pronounced Ek-se-ho-mo. Many thanks for your note.

ETHEL MAY.—One of the first rules to make is never to answer anyone hastily, and if very angry do not answer at all till quite calm. Yes, you can certainly compete in the competition.

ANXIETY.—The time taken by the mails to go to Talcahuano (Chili) by the mail which leaves England on the 2nd and 17th of each month is thirty-eight days; from England to Shanghai, forty-two days. The time taken by a sailing ship would depend on the weather and the wind, and on her sailing capacities, but you might safely expect your letter in four or five months, from what you say.

S. H. A.—One of the best ways of putting back chilblains is to rub them in the very beginning with some dry flour and mustard mixed, as strong of the mustard as can be borne.

MABEL.—At present many brides leave their linen unmarked until after their marriage. Instructions for "Riding" will be found at pages 3 and 131, vol. iii.

NELLA.—Your first attempt does you much credit, and we can only advise you to persevere, and you will doubtless do something to be proud of some day.

PRINCESS IDA must refer to the chapters on "Girls' Christian Names," p. 35, vol. iv.

CICELY sends us two very pretty little poems. She will do better by-and-by, we think.

CHRYSANTHEMUM ANIUS is thirteen, and she sends us a "poem," which follows the usual rule of "poetry" written at that early age; it is all about death and dying, and it makes us quite thankful to feel that our girls cannot have their own way in this matter, or we should have no readers left.

MAYDIE'S poem shows some imagination, but lacks knowledge of how to write "poetry." She should study the best models in English verse before attempting such difficult tasks again.

ARCHIE.—The gentleman walks on the outside always. The flower is too flat and faded to be recognised.

THY FRIEND BOBBY had better leave physic alone, and keep his dog in health by moderate feeding and plenty of water and exercise. We are all too fond of flying to drugs for man and beast.

CHRYSANTHEMUM.—Such matters are generally best settled by family arrangement, and if you can you had better get your husband's relations to help you to carry on your business for your children's sake.

MAY C.—We do not answer privately, and we do not see how non-subscribers in a school could want to try to win in our competitions. Why do they not subscribe?

MURIEL E. M.—If the man who wished to marry you had the honourable character and the unselfish love for you which alone would ensure a good prospect of happiness in marriage, he would not permit you to consider yourself "engaged to him" from the day that he "lost all his money." He should have released you, and withdrawn at once. Of course your parents object to such an engagement. Your writing is good.

FRIDA HOWARD.—The prophecies contained in the first ten names from Adam inclusive are very remarkable. See 1 Chron. chap. i.—Adam, man in the Divine Image; Seth, substituted by; Enosh, man in misery; Kenan, lamenting; Mahalaleel, the blessed God; Jered, shall come down; Henoch, teaching; Methuselah, His death will send; Lamech, to the humble; Noah, consolation.

MISERABLE and ROSE-LEAF.—If healthy-looking, rosy cheeks be so objectionable that you wish to adopt measures for making yourself pale and ghost-like, go to the cook and get yourself bled, eat dry biscuits, take a little water-gruel only, and lie in bed; all this, with your parents' approval (not otherwise), and you will soon look as ghastly as you could desire. What did your uncle give the animal you name? He will give you all necessary directions.

ETCÆTERA.—The prophet Isaiah, a prince of the blood royal, who entered on his prophetic office in the last year of the reign of Uzziah, was put to death (according to Bishop Tomlinson) by Manasseh, being sawn asunder with a wooden saw. He is called the Evangelical prophet, so specially did he foretell the advent of the Messiah and His sacrifice for sin. The prophet Jeremiah is also said to have suffered martyrdom from the hands of the Jews, who stoned him to death for his courageous uncompromising protests against the idolatry into which they had fallen, when (after the destruction of Jerusalem) he and they (a remnant) were carried into Egypt. Ezekiel likewise was put to death by his countrymen for the same bold protests against their wickedness and their idolatry, after being carried captive to Babylon with Jehoiachin, King of Judah. But his memory was greatly revered by the better Jews and amongst the Medes and Persians. The prophet Zachariah was barbarously murdered for his faithful protests against the wickedness of his countrymen in the Court of the Priests (between the Temple and the altar), the same place where his namesake, the son of Jehoiadah, was martyred for the same cause, between two and three hundred years before. These few remarkable instances may suffice to exemplify the statement to which you refer, in the seventh chapter of Acts.

EDNA CONWAY.—The "h" in "humble" is always sounded nowadays. Many thanks for your kind interest in our paper.

POMEGRANATE.—Try to think of everybody first, and you will soon forget your troubles. You need interests outside yourself.

CINDERELLA.—We regret that it would be contrary to our rules to assist in the matter.

EMILY.—The register of births is to be found at the Registrar General's office, Somerset House, and any certificate sealed with his seal is accepted as evidence.

THE LAST CHANCE, EGYPTIAN WARRIOR.—Situations as lady-companions are few and far between, and are obtained either through friends or by advertisement. If duties differ with each lady, you would be told what would be expected of you.

GUMMY.—Make a gargle of alum, borax, and a little honey, and use twice or thrice a day.

BOUND.—The coloured covers of the summer and winter numbers are bound with them, and add greatly to the interest and beauty of the volume.

A BAPTIST.—The question is one in your case, apparently, of health. But the Bible rule appears to be in all things, "Let your moderation be known unto all men." Self-control, self-restraint, and temperance are all to be acquired in using (not abusing) God's gifts.

NINETEEN AND A HALF.—There are many beautiful poems in Longfellow's works and in Tennyson's, and portions of poems by Sir Walter Scott, and many "Reciters" and collections lately published.

A MINTARO GIRL (South Australia).—The word is pronounced mez-alliance, the accent put on the first syllable. Ask your mother about the gentleman.

MAUD ELIZABETH.—The story is completed.

DIANA G COKER.—We have read your story carefully, and think it shows great promise of better things in the future, if you persevere in writing. It is singularly well written for a girl of seventeen. We regret we have no space to insert it in our columns.

BELINDA.—W. A. C. very kindly writes to tell us that one of the most successful methods of keeping maidenhair ferns is to water them with cold tea, or putting used tea-leaves on the top of the mould in the pot and watering through them. She is probably keeping her geraniums too warm and without air. January 11th, 1869, was a Monday.

The Editor begs to thank the following girls for their kind thoughtfulness in sending him Christmas and New Year's Cards: Jessie, Katie Dale, Dandelion, Old Ireland's Child, Jenny Wren, The Darke Ladye, Green Hat, Redbreast and Jenny Wren, E. A. M., Katie Buchanan, Susan H. Hunter, The Lady Hester Stanhope, R. C. R. to Editor, R. C. R. to "Dora Hope," A Daisy, Florence Barber, "Volo non valeo," Ros,

Mary Queen of Scots, A Brightonian, Auntie Jessie, Auntie Jessie for "Medicus," E. A. C., J. H. W., Two Shanghai Girls, A Scotch Lassie, Beatrice B., A. K. L., A. H. or A. H. C., B. S., Honey Crop, A Lonely Orphan, Alassin, Arline S. and Lilly S. Gibson, Maud Dewar, Rose Dewar, Solitude, Emmie, An Old Girl of 23, Nellie Gray, A. S. A. G., Fare Fac, Fare Fac for "Medicus," Hilda Mesnard, and Margery, Rose, Sybilla, and Louise Jervis, of Cape Town, South Africa.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. VII.—NO. 322. FEBRUARY 27, 1886. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

DRESS: IN SEASON AND IN REASON.

BY A LADY DRESSMAKER.

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NEW MANTLES WITH SLING SLEEVES.

THERE seems but little to say about new styles or ideas in the month of February. It is too early to think of getting new things, and our winter dresses are not sufficiently worn to need repair, and yet, with the increasing light, they will show wear in March, so it is worth our while to try to be prepared in time for anything that may happen. I feel sure that, to be dressed with economy and taste, all women need much prevision. The extravagant woman or girl is always unprepared.

Black seems more generally worn than anything else just now for gowns for both out and indoors, and black velvet or velveteen skirts with black silk over-dresses seem popular. Coloured velvet skirts are also worn with black silk, and there seems no doubt that this old and well tried friend has once more returned to favour. Dark blue and very dark shades of green are liked for walking gowns, and yellow in all shades is liked for the evening, a mixture of yellow and black being used by married ladies, and yellow and white by young girls, white nun's cloth with yellow satin or sateen, or thin white silks and thin yellows mingled.

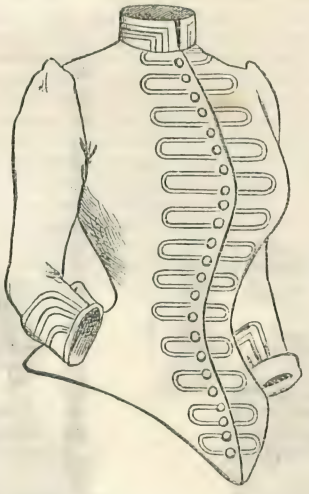
Woollen materials continue to be the most popular, without doubt, for daily use. Rough woollens are more in favour than serge and diagonal cloths, and they are known under the all-containing name of *bouclé*—a kind of knotted weaving thrown up to the surface on all kinds of smooth woollens, such as vigognes. The newest cloths are rough also, and there seems no doubt that this style will be continued throughout the year. But, as I have already said, very stout people must beware how they indulge in it, as these rough coarse surfaces undoubtedly increase their apparent size. Some of the new cloths are in light shades of stone-colour, drab, and Swede, but I do not think them suitable for winter wear, and I prefer infinitely the dull red of the hues called terra-cotta or tomato, and a pretty copper colour which in some shops is called chrysanthemum. These make warm-looking dresses, and wear better than the lighter shades. The weaving of these cloths is not what is generally understood by that name, for it is not smooth nor fine, but coarse and rough, and very like the consistency of horse-cloths.

In tailor-made gowns I see that all kinds of Scotch materials are in favour; tweeds, cheviots, and the coarse Orkney cloths and velvet skirts are often used with them. Some new woollens are woven with a mixture of silk, the latter appearing in the shape of large stripes. These will be popular in the spring, I feel sure. One of the most wonderful materials of the present winter is plush with lace stripes in it, which seems an unsuitable and foolish mixture.

And now I must devote a few words to the newest ways of making up gowns, so that my industrious girls may have an idea how to proceed with any dresses they may desire to make up early in the spring; and for this purpose I shall also select one of the newest shapes of bodices for the pattern of this month. It may be braided or not, as desired, of course. This bodice can be cut also as a round basque by leaving the same length at the sides as at the back and front, in which case it may be finished with two rows of machine stitching at the edge. I hear it said that we are to return to very long basques again with the spring, so long as to allow of pockets being placed in the long straight flaps in front.

Very large mantles are not as much used as they were, except for wraps in bad weather. The short jacket and the short mantle with sling sleeves seem to be the prevailing fashions, and I see no change likely to be made during the spring, except perhaps to the lengthening of the ends of the mantles in front. There seems an increasing liking for a small mantle to match the woollen dresses, and this will probably be a feature of the spring fashions. The backs of all the small mantles are plain and simple, and are tied into the figure at the back, the edge being turned under, not trimmed. This new small mantle is called the "Bernhardt," and it will probably be selected as the pattern for next month. It is admirably suited for making mantles like the dress, is very easy to make, and takes little material and a very small amount of trimming. A pretty clasp may be placed at the neck. The new way of putting the trimmings on mantles is to trim the fronts, neck, and sleeves, and not round the edge. It seems as if everything would be worn. Paletots, ulsters, redingotes, and coats are all used indiscriminately—an excellent thing for those who are not well enough off to change their mantles very often.

The illustration depicting an out-of-door scene gives nearly all the novelties that are to be seen at present. In long cloaks the sling-sleeve is the most popular shape, and the illustration shows one made of a plaid tweed, and one of diagonal *bouclé* cloth, the latter having bands of velvet placed on it as a trimming.



NEW SPRING BODICE BRAIDED IN MILITARY STYLE.

The short mantle on the front figure has the new square ends in front, and the figure with her back to us wears a cloth mantle trimmed with grey astrachan, and a toque of the same.

The indoor scene gives one of the new striped dresses, and a gown with full pleatings in the front. On the extreme left a pretty evening dress is shown, made of lace, velvet, and "rosary" jet beads. This is suitable either for a new or the re-making of an old dress, and would be easy to manage at home. The figure at the back shows a gown trimmed after the new method, with bands of velvet, put on very closely, so as to allow only a small bit of the original material to be seen.

It will be noticed that there is little change in dressing the hair, the only thing I remember being that young girls seem to like the Cotogan plait, which is made by plaiting all the hair together at the back, and, turning it up, tieing up the end with a ribbon at the nape of the neck.

There seems but little change in the shape of bonnets. All are small, many of plain felt edged with fur, and all the crowns are very much cut up at the back, to show all the back hair. With this style, of course, the coils of small braids look the best, and where nothing in the way of hairdressing is achieved, the effect is anything but lovely, and a girl who cares for her appearance had better wear a hat. The newest bonnets have the brim cleft in two over the forehead, and all the trimming placed there, generally of feathers, or a large pompon of cock's plumes. Grey bonnets and hats are much worn with black dresses. Flowers are hardly seen as the trimmings to bonnets or hats, and ribbons seem the all-prevailing thing in millinery.

All the hats seen are high, and the trimming is put on as high as possible. There seem to be no new shapes at all, save one with a high crown, and the brim turned up on each side, like a "boat-shaped" of the old days.

I cut the following from a contemporary, and as it contains several good ideas on the glove question, it may be useful to many girls of the G. O. P. also, who may not have seen it before.

"Good kid gloves must be sparingly used by the economically-minded, watched at the tips of the fingers, so that the first stitch that gives way may be repaired, and always pulled out when taken off, instead of being turned inside one another, and made into a little ball. None but the best are worth buying, and light ones will clean once or twice, though it is next to impossible to perform this operation at home. With Suède gloves the case is quite different; the light undyed colours soil far sooner than they wear out, and it is advisable to have a pair of boxwood hands of the right size on which to wash and dry them. The mixture for the purpose should be made of white curd soap cut up small, and boiled in a little milk, and the dirty gloves should be well rubbed and cleaned with a little bit of flannel dipped in it. After being sponged over with warm—not hot—water, to remove this, they should be wiped with a towel, and left on the boxwood stretchers until quite dry. The great trouble with silk gloves is the tendency of the finger-tips to wear rapidly into holes, and the very best way of avoiding it is to put a tiny bit of cotton wool or wadding into the extreme end of each finger. Some people, before beginning to wear them, tack a tiny bit of an old glove in, but the stitches, however carefully done, have an unpleasant trick of showing, and the wool is far preferable."

So far as boots or shoes are concerned, there is little that is very new. Buttoned boots are very high in the leg, and now that health is really considered, it is a simple matter to get them with square toes and low, square heels; so there is no need to deform our unfortunate feet any longer. Laced shoes are more popular than buttoned ones, and this winter shoes have been very much used. Best boots or shoes, for use in the afternoon on fine days, have been made with patent-leather toes, and are generally buttoned, not laced. This will be also the style for the new spring and summer shoes. Bronze shoes are used in the afternoon and also in the evening, and the stockings should be of a yellow brown, to match the bronze hue. Swede shoes are still worn by many ladies, and so are red morocco mixed with black patent leather. Steel beading for shoes is introduced again; in fact, all forms of embroidery seem to be advancing in favour as applied to shoes. I must not forget to state that many physicians now object to the use of the low shoe in the house, as it leaves the front of the foot unprotected and causes severe colds. In this case they should be replaced by cashmere boots, which are not more expensive to buy.

Velvet shoes, in all colours and black, are one of the new introductions of the winter. They have buttons of steel, or paste diamonds as ornaments, and are generally made with straps across, and are worn with stockings to match in colour. The heels are also of velvet, and

the shoes are too well cut to make the feet look large, as velvet shoes have the credit of doing. All kinds of beads are now used in the embroidery of these and other kinds of shoes, from garnet to gold and blue. In short, our tastes are quite altered, and we wear what we formerly disliked.

In the description of last month's pattern there was a misprint, or rather an omission, "cuff" being omitted and "side-pieces" having an "s" added. Only one side-piece is needed for the pattern, and the cuff makes up the eight pieces.

The present month's pattern—a new and stylish bodice shape of very simple make—is in seven pieces: collar, front, two side-pieces, back, and two halves of the sleeves. It will require two and a half yards of material thirty inches wide. It is thirty-six inches bust measure, one size only being prepared for sale. No turnings are allowed, and no other patterns except those distinctly mentioned are sold. The pattern can be obtained from the Lady Dressmaker, care of Mr. H. G. Davis, 73, Ludgate-hill, E.C., by letter only, price one shilling. A postal note should be enclosed with each order.

The patterns already issued can always be obtained, as the "Lady Dressmaker" constantly tries to show in her articles how they can be utilized in making new or rearranging old gowns. Each one can be had for one shilling (postal note) from the "Lady Dressmaker," care of Mr. H. G. Davis, 73, Ludgate-hill, E.C. The following is a list of those already issued:—April, braided, loose-fronted jacket; May, velvet bodice; June, Swiss belt and full bodice; July, mantle; August, Norfolk or pleated jacket; September, housemaids' or plain skirt; October, combination garment (underlinen); November, double-breasted out-of-door jacket; December, Zouave jacket and bodice; January, princess underdress (*bodice and skirt combined*); February, polonaise with waterfall back; March, new dress bodice for the spring.

In sending for patterns the "Lady Dressmaker" hopes that great care will be taken to give the address clearly, adding the county, and, if a village, the nearest post-town.

A PERILOUS ROAD.

CHAPTER IV.

ON THE BRINK.

THREE or four months passed, and then the first fruits of Marietta's labours were sent by her to the *vecchio*. After this remittances came regularly, which he gladly sent off to their destinations.

"Dear Marietta," said Emilia in her letters, "the *babbo* is a different creature already."

This was true, and he ceaselessly thanked heaven for giving him so good a daughter. By degrees, however, a change became perceptible in her letters. They were fewer and shorter, and although a bank note slipped out of almost every one of them, a fear came to him that his *piccina* would never be to them again quite all that she had been.

Leonardo, too, though he blamed himself for what seemed disloyal thoughts, found a change in her. One day he was in Florence on business, and, as usual, though not so frequently of late, he called to see her. He met the professor and his wife in the large hall, and they were both elated with justifiable pride and gratification.

"What do you say of our little *cantatrice* (singer), eh, signorino?"

"Wonderful, really! I cannot admire and praise her talent and industry too much, nor ever thank you and the kind signora sufficiently."

"*Niente, niente!*" And then he took him to Marietta.

He talked cheerfully the while, but his tender heart was pained, for he saw unhappiness in store for the youth.

Marietta greeted her old friend kindly, but as soon as they were left alone a constraint came upon them both. Leonardo's eyes were fixed upon a costly bouquet on the table, and Marietta's manner was not quite natural as she said—

"Ah! Leonardo, I was just writing to *babbo* to send him these" (pointing to two bank-notes), "but if you are going there perhaps you will take charge of them."

"I am not going this week," he answered, rather shortly; then, repenting his *brusque* manner, he stretched out his hand for them, and added, "but give them to me all the same; I will find a safe means of sending them."

"Oh, no," she said, "I won't trouble you."

"It's no trouble at all. I don't know why you should say such a thing, Marietta."

"I could as well say that I don't know why you are not going to see *babbo*. You deprive him of his greatest pleasure."

"No, not now. It would be no pleasure. I am——not in tune, and his eyes are sharp, and he would see it."

He had hoped that she would ask him why he was out of tune, but she did not. He rose and looked gloomily out of the window.

"Well, Marietta, if you are going to sing this evening I will not fatigue you, so good-bye." And he went towards the door.

Marietta rose and followed him.

"Leonardo, I think I ought to tell you something. Perhaps you are right, and it would be better not to go and see *babbo*. He might make a mistake and think that—that——"

"Go on, Marietta, I had better hear it all, though I think I guess it."

"I am—betrothed."

"To the Marchese Mancia?"

"Yes."

"Then there is nothing more to be said." And, disregarding the timid hand put out to him, he tried to open the door.

"Leonardo! are we to part like this?"

"I think so, Marietta. I don't know exactly how else."

"I mean, Leonardo, that I had hoped you had foreseen this, and that perhaps you had latterly changed your mind about *babbo's* wish, so that this would be nothing to you, and that we could still be friends."

"I can't tell an untruth, Marietta; I have not changed my mind. I did foresee something of this, yet I hoped that you would have proved strong enough to resist this temptation."

"You have every right to blame me, Leonardo. You were the one to help me to——"

"Marietta, if you imply by what you were going to say that gratitude ought to have led you to keep faith, you are welcome to break with me. If you had only gratitude to give me you have chosen right." And before she could speak again he was gone.

"Only gratitude to give me! You have chosen right!" sounded in her ears for long after Leonardo left her. She sat down and thought of all that her dear friend and playmate had been to her all her life through. Was it only gratitude, and had she chosen right? Had she really changed towards him, and what was it that she felt towards this one who had flattered her with his homage, who had laid, though not wealth, a title at her feet? The words of advice and warning from her father and the pastor recurred to her. She had been offended because she had thought herself strong, and yet had she been strong?

That same day she received one of Emilia's letters, and her young sister tenderly but distinctly upbraided her, and at the end she said, "For *babbo's* sake, *Marietta, try to* write as you used to. Shall I come and see you? Perhaps a talk together would tell me better than a letter what it is that has caused this trouble?"

"Oh, no!" involuntarily broke from Marietta, as she imagined Emilia in her rustic attire perhaps encountering the marchese.

Then, although she was alone, she flushed scarlet at her own unworthy thoughts, and bitter and humble tears fell from her eyes, for she was convicted of the worst which they had feared for her by her own shrinking dislike to Emilia's suggestion.

A knock came to the door, and the Marchese Mancia was ushered in.

"*Ma, tesoro mio*" (But, my treasure), he said, pained and shocked at her sad appearance. "*Che c' è?*" (What is it?)

But she evaded all his questions. He was full of tact, so, to change the subject, he talked of her singing, and then said, "The professor tells me that now you will give it up, or at least only sing for *divertimento*" (amusement).

"Yes, and it will be better, will it not?"

The marchese looked away from her.

"You would prefer it, too, would you not, Enrico (Henry)?"

He bowed.

"*Angelo mio* (my angel), of course, whatever you wish I shall like."

Marietta looked at him, and, though she could not have explained it, felt some uneasiness His words were right, but the tone sounded forced.

"Enrico, I fear that you don't agree with me, but it seems to me that there would be no peace, no repose, no domestic life at all."

"But, Marietta, you forget the fame, the glory, which you would have. You have soul, sentiment, fire, everything. With a little training you would be the *prima donna* of the day."

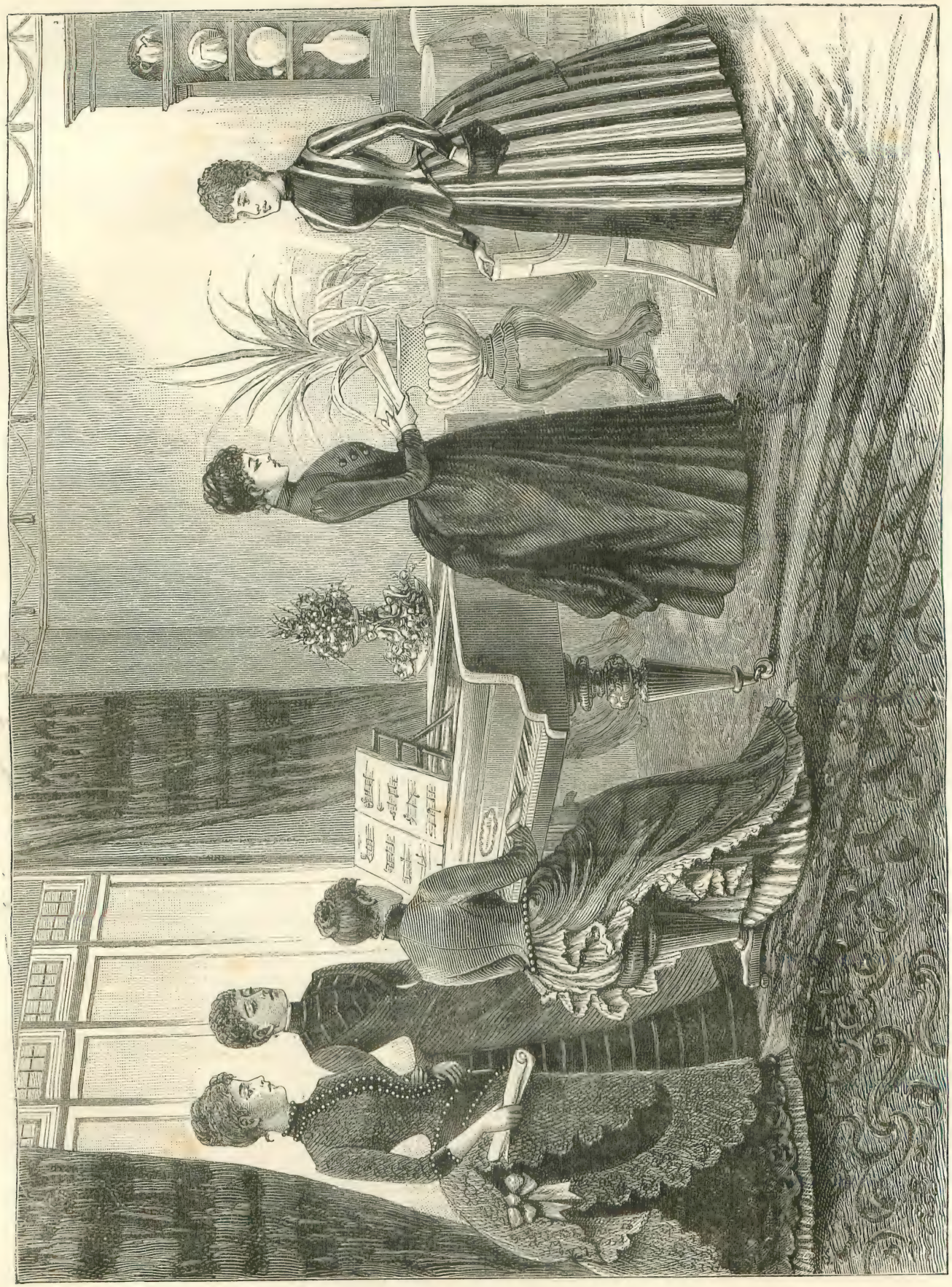
"And go on the stage?"

"Certainly. It would be my pride to see you admired, worshipped. Your triumphs would be mine; your——"

"Enrico, excuse what I am going to ask. You told me that you were poor, but there would be enough."

"Enough, yes, but——" And he shrugged his shoulders, expressing better than words his opinion that bare sufficiency was not pleasant.

"You know that before these two years or so I was accustomed to the very simplest life, and I you ——"



INDOOR GOWNS.

See "Dress: In Season and in Reason," p. 338.

"I, *cara mia* (my dear), you need not think of me." And then he looked at his watch and went away.

* * * * *

"So, Leonardo, you are bent on leaving us," said Signor Benoni. "What is this whim, eh? You, a steady, hard-working lad, and getting on so well, too. Next year I should have procured you a place in the orchestra at the Pagliano," mentioning the largest opera and theatre house in Florence.

"You are very good, sir, but there is more to be done in the new world. We are but sleepy people, after all, in this ancient country of ours."

"You will do well, Leonardo, I have no doubt, yet I would not get run away with that common and foolish idea. Youth and strength, brains and power of application will get on everywhere, here as well as yonder. Ah! well, when do you go?"

"This day fortnight." Leonardo took up his hat and went out, taking the road to the station. "Once, just once before I go," he said to himself, "I will hear her sing, and carry the sound of her voice with me over the sea."

At that moment, when poor Leonardo was travelling to Florence, sadly thinking of Marietta and of his own intended departure, Marietta, though she, as yet, knew nothing of his intentions, was as sad and as disturbed as he. Her last interview with him kept haunting her, as also his final words, "If you have only gratitude to give me, you have chosen right." And there was another cause for her disturbance of mind. The marchese had seemed a little changed latterly, and more than once, and with a persistence which vexed her, he had tried to dissuade her from her determination to give up singing in public.

On that same evening she had an engagement, and as she looked towards the audience between the verses of one of her songs she saw Leonardo with a pale, almost haggard face, and with large, reproachful eyes fixed upon her. She started violently, but recovered herself at once, finished her song, and won her usual well-merited applause. When she went out she looked about for him, hoping, though in truth she knew it was a vain hope, that he would come up to the carriage-door. She saw him, but he was going quickly the other way, and tears of unreasonable disappointment started to her eyes.

"I am more than foolish," she said to herself. "How can he possibly know how much I have missed him?"

They went in, sat down to supper as usual, and presently the professor said—

"By the way, I met Leonardo this afternoon. He is in Florence, it seems, for a few days. He tells me that he is going to America."

"To America!" exclaimed Marietta, quite unconscious of how strange she looked, and how very startled her voice sounded.

"When?" asked the signora.

"Directly, he told me; that is, in a fortnight."

"I am afraid you are very tired, dear child," said the signora; then she added, "Professor"—for so she usually called her husband—"now that Marietta has done all that she need for her father, she must have a rest, else she will overtax her strength."

"Yes, I think I am tired," said the girl, quietly, "and if you will let me, I will go to my room now."

So she bade them good-night and left them.

"Yes, I am tired," she repeated to herself, "that is it, no doubt."

And certainly if feet that felt like lead, and a heart to match, and a head that seemed incapable of thinking out anything clearly, meant fatigue, then she must have been tired indeed.

She unfastened her ornaments mechanically, she took a camelia from her hair (it had come from the marchese) and looked at it as if she did not quite know what it was. Then, instead of putting it in water, she laid it down on one of the tables and left it there. She thought that after this she had begun to undress, but she had not; for unconsciously she had put her elbows on the table, her head had fallen into her hands, and her whole frame was shaking with sobs.

The door opened and shut noiselessly.

"Marietta, my poor child," and the kindly arms of the signora drew the weeping girl to her, "don't keep your trouble to yourself, little one; tell me all, as if I were in truth your mother, and I will find a way to help you."

So the whole tale was poured out. She had never loved the marchese; she had only been dazzled by his position and title; it had made her momentarily forget her better self, so much so that she had even thought that she could live without seeing *babbo* and the others again; and estranged from—from Leonardo. "But, oh, signora, I can never marry the marchese. It is wicked to retract a promise, but he must set me free, and I will go back to my dear *babbo* and the children, and then I shall be safe; and, dear signora, although of course I know that Leonardo can be nothing to me now, for he will utterly despise me, if he goes away without coming to say good-bye I think my heart will break."

The signora told all to her husband.

"Wheugh!" he exclaimed, "that marchese of hers will be ready enough to set her free if she persists, and she is quite right in giving up her public life when she is married. He is not worth that." And he shrugged his shoulders and snapped his fingers.

A day or two after this, knowing Leonardo's whereabouts, the professor walked about a little until he contrived to meet the young man. They then went on walking together, and as they approached the professor's house, Leonardo raised his hat and put out his hand.

"Nonsense, nonsense," said the professor, "you must come in and see my wife and Marietta."

"No, indeed, if you will excuse me, and make my adieus. Marietta is well, I suppose?"

"Yes, yes, a little tired. However, since she has sent the marchese about his business, she seems much brighter, and——"

Leonardo's heart gave such a strange leap that he was nearly choked.

"I don't quite understand, sir."

"No? Yet it is simple enough. Marietta was a little goose ever to think of him, but lately she has become wiser, and I am heartily glad of it, for I see now that he is as unworthy of her as he is of our noble aristocracy."

The Italian aristocracy, like that of all nations, contains many worthy families, noble in every sense of the word, but Marietta had not met with a favourable specimen.

"In what way unworthy, sir?"

"He cared more for our dear *uccellino* (little bird), for the sake of—*Basta! basta!* (enough), don't let us talk of him."

Leonardo, unresisting and dazed, followed the professor into the house, who led him to the south room, where Marietta was taking a little repose.

"Marietta, an old friend has come to see you."

"Not—not Leon," began the girl, turning rather a pale, weary face towards the door.

The professor beckoned his wife out of the room.

"Yes, Marietta, it is I." And Leonardo took a chair near her.

"My dear Leonardo, my dear old, old friend, how glad I am. I feared—at least I heard——"

"You heard only the truth. I am going to America in about ten days."

Marietta leant back, closing her eyes for a minute, and said nothing.

"So you have nothing to say to me. The professor has told me that you are free, and I tell you that I am going away for ever, and you say not a word."

"What can I say, Leonardo?" the tears forcing themselves slowly from her sad eyes. "I deserve it all, even that you should leave me."

"I would never leave you if I thought that—if I dared to hope that—Marietta, be frank with me; is there the slightest regret for that other?"

"Leonardo, don't remind me of my folly, of my wickedness."

"Wickedness!"

"Yes, I never loved him." And she covered her face with her hands.

He removed them, and kept one in his.

"And yet you have only gratitude and friendship to give me?"

A faint tinge of colour came into her face.

"If you are going away, Leonardo, of what use would it be even if——"

"Ah! I see. Of course, this is folly on my part! You, the admired singer of the day, worshipped, *fêted* wherever you go, and I just a common violin player!" And he rose to his feet.

"I don't the least understand what you mean, Leonardo. I want to go back to the dear *babbo* and live quietly again. Whatever I may be, you it was who made me so, and as to your being nothing but a violin player, that of course is nonsense. You are—well, you are—Leonardo—mine and my father's best friend."

"Marietta, put aside the thought of anything that I have done for you, but speak from your heart, and I shall believe you."

He sat down again and took her hand.

"*Donnina*," calling her by the old name he loved the best, "you know why I meant to go to America. Can you bid me stay?"

"Yes, Leonardo; dear Leonardo, stay."

* * * * *

So, after all, Marietta did not become La Signora Marchesa, but plain Signora Sodini, and every day as she thought of her own happiness, she thanked heaven that she had been given strength to turn back in time from the perilous road upon which she had entered, and thus had not doomed herself to the misery of a loveless union.

She gave up singing in public, yet used her gift much, not only to give pleasure to her family and friends, but for the benefit of various charities. She never left the *babbo* again, because she was able to buy back the old house and farm, a roomy place, which easily contained her and her husband, as well as her father and little Ursula. Emilia was married, too, and lived at Verona, and Paolo was a soldier, so was only at the old home at Pistoia from time to time.

They often entertained visitors, but none with more pleasure than the professor and his wife, who frequently went to see their "little daughter." The *vecchio*, no longer called so, but the *nonno* (grandpapa), although some years had gone over his head, held himself more erect, walked with a stronger step, and his face was less haggard.

As he saw his family gathered round him, and all so happy, and felt that it was through his Marietta that they could live in ease and in honesty, he lifted up his heart in thankfulness as he said to himself, "I have suffered, but in my old age I have indeed been blessed!"

[THE END.]

ONLY A GIRL-WIFE.

By RUTH LAMB, Author of "Her Own Choice," &c.

CHAPTER XVIII.

PERHAPS this letter will give you promise of a girl visitor, Ida," said Dr. Crawford, as he handed one to his wife about a fortnight after Jean Graham's departure.

"I see the postmark is Hillstead Magna."

The doctor looked pleased, but Ida remarked, "After asking Miss Steyne so many times it would not do to put off her visit, but I rather hope she may not have fixed to come before Jean returns."

"I was hoping she would come soon, dear, for I thought, with Jean and the Prattelys away, you would feel a little at a loss for companionship, and be more pleased to see Grace Steyne."

Grace's letter did, however, announce her willingness to come to Shelverton almost immediately.

"I cannot tell you," she wrote, "how much I am reckoning on seeing Steynes-Cote once more. It was a perfect paradise to me in the old days, when Aunt and Uncle Fereday were living. I have been so long hoping to revisit it, and have so often been obliged to refuse the kind invitations sent through my father, that now I can scarcely believe myself free to accept yours, dear Mrs. Crawford. However, matters have been so arranged that I can leave my dear, invalid mother without anxiety, and unless I hear from you that the time would be inconvenient, I hope to reach Shelverton on Thursday afternoon, by the 3.40 train."

"That will be the day after to-morrow," said Dr. Crawford, as Ida paused after reading aloud this portion of Grace Steyne's letter. "You will send her a line to say that she shall be met at the station, will you not, my dear?"

"Yes, I suppose I must," replied Ida, in a rather hesitating tone. Then seeing a look of disappointment on Dr. Crawford's face, she added, "Do not think that I shall be unwilling to meet and welcome Grace Steyne, Andrew. It was only the thought of Jean's absence which made me suggest that a few days later would have suited better. When the principal servant is away she cannot fail to be missed."

"Grace Steyne will be less surprised at the absence of one than at the number still remaining," said Dr. Crawford. "The establishment at Hillstead Rectory is by no means extensive, so far as servants go."

"I will send a line to Grace at once, Andrew. Do you think I can have the carriage for Thursday afternoon, when I go to meet her?"

"Certainly, dear," replied the doctor; and then hurried away to keep an engagement.

From the above conversation it will be understood that the Steynes' old servant, Sarah Robinson, had been found willing to stay at the rectory and perform the manifold duties which usually fell to Grace's share during the girl's absence.

Mrs. Crawford had not been very anxious to invite Grace. The old, unreasoning prejudice which prevented her from calling her child after Mrs. Fereday had not died away, and she was not prepared to like the coming guest better because she bore the objectionable name. But the very first sight of her visitor's face impressed Ida most favourably. She led the way to the pretty room which Grace was to occupy, and saw with pleasure the glad expression on the girl's countenance as the door was opened.

"Did you know that it was in this room I always slept when at Steynes-Cote?" she asked. Then before Ida had time to answer, she continued, "But how could you know? Dr. Crawford was almost always absent when I stayed here."

"You forget; I had Jean Graham to enlighten me," replied Mrs. Crawford, pleased at her guest's manifest delight.

"You asked, then, and you gave me this room on purpose. Thank you so much, dear Mrs. Crawford."

Acting on the impulse of the moment, Grace raised herself on tiptoe and lifted her bright face for a kiss. She was not nearly so tall as her graceful hostess, and Ida had a very queenly carriage, but she bent a laughing face to that of the girl, and gave her the welcoming kiss which she had not offered when she first met her young guest. It would have been impossible to preserve any stateliness of manner with Grace Steyne.

Before she had been an hour at Steynes-Cote Ida found herself rejoicing in such cheery companionship, and hoping that she might retain it for some time to come.

Refreshments were offered to the new arrival, but Grace declined to take even a cup of tea.

"I need nothing, thank you," she said, "I had lunch—it was really our dinner, you know—just before I left Hillstead, and a twenty miles railway ride cannot be called a journey. I travel so little that it was quite a treat to be in a railway carriage, and, but that I was so anxious to see Steynes-Cote again, I should have wished that I was going to travel a greater distance."

"Not a cup of tea?" said Mrs. Crawford, again bent on hospitality. "Everyone takes one nowadays in the early afternoon."

"We do not," replied Grace. "At home an early cup of tea would bring the meals much too close together, so we never make it except for callers who dine late. We dine at half-past one, to suit the children who go to school; and then we have proper tea at a quarter before six, and supper for the elders at nine."

"Who are the elders?" asked Ida.

"My father, mother, and myself, except on Sunday nights, when we have supper—a very simple one—directly after church, and then the four youngest are allowed to sit up, too. This is the grand treat of the week, so it comes at the close of the best day."

Ida was struck with these last words, and the simple picture they brought before her eyes, but she made no direct reply to them. She could not help noticing that Grace's eyes were perpetually wandering towards the window, and that there was a wistful, longing expression in them, the reason of which she was not slow to guess.

"Grace," she said, dropping the "Miss Steyne" with which she first greeted the girl, "I do believe you are longing to have a race round the grounds and to renew your acquaintance with old favourite nooks. Will you put on your bonnet, and see as much as possible before dusk?"

"Thank you very much. You have read my two wishes, for I was possessed by a double longing, and granted both. The first was that you would call me by my Christian name, the second that you would suggest a run round the grounds. I have a third wish now."

"Is it for loneliness or companionship?" inquired Ida, with the charming look and smile which everyone found irresistible.

"Companionship, of course, if I may have yours," said Grace; "only I hope you will not mind my talking a good deal, for at home there are so many of us that I am afraid I get into the way of chattering too much."

"And I, as a rule, have almost too little company. Make haste, dear. The late September evenings grow chilly, and we must make the best of our time."

Grace ran for her hat, a thing she seldom troubled to put on when merely going into the rectory grounds, and quickly joined Ida, who had merely thrown a light Shetland shawl over her head and shoulders, and was waiting for her on the step.

It was hard to tell which looked the more girlish of the two as they went down from the terrace, Grace's arm resting on that of her young hostess, and her eyes sparkling with delight, as she recognised some favourite tree or resting-place, never forgotten during years of absence.

"I am afraid the grounds are not quite so pretty as they were," said Mrs. Crawford. "I have no doubt you will discover this more and more"

Grace had already noted changes which were not improvements, but she could truthfully say, "They are very beautiful still. If there were only the trees and the grass, they must be that; but I think some parts look a little wilder than they used to do."

At first she was nearly saying that they looked neglected, but she chose the softer word, and Ida replied, "Yes, the whole place has a wilder look, the result of having less time and labour expended on it. I am very sorry for this myself; but Andrew thought our establishment too large, and by way of lessening it he dismissed our regular gardeners and arranged with a nurseryman in the neighbourhood to keep the place in order. I am afraid the result will be anything but order. However, my husband seems to think that the man is honest, and will give a fair return for the money he receives."

Grace knew far more about ways and means than did Mrs. Crawford, and at once judged that Dr. Crawford must have made the change alluded to rather from necessity than choice. She could not imagine that he would become careless about preserving the beauty of the gardens, which had been the pride of his uncle's heart and the constant delight of Mrs. Fereday. With this thought in her mind she carefully abstained from alluding to any change for the worse, and drew attention only to those spots which reminded her of happy childish hours.

"I have not seen your children yet," said Grace, as they re-entered the house, "or even heard them," she added. "They must be very quiet little things."

"I should have thought it a relief to you to be out of sight and sound of children for a time," said Mrs. Crawford. "Andrew has told me that you have been quite like a mother to your young brothers and sisters."

"I have only one sister, and she is almost the youngest. There are seven boys, and I am the eldest of the family. But I never get really tired of the little ones, though just now and then I may have rather too much of their company. Children have been so mixed up with my whole life and all occupations that I should be perfectly lost without them. I have quite reckoned on helping you with the little darlings, especially since I heard that Jean Graham was gone for a holiday."

"My dear Grace, I should never think of troubling you with the children. Jean Graham's absence does not affect them, as they are in no respect under her charge. I have a very superior nurse in Bennett, and she is assisted by a girl of eighteen belonging to Shelverton. One of my great troubles is that our good Jean and Bennett do not agree."

"That is a pity," said Grace, "for Jean is so good and true. I shall never forget her kindness to me as a child, and I was quite reckoning on seeing her again. But if she is to be another fortnight absent, I am afraid I shall not."

Grace spoke modestly as to the probable duration of her visit, having mentally decided that a fortnight would be its proper limit, and as long a time as she could be spared from home.

"Not see Jean!" echoed Mrs. Crawford. "My dear Grace, you talk as though you would be allowed to run away again directly. I hope you may be happy enough here to stay willingly for a good many weeks to come. Now we will have just a peep at the children before dinner."

Ida led the way to the nursery with noiseless tread, having made a sign to Grace to follow her example. She was going to surprise the little ones by a visit at an unusual time. She opened the door softly, thinking only of the shout of delight that would hail her entrance when the children caught sight of their mother.

But no children were to be seen. The only occupant of the day nursery was Bennett, who started from her seat, and, hastily covering something with her apron, passed without a word into the next room. This was the large night nursery, in which the children and Bennett slept. The bedroom of the under nurse was up another flight of stairs, but she could be summoned at any time by means of a bell.

"The children are all in the night nursery, and Bennett has gone to them," said Mrs. Crawford. "No doubt she will bring them back with her in a moment."

"I heard them drumming at the closed door as you opened this," replied Grace, "and one seemed to be in trouble. I never can hear a little wailing voice without longing to comfort its owner."

"It was very strange of Bennett to rush off without speaking," said Mrs. Crawford, with a look of displeasure. "Sit down for a moment, dear, and I will bring some of the children."

Bennett's face was unnaturally flushed as she turned towards her mistress when the latter passed into the night nursery, and there were traces of confusion, which she vainly strove to hide. However, she was ready with an excuse.

"I was not aware that you were bringing a visitor, ma'am," she said, "and when I saw a strange young lady's face in the doorway I felt a little confused. You know, there are often little matters about where there are young children that one likes to put out of the way before strangers come into t e nursery. I know I must have looked rather ill-mannered, but I hope you will excuse me, and let the young lady know that I did not wish to be rude. I had sent Mary on an errand, and told her she might call to ask after her mother, who has been poorly for a week past. I shut the children in the night nursery till I straightened things here a little before giving Archie and baby their baths."

Bennett's words were plausible, and Mrs. Crawford readily accepted the excuse. Lifting baby in her arms and bidding nurse bring the next youngest, she returned to Grace, crying, "Here they all are! Do not be alarmed. Nurse is a little scandalised at our coming without being properly announced, for she likes the children and all belonging to them to be exhibited in apple-pie order. But I have told her that you have lots of brothers and a sister all younger than yourself, and know everything about children."

Grace's bright face was full of interest as she tried to make friends with the elders. After having kissed the pink cheeks of the unresisting baby, she looked pleasantly at Bennett, and said, "Though I have had so much to do with children, I am never weary of them. I hope to be a very frequent visitor here, and to make great friends with your little charges."

Bennett's reply was civil enough, and then Grace had to hurry away with Mrs. Crawford, that the doctor and the dinner might not be kept waiting.

No sooner were the ladies out of the nursery than Bennett closed the door behind them, and, with an expression of face most unpleasant to behold, muttered—

"Not with my goodwill, miss. You are just the sort to come pretending that you like children, and then to pry and poke about and tell tales. As if anybody cared to have more to do with such little plagues than they could help. I would stay with no mistress even that was everlastingly in and out of the nursery. But I am not likely to have that to complain of here."

Bennett gave an unpleasant, mocking laugh, then, without the smallest warning, she swept away the playthings from the elder children, and put them out of reach for the night.

Some whimpering and crying followed this raid on their treasures; but Bennett gave herself no trouble to soothe her little charges. "Cry, if you like," she said; "it's all the same to me, and nobody else is near enough to hear you now Jean Graham is out of the way. I wish I may never set eyes on her again, the meddling tell-tale that she is. She did not get much, though, by trying to warn the mistress and set her against me before she started."

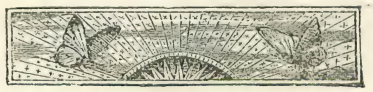
Whilst Bennett was muttering to herself, her hands were busily engaged in taking out the children's nightgowns and the other articles required before the beginning of the bathing process. She was not very gentle in her movements, and by a sudden jerk she caught the end of a towel, unrolled it, and threw down and broke a small bottle which had been wrapped in it.

Bennett hastily swept up the fragments and dropped them into the very midst of the fire, then carefully washed away the liquid spilled by the breakage.

"Most haste, least speed," she said. "I've lost every drop of the stuff, and how shall I manage to get more?"

It was evident that she came to some sudden resolution, for, having carefully put the children into the night nursery and out of harm's way, she hurried down the back stairs and towards the surgery.

(To be continued.)



INSIDE PASSENGERS; OR, THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF LUKE AND BELINDA.

By A LONDON PHYSICIAN

CHAPTER VI.

MUSHROOMS AND CHERRY TARTS.

WHILE waiting until Captain Goodchild had finished his cigar Luke and Belinda refreshed themselves with half a pill each, and a draught from the inexhaustible flask.

"We *may* exist on this," said Belinda; "but I certainly don't feel as if I had had a good dinner. Half a pill is so very small. If it were less nourishing, and there was rather more of it, I should like it better."

"You always were a little glutton, Bozy; but, come now, I think the coast is clear."

The huge cigar had just disappeared from the entrance to the cavern, which was sufficiently open to admit enough light to show off to great advantage its regular double row of massive ivory columns, and its curiously mottled floor, now at perfect rest; while the vaulted roof was left in twilight darkness.

"It's rather risky for you, Bozy, to be let down all that way," said Luke, tearing down part of the screen, and peering over the edge. "I should think it is at least 100 feet. But still, it is well worth while trying, for if you do get down safely you will be the first girl that has ever had a walk on a man's tongue."

A fresh coil of the finest wire rope (hardly thicker than string) was produced from one of Luke's inexhaustible pockets, armed with a small but stout steel hook at each end. Passing the rope round the ledge in front, and hooking it on to itself, he coiled the rest on the floor of the cave.

"Now then, Belinda," he said, "look alive. What are you doing?"

"Only taking off my sash and hat, Pill, for fear they might get wet, for, you know, we are not powdered. I'm ready now."

Luke proceeded to pass the end of the rope (round which he had wrapped a large handkerchief to prevent it cutting) under his sister's arms, and hooking it in a noose, made her sit down at the edge.

"Now shut your eyes, Bozy, and don't scream, and I'll let you gently down. When your feet touch the bottom just unhook the rope, and hold the end tight."

"Oh, Pill, dear, you won't let me slip, will you?" said Belinda, as she gazed down over the edge and then closed her eyes. "It is such an awful height to fall."

"BELINDA SPRANG LIKE A WILD CAT."

"It's as soft as indiarubber though, Bozy. You won't find anything hard down below."

So saying, he gently lowered her over the edge, letting the rope slowly out.

Alas! alas! the last coil passed through his hands, and still the strain was as great as ever. Leaving the rope attached by its loop, Luke looked over and saw his sister dangling at the end some twenty feet above the tongue. The rope was too short!

"Belinda, dear," he shouted, "it's all right."

But "Belinda dear" was so compressed with the wire that she could not speak, and matters began to look very serious, when, fortunately, at that moment Luke noticed the tongue slowly rising till poor Belinda's feet touched it, and a minute after she shouted to him to come down.

Being a good gymnast, Luke descended hand over hand in great style, and the two were soon side by side on their uncle's "unruly member."

"What a height our cave is above us," said Belinda. "Certainly a mouth is a wonderful place. I wish I had thicker

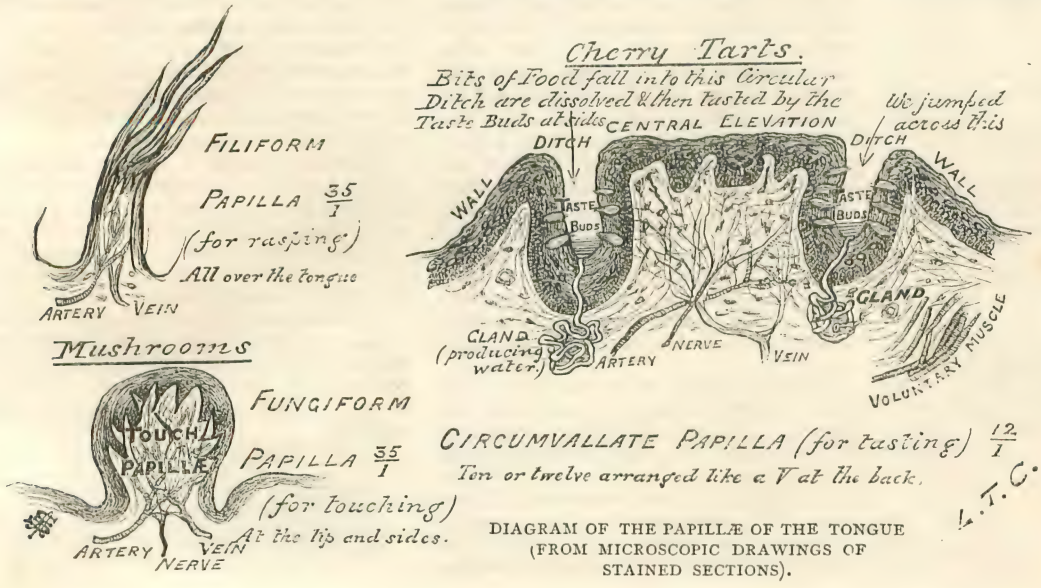


DIAGRAM OF THE PAPILLÆ OF THE TONGUE (FROM MICROSCOPIC DRAWINGS OF STAINED SECTIONS).

boots on, though, this tongue is really very damp."

"And a good thing for uncle it is. Tongues are never dry, except in fevers."

"Do you know, Luke, I was just thinking how lucky it is that uncle is on board ship; for I know there's no doctor there, and if one were to tell him suddenly to put out his tongue, I don't know where we *should* be."

"We'll just have a look round as soon as I have powdered your boots, Bozy," said Luke, not heeding this silly remark.

These being quickly sheathed in gutta-percha, the pair began to walk towards the entrance of the cavern.

"Why shouldn't we walk out altogether, Pill? My hat and sash are in the cave, but they could easily be sent on." (Belinda was rather vague at times.)

"I think, Bozy, now that we are here, we had better make up our minds for 'the grand tour.'"

"What do you mean, Pill?"

"Only this. We shall probably never have such a chance again. Being so small now, and happening to have with me the very things needed for such a trip, I think we'll go right inside, and see all the sights."

"I don't know exactly where you mean to go," said poor Belinda; "but please don't do anything dangerous."

"In any case we'll examine the tongue, Bozy, now that we're standing on it. You see it is covered all over with little hills or mounds of different shapes and sizes. I suppose you know the use of the tongue."

"Both its use and abuse, Pill; and if you will show me its use by telling me something interesting, I'll show you its abuse by asking silly questions."

"You are very kind," said Luke, trying to bow, and nearly measuring his length on the slippery surface. "The first thing to know is that it is not only meant for talking. It has been proved that we can speak without it, though it greatly helps in articulation, so that all the sins of speech cannot fairly be laid to its charge. Another use of the tongue is for touch, and another is for taste, and a fourth is for deglutition or swallowing."

"And a fifth is for putting it out for an M.R.C.S.," said Belinda, burning to illustrate its abuse.

"I wish I had someone of sense to talk to," said Luke, indignantly. "I think I'll make you talk a bit now. Don't mind the draught, it won't blow you away," added Luke, as Belinda shivered at a gust of wind. "It's only uncle breathing through his mouth; he ought to breathe through his nose."

"Why?"

"I'll tell you *why* another time. Now stand here, right in the middle, and describe what you see."

"Well, I am on the slippery, sloping floor of the cavern, which is, however, anything but smooth. I am standing just at the point of a V, and right away, in rows, stretch long ridges of little white-pointed mounds, some with little spikes on the top."

"Yes, Bozy; they cover the tongue all over, and are arranged in slanting rows like V's. These are the smallest, or *filiform papillæ*. In a cat they are very hard, like small thorns or spines, while in a lion they are of a terrible size, like rows of ploughshares. They are principally for rasping the food against the rough roof which you see overhead. They are white, because the skin over them is thickest near the top. Now, what next?"

"Well, I see besides these, principally near the walls, and also in the front, large round mounds like music stools or big mushrooms. They are very red."

"These are the medium-sized, or *fungiform papillæ*, and are for touch. The skin is red, because it is very thin, to enable the nerve of touch inside to feel more readily. They tell you at once if your cup of tea is too hot. Now turn round and look behind."

"Oh, Pill, what is that enormous finger pointing at me from the roof?" said Belinda, in some alarm, as she saw a huge moist mottled red mass, some fifty yards long, hanging down from above.

"That, Belinda, is the *uvula*, but keep to the tongue. What do you notice next?"

"I see two long rows stretching backwards and meeting in the middle like another huge V, composed this time of small round castles, with a ditch and a wall round each. Let me see; there are five in each row, ten in all. I wonder if uncle knows he has such a wonderful tongue?"

"Not a bit more wonderful than yours, and not nearly so objectionable."

"Don't be rude, Pill; never forget you are a gentleman. I suppose these towers are to guard what lies beyond, only they are not much good without cannon and soldiers."

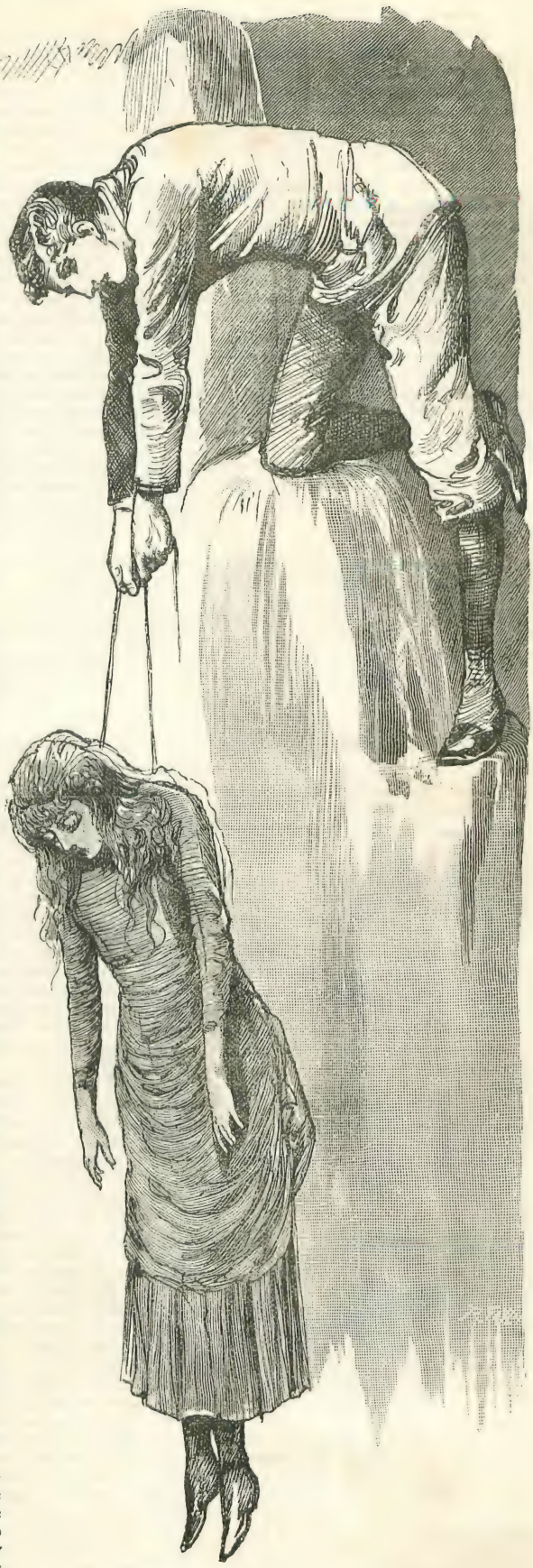
Luke led her to the first of the low, round walls she had described, and they climbed up its sloping red bank and stood on the tip. In front of them was a deep circular ditch, with a little water in the bottom, from the middle of which rose a round flattened mass (or castle) some 20 feet in diameter. All the other towers were of similar construction.

"I'm not quite sure, after all, that these towers are for defence, Pill," said the young lady, as she gained the summit.

"They certainly are not. That idea of yours is entirely wrong. This is one of the largest or *circumvallate papillæ*, and is an organ of taste."

"I don't know what it is *for*," said Belinda, "but I'll tell you exactly what it looks like now I'm here. It's just like one of those penny cherry tarts you are so fond of buying at Morgan's. Here is the low wall of pastry all round; there is the mound in the middle, where the cherries are; and the ditch is the groove inside the edge filled with the juice. But what *is* the wall for, Pill? I'll promise not to talk any more nonsense if you'll tell me."

"This low wall is doubtless to keep the water in the trench. At the bottom of the ditch are pipes opening into it, which discharge a very strong saliva, that dissolves all the food that falls into it, for we cannot taste any-



"THE ROPE WAS TOO SHORT."

thing unless it is dissolved first. Now at the sides of the ditch you see several little openings with small circles of hairs protruding like sea anemones. These are the tops of the *taste buds*, which taste the dissolved food out of the ditch, and by means of nerves tell the brain what it is like. This row of ditches and towers is arranged like a V across the back of the tongue, so as to catch part of everything that is eaten."

"Let me see, *filiform* for rasping, *fungiform* for touching, and *circumvallate* for tasting. I've a grand memory, Pill. But tell me why we cannot taste when we've a cold."

"Because a great many so-called tastes are really smells, Bozy. True tastes, such as sweets, and bitters, and acids are perceived when we have a cold. But turn round now and look at the roof for a moment. Towards the front you see it is rough. It forms a beautiful arch descending to that semicircular ridge (which, as you know, is the *gum*) that runs all round, and it is called the *hard palate*. It forms the floor of the nose above. Now, right about face once more."

And Belinda whisked round again, still standing on the low wall. In doing so she slipped.

"Jump," shouted Luke, "or you will be in."

Belinda sprang like a wild cat, and bounded right across the ditch, landing in safety on the side of the tart, on the top of which she then stood in triumph.

Luke was soon by her side.

"Well, Bozy, you had a narrow escape of being tasted," said Luke. "Now, look up; you see this great heavy arched curtain hanging across the end of our cavern, with this long uncanny 'finger' dangling down in the middle. That is the *soft palate*, and the finger is the *uvula*."

"What is it for, Pill?"

"Together with these two fleshy pillars on each side, by which the curtain is continued down to the tongue, it separates the front, or the eating, chewing, and tasting part of the mouth, from the back, or swallowing and breathing part. It is the boundary, therefore, between the mouth proper and the *pharynx*. It hangs quite freely, so as to move up and down; you will see why presently. When we are asleep, and breathe through the mouth, it often makes this curtain shake violently up and down, when it makes a dreadful noise which we call snoring. I know you are tired now, but just look here before we go back. You see this fleshy pillar on each side of the curtain, and a little further back you see another pair. Now what is this between?"

"It is like a great pincushion, Pill, with large holes, but no pins."

"These pincushions are the *tonsils*, which swell up and nearly meet in bad sore throats or quinsy. Out of those holes a sort of gum or glycerine exudes, which helps the food as it passes through to slip down the throat. Behind this curtain, Bozy, lie the most wonderful curiosities; but I think it is time to go back now. It must be getting late." So saying, he turned round and cleared the ditch at a bound. Then stretching out his stick he helped Belinda across, and the two, after a fatiguing walk over the uneven surface, arrived safely beneath their little cave far above.

Luke climbed up the wire rope, which, fortunately, was long enough (the tongue being a little raised) and soon dragged Belinda up the giddy height—she prudently keeping her eyes again tightly shut all the way.

The weary travellers were not long before they were fast asleep.

(*To be continued.*)

THE GIRLS OF THE WORLD.

FACTS AND FIGURES.

By EMMA BREWER.

CHAPTER IV.

OCCUPATIONS.

"Know what thou canst work at, and work at it like a Hercules."—*Carlyle.*

"Labour is the only true source of wealth."—*Leoni Levi.*

PERHAPS nothing shows more clearly the progress of a country in civilisation than the class and character of the occupations open to women and girls.

The remunerative and various employments possible to them at this present time would have been out of the question in the years gone by; for, in the first place, many of them had no existence, and, in the second, had they existed the girls and women would have lacked the education, ability, and training to perform them.

With a people's advance in civilisation, a real, though scarce perceptible, change takes place in the manners, the customs, and the requirements of a country; and this change, acting and reacting on other conditions, creates new wants and desires which can be satisfied only by means of intellectual labour; and to keep the supply equal to the demand persistent and high-class workers are required.

It is a sign of the better education in all civilised countries of the world that girls can now be entrusted with responsible work of a high class such as formerly would not have entered into the mind of man to conceive them capable of performing. The history of the occupations of women and girls is in itself a history of the progress of the nation to which they belong. For example, in the years gone by the people of various lands were both the producers and consumers of the product of their labour; the flax a man grew, his wife and daughters spun and wove into garments for their own use; in like manner the flesh of the sheep was eaten by the family, and its wool made by them into warm clothing. The only occupations possible to the women and girls then were outdoor field-labour and indoor spinning and weaving; but as soon as the farmer found a market for his sheep, corn, and flax, and could get in exchange articles he required for the better working of his farm and for the greater comfort of home, the state of things changed. The land became better cultivated, and supported a larger number of consumers; the occupations of women became more varied, and the nation advanced in prosperity. Men no longer produced for their own consumption, but supplied their wants by the exchange of industry for industry. The principle of exchange is an essential element of commerce; a man is compelled to go to market to sell all that he produces in order to buy all that he requires. This in itself is a stimulus to improvement, and rouses him from the rude state in which he had previously existed.

I think it is stated in one of the old penny magazines that "Everything we use sets going three industries; first, an industry or capital to grow it or bring it to us; second, an industry or capital to manufacture it for use and to bring it to market; and the third, an industry or capital to earn the means to buy it." And thus it is that new requirements open up new employments.

It will be easily understood that in some countries the occupations of the people are more favourable to girls than in others, but the rule holds good that a thorough education and training enable them to undertake a greater variety of work, as well as work of a superior class.

Occupations in which girls can take part are constantly changing; either circumstances arise to elevate the old occupation and give it a wider scope, or to bring in a new one, and the well-educated girl is ready for, and equal to, either opportunity.

It is a sign of the times that girls are no longer content to live idle, useless lives, lives of ease and comfort simply, but one and all are desirous of being up and doing, not necessarily for means of living, but that their time and talents, God's own good gifts, may be made useful to others.

It is quite certain that the more girls and women are occupied in profitable and healthful employment the happier and the better they are, and the more capable of contributing to the happiness and wealth of the country of which they form so important a part.

Labour may at times be irksome, and have certain little disadvantages, but if they were double what they are labour could never be productive of such misery as idleness. Nothing lowers the moral tone of women and girls so rapidly or so effectually as idleness, which carries such a troop of evil spirits in its train that one is bound hand and foot before one knows definitely that one is in its clutches.

Idleness is a burden which we women and girls neither can nor ought to endure.

Statistics prove that it is productive of misery and disease, and does much to shorten the duration of life. You may be surprised to hear that it has been clearly shown that the more unlimited the means we possess of satisfying every desire, the less likely we are to enjoy long life, and that, on the contrary, where there is an impulse to active labour there the duration of life is at once improved.

Statistics set forth the fact without any doubt that neither manual nor mental labour are at all detrimental to life, that, on the contrary, they tend to strengthen and invigorate the body and lengthen the duration of life.

Another fact equally clear is that the evil effect of idleness and luxury upon the health, strength, and life of girls is greater than that produced by the most unhealthy employment. One of our English statisticians remarks, "Truly there is compensation in this world if we but rightly understood it. The poor peasant of thirty years old who eats his or her scanty midday meal under the shadow of a hedge has a higher probability of thirty years more life than the possessor of vast domains robed in purple and fine linen of the same age." If it be true that profitable occupation sows blessings broadcast through the land, it

is equally true that the want of it is productive of misery, ill-health, and despair. We cannot, therefore, be too thankful that the time has come when work is no longer considered a degradation to women and girls; and that this point has been reached is greatly owing to the aroused intelligence which has enabled us to see that our dignity is enhanced by the practical use of our faculties; neither is it to be denied that the capable, yet modest way in which girls perform the work they have undertaken, has tended to strengthen the belief in woman's power of work.

One of the best signs of the present age is that girls whose social position precludes the necessity of work are just as active in looking out for it and doing it when found as the very poorest among us. It is impossible to tell the extent of good these gentle and well-nurtured girls do in the world. They may be seen in our hospitals and infirmaries, not always as nurses, but in the exercise of any special gift with which God has blessed them; they may be seen in the poorest homes of the land, tending and watching by the side of the dying; they may be seen also in our prisons, trying to convey comfort and hope to those of their own sex who have scarcely ever heard words of love till they listened to them from the lips of these brave girls and women. At this present time the self-imposed work of these voluntary labourers is permeating the world, and the result will only be known when God makes up His jewels.

These papers, however, are to deal with facts and figures, so we will begin at once with our own country, and discover what proportion the workers bear to the idle, or, in other words, how many among us are wholly or partly earning our living, and how many among us are content to be idle and live upon the earnings of those who labour.

There are in England and Wales 13,334,537 women and girls. We will not go into particulars as to how many of these are married, single, or widows, as that would be trenching on our next chapter, but we will deal simply with those who earn their living and those who refuse to do so.

Of the first of these, we are proud to say there are 3,393,918; of the second there are 25,275 who are able to get their living, and should be self-supporting, but who, nevertheless, are content to receive parish relief, and thus become a burden upon the self-supporting to the amount of 6s. 4d. per head.

The pity and the shame of it is that these idle ones feel no compunction or loathing of pauperism, nor does it trouble them that their self-respect, morality, and independence are forfeited by the taking of what is not earned.

I hope you will all quite understand that I have been careful not to include in this 25,000 any who are diseased in mind or in body, but simply those who should be self-supporting, but who are not.

The occupations by means of which the industrious earn their living will be given in detail at the end of the chapter. The figures you there find will help to corroborate the remark of a man who has studied the question, viz., "So far from our countrywomen being all maintained as a matter of course by us, the breadwinners, it will be found that three out of six are working for subsistence, and two out of the three earning an independence."

Before proceeding further you may be curious to know how many boys and men earn their living by some definite occupation. The number is 7,783,646 out of a total of 12,639,902, or 71 per cent. of all above five years of age. The number of girls and women employed in a similar way is only 29 per cent., but if we took into account the number of wives and daughters who assist husbands and fathers in their business, the percentage would be about equal to that of occupied men and boys, a fact of which we should be very proud.

Of those who try to earn their living and fail in the attempt, there die of starvation about 31 annually. Of those who do not try, but, on the contrary, fly to drink to allay their misery, there die annually of violent deaths while in a state of intoxication about 46 persons, and on an average about 16 brave women and girls, I know not of which class, perhaps of both, lose their lives every year by rendering personal help in time of danger.

The wonderful way in which women and girls have made their way during the last few years may be seen in the fact that of nearly four hundred classes of work in England there are only about seventy in which they may not be found working, and perhaps the reason why these seventy occupations have not been invaded is because of their utter unfitness for women and girls.

It seems almost impossible to imagine that only a few years ago there was comparatively nothing for girls to do beyond needlework, domestic service, factory work, working in mines, and teaching, which last, we know, was most imperfectly done. Neither was there any encouragement for girls to work, but everything to deter them from so doing. Little by little, however, but surely, we have shown the world that both we and it are the better for work, and that we are willing and anxious to prepare ourselves for it by severe training, which all remunerative labour exacts.

Ten years ago the number of art students found no record; now in England alone there are 1,059. That girls could ever be shorthand writers and reporters was not dreamed of, yet already we have fifteen so engaged. This is a step quite in the right direction, because it is work suitable for women and girls. It is true that it requires a peculiar education and training, inasmuch as the work does not consist merely of rapidly taking down notes in shorthand of what is being spoken. These notes have to be rendered fully and accurately in faultless English, therefore must the girl reporter be well up not only in the construction of her own language, but in the great questions of the day, so that she may at once be able to supply any omission of country, name, or science. For a highly-educated girl it is a splendid occupation, and very remunerative.

Women editors, authors, and journalists have increased greatly during the last ten years, the number so occupied in England at the present time being 450. Of booksellers and publishers there are nearly 1,500; of Civil Service clerks, 3,200.

The occupations, however, which give employment to the largest number are teaching, in which 124,000 are engaged; dressmaking, millinery, and sewing, which employ 700,000; and domestic service, which gives employment to 1,258,285, more than half of whom are under twenty years of age.

I have had my attention called to one or two occupations in London which during the last two or three years have given employment to a great many girls, and which appear to me both suitable and remunerative. They are type-writing, newspaper press cutting, and preparing Kelly's Post Office Directories. For the first of these we are indebted to an American woman, for the second to the French people. I was allowed to see the girls at work in the newspaper press cutting, and was struck with the order, intelligence, and earnestness of purpose which marked the workers.

Of course all occupations are not equally healthy, though very much has been done of late years to remove the causes of preventible disease.

There are still in many cases long hours of work, a constrained position of the body necessary for the performance of it, an inhaling of noxious vapours, as in the making of pearl beads, or swallowing the dust which flies off while polishing steel instruments, or an intensely heated atmosphere quite necessary in the carrying on of special trades. Each and all of these exercise an influence on the employment, and produce results on the health which can be *calculated to a certainty*.

Teaching stands out in bright colours when compared with other employments, and as so many of our girls are thus occupied, either as private or as pupil teachers, they will be interested in learning that it is the opinion of men whose lives have been devoted to the discovery of facts, "that there is hardly any existing profession in which girls can engage, between the age of fourteen and twenty, that can at all compare in health statistics with that of teachers."

One of these authorities cites, as an example, 465 girls engaged in teaching, of whom, during the space of three years, eleven only had any serious illnesses, and four only had slight indispositions which could be attributed to over study or to their work as teachers, a percentage of about one case per annum.

Dressmakers, milliners, and needlewomen are not so fortunate, even though so much has been done to render their occupation easy, healthful, and pleasant. *It may be that girls* who select these occupations are delicate to begin with, or it may be the effect of too much sitting, or the exercise of too little care when work is over, or the too great struggle for life among the poorest of the workers. Whatever it be, they are less able to resist disease than girls employed in other ways. We will take as an example 1,000 dressmakers and needlewomen and 1,000 shop or saleswomen in London; 400 of the former die of consumption while only 120 of the latter, and that at a greater age than the former. Again, in 1,000 of the dressmakers 106 die of fevers, while only 37 of the shopwomen die thus. We could trace this further, but these two examples will suffice.

There are about 160,000 needlewomen in London, and of this number about 30,000 are under 21 years of age.

Domestic service is by no means an unhealthy occupation, but the character of the work even here affects the duration of life, and not at all in the way we should at first imagine; for example, taking the indoor service first, we find that those whose occupation demands but slight exertion do not, as a rule, live so long by five years as those whose work calls for violent exertion; therefore, the housemaid has the advantage over the lady's maid, and the kitchenmaid the advantage over the cook.

In outdoor service those whose work demands violent exertion live as a rule a year longer than those who *exert themselves but* slightly. These figures have been tested in a variety of circumstances and in many lands.

Whether the style of our work or its conditions be all we desire or not, of one thing we are certain, viz., that work doing and work done brings blessing with it; it not only helps to form our intelligence and build up our moral character, but it gives a restful content which the idle in vain try to obtain by dissipation.

Before passing out of our own domains I should like to say one word about a woman's work for the girls and women of Ireland. There is not one among us but has grieved over the want of remunerative labour *for girls* and women in parts of Ireland, who, in spite of the cheapness of provisions there, have been on the verge of starvation; but credit is due to one who not only grieved over it, but stepped out from among us, and with her

SOME OF THE OCCUPATIONS BY MEANS OF WHICH THE WOMEN AND GIRLS OF THE WORLD EARN THEIR LIVING, AND THE NUMBER SO OCCUPIED.

There are in	Women and Girls.	Who earn their living.	Who could and ought to work, but will not.	Milliners, Dressmakers, Tailors, and Needlewomen	Teachers.	Laundrywomen and Charwomen.	Domestic Servants.	Clerks, Book-keepers, and Shopwomen.	Engaged in Art and Literature.	Bookbinders, Printers, and Compositors.	Actresses.	Engaged in Agriculture.	Engaged in Trade.	Engaged in Mines and Manufactures.	Paper Makers and Dealers.	Scripture-readers, Nuns, and Sisters of Charity.	Merchants, Physicians, and Lawyers.	Engaged under the Medical Profession.	Engaged in Chemicals and Drugs.	Lace, Toy, and Flower Makers.	Shoemakers.	Engaged in Local and National Government.
England and Wales	13,334,537	3,393,918	88,752	700,000	124,000	360,179	1,258,285	729,568	20,943	12,794	2,368	64,171	19,467	655,725	25,799	7,162	41	49,347	4,418	40,225	35,672	6,223
Ireland	2,599,044	633,969	36,710	106,012	12,681	22,683	293,788	2,022	41,625	1,319	158	95,923	34,285	250,892	1,308	5,670	65	1,011	194	1,576	1,462	439
Scotland	2,017,701	498,271	30,009	43,525	10,460	44,728	154,407	1,455	297	2,587	219	52,089	10,089	131,071	4,612	220	26	4,000	415	768	1,857	1,151
Victoria	428,750	317,576	3,824	28,555	4,418	1,886	23,876	696	1,190	155	200	44,721	3,470	1,124	195	—	12	3,723	204	20	447	266
New South Wales	368,126	272,670	890	7,630	3,447	2,170	73,027	1,013	166	—	—	1,834	2,267	1,500	—	—	—	675	—	—	—	258
Queensland	102,660	9,305	715	2,400	3,900	533	15,785	—	—	—	—	7,000	1,026	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
South Australia	138,174	103,153	641	3,800	3,895	1,085	13,500	—	—	—	—	14,410	2,069	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
West Australia	13,215	10,974	259	345	200	195	2,645	—	—	—	—	2,341	100	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Tasmania	57,348	43,814	398	1,027	669	329	3,160	18	764	26	—	3,138	371	—	—	—	21	—	—	—	—	—
New Zealand	234,404	182,400	837	6,030	1,974	1,551	13,140	368	—	—	—	604	1,952	—	—	—	—	—	4	—	—	47
France	18,748,772	5,303,343	203,394	293,093	58,992	46,876	1,557,266	34,631	18,825	—	2,613	1,500,000	340,548	1,694,461	16,542	107,218	5,223	15,779	—	55,000	—	48,931
Italy	14,194,245	3,700,060	98,766	307,875	46,877	56,309	478,748	—	—	—	—	3,006,261	124,131	830,895	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Switzerland	1,451,476	525,784	12,400	85,326	12,577	9,160	10,360	—	11,000	—	—	175,616	52,989	151,168	65,614	—	—	1,032	—	—	—	782
Austria	11,342,507	3,976,269	737,088	380,087	82,085	406,449	67,169	—	12,451	10,128	3,299	2,729,833	78,917	534,325	—	48,120	384	13,043	4,726	—	—	—
Hungary	7,939,192	1,934,793	1,500,000	10,876	2,888	330,269	53,958	—	1,092	—	—	100,068	42,000	27,785	—	4,853	—	5,919	—	—	—	—
Germany	23,048,628	10,991,963	1,142,000	—	—	400,000	—	—	21,561	6,500	—	9,110,200	2,000,000	8,342,945	—	22,980	—	740,327	—	—	—	—
Prussia	13,864,245	3,270,800	118,504	—	14,600	—	642,400	—	1,890	—	—	1,500,460	395,203	204,046	—	1,489	19	16,962	—	—	—	—
Saxony	1,527,475	407,328	7,181	21,476	3,119	23,674	157,200	—	1,008	—	—	103,178	120,914	105,181	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	333
Russia	39,104,838	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	19,500,000	230,823	*340,000	51,000	315,027	—	—	—	—	—	—
Belgium	2,829,475	961,290	1,558	5,886	4,524	13,910	87,987	3,296	—	—	161	460,076	29,570	71,111	935	15,205	—	—	—	73,600	—	—
Japan	17,714,813	The women and girls of Japan are very industrious, their chief occupations being agriculture, spinning, and weaving, but it is impossible to ascertain the numbers.																				
Cape of Good Hope	24,432	16,223	138	866	338	179	1,026	777	10	—	4	142	363	—	—	55	—	171	—	—	—	—
United States	24,636,963	7,500,447	—	450,008	154,375	62,648	938,910	33,821	6,759	4,831	—	594,900	33,854	643,919	16,948	—	2,547	11,860	3,176	3,985	27,930	7,820
Chili	1,071,555	—	—	1,540	—	361	1,736	—	25	—	—	5,496	19	002	—	9	29	—	91	—	—	—
Canada	2,135,956	—	—	20,862	12,124	20,116	128,157	—	444	992	—	101,244	1,223	4,490	—	—	—	—	1,204	51	4,314	—
British India	123,949,970	37,767,371	—	733,089	4,305	5,243,206	651,966	—	4,175	242	60,012	18,863,726	300,979	6,437,150	1,537	94,251	199,648	—	19,813	8,929	10,001	24,981
Isle of Man	27,798	7,040	—	1,337	209	391	3,546	14	21	13	4	325	593	243	9	15	4	44	3	10	13	6
Jersey	28,960	9,314	—	2,717	351	1,356	3,105	12	78	17	4	372	19,646	197	10	36	15	123	2	12	26	4
Guernsey	18,421	4,760	—	1,132	223	727	1,791	10	54	10	—	110	1,150	140	18	7	10	78	80	6	21	1
London	2,018,897	1,068,959	7,654	96,817	14,038	48,599	240,133	5,228	2,176	7,950	1,090	776	4,919	622,610	542	1,131	45	10,176	900	5,209	6,682	624
Paris	1,126,602	978,330	9,967	53,175	4,082	7,466	134,000	1,806	4,808	1,346	—	383	4,120	189,401	—	3,861	1,456	110	1,539	—	24,000	—
Dublin	129,796	96,777	6,019	9,431	1,093	3,330	19,890	284	1,041	908	49	69	4,559	1,114	—	—	16	125	51	—	809	—
Berlin	481,203	237,292	16,158	3,480	5,600	132,584	65,279	228	46	1,983	1,062	70	6,960	1,656	339	—	—	1,276	—	—	—	—
St. Petersburg	862,000	231,995	21,900	2,453	2,411	12,320	60,000	232	61	296	495	839	3,346	4,657	50	1,141	108	701	112	281	—	—
Vienna	373,156	187,249	8,775	—	2,790	49,376	75,238	2,378	78	1,818	739	—	4,988	4,857	—	—	65	875	—	—	—	20
Prague	131,307	—	9,472	—	931	1,738	—	771	25	—	197	67	2,019	1,636	—	—	—	408	—	1,240	—	—

SPECIAL OCCUPATIONS.—India: Workers in ivory, horn whalebone, bark, pith, bamboo, and leaves, 406,814; workers in salt and glass, 35,826; workers in gold and precious stones, 13,799. Canada: Engaged in canned meat and fruits, 2,532. United States: Engaged in canned meat and fruits, 15,463.

* Manufacturers only.

*** The blanks shown in this Table indicate our inability to obtain trustworthy information from the respective Governments.

money, her time, her brains, and her power of organising, has set work going amongst them till at this present moment over 700 cottage girls and women and distressed ladies are resolutely and cheerfully working under this lady chief, who pays for work done, not in kind, but in cash. I will not say more here, as I am going to plead with our Editor for permission to write more fully about it in a chapter by itself.

Let us now take a glance at other countries, and we shall find that girls have been striving to keep pace with English girls, either for hand work or brain work, or for both.

The superior intelligence of the girls and women of France is much spoken of, and is said to be a result of the peculiar employment which occupies the majority of them. As you know, the population of France is largely composed of peasant proprietors; the girls therefore find their work principally in the home culture of silk, flax, wine, and garden produce, and the superior intelligence which they have brought to bear upon their work has rendered it most successful, and placed the labourers in a position of prominence and importance in that land. Still, this is not the beginning and the end of the occupations of the women and girls, as you will see.

To start with, there were 18,748,772 women and girls in France last year (1885). Of these, 3,469,616 were self-supporting, or, in other words, earned their living by some sort of labour, while 203,394 were a burden on the self-supporting. In this case, also, I have not included children at school or the sick poor.

In Paris the proportion of women seeking relief is considerably greater than men, there being forty-one of the former to twenty-four of the latter, and in this number who seek relief every profession and trade is represented.

Although details will be found at the end of the chapter for those who are curious, it is possible that those who do not like figures may yet like to know that 400 French women are physicians, 64 are notaries and auctioneers, 36,677 women and girls are engaged as teachers, and 84,300 are nuns. One very curious trade, that of corpse bearer, occupies 35,000, and France seems to be the only country where such a trade exists.

Again, in Saxony the population of women and girls is 1,527,475. Of this number, 407,328 are self-supporting, and 38,000 are without any employment; 20,000 are engaged in various industries, and 157,200 in domestic service.

Take Prussia next. There are 13,864,245 women and girls. Of these 3,270,800 earn their living, and the number of women and girls who live on the wages they earn is over 9,000,000. There are nearly 1,500,000 girls engaged in agriculture, 14,000 in teaching, 3,000 in literature and art, and 642,100 in domestic service.

In European Russia quite another state of things obtains. There are, in the first place, 39,194,838 women and girls. Of these 791,605 are noble, 348,015 are ecclesiastics, 230,823 are tradespeople, 127,228 are artists and artisans. Of peasants owning land there are about 19,500,000.

A large number of the peasant women and girls assist in the wood industries of Russia, which give employment to about 550 villages, and produce on an average annually in the Government of Moscow alone about £18,000.

The wood industry is a utilising of forest produce, and furnishes employment to a large number of women and girls, as well as men —carts, wheels, yokes, boxes, and wooden spoons being turned out in immense numbers. Of the wooden spoons 120,000,000 are made every year. Division of labour is here quite as remarkable as in the toy industry; no one person completes an article. Take the making of spoons, which are made of birch, poplar, or box, the average price being from 19s. to 26s. per 1,000. One set of workers cuts the wood into lengths, another shapes the spoons in the rough, a third hollows it out, and a fourth varnishes it.

The alder tree yields the dye with which the workpeople stain the wood when required for furniture or concertinas, of which last they make 250,000 a year.

Of the bark of the lime the Russian girls make sacks and matting, and bast shoes to the amount of 100,000,000 pairs a year.

The best matting comes to England, and to supply materials for all this work 500,000 lime trees are cut down. Beside all this the women and girls are working at paper making, an industry which is consuming a large amount of wood.*

Again, the Dutch women and girls, whose sphere of labour formerly was very limited, may now be seen occupied in the fine arts, or as apothecaries, watchmakers, and clerks, and the number of these is increasing daily.

In Switzerland there are 1,451,476 women and girls. The land and its productions afford employment to 175,616 women and girls, whose labour supports in all 584,068 individuals. Industry, including manufacturing of all kinds, occupies 216,782, and trade employs 52,989 women.

A large number are engaged in spinning, weaving, dyeing, straw-plaiting, and watch-making, in which last trade about 15,000 girls are occupied, some of them performing the work at home, and others working at the factories.

It has been said by one who has made it his study that the intellectual and moral superiority of the girls in the Swiss cantons is more marked than elsewhere in Europe, and that the servant-girls and workwomen of Zurich and Geneva are thoroughly well educated, and know how to honour and respect their position. Women form a very important part of Swiss society; a careful education and the habit of sound reading have given them a decided character and definite opinions; they like intellectual pursuits, and are the principal educators of their children.

In Hungary there is a society for the purpose of encouraging employment among the women, and Buda-Pesth is making great strides in this direction. There are in Hungary 7,939,192 women and girls, of whom about 30,000 are gipsies and 5,658 are nuns. Of the whole number nearly one-half is at present maintained by the other half, but this state of things is rapidly changing for the better.

In Italy the female population is 14,194,245. Of this number 6,700,060 are occupied in earning a living or in contributing towards it. This is a wonderful advance within the last few years. It was formerly the fashion to treat the women of Italy with contempt, as some of their proverbs express but too plainly; for example, "Women, nuts, and donkeys require a heavy fist," or "Woman is like a bad chestnut; the outside promises much, but the inside is nothing."

The number engaged in teaching is 46,877; in domestic service, 478,748, of whom 30,948 are between nine and fourteen years of age; in the fine arts, 4,644 are occupied; 10,000 women and girls are engaged in the coral workshops; in trades 124,121; and in agriculture over three millions; in trades belonging to the toilette, 99,594 are employed. I am sorry to say there are 58,766 prisoners and mendicants, of whom 2,283 are between the ages of nine and fourteen, and of those not willing to work there are 40,000.

In Smyrna the women and girls who work are almost wholly occupied with figs; they tend them, collect them, carry them to market, shape them, and pack them for foreign markets.

The girls and women of America are not conspicuous for their love of work, and this may be because men do the work for them. It is the young bachelors who do the work of the house which girls do in other lands. Many of them are clever, shrewd, business women, but they have not as a rule arrived at that stage in which all kind of work is regarded with favour.

A look at one or two of our colonies will show that the women and girls are doing their best to keep pace with those in the old country. In Victoria there are 410,263 women and girls. Of these, 229,123 are either entirely or nearly self-supporting.

In New Zealand there are 240,057 women and girls, of whom 182,400 work at trades and professions, thereby earning an independence. Even here the idle will crop up, and there are 837 content to live upon the earnings of the industrious. There are 1,974 engaged in the learned professions, or in art and literature; there are 4,552 engaged in the manufacture of textile fabrics and dress.

In the whole of the Australian colonies there are 1,342,680 women and girls, nearly two-thirds of whom are cheerfully and resolutely setting to work with hands and brains to do their part in the elevation of women by means of steady persistent work.

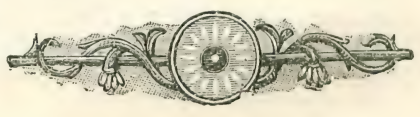
If I have been able to show that profitable occupation sows blessings broadcast through the land, it is equally true that want of it is the source of misery, distress, and often of immorality. None are so high that they can afford to live without it. Of course, the effect is more disastrous in some cases than in others. To many it means starvation, ill health, and pauperism; to others, the want of profitable occupation means life robbed of all its sweetness and usefulness.

We have seen how many more ways are now opened to girls of getting profitable occupation than formerly was possible, and yet with all the increased opportunities of work there are thousands in every large town who fail to obtain it, not from any fault or incapacity, but simply because the work they can do is scarce. There are often 1,000 applicants for one vacant post, and as one only can be successful 999 must be disappointed.

In London alone there are 20,000 girls who, most desirous of work, cannot get it. They answer every advertisement till they are weary with disappointment, and lose heart and energy in the constant failure. This enforced idleness is such a giant of evil that something should be done to stop its growth, and none so suitable for this work as the women and girls themselves. There are many girls of rank and wealth crying out for work. Strike out the work, then, for yourselves, and see what can be done to help these weary ones in your own immediate neighbourhood. A few such centres would soon make themselves felt.

I do not mean by help alms-giving, because that would offend and hurt these independent spirits; but make friends with them, find out what special work they can do, and look out for opportunities by means of which their work may be made remunerative.

(To be continued.)



* In St. Petersburg there are 2,000 artists and actresses, 5,000 teachers and professors, 1,800 prisoners, 11,000 women and girl beggars, and 60,000 domestic servants.

COURTLEROY.

By ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER XI.

SUMMERLANDS.

MASTER GEORGE had his way, as usual, and Mr. Prettyman took Summerlands for the autumn months, with power to continue to rent it during the winter. The rent required was not exorbitant, for the owners were so thankful to get it well off their hands for a time that there was no difficulty in coming to terms with their solicitors.

The reception of the new tenants of Summerlands at the little railway station on the property was very different from that of Miss Heath and Mimica some six or seven years before. They were met by a carriage and pair, driven by a well-appointed coachman, and were received as the representatives of Lord and Lady Manville with all proper honours. George was disappointed that Mimica was not there to welcome them, and Mrs. Prettyman that Milly Heath did not appear. Still, they were well pleased with the quiet country, the reddening woods, the fields, lanes, and all the natural beauties of the drive to the great house. This was not far from the station—that is to say, the principal lodge was within a quarter of a mile; but the drive through the park was long, and George entertained his companions by continual exclamations of delight at the magnificent trees, the shady ponds, the surrounding woodlands, and, above all, the dying sunset.

As they approached the mansion they were somewhat awe-struck by its imposing appearance, and Mr. Prettyman pronounced an opinion unfavourable to his future prospects.

"I hate such a big, square, turreted place. Oh, Georgie! we shall never be so happy here as we were in our lodge on the moors."

"Look at the woods, *padre!* Think of the game! Then, what space for fortifications, and bridges, and mining operations! Above all, think of Mimica!"

"I must only think of *madre*," laughed Mr. Prettyman, as they neared the house.

There, at the top of a broad flight of steps, stood Mimica, *in propriâ personâ*, backed by Miss Heath.

"There they are. That is Milly Heath; but that cannot be Mimica," exclaimed Mrs. Prettyman, surveying the figures from the carriage window.

It was no wonder that she failed to recognise the pale, angular child in the tall, graceful girl who stood with hand shading her eyes from the westering sun, and gazing towards the carriage. As to George, he was mute for the first time in his life.

As the carriage pulled up, however, Mimica ran down the steps, and welcomed them.

"At last! at last!" she cried.

But George had not a word to say. His face flushed all over; his heart beat with the excitement of this longed-for meeting, but he could not realise that the grown woman who kissed him so naturally was the friend whom he loved so dearly.

"Are you really my Georgie?" she asked, looking into the face she had only seen in photograph.

"Yes, but you are not my Mimi," he found words to say.

Greetings between Mrs. Prettyman and Miss Heath interrupted them, and then Mimica had to be reintroduced, and the many accessories of an arrival at a new place seen after. Sampson and Ada—now Mrs. Prettyman's maid—had preceded their master and mistress with luggage enough, so said Mr. Prettyman, to stock a shop, and they were in attendance in front and background.

But while this was proceeding, Mimica took George's hand, and said imperatively that he must come into the hall with her. He obeyed, and they mounted the steps together, hand-in-hand. In the great pillared, frescoed entrance hall they stood a moment gazing at one another with curious earnestness. George saw before him a slight, elegant figure in some sort of light, simple costume, with a broad hat half concealing the pale face.

She threw off the hat.

"Am I like what you fancied?" she asked.

"No; but you are like Mr. Le Roy," he replied.

Her countenance fell.

"That is what Stokes says," she added, almost irritably.

"But you have a sweet smile, Mimi, and he looks grave and sour," pleaded the boy.

Truly the smile that moved the lips, shone in the deep, grey eyes, and cast sunshine over the white face, was sweet. The lad was right, and the heavy mass of dark hair, coiled at the back of the head, seemed to turn face and form into a picture, as the girl stood facing the boy and leaning against one of the marble pillars.

"We are friends for life," she said.

"Yes," he replied.

"Well, you are together at last," interrupted Mrs. Prettyman. "I hope you will like one another as well personally as by letter. One is always so much better and pleasanter in writing than reality. That is why I never want to know the authors I like best, for I am sure if I didn't care for them I should not be interested in their books."

"Oh, Mrs. Prettyman, I long to know all the authors," exclaimed Mimica, enthusiastically. "They must be nice, and their society so delightful."

"I know one—our head master, but we don't like him particularly," said George.

"This is the drawing-room," put in Miss Heath, who had known Summerlands many years.

They all went into an immense saloon, the walls covered with valuable paintings, the room handsomely furnished. Mr. Prettyman shuddered, and said, smiling at Mimica, "This is all your doing, Miss Marmont. That young rogue of a Georgie would come to see you, and I am to be the victim. I really cannot breathe in such a grand place."

"You shall go to the slums, *padre*, where the atmosphere is very refreshing," said George, recovering his natural manner.

Miss Heath, who was not changed either in appearance or nature since we first made her acquaintance, looked at Mimica, and said it was time for them to be at home. They had walked from Courtleroy, and were to walk back. Besides, as she remarked, the travellers would have enough to do on that first evening without interlopers. Mimica longed to volunteer to help them, but dared not venture. Both she and Miss Heath had been surprised that no interdiction had come from Mr. Le Roy concerning their intercourse with Summerlands, since he had written a few short lines after the Handel Festival, positively forbidding intimacy with the Carews.

This was a sore trial to Mimica, for Lady Helena was moving heaven and earth to bring her and Mr. Carew together, and Mimica found him a very pleasant companion when they met occasionally at the vicarage, at church, or by chance in village or high-road.

Miss Heath and Mimica took their leave, the latter having obtained a promise from George to visit her on the morrow, while the former trembled lest they should thereby offend Mr. Le Roy. George watched them till they were out of sight, then said, sadly, "She is so big."

"So is this house!" sighed Mr. Prettyman. "I wish we were in 'a lodge in some vast wilderness,' or back in our square."

But that panacea for all true-born Britons, a good dinner, tended to reconcile him to his fate; and, subsequently, an inspection of the fine paintings that half filled the house inspirited him. Sampson's assurance that there was more game at Summerlands than in all Scotland, made him laugh, and by degrees his kindly, genial nature was reconciled to the inevitable.

But neither he nor his wife could imagine the speculations of the countryside. While they were at dinner Sir Joshua, Lady Helena Carew, and their sons, also at dinner, were discussing the propriety, or non-propriety, of making their acquaintance; the vicar and his family were rejoicing in the hope of alms for the poor and festivities for themselves; the villagers were speculating as to whether they would be more or less charitable than their absentee *benefactors*; and Mimica and Miss Heath, over their tea, were talking of them and all concerning them.

"He has the face of an angel. He is like one of the cherubs in that picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds," said Mimica, pointing to an engraving of the celebrated painting of an angelic host, which hung over the mantelpiece of the schoolroom in which they sat.

"You think so?" was the reply; and Miss Heath looked from the engraving into her teacup.

Mimica shrugged her shoulders and swallowed some uncomplimentary adjective which rose to the tip of her tongue.

The schoolroom had become their ordinary sitting-room, and Mimica had furbished it up and adorned it wonderfully. In addition to her mother's sketches, her own were now stuck about here and there, some in frames manufactured by the village carpenter, others, in a rough, unfinished state, pinned to the walls or surmounting the piano. Miss Heath's treasures of cushions and modern ornaments were scattered about, and such articles of vertu as Mimica thought proper to appropriate from the stores saved from her grandmother's rooms added to them. But she was very proud, and was often roused to declare that she would accept no more from her uncle's bounty than necessity obliged.

Morning, noon, and night she fretted against this "dole" of his, as she called it, and frequently came into collision with Searle, the bailiff, whom she named his "medium." Indeed, Miss Heath was once heard to say that, between master and man, they were between two rickety stools, and likely to fall to the ground. But nobody liked Searle, and everyone wished that Mr. Le Roy would look into his own affairs, for, the tenants said, "He was a gentleman, if a queer one. But then, to be sure, all the Le Roys were queer." Even Mimica was looked upon as a strange girl by her few acquaintances.

Her strangeness, up to the present time, had developed into a devotion to literature, painting, writing, and sedentary pursuits, happily counteracted by a strong-minded desire to be of use in the world. When she was not reading, writing, or painting, she was helping in the school, or visiting the poor people; but she had it in her soul to become

an author, a sister of mercy. a medical woman, a female missionary, anything, in short, which could emancipate her from the thraldom of dependence. This was the more galling because she had no pocket money. Miss Heath would have given her all her regularly paid salary, but she was far too proud to accept it, and as Searle paid all the bills, she had, literally, no money of her own. She intended to battle it out with him, since she began to understand that her uncle could not even have read any of the letters she wrote to him.

Soon after her arrival at Courtleroy, she had prevailed on Miss Heath to appropriate to their joint use the wing of the house in which the schoolroom was, so that the principal rooms, the entrance hall excepted, were still untenanted. They lived, slept, and otherwise spent their time, in the apartments that had once been her mother's. She fancied she had a sort of right to them, and beyond extracting a book from the library when she wanted one, or looking occasionally into the drawing and dining rooms, the remainder of the house was void to them. Mimica had regularly explored it during the first months of her occupation, and had found much to excite her interest and curiosity, but as time went on she grew accustomed to her surroundings, and gave herself up to Miss Heath and solitude.

Not absolute solitude, thanks to the vicar's family.

"George is beautiful," resumed Mimica, after she had got over that first "You think so?" "I do not wonder that my uncle took him to the Handel Festival, and asked him to write to him."

"That was mere curiosity about us," returned Miss Heath. "We must be careful lest George should tell either too much or too little."

"I am quite indifferent, Miss Heath. I shall ask him to give a full account of all he sees—our seclusion and penury; for it is penury not to be allowed a sous to spend as one likes, and to be obliged to send the bills for a shilling picture frame and penny reel of cotton, equally, to that horrid Searle. I wish I was Leila, going out as a lady-help; or even Laura, tormenting her brains over Greek and Latin and sums. She is afraid she cannot matriculate, as she calls it, and is going in for the Post-office, or a situation as governess. She passed the Oxford examination, thanks to Mr. Leste. What an ignoramus I should have been but for you, dear Miss Heath!"

This little compliment called a flush of pleasure into Milly's thin cheeks. Mimica, in pondering over her own lot, too often forgot how intimately it was shared by Miss Heath; and how little reward she had for her indefatigable labours in teaching her all she knew herself. And this was infinitely more than the outer world imagined, for she was a thoroughly well-educated gentlewoman and conscientious teacher. Mimica noticed the unusual flush, and as she rose to ring the bell, laid her hand on Miss Heath's shoulder, and touched her forehead with her lips.

"If I am miserable what must you be, who have had so many years of it!" she sighed.

"Neither of us is miserable, dear. We have all we actually want. 'Having food and raiment, let us be therewith content.' I have known some well-born and educated who——" Here Miss Heath paused.

"Yes, dear, tell me about it. One of your old pupils," put in Mimica, excitedly, for Miss Heath often began a story and stopped short just where the girl was panting to know the conclusion.

"I cannot, I must not," she replied.

"I wish I knew George's history; that would be romantic," said Mimica.

"Better unknown, probably," replied Miss Heath.

Further conversation was interrupted by a ring at the hall bell.

"An event," cried Mimica, starting up and running downstairs.

"How wild she is," sighed Miss Heath, following slowly.

She found Mimica in the hall, shaking hands with a young man. It was Horace Leste, the vicar's eldest son, who apologised for calling so late.

"I am off to-morrow morning for my ship, and I could not go without wishing you good-bye," he said, with all a sailor's easy zeal.

"And you won't see Georgie?" returned Mimica.

"What do I care for Georgie? It is you I want to see, Mimica, you and Miss Heath. When shall we three meet again?"

"But this is so sudden, Mr. Horace," said Miss Heath, seeing that Mimica's face changed.

"I got the telegram this morning, and this is my first leisure moment. We are ordered to the African coast, and I hope I shan't die of yellow fever before I meet you again. Give me something to do for you, Mimica."

"If you go to the Cape will you try and find out my old friends the Beverleys, and tell them about me. He is an ostrich farmer."

Horace laughed, and said he would do his best.

"I suppose you will not slip a line into my sister's letters sometimes, Mimica, just for auld lang syne?" he added.

"She had better not, Mr. Horace," said Miss Heath, decidedly.

"But I can send you messages, Horace, and I shall be sure to read all your letters, so we shall know about one another," said Mimica, sadly.

"I hate everything second-hand, but I know we shall not forget one another. Good-bye, Miss Heath; good-bye, Mimica."

A sailor's grasp of the small hand, and he was gone.

(*To be continued.*)

THE ART OF TRAVELLING.

PART V.

HAVING in the previous chapter said something respecting tours in the United Kingdom, I come now to add a few words with regard to tours abroad.

This part I wish to make as practical as possible, and to avoid taking a merely theoretical line, as my object is to suggest something which may be of use to the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, many of whom, I daresay, are even now looking forward to the ever-pleasant prospect of a summer trip. The events of such holidays have often been chronicled in these pages, and have been read with interest by many. In our last volume we were told in graphic language the adventures of "two London girls" in Norway. This will doubtless inspire many other girls, both in and out of London, to visit "the land of the midnight sun," of fjords, fjelds, and fosses. I hope, then, that some of the tours, which I have suggested below, may be tried by my readers, and that they may enjoy them as much as I have done.

But before plunging into details, I cannot help quoting some words of the late Lord Houghton, which I met with recently, on the subject of foreign travel, as they seem to express so succinctly what I have been endeavouring to impress on my readers in one of our previous chapters. Here are his words:—"Foreign travel, even to unintelligent, uninquiring minds, is always of great influence, not merely by the presentation of new objects, but also, and mainly, by the withdrawal of the mind from all the intricate connections of habit and familiarity which mark the real relations of life. This withdrawal is important, because it gives a new standing-point from which we can judge ourselves and others; and it shows how much that we have been wont to regard as essential is in reality little more than routine."

This is, indeed, a very accurate way of stating some of the most important advantages to be derived from foreign travel. The sense of newness which is experienced on all sides; the break in the routine of daily life; the "new standpoint" from which to judge men and things—all are present to those who go abroad, especially for the first time; and although I trust my readers will not be classed under the heads of either "unintelligent" or "uninquiring," yet they will be ready to acknowledge the really great educational power which travelling, especially foreign travelling, possesses.

To come to more practical matters, however. I have tried in earlier chapters to give some hints respecting expenses, equipment, use of time, etc., so we will now assume my readers to be informed on these points—to have their purses filled, their portmanteaus packed, their time duly apportioned.

Tastes differ so much that it is hard to know what to suggest first in the way of a proposed tour. Some persons wish entirely for the beauties of nature, and do not care for cities, churches, and galleries; others go abroad chiefly to view the latter; but I should say the majority of my readers would wish to have the two blended judiciously together.

So much is written respecting foreign travel nowadays, both in book-form and in the magazines, that tourists have plenty of information respecting foreign places given them in a much more palatable form than the ordinary guide-book. Not that a guide-book is by any means unnecessary, for all of us know that it would be extremely unwise to venture abroad without a book containing accurate information respecting hotels, routes, etc. The books of the kind I allude to are generally pleasantly-written sketches of various summer tours, like Mrs. Macquoid's "In the Ardennes," or the interesting and beautifully-illustrated article on Brittany which recently appeared in the *English Illustrated Magazine*. These and such-like books and articles are very pleasant and useful reading before starting on a tour to the country they describe.

Of shorter tours, such as may be accomplished in from ten days to a fortnight, and entailing but a modest expenditure of money, I might suggest a run in Belgium, a country full of historical and artistic interest, and by no means devoid of natural beauty. Belgium makes a capital holiday ground for a short tour, either early or late in the season—an Easter or Whitsuntide excursion, or in the end of September, when it is too late in the year for Switzerland—the reason chiefly being that most of the objects of interest are in the cities, and, as I remarked in a previous chapter, the cool weather is the pleasantest for "doing" cities and galleries. In addition to this, Belgium is so well provided with railways that one is not exposed to the risks of

wet and cold, which, in a land where coaches have to be used, must often be met.

The following outline tour will give you a very fair idea of what Belgium is, and could be accomplished without much fatigue in about a fortnight from London. It is possible to get a ticket for the whole journey in London, which will save some trouble, but it is not necessary for those who possess the very slightest acquaintance with French, and besides, in the short journeys between towns, the tourist can easily travel third class, and so save considerably, the tickets to be had in London being, I believe, only first and second class.

It will be seen I have made the return home from a different port than that at which you land, but it is very easy to change this, and to return home again the same way as you came, which is somewhat cheaper.

The outline I would suggest is as follows:—London, Harwich to Antwerp, Brussels, with a visit to Waterloo (if visited by train, go to the station of Braine l'Alleud, not Waterloo, as it is quite a short walk to the Lion Mound, from which you can have a splendid view of the field). Brussels to Louvain, Liège, Namur; thence up the valley of the Meuse to Dinant and Givet. [Or Namur to Jemelle (on the line to Luxembourg), and thence to Han-sur-Lesse, with its celebrated cavern, and Han to Dinant.] Mons, Courtrai, Ghent; and Bruges, Ostend, Dover, London.

Of course, what I have said as to the time to be occupied in the above is merely what it can be done in by those who are strong and able to bear fatigue, but three weeks or a month might with pleasure be spent in the above, as there are numbers of small excursions to be made here and there, which will often repay the time spent.

The reader must, of course, remember I am only giving mere outline tours, which can easily be either shortened, lengthened, or combined with more extended ones. Those given here do not profess for a moment to exhaust all that is to be seen in the country mentioned, but are only a few samples of what may be done in the way of a tour, so that they may prove useful to those who purpose visiting the countries indicated. I will give, therefore, a few more outlines, like that in Belgium mentioned above, many of which I have tried myself, and have found to be most interesting.

Here is one which will run chiefly through the western portions of the German empire. All the tours given are assumed to start from London, unless otherwise stated:—

London to Köln, either viâ Flushing and across Holland, a quick but uninteresting route; or, better still, viâ Brussels, which may be reached from Harwich, or Dover and Calais. Brussels to Aachen (Aix-la-Chapelle). The Münster at Aachen should by no means be passed unvisited, with all its memories of Karl the Great. The fine historical paintings of Rethel in the Kaisersaal of the Rathhaus should also be noted. Aachen to Köln. This being not a chapter of a guide book, it is unnecessary to say anything of the sights to be visited in that famous city, with its, at last, completed Dom. From Köln or Bonn, up the Rhein by steamer to Bingen or Maintz; Maintz viâ Worms to Heidelberg. This way is much to be preferred to going viâ Darmstadt, as Worms has a noble cathedral, and the city recalls such striking scenes in the eventful life of the great Saxon reformer. The Luther monument erected there about eighteen years ago is worth seeing.

Heidelberg, back by rail to Coblentz, and then by steamer, if it runs, or by rail to Trier (Trève). Trier is a most interesting town, and has some very fine Roman remains, said to be the finest in the northern parts of Europe, the Porta Nigra being very well worth visiting. Trier by rail to Luxembourg, once a great fortress—a most curiously situated town, which nature, as well as man, made a stronghold.

From Luxembourg you can return through Brussels to England by any of the ways I have given. This tour will give the traveller a very good idea of the country about the Rhein, which abounds so much in historical associations and legendary lore, and is also so rich in natural beauty.

It is perhaps as well, while we are dealing with it, to give some more tours in Germany, and to reserve the "playground of Europe" to another chapter.

The next example will be a North German one. Here the distances to be travelled are considerable, and therefore it is naturally more expensive than a tour nearer home; but, with due regard to economy, it need not prove a very extravagant one.

London to Hamburg by sea, or, if from the north of England, Hull or Grimsby to Hamburg. To reach Hamburg by the overland route from London or Rotterdam is, of course, much more expensive. Hamburg is a charming city, very prettily situated, though the country around is flat. The two lakes, the Binnen and Aussen Alster, which are almost inclosed by the town, give it a very bright look in summer. Hamburg to Lübeck and back. Lübeck should certainly be seen by those who are at Hamburg, as it is quite near, and can easily be visited in a day. It is a delightful old town, quite, or nearly, as much a bit of the Middle Ages as Nürnberg. Hamburg to Berlin and Potsdam. Berlin to Dresden, with a couple of days in the so-called Saxon "Switzerland." A beautiful district, nevertheless, and abounding in most wonderful rock scenery. Dresden to Leipzig, Weimar, Eisenach, Cassel, Köln, and home viâ Flushing or Brussels. This tour gives a very good idea of North Germany, and for the art student, either of music or painting, will be a most attractive one.

The same may be said of the following outline in South Germany.

London, Köln, Maintz, Würzburg, Nürnberg. At Nürnberg a week might be spent with pleasure by those who have plenty of time, as it is one of the most delightful of the old German towns, and one upon which Time has laid his hand much more tenderly than in other places. Its artistic treasures are well worth seeing: especially the works of Vischer and Adam Krafft, not forgetting the mighty Albrecht Dürer.

From Nürnberg to Regensburg (Ratisbon), the city of the nobles, as Nürnberg was of the burghers. The celebrated Walhalla is within an easy drive of Regensburg, and will of course be visited. The victories by Rauch are among the finest works of their kind to be seen anywhere. Those who, when at Regensburg, would like to have a few days in a beautiful forest region, can follow the main line to Vienna as far as Deggendorf, a short distance from Regensburg; and there take the recently-opened line, through the Böhmer Wald, as far as Zwiesel, which is a small village in the very heart of it. Near Zwiesel are two of the highest mountains in Germany, the Arber and the Rachel; the former is 4,783 feet, and the latter 4,770 feet in height. All around here is a most beautiful forest district, with beech and oak plentifully interspersed to relieve the monotony of the fir. The district is watered by the upper branches of the Regen, which joins the Danube at Regensburg. Round Zwiesel are delightful walks and drives through the forest. The railway line which connects Pilsen and Deggendorf is a remarkable piece of engineering, and has some wonderful curves and tunnels. On each train they have an "*Aussicht Wagen*," like those on the Black Forest line, from which a good view of the country can be obtained. Near Zwiesel much of the beautiful Bavarian glass is manufactured.

From Deggendorf you can proceed to Munich, and thence to Augsburg and Ulm, both most interesting old towns; and passing through a charming piece of country, the home of the great Hohenstaufen family, which gave Europe some of its most famous Emperors, reach Stuttgardt, and thence return to England by Heidelberg or Strasbourg.

This tour, like the one which went before, will, to do it comfortably, take about a month, but longer than that may well be spent by those who wish to make themselves well acquainted with the old cities which lie along the route, and the art treasures of Munich.

THOMAS B. WILLSON.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

WATERWITCH is quite right about the deafness. She is anxious that we should mention an improvement society for six hours a week practising, and half an hour's reading per day. Address the secretary, Miss E. L. Few, Seal Vicarage, Sevenoaks, Kent.

W. H. CARTER (Auckland, N. Z.) kindly writes to us to say that he thinks there is a very poor chance at present for governesses in that colony, and that they should not be induced to leave England. The only persons that have a chance are general servants, whose wages vary from 12s. to 14s. per week.

CLARA.—Certainly it would be a very good plan to take lessons in book-keeping, but we do not give private addresses. You will have to learn to write much better, and to spell more correctly. You spell "their" "there." You are not qualified for a situation as a nursery governess.

HOUSEKEEPING.

ANNA MARIA.—Jam should be covered while hot, in which case it is said to keep perfectly good. We cannot help you about the game.

MYRTLE.—Wash the pink gingham in tepid water with no soda. If a good dress you had better send it to a cleaner's.

GERALDINE M. JONES, J. S.—Steel grates rust easily in a damp atmosphere. They should be cleaned with sweet oil when rusty, which should be rubbed well in, and in forty-eight hours afterwards rub well with finely powdered unslacked lime, until the rust disappears. To prevent rust on steel articles, use a varnish composed of fat oil varnish, four-fifths of well rectified spirits of turpentine; apply with a sponge. Steel may also be cleaned from rust, after the use of the sweet oil, with fine emery powder.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LANCASHIRE LASS.—Write for the index to our publisher, Mr. Tarn. The Editor has nothing to do with selling the books.

A. R. W.—Hastings would be a mild place, and cheerful likewise; but you should take rooms under the shelter of the cliff. You might have a game of chess in the evening.

IVY.—The passage you quote, Isa. xxv. 10, is explained thus:—Severe calamities inflicted on nations as punishments are often compared in Holy Scripture to the Oriental method of threshing corn and straw, (see 2 Kings xiii. 7, Amos i. 3, Hab. iii. 12, and compare these passages with Isa. xxi. 10, and xli. 15, and Dan. ii. 35.) The original verb does not signify to be "trodden down," but, as in the margin, "to be threshed" as the straw is threshed. Under the name of Moab, all the enemies of God's people are included, and, in a spiritual sense, all who oppose the kingdom of the Messiah. There were four methods of threshing—*i.e.*, by the flail, the drag, the wain, and the treading of the cattle, to which last method allusion is made in the passage you quote.

A POOR INVALID is thanked for the appreciation expressed of our paper in general, and the story, "Girls Together," in particular. No sequel to the latter has been projected.

ZOE TREVELLYAN does not repeat her questions, so we cannot now reply to them as we should have done. Her groundless complaint on behalf of some engraver friends of hers had better be made by themselves.

EDITH RITSON.—We do not give the private addresses of our contributors. The lady you name has not published any collection of poems in separate form.

ONE OF THE GIRLS.—Your trouble seems to be that, though you believe in Christ, you are not really living to Him. Examine carefully into your daily life and conversation, and see where you come short, and also where you can alter it so as to render more perfect service.

DARKIE and MURIEL.—"They also serve who only stand and wait," is from Milton's poem, "On his Blindness." For the meaning of Christian names, see our articles in the G. O. P., pages 39, 134, 235, 355, and 381, vol. iv.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

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COURTLEROY.

BY ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER XII.

INTRODUCTIONS.

"WE will have a whole holiday. You shall go your ways for once, and I will go mine," said Mimica to Miss Heath, when George appeared at Courtleroy early the following morning.

"*Madre* hopes you will go and see her while Mimi and I make personal acquaintance," added George, with a frank look into Miss Heath's illegible face.

For once Miss Heath returned the glance, and, meeting George's eyes, seemed irresistibly fascinated into a prolonged investigation of them. But a trouble stole over her face, and she quickly looked away. Mimica perceived this, and asked if she had discovered a likeness.

"Yes—no. Perhaps the brother I lost when a child," stammered Miss Heath.

George at once took her hand with that grace which sympathy imparts to the young for the sorrows of their elders.

"Will you let Mimi and me be your sister and brother?" he asked, simply. "We have only one another."

All the years that Mimica had known Miss Heath she had never said to her such caressing words as those.

"He takes in the sorrows of the world," she thought, while Miss Heath bent over him and kissed his forehead.

"I will go to Summerlands, and you can do as you will, Mimica," she said, hastily, and left the room.

Alone for once, unobserved by those cold eyes! this was happiness to Mimica; and to be with George, untrammelled by observation, and free from a presence which irritated her, she knew not why, was unspeakable bliss.

"Let us make the most of it," she exclaimed. "Where shall we go first?"

"I should like to see the house, then the grounds and all the people," replied George.

Mimica laughed, as she said the house was poor compared to Summerlands, and the people few. Still, she wished to show him everything on the chance of his arousing some interest in her uncle, for she knew that if he wrote to him, his natural, truthful, and often remarkable words might awake dormant feeling. Accordingly, she led him first through the wing she and Miss Heath tenanted, telling him how she had found every-

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"SHE SHOWED HIM ONE PARTICULAR CUPBOARD IN WHICH WERE HER DOLLS AND PLAYTHINGS."

where traces of her mother. She showed him one particular cupboard in which were her dolls and playthings, treasured there still with filial affection. She occupied her mother's bedroom, and Miss Heath the apartment that had been appropriated to her when that mother's governess.

"It was *melancholy* at first," she said, "poking out all these dead relics; but it is tolerably cheerful now. This corridor was left to the last when my uncle was preparing for his bride, and was to have been refurnished during their wedding tour; but, fortunately for us, it was not begun when the marriage was so strangely interrupted. The housekeeper was very fond of dear mamma, and kept it tidy while the rest of the house was neglected, so that even her nursery remains. Here it is. I come and sit here sometimes, and used to call it my drawing-room. I think my uncle must have had a sort of tenderness for this wing, which makes me try to think better of him."

"Dear Mimi," said George, pressing Mimica's hand between both his, and surveying the faded carpet and chintz, and the old-fashioned child-pictures that covered the walls.

"We can scarcely screw money enough out of Searle to keep these rooms properly warmed," said Mimica, indignantly. "It seems incredible that one disappointment should make a man neglect his property like this. I should be too proud."

"It seems like fighting against God," said George.

"You are too wise for your years, Georgie. Come along," cried Mimica, hurrying down the passage.

She marshalled him through chambers innumerable, all of which were cold, damp, and cheerless. The furniture of each was handsome, but faded.

"I have been reading about old china lately," she said, holding up a large jug, "and here is a set that would yield a fabulous price. The house is full of it. If I had not a conscience, I should try to sell it."

They went downstairs, and through the principal rooms. They were only in worse condition than when Mimica first saw them. The dining-room looked especially dreary, but Mimica pointed out likenesses of her mother and uncle, which interested George. He said Mr. Le Roy's portrait was excellent, and again remarked on its likeness to Mimica.

"Never say that again if you love me, George," she said.

In the cheerful hall at last, where Mimica and Miss Heath received the few visitors who came to see them. Then out into the shrubberies and gardens.

"This was mamma's garden, and I keep it in order," said Mimica, pausing before a bright spot full of autumn flowers, and surrounded by shrubs and trees. "It is the only bit of real flower garden we have. I shall miss Horace Leste, for when he is at home he brings me cuttings, and helps me to dig and delve."

A shade passed over the young face.

"You like him best?" asked George, perceiving it.

"Next to you, I think; but I love all the Lestes. Come and see them."

They were away from the garden in a moment, through a high shrubbery of laurustinus and arbutus, into a clump of firs, then out upon the drive. Mimica walked as if she had not a moment to lose, saying they had so much to do and see that they should not go through it if they did not make haste. The lodge was now the prettiest house on the property, for the gardener had removed to it. Mimica nodded to his wife as she passed through the gates, and they were soon at the vicarage. It was no longer Leila who came to the door, but Helena, who had taken her place as parlour maid. Her arms were round Mimica's neck in a moment, and it was some time before she realised that her other visitor was the redoubted George Hope. She was about his age, and felt quite flustered at the introduction.

"Mimica has brought George Hope to see us," was, however, soon shouted through the house, and all its then inmates were shortly assembled to see the hero.

George was overwhelmed. He was not shy, but when he suddenly found himself face to face with so many strangers, who still were not strangers, for he knew them all from Mimica's descriptions, he felt somewhat disturbed. Mrs. Leste's loving, motherly welcome soon reassured him, and he became, as usual, equal to the occasion.

"You have come to console us for Horace's loss," she said, looking from Mimica to George.

"Yes, we shall miss him sadly," replied the girl, with a quiver of the tell-tale voice.

They were in the vicarage dining-room, or now more properly common sitting-room. The schoolroom was still upstairs. The house wore the same cheerful aspect as when Mimica was first welcomed by its numerous inmates, but they were changed. Mrs. Leste looked older and more careworn, though sweet and gentle as ever.

Barbara had grown from the girl into the woman, and was, perhaps, handsomer than in her girlhood. Laura had studied and taught until she was beginning to show lines between her eyebrows, which near sight probably helped to form, and the youngers were growing up quickly into the places their elders had filled, it seemed to the parents, but the other day. Preferment was slow to come, but always hoped for, and meanwhile Mr. Leste went happily on his way, a blessing to his parish, and himself blest in a cheerful, healthy, family, who were striving one by one to aid their parents as best they might. But for their example and companionship, Mimica would have been morbid and desolate indeed. Horace, as we have seen, was a sailor, and owed his appointment in the navy to Sir Joshua Carew; Dick, the second, was clever, and had won a scholarship, which, with other means, supported him at Oxford; while Octavius was fortunate enough to have succeeded Horace at the Charter House.

All who were at home were introduced to George, whose first impressions were favourable, and he could no more help judging by those impressions and the countenances of the people he saw than he could help his gifts of clear-sighted perception and natural truthfulness.

"Is Leila happy, Barbra?" Mimica inquired, when she saw that George was thus occupied.

"She would make herself happy anywhere, and she has twenty pounds a year, the first money any of us girls have earned," replied Barbara. "But it would have been better had she gone amongst strangers. Lady Helena is kind but exacting, and it is hard to eat humble pie amongst those whom you have known all your life."

"I am sure the lieutenant will be kind to her," suggested Mimica. "He is at home now on leave."

"Yes, of course," replied Barbara, a flush rising through her clear cheeks up to the broad, sensible brow.

Mimica always wondered why Barbara would never speak openly of Mr. Carew to her. On other subjects she was wont to talk freely, though Mimica seemed to her still but a cotemporary of her younger sisters, and scarcely a personal friend. Barbara was older than her years, and in common sense and capabilities of work and organisation might have been her mother's senior.

Much was said during the brief visit concerning an interchange of courtesies between the vicarage and Summerlands, and after due consultation with Mimica it was settled that Mr. and Mrs. Leste, and perhaps Barbara, should call the following day.

"We have so much to do; we have not a moment to lose," said Mimica, at which all her friends laughed, and declared they had never seen her so excited before.

"It is all George," she added, laughing herself. "I feel quite maternal."

When they left the vicarage, Mimica took George to see the poor people. She hurried him from house to house through the picturesque village, and it was soon apparent that George was much admired, and looked upon as the son of the rich tenants of Summerlands. He forced all the money he had in his pocket into Mimica's hand to give to a sick boy, and thus made her his almoner.

In the village they met Mr. Leste, Mr. Carew, and his brother, Bully Carew, as George called him. Mr. Leste welcomed George heartily, but not so the junior Carew. He scowled ominously when he saw his schoolfellow, and doubtless thought of various passages of arms in which George had always been victorious. But victors can afford to be generous, and George said, magnanimously—

"It seems odd to meet here, Carew; but I daresay you know that my foster parents have taken Summerlands, and I daresay I shall see you during the holidays."

"No, we don't know anything about Summerlands now that Lord and Lady Manville are not there," returned the other.

Meanwhile, Mr. Carew was talking to Mimica and Mr. Leste. He, like his father, Sir Joshua, was a general favourite, while his younger brother, who resembled Lady Helena, was equally disliked. His manners towards Mimica were restrained, she thought; and she knew that her uncle's late prohibition of all intercourse between them made her feel uncomfortable. More than this, it caused her to hurry away, instead of lingering as usual to speak to one whom she liked but seldom met.

"Miss Marmont is quite changed of late," said Mr. Carew to Mr. Leste, when Mimica disappeared. "She is a strange girl." He spoke with some irritation; then added, hastily, "Who is that handsome boy she has with her? I never saw such a face!"

"It is George Hope, the foundling!" cried his brother Herbert. "He is the greatest bully in our school."

"I hear he is brave as a lion, and chivalrous as all Christians should be," said Mr. Leste, looking hard at the real bully, who slunk behind his brother.

Mr. Carew was on his way to the vicarage, whither the trio proceeded together. He had entered the army soon after our introduction to him, but when at home was as intimate as ever with the Lestes, and more attentive to Barbara than Lady Helena liked.

CHAPTER XIII.

SEARLE, THE BAILIFF.

MR. SEARLE, the bailiff, or, as he wished to be called, steward of Courtleroy, was an important personage in that locality. He was what is termed a rising man. He had, in fact, risen from the house in the park, formerly occupied by men filling his situation, to one outside the village of some pretension and magnitude. He was originally lawyer's clerk in the firm of Messrs. Unit and Co., solicitors, employed by Mr. Le Roy, and having on more occasions than one made himself useful to that gentleman, was offered the post of bailiff on the Courtleroy property. The emolument being superior to what he received as clerk, he accepted the offer.

This was some little time before Mr. Le Roy's engagement to the Lady Margaret, Lady Helena Carew's sister, and when Mr. Le Roy overlooked his own property. When, however, that gentleman turned his back on Courtleroy, all his business, private and public, was transacted through Searle, in whom he had perfect confidence, or, to speak more accurately, through Searle and his former employers, Messrs. Unit and Co., solicitors, resident at the county town of Prestbury. Searle was a distant relative of the Units, and Mr. Le Roy trusted them all implicitly. Large as was the estate, both landed and funded, they had to manage, they were known to complain occasionally of the demands made upon it, both in town and country, but so long as Mr. Le Roy received the income he required he made no inquiries.

Mr. Searle had built his own house on a piece of land belonging to Courtleroy, for which he paid ground rent. It was not generally known how he had prevailed on Mr. Le Roy to grant it to him for an indefinite term of years, but it was patent to rich and poor that it belonged to him, and that he had named it Court House. It will be readily understood that, being a sort of middleman between landlord and tenant, master and servant, he was not popular. An angel would scarcely have been popular under similar circumstances. Nevertheless, he commanded an immense amount of outward respect, and to see Mr. Searle and his family on Sundays and all village festivities you would have thought him squire and his wife squiress.

It was to Court House that Mimica led George, when they left the village. Although it was outside the park, it was still in the confines of the estate, which joined Sir Joshua Carew's property further on. The house was built in the modern Elizabethan style, of red brick and stuccoed decorations, and looked out of place in the parish of Courtleroy, where farms and cottages were of the old-fashioned plaster and woodwork, so picturesque and homelike to sketcher or inhabitant.

"It is like a villa near London," said George, as he and Mimica stopped before a green gate, leading into a flower garden, laid out in modern fashion.

"It is *fifty* times as comfortable as Courtleroy," returned Mimica, irritably.

They walked up a broad gravelled path, and Mimica knocked at the door, declaring that she felt more afraid of that knocker than she would have been had it belonged to a palace. The door was answered by a serving-maid with smart ribbons in her cap, and Mr. Searle happening to be within, they were shown into what was called the drawing-room by his wife and daughters. Here was a piano, books, a table covered with innumerable photographic albums, and poked into a corner, according to modern device, other tables laden with ornaments; chairs easy and uneasy hidden by antimacassars of every variety of shade and pattern; walls covered with pictures that would not have charmed Mr. Prettyman, and whole sets of china suspended or on brackets; in short, most of the appliances of the modern show-room.

When Mr. Searle came in, Mimica rose and bowed stiffly, with a "Good morning, Mr. Searle." He bowed also, and stood before her. George thought it funny that she should bid him be seated in his own house, and wondered what could have changed his friend so suddenly from a natural girl into a proud woman. He was, however, not so much surprised when he examined Mr. Searle, and heard the conversation between him and Mimica. He took him in at a glance, as far as the outward man went, but could not read his nature either from his eyes or expression. He was a fine, portly-looking man, with a large head and broad, short face. He had a slightly turned-up nose, and immense ears, but his mouth and eyes were expressive, albeit he never looked anyone in the face. His voice and manner were singularly supercilious, but his bearing was that of a gentleman, and his language free from provincialism or bad grammar. He had been indeed tolerably well educated, and, but for lack of means, would have been a lawyer.

"I came to inquire if you have heard from my uncle, Mr. Searle," began Mimica. "I am particularly anxious to get the address of some member of my father's family."

"Mr. Le Roy does not know their address, Miss Marmont."

"Then I shall advertise. And about that bill, Mr. Searle. Mrs. Stone says she cannot possibly use less coal or provisions than she does; indeed, the house is tumbling to pieces, and for myself I will never ask for a penny again, if I go in rags."

Searle's low forehead was contracted almost into the nose, but his manner did not change.

"I will speak to Mrs. Stone on her business, Miss Marmont, and to Mr. Le Roy on yours. Everything passes through his hands, and I am only his agent."

"Miss Heath has not yet received her salary, and the gardener and coachman have made complaints about their wages lately. I promised to speak to you, Mr. Searle, since my uncle takes no notice of my letters."

"Mr. Le Roy has required more money than usual of late, madam, and this has delayed some payments. The times are bad, and the tenants are almost all in arrears. I have a difficult task to keep up two establishments without displeasing their master."

Searle laid a slight stress on the word "master," which annoyed Mimica.

"What do you mean by establishments, Mr. Searle? Courtleroy can scarcely be called one. But would you mind telling my uncle that now I am grown up I mean to inquire at the War Office about the pension I am told I ought to receive up to a certain age as the orphan of an officer killed in battle."

Mimica's voice trembled, and Searle's grew sharp.

"Would you allow me to make the application for you, Miss Marmont?" he asked, as if off his guard.

"I should be much obliged to you, Mr. Searle. But I have no money to pay if any is required."

"None would be needed, Miss Marmont."

George felt a strange wish that Mimica had chosen to write herself.

"All the tenants and the poor people ask me to write to my uncle," she continued; "but you know that would be useless. They say they cannot pay such high rent, and that repairs are needed everywhere. It is not that they complain of you, but of the absenteeism of my uncle. I wish he would come down and speak to them himself."

"I wish he would, Miss Marmont. It is hard upon me, who have to bear the blame as well as do the work and raise the money. Is this young gentleman trustworthy?"

Searle said the concluding sentence aside, while George, seated at a distance, was looking out of a window, feeling conscious that he was an interloper.

"Perfectly; he is my particular friend," replied Mimica.

"There is *padre*," exclaimed George. "May I run out and stop him?"

Searle, glad to put an end to the interview, rose and let George out of the front door, who ran quickly to the gate by which Mr. Prettyman was passing, and arrested him. They remained there while Mimica concluded her complaints. She found that she could not pour them out as readily when alone with Searle, as when George was present. Still, she would not lose her opportunity. She had a strong will, and had been so cowed by circumstances, that strength and weakness were continually opposing each other.

Miss Heath would never speak to Searle; had her salary ceased altogether she would not have applied to him for it, and as to Mrs. Stone, she had, as she expressed it, "brow beat him till she was tired, and got only insolence for her pains." Not that Searle was ever really insolent, only overbearing to those in his power. To Mimica he was ever perfectly behaved, and she had no fault to find with him personally, only on her uncle's account. Whether he attended to her petitions to that relative or not, she could never discover, though she occasionally fancied that matters were seen to of which she had spoken to him. She had long ceased to write to Mr. Le Roy, so no concessions could be made through her letters. Certainly her penetrating glance should have sufficed to influence any man, to say nothing of her occasionally scornful and always distant manner. She fixed her deep grey eyes upon his broad face all the time she was speaking to him, an inquisition he felt but never reciprocated. She wound up something in the following strain.

"You see, Mr. Searle, although I am much obliged to my uncle for what he has done for me, I wish to be independent. You may tell him so, and that *I mean to support myself.* I can no longer endure the life I have been leading."

"I will write exactly what you say, Miss Marmont."

Searle had been standing near the door since he returned to the room, and as she rose he held it open for her, and then followed her to the entrance gate with a view to opening that also. Here were Mr. Prettyman and George. The two men lifted their hats, and Mr. Prettyman addressed the bailiff.

"You have a nice place here. The first habitable box I have seen. Summerlands looks neglected, and as to Courtleroy, it must be a warren over-run with rabbits and rats."

Mr. Prettyman was on an exploring expedition. When unoccupied he was never happy without George, and had followed in his wake. He said that Miss Heath had consented to stay at Summerlands to dinner, and that Mimica was expected with George. She clapped her hands with glee, forgot Searle, and became a child again. They all retraced their steps towards Courtleroy, and again met the Carews coming from the vicarage. Mr. Leste was with them, and Mimica introduced Mr. Prettyman. He and Mr. Leste shook hands warmly.

"What have I done to offend you, Miss Marmont?" asked Mr. Carew of Mimica, while they were thus occupied, and George was making an effort at conciliating his juvenile foe.

"Me? Nothing," replied Mimica, who was quite straightforward. "But I believe there is some old quarrel between your family and —mine, I suppose—and I am to eschew the Carews for ever."

The young man frowned as she smiled. Glancing up at the vicarage, she saw several heads at the schoolroom window, Barbara's amongst them. She kissed her hand. Her companion glanced up also, and Barbara disappeared. He frowned again. He was a gallant officer, and liked to have all the young ladies at his feet.

"Which of us frightened bold Barbra away?" asked Mimica.

But the lieutenant made no reply. He turned, however, and walked by Mimica's side as far as Courtleroy Lodge, Mr. Leste accompanying Mr. Prettyman, and George and Herbert walking side by side.

"I say, Carew," began George, "let us be friends. This is such a happy place that I want to be friends with all the world."

"Then why do you take Percy's part against me?" asked Herbert Carew. "I hate him, and I daresay you'd do it again."

"I am sure I should, because he is weak and you are strong. He is coming to Summerlands soon."

"Summerlands! What business have you there? Mr. Prettyman isn't a gentleman!"

"You had better not say that again."

The eyes flashed, the fists doubled, and Georgie was the Irish Arab once more. But he governed himself, turned from the boy contemptuously, went to Mr. Prettyman's side, and took his arm. Doing so, he looked back at Mimica.

"She is red instead of pale. What has Carew's brother been saying to her?" he thought.

What indeed? Mimica did not understand, although her face flushed; but she made out so far as to perceive that he was anxious to reconcile the houses of Le Roy and Carew.

"Surely your uncle and my aunt, the one dead and the other as good as dead, need not come between you and me, Miss Marmont," he said. "We have not seen much of one another, but I think our respective reputations are patent to each of us. Yours, at least, is first rate."

"I am glad to hear it, but it does not yet reach that of Barbara Leste," replied Mimica.

Their eyes met, and his fell while the colour seen by George flushed her pale cheek. They reached the Lodge. Mr. Prettyman turned to ask Herbert to come and see George, adding that he hoped, also, to make Mr. Carew's acquaintance, who replied that he should do himself the pleasure of calling at Summerlands. Mr. Prettyman's hospitable nature always expanded in the country, and what with the fine air of that autumnal day, the cheery presence of Mr. Leste, and the consciousness of a big, half-inhabited house, he longed to invite the whole neighbourhood.

"I am so glad you asked that bully, *padre*," said George, when they had passed through the lodge gate and left their companions the other side. "I am longing to fight him."

"Why, my born pugilist?"

"Because he said you were not a gentleman."

"But his opinion does not hinder my being one, or make me a scoundrel."

Mimica interrupted this discourse by referring to her late interview with Searle, and George, with his customary truthfulness, said he was sorry to have been present.

She inquired why.

"Because you were not my Mimi, but a grand young lady. You were as upright as Miss Heath, and so like Mr. Le Roy."

"You are turning the tables, Master George. It is you who are mentor, not Miss Marmont," said Mr. Prettyman.

"I hope he will say exactly what he thinks," rejoined Mimica, with stately air.

It was now the lad's turn to grow red, but the little cloud soon passed off, and Mimica hurried them over the grass-grown, acorn-strewn drives towards the back entrance of Courtleroy. A bell rang out, and she laughed.

"That is my clock," she said. "It rings at seven to summon the workmen and rouse the establishment; at eight for the servants' breakfast; at nine for family prayers and the Le Roy meal; *twelve for the* workmen's dinner; one, for the servants' dinner; at two, luncheon; five, servants' something; half-past six, dressing; seven, dinner. You look surprised, but this goes on just as if there were a houseful of people, and Mrs. Stone declares solemnly it is in memory of grandmamma. She was very nervous, and when she lived here alone she used to have a pistol fired off from one of the windows every night at nine o'clock to frighten off the robbers."

Mr. Prettyman's hearty laugh resounded as they entered the deserted stable yard, and saw old Grant grooming the old pony.

"He is always rubbing him down," said Mimica, as the pony trotted up to her for the bread or apple she invariably carried.

It was pretty to see their mutual caresses, and hear her say, "I could not have lived but for poor old Shock and Grant," and to watch the old coachman hobble towards her.

"I be very rheumatic, sir," he apologised to Mr. Prettyman; "but Miss Marmont always cheers us up. She is the very double of her mamma. I've been coachman here going on for forty years."

"And he can drive just as well as ever, only I drive him now," cried Mimica. "Put on the harness, and I will drive you all to Summerlands."

No sooner said than done. In a short space Mr. Prettyman was seated in front of the antiquated pony-carriage, the coachman and George behind, and Mimica, reins in hand, and minus a whip, was *en route* for the great house.

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

THE MAN WITH SEVEN DAUGHTERS.

A man who had seven daughters wearing out shoe-leather for him, went to the cave of a wise old character and besought his advice as to how to bring them up.

"Marry them off," said the sage, "as soon as possible, and you can then break up housekeeping and go boarding among them."

After a few months the father returned to the cave, and his face had such a lonesome expression that the sage cried out—

"Ah! you must follow my advice to learn wisdom."

"The trouble is that I did follow it, but instead of having seven places to board at, I have seven sons-in-law to board on me."

BEWARE!—Vice is most dangerous when it puts on the semblance of virtue.

IN ADVERSITY.—There is in every true woman's heart a spark of heavenly fire which lies dormant in the broad daylight of prosperity, but which kindles up and beams and blazes in the dark hours of adversity.—*Irving.*

WOMEN IN MUSIC.—Music has an unlimited number of notable syrens and lady instrumentalists, but not one original female composer has yet made her appearance.—*Haweis.*

WITH NEW ACQUAINTANCES. — What makes us like new acquaintances is not so much a weariness of our old ones or desire for change, as disgust at not being sufficiently admired by those who know us too well, and the hope of being more so by those who do not know so much of us.—*La Rochefoucauld.*

A LUCKY DAY.—New Year's Day in China is for certain things the day of luck. According to Chinese belief, you may on this day in almost any year present religious offerings or vows to heaven, put on full dress, fine caps, and elegant attire, make matrimonial matches, pay calls, get married, set out on a journey, order new clothes, commence repairs to a house, lay foundations, or raise up the framework of a building, set sail, enter into business contracts, carry on commerce, collect accounts, pound, grind, plant, and sow.

DILIGENT PRACTISING.—On the subject of practising, Von Bülow, the eminent pianist, is reported to have said, in words, indeed, which have been attributed to several great professional players, "If I stop practising for one day I notice it in my playing; if I stop two days my friends notice it; if I stop three days the public notice it."

GOD'S PLOUGH. — The frost is God's plough, which He drives through every inch of ground in the world, opening each clod and pulverising the whole.

WHAT IS LIFE?—Life, at the greatest and best, is but a froward child, that must be humoured and coaxed a little till it falls asleep, and then all the care is over.—*Goldsmith.*

SAVE WHILE YOU MAY.

With an economical wife at the head of a house much can be accomplished. The idea of saving is a pleasant one; and if wives imbibed it once they would cultivate it and adhere to it, and thus, when they are not aware of it, they would be laying the foundation of a competent security in a stormy time and shelter on a rainy day.

The wife who sees to her own house has a large field to save in. The best way for her to comprehend it is to keep an account of all current expenses. Probably not one woman in ten has an idea how much is the expenditure of herself and family. Let the housewife take the idea and act upon it, and she will save something where before she thought it impossible.

ANSWER TO ACROSTIC (p. 317.)

1. TeneriffE (*a*)
2. HegirA (*b*)
3. OdoaceR
4. MemeL (*c*)
5. ArnO
6. SuvarofF
7. WaleS
8. EgreT
9. NilometeR (*d*)
10. TasmaniA
11. WooF
12. OlaF
13. ReggiO (*e*)
14. TrafalgaR
15. HertforD (*f*)

Thomas Wentworth Earl of Strafford

(*a*) The Canary Islands were known to the ancients as the Fortunate Islands.

(*b*) The Hegira or Flight of Mohammed from Mecca to Medina, A.D. 622, is the epoch whence Mohammedans compute their chronology.

(*c*) The convention of Memel, 1807, imposed more rigorous conditions on Prussia than even the Treaty of Tilsit had done.

(*d*) An instrument placed on the island of Philœ, 6 miles south of Assouan, to measure the height of the Nile in its annual overflow.

(*e*) In Modena. Here were born Ludovico Ariosto, author of the "Orlando Furioso;" and Antonio Allegri, surnamed "Correggio," whose "Penitent Magdalene" is considered the most exquisite female figure ever painted.

(*f*) The Hart's Ford. The castle was often the residence of John, King of France, while he was the Black Prince's prisoner in England: and David, King of Scotland, was also a captive there about the same time.

A WIDOW BIRD SATE MOURNING.

Words by SHELLEY. *Music by* MAUDE VALÉRIE WHITE.

Con leggerezza.

PIANO. *p*

Con tristezza.

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rall.

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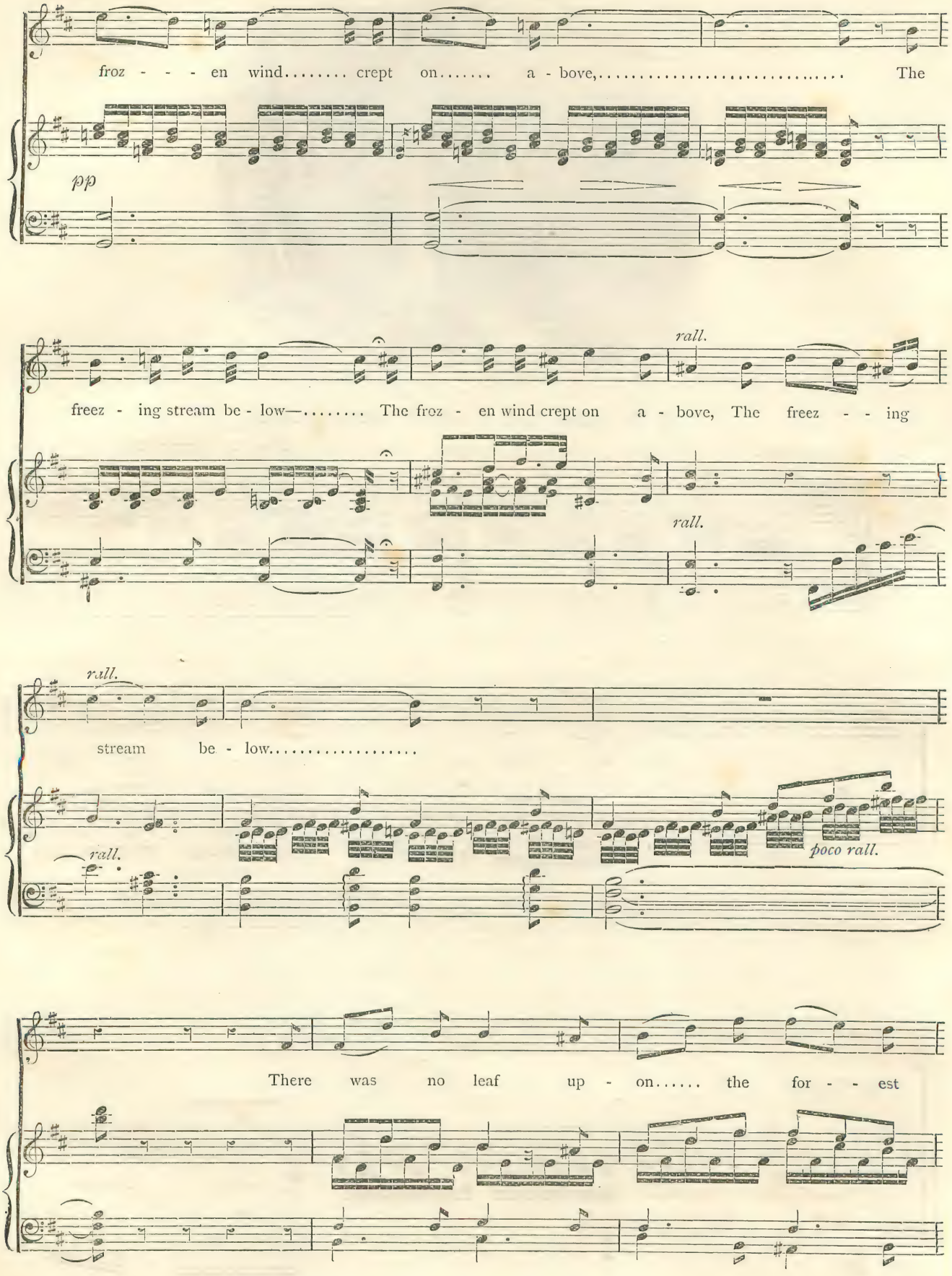
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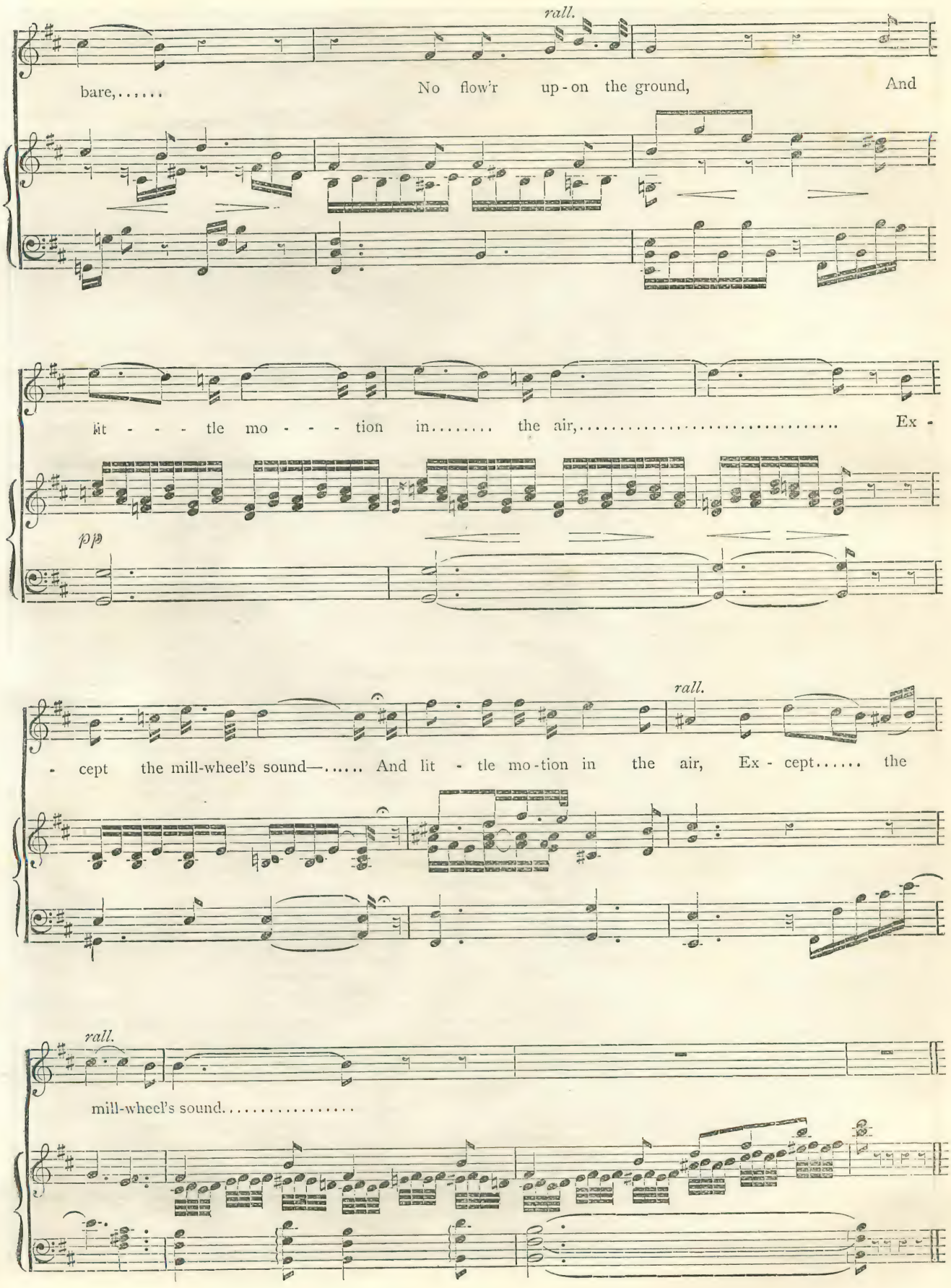
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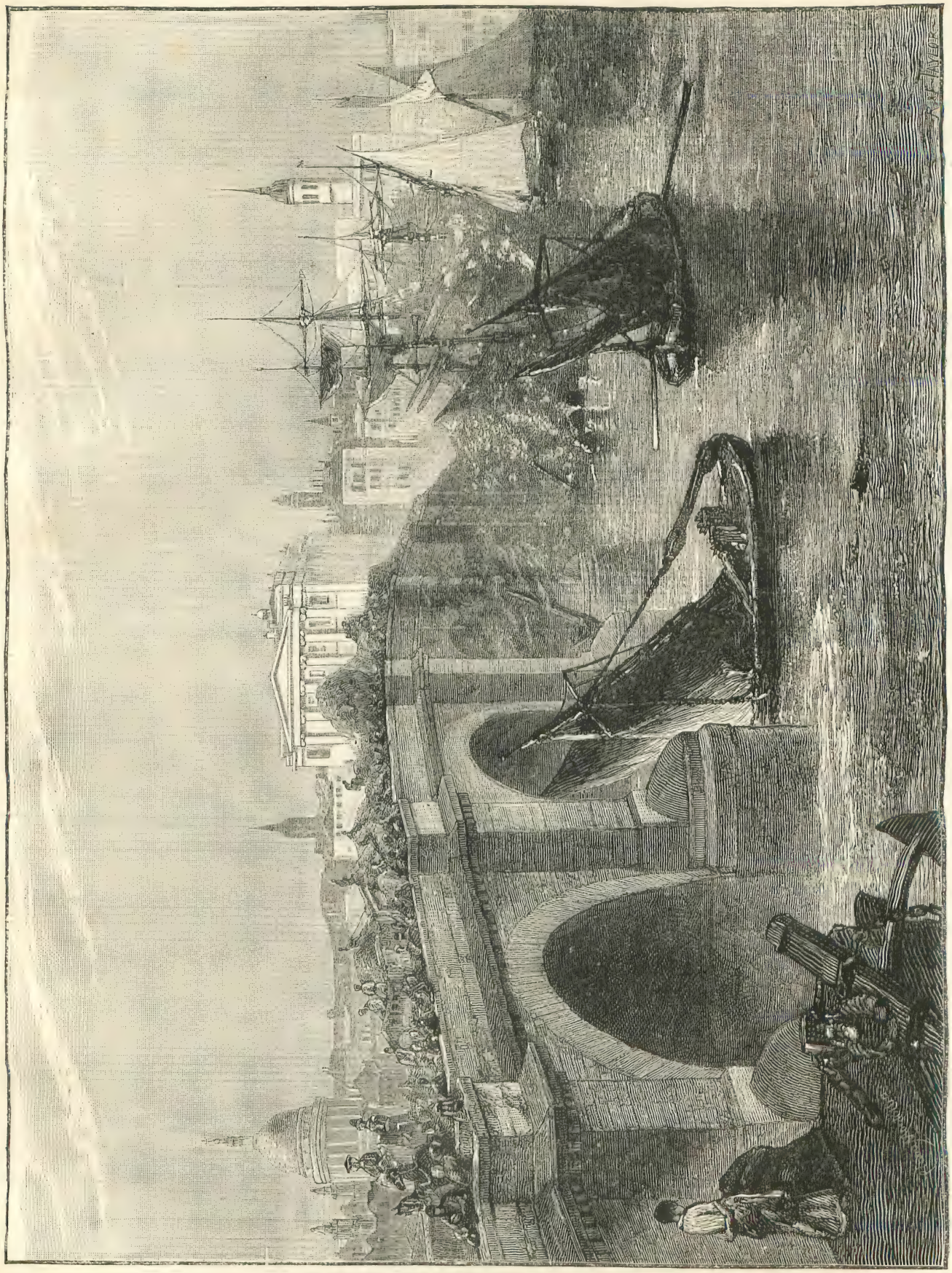


LONDON BRIDGE.

A GIRL'S RAMBLES THROUGH HAUNTED LONDON;

OR,

ANECDOTES OF THE STREETS OF THE GREAT METROPOLIS.

By JAMES AND NANETTE MASON.

V.—From the Bank to the Tower.

We start from the headquarters of the "Old Lady of Threadneedle-street." This has long been a popular name for the Bank of England, but its origin, like that of a great many similar names, is obscure. According to Dr. Brewer, the Bank was so called by William Cobbett because, like Dame Partington, the directors tried with their brooms to keep back the Atlantic waves of popular progress. "The White Lady of Threadneedle-street" refers to another matter, and reveals one of the romantic stories connected with this national banking-house. Many years ago there was a clerk here who lived in Finsbury with a sister to whom he was much attached. In an evil hour the young man found himself pressed for money, and to get out of his difficulties he forged the signature to a transfer-warrant. Justice overtook him, and he was tried and hanged, as was the law in those days.

This was too heavy a blow for his sister, and her reason gave way. For the rest of her life she dressed in white, and came every day to the Bank at twelve o'clock. On entering the building she asked the clerks at the pay-counter—

"Has my brother come yet?"

"No, miss," they would say; "not yet."

"When he comes," she would reply, "give him my love and say I shall call again to-morrow."

The first forger of bank-notes was a Staffordshire linendraper called Vaughan, who, about the middle of the eighteenth century, manufactured twenty of them as an episode in his courtship. His object was to persuade the lady whose affections he wished to gain that he was a man of means; and, with that in view, he deposited with her a small parcel of counterfeit notes. The effect was not what the foolish fellow anticipated; there was a speedy end put both to his love making and his life, for he was hanged on the 1st of May, 1758.

Proceeding by King William-street, we reach the Monument, erected to commemorate the Great Fire of 1666, by which so much of old London was destroyed. The top of the Monument is now caged in, but it was not so originally. It was only inclosed after a girl named Jane Cooper, a servant at Hoxton, had committed suicide by diving head foremost from that great height—over two hundred feet—in August, 1842. Why she did so is not known. Three years before, another young woman, Margaret Meyer, the daughter of a baker, had made an end of herself in the same way. She had had her troubles, poor girl! Her mother was dead, her father was bedridden, and it had become necessary that to seek a livelihood she should go out into the world, of which she had a nervous dread.

No one can visit London Bridge without remembering "Old Moll," the ferryman's daughter, whose generosity first put on a satisfactory footing the means of communication between the north and south sides of the river. A ferryboat originally plied here, but "At length," says Stow, "the ferryman and his wife deceasing, left the same ferry to their only daughter, a maiden named Mary, which, with the goods left her by her parents, as also with the profits rising from the said ferry, builded an house of sisters in place where now standeth the east part of St. Mary Overy's Church, above the quire, where she was buried, unto which house she gave the oversight and profits of the ferry."

The house of sisters became in time a college of priests, who improved upon the ferry by erecting a timber bridge, and after a while "by the aid of citizens and others, a bridge was builded with stone."

In the sixteenth century it was built over with houses; indeed, there were stately and beautiful tenements on either side, making the bridge like a continuous street.

One of these houses was inhabited by William Hewet, a well-to-do clothworker. When Hewet's daughter Anne was only a few years old, she was playing with her nurse at a window that looked out on the river Thames. The nurse had her in her arms, and by accident let the child fall into the river.

A young lad, an apprentice called Osborne, saw what had happened, immediately leaped into the river, and by good fortune saved the life of the little girl.

Anne grew up, and her father, now knighted and with an income estimated at £6,000 a year, was made Lord Mayor of London. Suitors for the hand of the rich heiress came in plenty, amongst them the Earl of Shrewsbury, and many others distinguished in the world of fashion. They were all refused. The successful suitor for Sir William's only daughter was the apprentice who had fished her out of the Thames.

"Osborne saved her," said the father, "and Osborne shall have her."

They were married, and Osborne came in his turn to be Lord Mayor in 1583. He was the direct ancestor of the first Duke of Leeds.

During the late days of old London Bridge, the houses on the bridge were chiefly inhabited by pinmakers, and it was a fashionable amusement with the ladies of the period to drive there to buy their pins.

We reach the most easterly point of our pilgrimage when, leaving London Bridge and passing along Lower Thames-street, we arrive at the Tower. This, of all buildings in the metropolis, is the one which shelters the greatest crowd of thrilling recollections.

So many of the tragedies of English history have had an ending here that the mention of the Tower seems at first to suggest little more than treason and imprisonment, with the scaffold in the background, and the executioner's axe—"that sharp remedy for all diseases." The Tower, however, was for many a day used as a palace where our monarchs "kept open house and frank resort," and where the royal court and even parliaments were held. From the Tower all processions and pageants generally proceeded, whether it was to a tournament or to a coronation; indeed, with the exception of Charles I., all the sovereigns of England, from Richard II. to James II., went from the Tower to Westminster to be crowned.

One of the most splendid of the coronation pageants that started from the Tower was that of Elizabeth. She had been brought there a prisoner not many years before, during the reign of her predecessor, Mary, who had suspected her of treason. On that occasion she entered by the Traitor's Gate on the river side. As she stepped on shore, we are told, she cried out indignantly, "Here landeth as true a subject, being a prisoner, as ever landed at these stairs, and before Thee O God I speak it, having no other friend but Thee."

Proceeding up the steps she suddenly seated herself, and being pressed by the lieutenant to rise, she answered, "Better sit here than in a worse place; for God knoweth, and not I, whither you will bring me."

When, in happier times, on the death of Mary, Elizabeth came here before her coronation, she alighted from her palfrey at the Middle Gate of the fortress that had once been her prison, and, falling on her knees, offered up to Almighty God, who had delivered her from a danger so imminent, a solemn and devout thanksgiving for an "escape as miraculous," as she herself expressed it, "as that of Daniel out of the mouth of the lions."

Henry VIII. brought his wife, Catherine of Arragon, to the Tower after her coronation, and in 1530, being tired of Catherine, he brought to the same place a younger and fairer bride in the person of Anne Boleyn. The pomp of Anne's reception has seldom been surpassed. She came there by water on the 29th of May, 1533, and was received by the king at the postern of the Tower. The lord mayor and his civic train, arrayed in scarlet with large gold chains about their necks, had escorted her in their gay barges from Greenwich, and she stepped on shore "amidst the great melody of trumpets and divers instruments, and a mighty peal of guns." On the following day she proceeded from the Tower to Westminster arrayed in silver tissue, and a mantle of the same lined with ermine, her dark tresses flowing down her shoulders, and her head encircled with precious rubies.

Anne was destined to suffer death at the hands of the executioner amidst the scenes which had witnessed her former splendour. Whether she was guilty or innocent of the charges brought against her, no one now can say. All traces of evidence have vanished, and the judgments of historians, it has been well observed, "seem influenced pretty much by the bias of the individual writers."

She was executed on the 19th of May, 1536, on the green outside the chapel of St. Peter ad Vincula, in the inner ward of the Tower. "The queen was beheaded with a sword, according to the French manner, by an executioner brought specially from Calais. With her own hands she took the coifs from her head and gave them to her ladies; then, putting on a little cap of linen to cover her hair withal, she said, 'Alas! poor head, in a very brief space thou wilt roll in the dust on the scaffold!' She addressed a few words to the spectators and to her ladies, and then knelt down.

"And thus, without more to say or do, was her head stricken off, she making no confession of her fault and only saying, 'O Lord God, have pity on my soul!' Suddenly the hangman of Calais smote off her head at one

stroke with a sword. Her body, with the head, was buried (in a common chest of elm made to keep arrows in) in the choir of the chapel in the Tower."

The scene at the execution is thus graphically described by Mr. Froude:—"A little before noon on the 19th of May, Anne Boleyn, Queen of England, was led down to the green, where the young grass and the white daisies of summer were freshly bursting in the sunshine. A little cannon stood loaded on the battlements; the motionless cannoneer was ready with smoking lintstick at his side, and when the crawling hand upon the dial of the great Tower clock touched the mid-day hour, that cannon would tell to London that all was over. The yeomen of the guard were there and a crowd of citizens, the Lord Mayor, too, and the deputies of the guilds, and the sheriffs and the aldermen; they were come to see a spectacle which England had never seen before—a head which had worn the crown falling under the sword of the executioner."

In the Brick Tower Lady Jane Grey was imprisoned. From the window of this tower before she was herself taken to the scaffold, she saw the lifeless body of her husband pass by in a cart from Tower-hill, and exclaimed—

"Oh, Guildford, Guildford! the ante-past is not so bitter that thou hast tasted, and which I shall soon taste, as to make my flesh tremble. It is nothing compared with that feast of which we shall partake this day in heaven."

When she got to the scaffold the executioner was going to assist her, but she desired him to let her alone, and turned to her two gentlewomen, who took off the necessary attire. He then asked her to stand on the straw, which she did, saying—

"I pray you despatch me quickly."

As she knelt she asked, "Will you take it off before I lay me down?"

"No, madam," said the executioner.

"Then," says Holinshed, "she tied the handkerchief about her eyes, and feeling for the block, she said, 'Where is it? Where is it?' One of the standers-by guided her thereunto, and she laid down her head upon the block and stretched forth her body and said, 'Lord, into Thy hands I commend my spirit.'"

The aged Countess of Salisbury, the last lineal descendant of the Plantagenets, was brought to the scaffold here in the reign of Henry VIII. Her demeanour was very different from that of the gentle Lady Jane. She flatly refused to lay her head on the block, and rushed round and round the platform, her white hair streaming in the wind, till she was hewn down by the executioner.

During the same reign, but a little earlier in point of time, an affecting scene was witnessed at one of the entrances to the Tower when Sir Thomas More was brought back after the trial at which he was condemned to death. His devoted daughter, Margaret, who had been watching unrecognised amid the crowd, burst through the guards, and flinging herself on his neck, besought his blessing.

She was forced away from him, but a second time she made her way to him and threw her arms about him with cries of "Oh my father, my father!" the very guards being melted to tears.

Sir Thomas, "remitting nothing of his steady gravity, gave her his solemn blessing, and besought her to resign herself to God's blessed pleasure, and to bear her loss with patience."

After his execution the head of Sir Thomas More was, in conformity with the sentence, exposed for fourteen days on London Bridge, and would have been cast into the Thames had it not been purchased by this devoted daughter. On Margaret's death the head of her unfortunate parent was, say some, interred lying in her arms; according to others it was placed in a leaden box and laid on her coffin.

It was in the Tower that Lady Arabella Stuart died, the victim of grief; thus closing a life which "presents a series of romantic incidents and disasters scarcely surpassed even by the career of her celebrated relative, Mary, Queen of Scots." She had excited the jealousy and wrath of Queen Elizabeth, and fell under the displeasure of her successor, James, for no other crime than that of marrying the man she loved, William Seymour, son of Lord Beauchamp.

For his presumption in allying himself with a member of the royal family, Seymour was committed to the Tower, whilst his wife was detained a prisoner in the house of Sir Thomas Parry, in Lambeth. The two managed to escape, and Seymour made his way into Flanders. The vessel conveying the luckless Arabella was, however, overtaken off Calais Harbour, and she was conveyed back to London and lodged in the Tower, and there she remained to the end of her days.

She met with no favour in confinement; it seems that she was even deprived of necessary comforts. In a letter to Viscount Fenton she entreats him to tell the king of her "most discomfortable and distressed state," and in another part of the letter, which she had afterwards cancelled, she complains that she cannot get anything but ordinary diet, and that unfit for a person suffering under sickness, as she was.

It was in vain that she presented memorials to the king and sought the good offices of the queen and of such of the nobility as she imagined had influence with his majesty. James I. was not the one to forgive either man or woman who had thwarted his will. The lowly character of Lady Arabella's entreaties may be seen from a fragment of one of her letters, preserved in the Harleian MSS.:—

"In all humility," she says, "the most wretched and unfortunate creature that ever lived prostrates itself at the feet of the most merciful king that ever was, desiring nothing but mercy and favour; not being more afflicted for anything than for the loss of that which hath been this long time the only comfort it had in this world; and which, if it were to do again, I would not adventure the loss of for any other worldly comfort. Mercy it is I desire, and that for God's sake."

A romantic incident in the history of the Tower is the escape from captivity of the Earl of Nithsdale. He was one of the unfortunate people condemned to death for attempting to place the Pretender on the throne in 1715. His wife was a heroic woman, and it was by her aid that he managed to get free.

The countess had done everything she could in his behalf by petitions to the king and appeals to her friends at court to use their influence. All her efforts proving unsuccessful, she resolved on a bold stroke, and contrived a plan by which her husband was to escape the vigilance of his gaolers.

By bribery she gained admittance. She persuaded Lord Nithsdale to dress in woman's clothes, which she had provided, and disguised him to the best of her ability. Then she led him past the guards.

"I went out," she says, in an interesting account she has left of how the plan was executed, "I went out, leading him by the hand, and he held his handkerchief to his eyes. I spoke to him in the most piteous and afflicted tone of voice, bewailing bitterly the negligence of Evans who had ruined me by her delay."

Evans was a confidential servant, who, the countess pretended, should have come to her some time before.

"'Then,' said I, 'my dear Mrs. Betty, for the love of God run quickly and bring her with you. You know my lodging, and if ever you made despatch in your life do it at present, for I am almost distracted with this disappointment.' The guards opened the doors and I went downstairs with him, still conjuring him to make all possible despatch. As soon as he had cleared the door, I made him walk before me, for fear the sentinel should take notice of his gait, but I still continued to press him to make all the haste he possibly could. At the bottom of the steps I met my dear Evans, into whose hands I confided him."

The countess then returned to her husband's room.

"When I was in the room," she continues, "I talked to him as if he had been really present, and answered my own questions in my lord's voice as nearly as I could imitate it. I walked up and down, as if we were conversing together, till I thought they had time enough to clear themselves of the guards. I then thought proper to make off also. I opened the door and stood half in it, but held it so closely that they could not look in. I bade my lord a formal farewell for that night, and added that something more than usual must have happened to make Evans negligent on this important occasion, who had always been so punctual in the smallest trifle."

Lord Nithsdale got safely away to France. The voyage to Calais was short and prosperous, and it has been recorded as remarkable that during the passage the captain exclaimed "that if his passengers were flying for their lives the ship could not have sailed quicker," little thinking that that was really the case. The countess, after passing through several adventures, rejoined her husband at Rome, and spent life there happily by his side for thirty-three years. She died in 1749, and her husband did not survive her loss more than five years.

As everyone knows, the Crown jewels are kept in the Tower, the regalia forming one of the most popular sights for every visitor to the great metropolis. In the reign of Charles II. the cool notion of stealing the crown of England came into the head of a Colonel Blood, and this is how he set about it:—

The Crown jewels were then under the care of a worthy old man called Talbot Edwards, and with Edwards and his family Blood contrived, as a first step, to become exceedingly friendly. When everything seemed on a good footing Blood proposed a marriage between Miss Edwards, an attractive girl, and a pretended nephew of his, and his account of the nephew and his prospects was so satisfactory that the Edwardses were eager for the young people to be introduced to each other.

It was arranged that the introduction was to be on a May morning in 1671; seven o'clock was the time fixed, for these were early-rising days compared with the present. Blood said he would not only bring his nephew, but two friends who had expressed a great desire to see the regalia, and to whom it would be a convenience to be admitted at that early hour, as they intended to leave town that day.

The morning dawned. The daughter got up betimes and put on her best dress to receive the young man, whilst the father went down to meet Blood and his companions. Blood arrived at the jewel-house with three more, "all armed with rapier blades in their canes, and every one of them with a dagger and a pair of pocket-pistols." Two of his companions entered with him, the third stayed at the door to keep watch.

Blood suggested that it would save time if they saw the regalia before paying their respects to the young lady, and no sooner was the door shut upon them, in accordance with the usual practice, than they laid hands on old Edwards and threatened to take his life if he made the slightest noise.

Edwards, however, bawled out "Help! treason! murder! thieves!" as loud as ever he could, so they struck him with a wooden mallet, and he fell stunned to the ground. On recovering consciousness a few minutes later, he heard them say they believed him to be dead, so, making up his mind that discretion was now the better part of valour, he remained quiet.

The three men set deliberately to work. Blood placed the crown under his arm so that it might be concealed by his cloak; one of his companions pocketed the orb and the most valuable jewel of the sceptre, and the other began filing the sceptre in two so that it might go into a bag they had thoughtfully provided.

But "the best laid schemes o' mice and men gang aft a-gley." Just as the three were busily occupied a son of Mr. Edwards fortunately arrived, accompanied by his brother-in-law, a Captain Beckman. They exchanged a word with the man who watched at the door, and then proceeded upstairs.

Blood and his companions thus interrupted rushed out of the jewel-house, bearing with them the crown and the orb; but the sceptre, which was not filed quite through, they had to leave behind.

Old Edwards now struggled to his feet shouting more vigorously than before, "Help! Treason! Murder!" The daughter, in her best dress, rushed into the court and cried out, "They have stolen the crown!" Her brother and his companion ran as hard as they could after the robbers, and the whole Tower was soon in commotion.

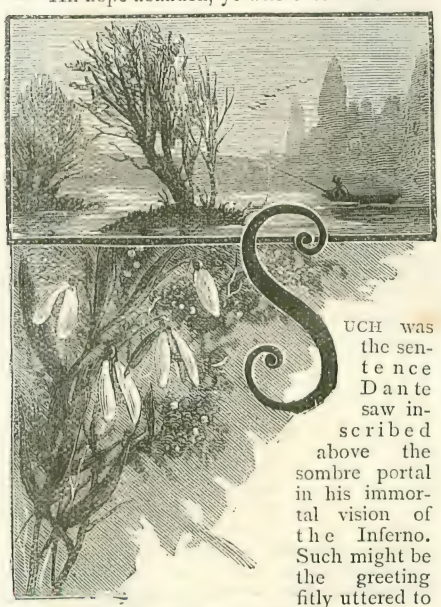
The robbers reached the drawbridge without hindrance; there the warder interrupted them, but he was got the better of. They then hurried on till they reached the wharf, and were making for St. Katherine's Gate, when Captain Beckman made up on them. A pistol was discharged at the Captain's head, but he escaped injury by stooping, and immediately laid hands on Blood, who struggled desperately. In the scuffle a few of the jewels fell from the crown, but all that were of any value were recovered and restored to their places. Blood and the man who had put the orb in his pocket were secured and lodged in the White Tower.

Blood, curiously enough, escaped punishment for this and other serious offences. It is said that he afterwards proved of considerable value to the Government in the mean capacity of spy and informer. Evelyn, not long after the date of the attempt on the crown, speaks of meeting him, and remarks on "his villainous, unmerciful look: a false countenance, but very well-spoken and dangerously insinuating."

(To be concluded.)

ELIZABETH OF SIBERIA; OR, PRASCOVIE LOPOULOFF.*

"Abbandonate ogni speranza, voi ch'entrate."
All hope abandon, ye who enter here.



SUCH was the sentence Dante saw inscribed above the sombre portal in his immortal vision of the Inferno. Such might be the greeting fitly uttered to the unhappy Russian convict who crosses the frontier into the vast unvaried plain of Siberia.

Long, long has been his journey from all his heart holds dear; and now those monotonous levels, with the Ural Mountains rising grimly behind him like a giant barrier, must be the area of his uncongenial work, the scene of his unpitied death.

Few, indeed, escape from banishment, but one who did so about forty years ago, Rufin Piotrowski, has thus described a gang of outward-bound exiles:—

"The convoys I saw extended in some instances over several versts† along the road. An armed Cossack preceded the melancholy procession; then came the prisoners chained in couples by the hands or feet; then single prisoners, with their feet chained together; behind these ten or more were secured to a long iron bar by their wrists; others followed in irons. The whole convoy was surrounded by soldiers, while mounted Cossacks guarded them on either side. Perfect silence generally reigned, interrupted only by the clanking of the fetters. Deep misery or utter despair was on every face, and tears rolled down the cheeks of many of the prisoners, who wept as they dragged themselves along."

Near the close of the last century, under the reign of the Emperor Paul Petrovitch, thousands of political exiles were sent to Siberia, and in such a convoy there might have been seen an officer named Lopouloff, his wife, and infant child. His birth, which was noble, probably exempted him from performing the journey on foot, a rough carriage, called a *kabitka*, serving as conveyance for the more privileged offenders. He would also have been considered fortunate by many unhappy wretches, inasmuch as he was not condemned to the horrors of the mines, or even to hard labour, and had his wife and child to share his doom. But Lopouloff had distinguished himself in the Ottoman campaign, and had expected promotion from his sovereign rather than disgrace. The decree of his banishment came upon him like a thunderbolt, and the cause, probably some unfounded suspicion, is even now unknown.

The village of Ischim, near the frontiers of Tobolsk, was the destination of this unhappy man; and with his wife and child he occupied a hut in the colony of prisoners there. A sum of ten kopecks a day, equalling about twopence of English money, was assigned to them by the Government as their daily allowance for food, and Lopouloff supplemented it by labouring in the fields during the four fertile months of the year, or performing such work as he could get in the village, while as his little girl grew up she earned a trifle by helping the washerwomen or farmers.

Ischim lies low on the banks of a river, and is often flooded. Situated in the depression of a vast tableland, it offers little attraction of natural beauty, and to the officer and his wife, accustomed to the luxury of life in St. Petersburg and association with the rich and great, their wretched cottage and the life of drudgery seemed almost intolerable. They gazed with breaking hearts at their daughter, for whom they had dreamed of a far different lot, and whose delicate hands seemed unfitted for the hard toil of a peasant life; but the little Prascovie, remembering no other home, was cheerful and contented. Her mother, as time went on, settled down into quiet resignation, but Lopouloff could not reconcile himself to the loss of his profession, and the separation from friends and comfort, with nothing around him but misery and squalor. He petitioned the Czar for a remission of his sentence, and with the sickness of hope deferred, looked ever in vain for an answer.

As Prascovie grew older, she began to notice and to wonder at the heavy cloud that brooded upon her father's spirit. One day she came suddenly back from the fields where she had been working, and discovered her parents giving way to an outburst of grief, which was only intensified at her appearance. In a passion of despair Lopouloff lamented that he had ever had a daughter, since he must needs see her degraded to a serf. Then, in reply to her anxious questioning, he told her, for the first time, all his sad story.

The girl was now fifteen, and must have possessed an unusual amount of courage, for the idea straightway took possession of her that she would go to St. Petersburg, and seek an interview with the Czar to implore her father's freedom.

To appreciate the seeming madness of such a project it should be remembered that sixteen hundred miles of road, crossing the Ural Mountains, lay between Ischim and St. Petersburg. Towns and villages were thinly scattered on the way, and military posts were stationed to intercept fugitives. Prascovie had no means of conveyance, and no money to procure any; during a great part of the year travelling for a lonely pedestrian would be impossible by reason of the snow and fierce cold. And these were only a few of the obstacles that attended any such scheme, for how should a poor peasant girl, without money or patrons, gain admission to the dread presence of the Czar of all the Russias?

But Joan of Arc and Prascovie were alike in one point: having resolved upon a course of unselfish action, to all appearance wild and impracticable, neither ridicule nor expostulation could divert them from their purpose; alike also in this: that religious zeal gave earnestness and enthusiasm to the process of maturing the design. Prascovie implored Heaven that she might succeed, and, like Joan of Arc, though in far different scenes.

* "Prascovie" is more generally known as Elizabeth of Siberia, after the heroine of Madame Cottin's romance, "Elisabeth, ou, les exilés de Sibérie." That story does not, however, profess to be a record of actual adventures, although the central incident is founded on fact. Count Xavier de Maistre, in "La Jeune Sibérienne" has told the story of Prascovie as it really happened, with much pathos and simplicity.

† A verst is five-eighths of a mile.

OFF TO EXILE.

she withdrew into the depths of a forest to meditate and pray.

At last, as her father sat by the cottage door smoking his pipe, she ventured to approach him with her scheme, and unfolded to him all that she had been dwelling upon in secret for months past. Lopouloff gazed at her in amazement, but let her finish what she had to say; then, taking the girl by the hand, he led her into the cottage, where her mother was preparing dinner.

"Wife," he said, in a tone of mock gravity, "I bring you good news. All our misfortunes are at an end, for here is a great lady who is going to St. Petersburg, and who will condescend to interest herself with the Emperor on our behalf."

"She had better attend to her work than talk such nonsense," quoth the mother, sharply. Then seeing that Prascovie was in earnest, and was crying bitterly, she kissed her. "Set the table for dinner, like a good girl, and then we will talk about going to St. Petersburg," said she.

One would have expected that the young girl, with her limited experience, and no knowledge of the Emperor, save as a tyrant ruling afar, and condemning multitudes to hopeless slavery, torture, or death, would listen to the voice of apparent reason, and abandon the scheme. She could not fail to hear continually of the long and dangerous way that took exiles twelve months to traverse, and no glimpse of encouragement could possibly come to her from without. She did not possess the passport without which she could not quit Siberia, and able neither to read nor write, how was she to obtain it?

For three years Prascovie nursed her plan in secret. She induced a fellow prisoner to send a written request for a passport to the governor of Tobolsk, and after six months' delay the courier brought her a sealed letter containing one. Her father angrily took it and locked it up, but she was not discouraged, and renewed her demand to be allowed to start for St. Petersburg.

The girl was now eighteen, strong, tall, and vigorous, for the bitter Siberian climate develops hardy natures. She had developed also mentally, and showed a decision and reasonableness that could no longer be laughed down. Her father and mother were aghast; they tried expostulation, argument, and entreaty, but all were as idle waves beating themselves against the rock of Prascovie's fixed idea.

It would be tedious to describe in detail the steps by which their resistance was overcome. Convinced that her health would give way if she were longer opposed, and expecting to see her soon return in discouragement, they yielded a reluctant consent to her departure. The other colonists laughed her to scorn, with the exception of two convicts, friends of her father, who, touched by her faith and hope, bade her God speed.

At the dawn of day on the 8th September the cottage of Lopouloff witnessed a pathetic scene. With a look of inspired resolve upon her face, Prascovie stood in her peasant garb ready to start, while her father and mother wept beside her. Her whole provision for the journey consisted of a silver rouble (worth a little more than three shillings), which her father had forced her to accept. The two friendly convicts had come to set her forth upon her way. Kneeling before her parents, she received their blessing, and then tore herself from their heart-broken embrace. The two friends accompanied her as far as the restrictions of the settlement would allow them, and then, with sinking hearts, watched her trudge away into the unknown land beyond.

Prascovie knew nothing of the way she had to take, save that she must travel westward. At the close of her first day's pilgrimage she found shelter in the house of a friendly peasant, but the next morning she felt weary and forlorn. The story of Hagar in the desert came into her mind, and she took courage to start forth again.

"Which is the way to St. Petersburg?" the poor girl inquired of stray passers-by, when she came to a part where the roads were divided. She was laughed to scorn. St. Petersburg! It was so far away that it was absurd to think of walking thither. Yet, by dint of persevering inquiries, she managed to keep the direct road. She obtained hospitality and shelter from cottagers in the villages through which she passed, trying as far as possible to repay her hosts by helping in the household work. To all who entertained her she must have seemed a crazed visionary, for they well knew the enormous distance of savage, inhospitable country that separated her from the Russian capital, and the winter would soon come on.

Although the summer in Siberia is brief, it is intensely hot, and the quantity of electricity developed in the atmosphere produces storms of tropical violence. "The air and the earth shake as in fear of coming destruction," says an eye-witness. One of these tempests of rain and wind swept down upon the lonely wanderer at night, and laid a tree prostrate on the road in front of her.

Prascovie, in terror, rushed into a wood for shelter, where she remained all night, soaked through and through with driving rain, while the wind howled fiercely in the tossing branches. In the morning, half dead with

cold and fatigue, with her shoes literally hanging in shreds from their encounter with water and mire, she struggled back to the road, and fortunately found a peasant coming that way in a rough vehicle. The man took pity on her, and conveyed her, in a forlorn and dripping condition, to the nearest town.

What was she to do? Her state was such that she could not proceed, both because her clothes were ruined and her bare feet were swollen. In these straits the poor girl hobbled to the church, hoping that near the edifice consecrated to the remembrance of Divine Pity human pity would come to her rescue. But as she sank upon the step a mob of children began to hoot and jeer at her. A lady, attracted by the noise, came up and questioned her; then fetched the mayor, who found, after examination of her and her passport, that she was no impostor.

"You shall come home with me, poor child," said the benevolent lady, and for several days Prascovie remained with her friend, who supplied her with new shoes, clothing, and a little money.

Thus recruited, the brave girl started forth again; but her enterprise seemed more hopeless than ever. Snow often fell and delayed her, bitter cold prevailed, while a piercing wind howled across the vast steppes she had to traverse, yet she pressed on, obtaining hospitality in the villages through which she passed. Her method, on knocking at a cottage door, was first to ask for a piece of brea, then to appeal to pity by showing her fatigue, which generally led to an invitation to enter. Once within the house she would relate her story, show her passport, and win the belief that on a first encounter would certainly not have been accorded to her. She met with various kinds of treatment. Some peasants abused and sent her away; but even these would call her back on seeing her tears and evident distress. In the majority of cases she was favourably received.

One evening on arriving at a village she knocked at a cottage door, but was roughly sent away by the owner, an elderly man with an evil countenance. As she wandered down the road, hoping to find shelter elsewhere, she heard him shouting to her to come back, and after some hesitation she obeyed. Within his hut there was no one but an old woman, of still more unprepossessing appearance, and when the couple had her safe inside they locked the door and put up the shutters.

It was a gloomy interior, lit only by a few pine-boughs flaring in a hole in the wall, and Prascovie's heart sank as by the flickering light she saw the sinister gaze of her hosts fixed upon her.

"Where do you come from?" asked the old woman.

"I am on my way from Ischim to St. Petersburg."

"With plenty of money in your pocket, I'll be bound!"

"I have only eighty copper kopecks left."

"That is false!" shrieked the woman. "No one would start on such a journey with so little money."

Prascovie protested in vain; they scoffed at her, and she began to wish heartily that she could escape from their hands at the sacrifice of her remaining store. After giving her a few potatoes, the woman advised her to go to bed.

The term is rather figurative than literal, for in Russia peasants often sleep without undressing upon the stove that fills up a great part of their single room. Prascovie climbed upon this strange roosting-place, but left her pocket and travelling-bag below, that her hosts might ransack for themselves if they would.

With a heart beating violently, the poor girl tried to sleep, but it was in vain. She lay still, however, and soon heard her hosts whispering together.

"I saw the string of a little bag tied round her neck. She must have money in it. No one saw her enter, or knows she is here," were the fragments that reached her ears. Then came silence.

"They will murder me!" thought she.

A RUSSIAN CART.

"They know they are safe from suspicion, for nobody will dream of asking them after me."

All at once the hideous head of the old woman appeared above the rim of the stove, scrambling up to Prascovie.

"Spare my life! I have no more money, indeed I have not!" begged the girl; but the hag answered nothing, and was not content until she had seen for herself that the little bag only contained a passport, and that Prascovie had no coins secreted about her.

The poor traveller was half-dead with fright. Locked up in a hut with robbers, neither of whom would apparently have much compunction in putting her to death, she gave herself up for lost; but after a time, finding that her hosts fell asleep and tormented her no further, she gradually dropped off into a deep slumber.

In the morning she was astonished to perceive that both husband and wife were much more cordial than the evening before. They declared they had only searched her because they believed her to be a thief; and that if she would count her money she would know they were honest. Prascovie was thankful when she was safe outside their hut, and did not stop to examine her store till she had put some miles between the gruesome couple and herself. What was her surprise to find that, besides the board and lodging they had given her, they had added forty kopecks to her purse! The girl's simple faith always accounted for their sudden change of behaviour by a direct interposition of her Heavenly Father, who, she believed, transformed their hearts towards her; and she liked to dwell on the story as a proof of Divine care. Another day, as she started for her day's journey at two in the morning, a band of fierce dogs set upon her. She actually felt the cold muzzle of one of them upon her neck, and was expecting he would kill her, when a peasant suddenly came up and drove them off. So all perils seemed smoothed away before her steadfast feet.

(*To be continued.*)

ONLY A GIRL-WIFE.

By RUTH LAMB, Author of "Her Own Choice," &c.

CHAPTER XIX.

WHEN Bennett hurried down to the surgery she calculated that it would be untenanted, as the dinner gong had sounded a few minutes before. All seemed quiet when she reached the door, and after a brief pause she turned the handle very softly and entered. To her surprise Dr. Crawford looked up from the desk at which he was writing, and said, "What do you want, nurse? Anything amiss with the children?"

"No, sir; I am glad to say they are all right. It's only my faceache come on again, and I was just going to ask Mr. Armstrong for a drop of laudanum, as I want to foment it after the children are asleep."

As Bennett spoke she placed her hand to her cheek, and put on a doleful look, as if she were in great pain. Out of the surgery was a smaller apartment, which could only be entered from it. In this were kept all drugs except those of a very simple character, and Mr. Armstrong was accustomed to mix the medicines there, in order that any risk of mistake through interruption might be avoided.

He was in the drug-room at the moment of Bennett's entrance, and within hearing of her words, though out of sight. He had just completed his task, and, stepping into the surgery, he said, rather severely, "You had laudanum from me very lately. If you are wanting more, you must have used a larger quantity than was necessary."

"You are quite right, sir. I had the laudanum, and should have it now—at least, some of it—but I had the misfortune to break the bottle a few minutes since. I had put it away most carefully, as was right where there are children, for if they think you want them not to get at a thing, they'll climb like kittens to see what it is. The bottle was rolled up in some rags and a towel and put away on a high shelf, but I happened to catch the end, dropped the bottle, and smashed it to atoms."

"Where are the pieces?" asked Mr. Armstrong, suspiciously.

"Where they should be, sir—melting down in the middle of the fire. I suppose you wouldn't have me leave those on the nursery floor, or the spilled laudanum either? If you will come upstairs you can see where I have washed the floor, for it cannot be dry yet, and smell the laudanum too."

There was no gainsaying Bennett's statement, and the woman knew it. Looking straight at Dr. Crawford, she said, "May I have a little laudanum, sir? It will be quite safe in my hands, you know."

She was not prepared for the doctor's decided negative, qualified, however, by a promise that he would give her some medicine which would have a more lasting effect than the outward applications on which she relied for ease.

"It is plain that you want something to remove the cause of the pain, Bennett," said Dr. Crawford, kindly. "Come and see me later in the evening. I am hoping not to go out again, and in order to be quite free I had dinner put off for ten minutes, so that Mr. Armstrong and I might finish a rather pressing matter, and take our meal with quiet consciences."

"I am sure, sir, I would rather not be the means of disturbing you after dinner," said Bennett; but the doctor did not wait for her to finish.

"Come here at eight o'clock," he replied. "I shall not call it an interruption to look after your faceache, and, I hope, relieve it permanently."

The doctor passed out, and Mr. Armstrong waited for Bennett to follow, then locked the door with a very decided click, and put the key into his pocket. There was no tampering with that lock, as the nurse well knew, and no chance for her to purchase any drug at the shop of a Shelverton chemist without exciting suspicion, so she returned to the nursery in no very good humour.

For once, Dr. Crawford was undisturbed during dinner, and to Ida's delight he thoroughly enjoyed the meal; then accompanied her and Grace into the drawing-room, and asked for some music. "Sing for us, Ida," he said; "I have had very little music of late, and I want to make the most of my opportunity. When you have set a good example, I hope Grace will play or sing something, and Armstrong can join in a part-song."

Grace promised to do her best, but pleaded that her busy life gave her but little time for the practice of difficult pieces. Nevertheless, it oozed out that she played the organ at church and trained the village choir, not a very easy task when scarcely any of the members knew their notes so as to read the music.

"How can you teach them? Are not your ears and patience terribly tried?" asked Mrs. Crawford, on finding that Grace played the parts over again and again, until her pupils mastered them by ear.

"At first it was hard work, but I remembered that it must be quite as trying to the learners as to myself," replied Grace. "They are improving now, and I have a class apart from the other practice, and am teaching them to sing by note, so each week will make it easier for both sides."

Grace played and sang when her turn came, and though she came far behind her hostess in brilliancy and style, she attempted nothing that she could not perform, and showed that she had a fine voice, and used it with true musical taste.

Time passed quickly, and for once Dr. Crawford forgot his appointment with Bennett, until a chiming clock on the mantelpiece told him that he was already half an hour too late.

I must ask to be excused for a few moments," he said. "Bennett came to ask for something just before dinner, and I promised to see her in the surgery at eight. I shall blame you who have made me insensible to the flight of time, for not having kept my word."

Ida was surprised, and stopped her husband to ask what Bennett complained of. He told her all that had passed in the surgery, and for the first time she felt uneasy, and Jean Graham's warning came to her mind with double force.

The doctor did not wait for his wife to ask any further questions, but after a few moments of perplexed silence she addressed Grace, who was the only person left with her.

"Bennett made no complaint when we were in the nursery half an hour before she went to the doctor. Did you think she was looking ill?"

"Having never seen her before, I

could scarcely judge," replied Grace. "I thought she seemed confused, only she explained the reason, and——

"And what, dear?" said Ida, who noticed that Grace hesitated.

"Perhaps I ought not to say it, but I fancied Bennett was not pleased at my being taken into the nursery."

"That is likely enough," replied Mrs. Crawford; "Bennett almost turns me out sometimes. These first-class nurses are often very touchy, and so are cooks sometimes. Jean Graham, who is cook-housekeeper, is an exception. She has always been anxious for me to look into every corner, and to choose my own time for doing it."

"I suppose such servants as Bennett stand more on their dignity than ours do, for instance. But then we have only two, and as my help is needed in each department, I am in and out of kitchen, nursery, and dairy at all hours of the day. Of course, our servants are not of the same class as yours, but they do a great deal of work, and well, for our house and family are large."

"I do not know about class," said Ida, thoughtfully; "I should be inclined to consider those you mention as very superior servants indeed. Your laundry work goes out, of course?"

"Not a scrap of it," replied Grace. "We have a woman for two days to help the servants. She is the wife of our man, who combines in his own person the offices of groom, coachman, gardener, and whatever else is comprehended in the term 'generally useful.' He is a marvel of handiness and good temper, and even helps in the mangling. I do my share of the ironing, and sometimes all the mending. I daresay these particulars sound dreadfully matter-of-fact to you," continued Grace, looking up at Ida, with a merry little laugh, and a face to which the blush of false shame was a stranger; "but our housekeeping is of necessity so different from yours. We have to calculate sixpences, and we cannot afford to have any idle hands at the rectory."

"I am afraid you think we have a good many idle hands here," replied Mrs. Crawford. "My own, especially, seem terribly useless when compared with yours."

"Oh, please do not think I meant to say anything of the kind," said Grace, blushing violently. "I express myself so badly. I only meant to say that we are obliged to be very economical in order to keep our expenditure within proper limits. My father's income from the living is good, and he has private means; but just think what it must be to have nine children to provide for! Only two boys have left school yet, and though the elder got an Exhibition, it does not quite cover his college expenses. The second is in a merchant's office, and has a small salary, but he too needs help."

"I was not offended, Grace, dear," replied Ida; "on the contrary, I am very much interested in listening to these details of your home-life. I think it is very good of you to speak so frankly, and I feel like a perfect child at household management, whilst you seem to know everything about it. I wish I had been trained as you have. I think I shall ask you to teach me a little whilst you are here," said Mrs. Crawford.

"I will do anything you wish me to do," answered Grace, warmly. "As to the training, I am not sure that you would have liked it, though no doubt it comes in very useful in after-life. I am not hypocrite enough to pretend that I always find my work pleasant, even after being trained to it as long as I can remember anything. But when it has to be done, one may just as well do it heartily and cheerfully. If I were to look sulky at a great pile of things that need mending, or give cross answers to the poor children and make them miserable, where would be the good to myself? All the ill-tempers possible would not fill a hole in a stocking, and if I made other people less happy by my sulks, should I not be doubly miserable?"

"Certainly, you would," said Ida, with a smile at her young guest's earnestness. "But all this work must stand very much in the way of visiting and recreation?"

"Well, yes. I have a good fight sometimes when I very much wish to accept an invitation, and Conscience insists on my saying 'No' to it. I have several helps, though, and if the 'No' lingers sometimes, it comes out at last, and once said there is an end of the matter. I am of a far too stubborn nature to change after having made up my mind."

"What are the helps, Grace? I should like to know, in case I have to fall back upon them whilst I am taking lessons from you," said Ida.

"They would not all be available in your case," was the reply. "It is a help to look into my dear mother's sweet face and to think of the daily example she sets me by her patience under suffering and confinement. She who was once so active and helpful has to spend so much of her life on one spot, yet she never murmurs or darkens our days by constantly bringing to view the shadow that has fallen on her own. Then there is my father to think of. My mother cannot meet him with words of welcome, so I must be her deputy, so far. And though it gives me more work, it is sweet to hear him say, 'Gracie, you must do this or that for me; you are my right hand. What should I do without you, my child?' As to the children—they are dear, good little things, and of course they look to me at all times, and for every kind of service. It is a help to hear them say, 'Gracie, I love you dearly!' and to feel their chubby arms clinging round my neck as if they could not part with me. Then there is the best help of all," added the girl, softly. "But you know all about it without my telling."

"What do you mean, dear?" inquired Ida.

"The help that comes in answer to prayer. All the rest would be useless without it, you know, dear Mrs. Crawford. I feel impatient, discontented, disinclined for duty. The hasty, unkind words are trembling on my lips many a time, and if they are not uttered and the work which God has given me left undone, it is just because He hears my cry for help and strength, and does not leave me to myself."

Grace paused, for her voice trembled with emotion caused by the memory of past struggles; but there was a glad, bright look on her face, which told Mrs. Crawford how real a thing was this blessed sense of an ever-present help that could be had for the asking.

There was no time for further conversation. Dr. Crawford returned to the drawing-room, and his wife immediately inquired, "How did you find Bennett? I hope there is nothing seriously amiss with her. She made no complaint to me, though Grace and I were in the nursery half an hour before dinner. Was she annoyed at having been kept waiting?"

"She had not been downstairs," said the doctor. "Instead of coming, she sent a message to say that the children were so cross that she could not leave them, but that her face was much less painful."

"I knew that Ann was gone out, so there would only be Bennett to look after them. I daresay she would not speak about the pain in her face to me because she knew that Miss Steyne had just arrived. She would be afraid that I should feel uneasy on her account, and yet be unwilling to leave my visitor," said Mrs. Crawford. "No wonder poor Bennett did not look very amiable, Grace," she added; "faceache is very trying to the temper."

Grace assented; but she could not help feeling that Bennett was by no means the person to whose tender mercies she would like to entrust the little ones at the rectory.

"I have seen Bennett," said the doctor. "As she could not come to me I went to her. I could not find out that there was much the matter with her, and as she assured me that the pain was entirely gone, I ordered her some simple medicine, which Armstrong is preparing, and bade her use no external application without first consulting me. Ann returned whilst I was in the nursery, and the children were settling down quietly enough."

"I am glad to hear it," said Mrs. Crawford; "I suppose I had better not go up to them now?"

The doctor assented, and soon afterwards Mr. Armstrong entered the drawing-room, and there was more singing, in which he joined. But Grace noticed that there was no longer the same look of enjoyment on Dr. Crawford's face, and she said to herself, "His mind is preoccupied. Something has occurred to disturb it."

Grace was more quicksighted than Ida, for the latter, satisfied by her husband's account of Bennett, turned to the piano and began to play the accompaniment of a part-song, in which the four joined, and the rest of the evening passed quickly and pleasantly enough.

Dr. Crawford was uneasy, though his wife did not discover this, and Bennett's conduct was the cause of his anxiety. Before he went up to see the nurse, Mr.

Armstrong had made him acquainted with the woman's previous visits to the surgery, and her abstraction of laudanum, as well as the plausible manner in which she had excused herself, and enlisted the sympathies of her mistress.

"*You would notice,*" he continued, "that Bennett came stealthily to the door this evening, and at a time when she no doubt thought that we should have left the surgery. If we had left it, she would still have been disappointed, as I determined, after her last visit, never again to give her a chance of entering it in my absence. I blamed myself for having left the keys hanging in the surgery, and the outer door unfastened, though that of the drug-room was locked. I thought there were only trustworthy people about the place, and never dreamed that anyone would be so daring as to take down the keys, unlock the inner door, and tamper with the drugs. Before I caught Bennett the first time, I had been much puzzled by once finding the laudanum bottle on the surgery table after a short absence. I had used a small quantity of the drug in making up some medicine, but I felt certain I had never taken the bottle from the drug-room. You know it is my fixed habit never to leave bottle, case, or drawer out of its place for one moment after I have taken from it what I require at the time, and for the single purpose."

Dr. Crawford was too well acquainted with the methodical habits of his assistant to doubt the accuracy of his statements. When, in addition to his own knowledge of Bennett's movements, Mr. Armstrong mentioned Jean Graham's suspicions, the doctor was rendered still more uneasy, and the visit to the nursery did not tend to allay the feeling. A careful examination of the nurse's face convinced him that she was playing a part, and pretending to be in pain when really nothing ailed her.

But why should she do this? Why be anxious to obtain possession of the laudanum, if she did not need it for fomentation? Here was the puzzle, and Dr. Crawford determined to keep a careful watch on Bennett's movements; but as Grace Steyne was present, he did not mention his suspicions to his wife.

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

TOROTIA CORONIS, ETHMOID, and Others.—The fullest information was given in the G. O. P., on page 79, vol. vi.; a few days only before you wrote, on the subject of "Zenana Missionary Training." If our correspondents would only read the correspondence columns, how much trouble we should be saved!

EMMA.—The certificates you mention would mean that you were well and soundly educated in an ordinary way.

EGLANTINE.—When you have obtained the Cambridge Senior Local Certificate, you could then proceed to the higher certificate of the St. Andrew's University LL.A. examinations. Your best plan would be to join the very excellent St. George's Hall Correspondence Classes, Edinburgh. There is no limit to age in the LL.A. examination. Of course the degree would be the most useful to you in your intended career, especially if your sister has no certificate.

ALONE.—We regret that we cannot help you about the situation. Readerships and secretaryships to old gentlemen and ladies are most difficult to hear of, and they are very rare also. They are usually obtained, we think, by private recommendations, not by advertisement.

E. B. ANDREWS.—There are no openings for governesses in any part of America; and as to the situation of companion to some old lady going out there, we do not hear of old ladies emigrating to the Southern States. We do not recommend papers for advertisements; but we do recommend your keeping the home you have got, or you may get into very sad trouble.

ART.

HENGIST and HORSA.—The only way to take the glaze from a photograph, either for painting on or crystoleum, is to lick it with the tongue. Nothing else does so well.

ELIZABETH.—There are several ways of framing pictures for nursery walls. Strips of brown or coloured paper with gold stars put on; thick cardboard strips covered with velveteen or plush, crossed Oxford-frame fashion at the corners, and fastened at the crossings with the gold-headed nails used for furniture decoration.

I. O. U.—We should think that a small kaleidoscope would help you in designing patterns, both for the colours and designs.

GRACE DARLING.—As it is a patent process, it requires the colours named, but oil-colours are not very expensive. Use vaseline to thicken the hair.

THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER.—Instructions for painting in oil colours will be found on pages 401 and 545, vol. iv., also page 353, vol. v.

AN AMATEUR WOOD ENGRAVER'S only course is to prepare some drawings on wood, and then to go with them to any of the offices of illustrated publications and see whether she can dispose of them. The subject must be original and treated with taste and skill. The editor is much obliged, but such things would be of no use at all.

COOKERY.

HOPEFUL ONE.—Scatter the white powdered sugar on the Indian corn (not "corns,") while in process of cooking. Writing tolerably good.

ELDEST OF NINE.—We are glad that our housekeeping and cookery articles and answers on those subjects have been so useful and interesting. We thank you for your recipe, which we give our readers with pleasure, viz., Recipe for Gingerbread: Take two teacupfuls of flour, one teacupful of sugar, a piece of butter the size of an egg, one tablespoonful of syrup, one tablespoonful of soda, and one tablespoonful each of ginger, cinnamon, and cloves. Mix the whole well together with milk, roll out to the desired thickness, mark in squares with a knife, so as to be easily broken when baked, and then place in the oven.

MURIEL, L. A. H.—A machine is sold for extracting honey from the comb. You can obtain one and all directions for its use at any place where bee-hives and every appliance connected with apiary or bee farming is sold.

SCOTCH GIRL.—For "Chocolate Creams," see page 399, vol. i.

COUSIN DICK would find directions for making scones in vol. v., page 303. Her writing gives much promise.

ANNIE.—"The Girl's Own Cookery Book" is to be obtained at 56, Paternoster-row, E.C.; price 1s.

GIPSEY.—Beer was made by the Egyptians, and is alluded to by the early Greeks under the name of wine of barley. It was mentioned by Tacitus, and Gauls, Britons, and Scandinavians used it, and offered libations of it to their gods. Most of the savage tribes make some kind of fermented liquor from grain.

MISCELLANEOUS.

AN EGYPTIAN TOBY.—A little oil put round a glass stopper will sometimes loosen it; but if large enough and flat at the top, you can obtain an even pressure by putting the top in an open drawer and holding it tightly there, and then trying to turn it. If carefully done, this often succeeds.

KITTY H.—*Semper eadem* means "always the same." The meaning of the name Frank is "free.' It is a diminutive of Francis.

JNO. I. TAYLOR.—The soil for roses should be good, mellow, and rich, and should be manured annually. All plants require less water in the winter, which is the time of rest.

CORNISH DIAMOND.—"The Thousand and One Nights" had their origin in a collection of Persian tales, which date from the tenth century. The first translation of them from the Arabic was made in 1714, by Antoine Galland, an eminent French Oriental scholar.

F. RICHMOND.—Do not be shocked, but on reading your letter we were surprised at its selfishness. If you had been a really wise woman you would have been rejoiced to hear that a man who had suffered so much was recovered and able to enjoy life and to think of someone else. Try to "turn over a new leaf," and "love your neighbour as yourself."

A DAUGHTER OF CANADA (aged 13) must be crazy, and had far better attend to her lessons than worry herself and us with such perpetually-repeated and unprofitable inquiries.

CLEMATIS.—September 14th, 1864, was a Wednesday. A New Zealand directory would probably be heard of at the New Zealand Government Offices in Victoria-street, S.W.

NELCH.—"Hue and cry" is a term signifying the old process of the Common Law for the pursuit and capture of felons, which the sheriff can still put in force, though modern facilities for arrest have rendered it comparatively obsolete. The term is also used to signify a paper circulated by order of the Home Secretary, announcing the perpetration of offences. The word "hue" is derived from the Norman-French *hue*, cry (clamour; modern French *huer*, to hoot), in allusion to the loud outcry with which felons were anciently pursued, and which all who heard it were obliged to take up and to join in the chase till the criminal was taken. The term is now applied to the notice of the escape of a felon from gaol. Pronounce "rind" so as to rhyme with "kind."

AMELIE, SARAH, and LITTLE ALICE (Lausanne).—A set of handkerchiefs with the initial embroidered on them, a handkerchief case, or a crochet lawn-tennis or travelling cap, would be good presents for a young gentleman. Historical subjects may be found in plenty in the English history. They are always interesting. Amongst our friends we number two French cats of Persian origin, called Mouton and Clari. They and their young mistress are very loving companions, and perhaps "Little Alice" would like these names for her cats. We have always much pleasure in hearing from our Swiss girls.

PRIVATE SECRETARY.—A widow should not leave a card for the gentleman of the house, only for the lady. A daughter can pay visits for her mother, and should leave her mother's card on the drawing-room table; or with the man-servant or maid if the family are out.

E. MARSHALL.—In both cases you must ask your mistress's permission. In the latter, regarding the magazines, we think she would be sure to say yes. We are so glad to hear of your conscientious scruples.

L. T. T. had better consult a doctor. Her trouble has to do with her digestion. Washing frequently with alum and water and borax and water may do good. Take a teaspoonful of either in a tumbler of water, and keep the glass covered.

DAISY.—Certainly, if you wish to keep up any intercourse with your friends you must inform them of any change of residence, and offer them a welcome in your new house. We should have thought this self-evident.

WOODLEIGH.—Iron ships float owing to their conformation; and iron exposed to a temperature more or less below zero will take the skin off as if red-hot. You do not name the book from which you heard the sentence read, which you quote, and we can merely suggest these facts as a solution of your difficulty. Are you alluding to the old prophecy, said, erroneously, to have been written by Mother Shipton?

AGNES STEVEN.—The face needs the use of soap, especially in any large town; but it should be of as little irritating a kind as you could procure. Daily washing is essential for everyone, but a cold bath (we mean a reclining one) is only employed with safety by a few. It is quite different from bathing in the sea. We thank you for your kind letter.

PET COAT.—If you buy what you do not require that is waste, is it not? And it applies equally to bread as to gingerbeer. Money is one of our talents, and we must make it a personal duty not to spend carelessly nor wastefully, quite independently of any fancied duty to benefit trade. We do not think it right to pauperise anybody, but there are always the old, the sick, and the unfortunate to be assisted. We do not agree about the love of finery, even for the sake of encouraging trade. It is a bad thing for young servants to spend their money in fine dress, as they should save all they do not at present need for the "rainy days" which may come, or the building of the future home, in which they should be able to assist. But there are rich people who should encourage arts and manufactures, and who do spend abundantly to do so. The more simple our wants and wishes the better for our own progress in spiritual things.

A WOULD-BE SOLDIER OF CHRIST.—It has not been from lack of interest that your letter has remained unanswered; but yours is a difficult case. We could speak better than write in reply. You do not state your age. When of age you will certainly have to confess your faith in our blessed Lord, the Messiah. We feel sincerely for you, and pray God to guide and comfort you, and to smooth your way to a confession of Christ. It is a blessing that you can read the New Testament. If ever hereafter, in any difficulty, remember that there is a Society specially interested in your people, and you can obtain the address at any time by application at our office. Any one of our editors would gladly advise you. You write very well.

WOOLOOMOOLOO.—Take your cat to a veterinary surgeon. We could not pronounce a judgment upon the respective merits of one shorthand system over another. Your handwriting is very good.

JERSEY LILY.—We regret that we cannot help you about the two poems you need.

ANNIE.—You will find directions for washing and making-up lace in our series of six articles, entitled "The Fairy of the Family," in vol. iv.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. VII.—NO. 324. MARCH 13, 1886. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

ONLY A GIRL-WIFE.

By RUTH LAMB, Author of "Her Own Choice," &c.

CHAPTER XX.

MRS. CRAWFORD was thoroughly charmed with her visitor, and after Grace retired she repeated to her husband much of the conversation which had passed during his absence from the drawing-room.

"I believe Grace is a truly good girl, Andrew," she added. "I wish I could look back on such a useful, helpful life as hers has been, or even feel that *I could* begin such a one from this moment. Grace told me about her home duties in a simple, natural way, without the least sign of boastfulness. If she had given herself airs, I should have disliked instead of wishing to imitate her. But I am very stupid, and I feel almost too old to begin."

"Too old!" exclaimed the doctor, his face expressing the pleasure with which he had listened. "Darling, you are still only a girl-wife, quite young enough at four-and-twenty to begin taking lessons in all housewifely accomplishments in which you feel yourself deficient. No need for you to be ashamed of not having learnt them before your marriage, for there was no one to teach you, no school in which you could be a pupil."

"But I have been more than four years married, Andrew, and Jean has often wished me to look more into household matters. I always laughed at her anxiety, and thought there was no need for me to trouble myself about such things, for you

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"THERE WAS MORE SINGING." (*p.* 367.)

were rich, and my little income would, I thought, meet the odds and ends of expense that I might cause by—shall I call it—my laziness. It seems strange that I should be so stirred by Grace Steyne's talk this evening. She has made me feel as if I were such a useless person in comparison. I am dissatisfied with myself. I do believe Mrs. Prattely was right when she called me 'poor thing,' though she meant the expression kindly. I am a 'poor thing' when compared to Grace Steyne."

Dr. Crawford did not interrupt his girl-wife's confession. He was only too glad to listen; and, folding her tenderly in his arms, he said—

"I am truly thankful that you have spoken on this subject, darling wife, for I have been wishing to ask you if you could contrive some plan for diminishing the number of our servants. Grace could perhaps help you in this. I know it would delight her to be of use."

As the doctor said this, Ida raised her head from his shoulder with a startled look, which soon changed to one of inquiry and suspicion.

"Did you ask Grace here to teach me housekeeping?" she inquired.

"No, dearest; I had only two thoughts in wishing you to invite Grace. One was to give the girl a great pleasure by enabling her to see again a place which was mixed up with some of her happiest memories, and to make her acquainted with its present mistress; the other, and not the less powerful motive, was to give my dear girl-wife a bright girl companion, whose society I was sure would be a source of pleasure to her whilst she remained at Steynes-Cote. If you should find Grace one whom you can like and value as a friend, so much the better for you both."

Ida dropped her head upon her husband's shoulder again, after having read all she wished in the frank, kind face turned towards her whilst he spoke.

"You see what I am, Andrew," she said, "always giving way to some horrid littleness of disposition. I had been delighting myself with the thought of the good Grace's example would do me. Yet the instant you agreed with me I said to myself, 'She has been brought here to school me in housekeeping!'"

"You were mistaken, dear," was the doctor's quiet reply.

"I know it. Forgive me, dearest Andrew;" and Ida lifted her face for a kiss. "Now tell me, would it be right for me to let Grace undertake new cares and work here? She came for change and rest, both of which she needs."

"Grace's idea of rest would not be absolute idleness. She leads such an active life, that were she compelled to sit with folded hands, or so to pass her time that she could not give a good account of it, she would be miserable."

Ida hesitated a little, as if afraid to ask another question which was trembling on her lips. It came at last.

"Tell me, Andrew, are you not a rich man? Lindsay always spoke of your income as being better than his own, yet what you said a few minutes since, about having fewer servants, made me feel afraid——"

"Afraid that I was becoming poor, Ida?"

"No, Andrew; afraid that we might be spending more than we ought to spend. Are we getting into debt?"

"No dearest. You know, without being told, that all the house accounts are paid weekly. My professional expenditure has also been fully met, but, though I am only keeping one assistant instead of two, we are living to the full extent of our income. I have taken nothing from capital so far, but if our expenses increased, I should be obliged to do so. Then, it is as well to look at the matter on all sides while we are about it," said the doctor, cheerfully. "You know how very large a portion of our income depends on my professional work. If that were interrupted from any cause, our actual property would not maintain Steynes-Cote and all who live under its roof. What I should really like would be to save something, if but a little, each year, and I can see no way of doing it except by diminishing our household expenses."

"Lindsay must have deceived me as to your means, Andrew," replied Ida. "He told me again and again that you were a rich man, far richer than himself."

"I do not think Lord Carnelly meant to deceive you, Ida. He would consider me richer than himself in several ways. For one thing, my property was, and, I am thankful to say it still is, quite unencumbered, whilst your brother's estates are all heavily mortgaged. He had a larger nominal income, but much of it was condemned beforehand for the payment of interest. He had many creditors who were pressing him for money. I could say that I owed no man anything. He was keeping up a large establishment, and living far beyond his means, very much against his will, I admit. I reckoned on living well within mine. He, as a nobleman, had claims upon him of which a country doctor lives in blessed ignorance. So, putting two and two together, I think he was quite justified in calling me a rich man. Am I not richer still to-day with my girl-wife and four lovely children?" asked the doctor, with an attempt at a laugh, as he drew Ida's beautiful face nearer to him, and again kissed it tenderly.

Ida listened quietly and thoughtfully to words which carried with them a revelation. As he finished she gave a soft sigh, and clung to him a little more closely, as if in dread that anything should come between them.

The doctor felt the clinging pressure, but he also caught the sound of that sigh, and it made his kind heart ache. "My poor darling," thought he; "the very mention of life's realities frightens her. Have I wronged her by asking her to share mine? What I had to offer seemed better than anything she was likely to enjoy under her brother's roof. But Ida has never reckoned on a future which would involve real work or responsibility, and now a hint of these makes her tremble and sigh. Her notion of married life has hitherto been a rich husband, who would be also a very loving and indulgent one, plenty of servants, unlimited pretty dresses, and unbroken sunshine."

The doctor was not prepared for Ida's next remark. "Andrew, I am afraid I have been, in a way, as selfish as Beatrice."

"My darling, you have been nothing of the kind. If you have made mistakes it has been through not knowing better. Beatrice was wilfully extravagant, and cared for nothing except gratifying the whim of the moment."

"And I have been wilfully ignorant, for I might have known everything about your affairs; and wilfully blind, for I had only to look and see for myself. I knew that you had parted with your principal assistant, yet I never asked why. I could see that you were working twice as hard as before, but, while I sometimes found fault with you for it, I never troubled myself to inquire whether there was a needs-be for such constant toil. I have not bought very costly things for myself, but I have purchased many that might have been done without, and I should have done without them if I had known, Andrew. You should have told me, dear; but you always gave me the money so easily and readily that I did not understand."

Great tears began to roll down Ida's cheeks—tears that brought to mind the old days in India, when, as she used to say, "she was such a baby" that she could not keep them back if even a taunting word were spoken by her sister-in-law. To her husband she looked pitifully like the girl into whose willing ear he had poured his first love story. Now, as then, he strove to wipe away her tears and to cheer her with words of tenderness and hope.

"My darling Ida, my precious girl-wife, there is no great harm done. The worst that can be said is that we have saved nothing. You accuse yourself, but I have far more need to blame myself, for you are proving to me that I have done wrong in treating you always as the girl instead of the partner of my life, with its cares as well as its joys, its work as well as its play. Never compare yourself to Lady Carnelly. I could not forgive you for that."

"I have been worse than Beatrice," persisted Ida. "She may be extravagant, but she knows that whenever old Miss Pelham dies there will be plenty of money to make her and Lindsay rich again. She will not be able to spend the whole, because part of it is to go to the children as they come of age. There is some excuse for Beatrice, you see, Andrew. There is none for me, since I have no second fortune to look forward to; and you, dear, patient darling, have been almost wearing yourself out that I might have all good things without stint. But we must make a fresh start. I will plan and think and be Grace Steyne's scholar. Who knows, Andrew, but you may some day be proud of your girl-wife's housekeeping?"

She smiled through her tears as she asked this question, and the doctor had an indescribable feeling of gladness as he saw the sweet face so determinedly bright and hopeful, so full of affection.

He was tempted to tell her about the non-payment of the interest by Lord Carnelly, and of the still nearer cause for anxiety in the suspicious conduct of Bennett. It was from no wish to withhold his full confidence that he refrained for the moment, but because he thought Ida had already been sufficiently agitated.

"I will tell her the rest by daylight," thought the doctor. "If I were to speak about Carnelly's neglect now, she would begin with more self-reproaches and lose her night's rest. Bennett's affair will also keep till morning, and Ida will be better able to cope with the nursery difficulty after a peaceful night. But please God, for the future my wife shall never have cause to complain of not knowing all that concerns us both."

Ida did not tell Dr. Crawford what Grace Steyne had said about her various "helps," especially "the help that comes in answer to prayer." She had so often appeared indifferent to his words whenever he spoke on such subjects, that she shrank from telling him that a new light was dawning on her soul. She was beginning to feel that her husband possessed something she did not—a something which gave him strength and patience in times of difficulty, to which he owed all that was beautiful, brave, and noble in his character, which placed him on a higher level than that on which she stood; a something, too, that she now longed to share with him, and for which she was beginning to grope, though in a timid, half-blind fashion, for she felt that she was very ignorant.

Was it this sense of want and longing that kept the girl-wife so much longer on her knees that night? Surely it could be no mere repeating of a few set phrases that kept Ida with her fair head bowed over her clasped hands for so long a time.

No, the girl-wife was becoming conscious of her sinfulness and her need. She was finding out that she had really left undone so many things that she ought to have done, and had done so many that she would now fain undo.

Ida was recalling to herself how often she had made this confession in the midst of the congregation, and how her voice had been heard, sounding clear and musical, amongst other voices. They were the right words to say. She knew that now; but she had never in all her life meant them until now, and though no sound escaped her lips, her heart-felt confession of sin and need was going up to God, as she knelt in that quiet chamber whilst her husband moved softly to and fro.

Not many more words were exchanged between them that night; only Ida whispered, "You will help me, Andrew?" and her husband, understanding what she meant as well as though she had said more, answered, "I will, dearest, God helping me."

Dr. Crawford was called out early, and obliged to hurry away after a hasty breakfast, so he could not speak to Ida about Bennett's doings as he intended. However, he was well assured that Mr. Armstrong would give the nurse no chance of entering the drug-room during his absence.

As he was driving rapidly on, the doctor blamed himself for carelessness in not having made more particular inquiries about the nurse, of whom he and Ida knew nothing, except what was told in a character written by a stranger. After consulting his time-table he decided that it would be possible for him to take a short railway journey later in the day, and this would bring him within a few minutes' walk of the house of Bennett's last employer, where he would call.

Dr. Crawford made this visit, and, fortunately, found the lady, a Mrs. Molesworth, at home. When he explained the object of his call she was much surprised, and at once told him that no nurse had been employed by her for many years past.

"In fact," she said, "my only son is now twenty-two, and he is at Cambridge."

"I must apologise for having troubled you," said Dr. Crawford, "but the character was written on paper stamped with your address and bearing a crest."

"Was it like this?" asked Mrs. Molesworth, handing him some paper.

"It is exactly similar in every respect."

"I cannot understand it," said the lady, "but I will call my own maid, a very reliable person. She may throw some light on the matter."

She accordingly summoned the servant, and repeated what had passed, then said, "Can you tell Dr. Crawford anything about this affair, Jane? As my paper has assisted in a forgery, it would be some satisfaction if we could help to unravel the mystery."

The servant turned to Dr. Crawford and said, "Would you please describe your nurse, sir?"

"Bennett is tall, dark, with black hair and eyes; quick and clever at her work, but jealous of any interference even from her mistress, and suspicious of the other servants. Her eyes are rather small, and when speaking to anyone or listening she has the appearance of watching them in a stealthy fashion."

"But she never looks you straight in the face, sir, does she?"

"She does not. I have often noticed this peculiarity."

"The description just suits Bailey, the nurse that was here two years ago with Mrs. Hawkins's children," said Jane.

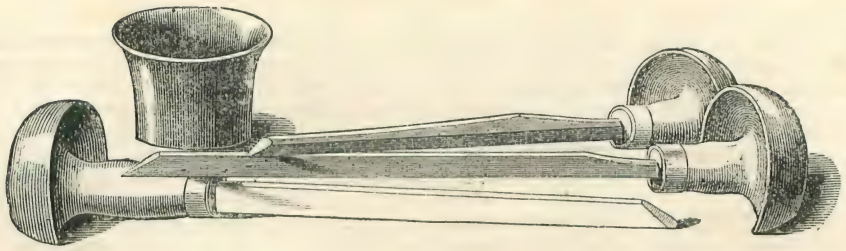
Dr. Crawford started.

"I believe you have found the clue to the mystery," he replied. "My wife noticed that Bennett's aprons were marked 'Margaret Bailey,' but the woman said they had belonged to an aunt, who had left her all her clothes because she was her favourite and namesake."

"As to the note-paper," said Mrs. Molesworth, "the woman could easily obtain it. Stamped as it was, I never troubled myself to lock it up, for I thought no one would dare to use it. I fear this woman has made it the medium for imposing a forged character upon you. Mrs. Hawkins, my sister-in-law, sent her away because she had nearly caused the death of one of her children by an over-dose of some opiate. She had previously suspected her sobriety, and in seeking to assure herself that she was not judging the woman unfairly, she discovered the still more serious fault of which she had been guilty. She was at first inclined to have the nurse punished, but yielded to her tears and entreaties and let her go, but without a character."

It may well be supposed that after such a revelation Dr. Crawford lost no time in returning to Steynes-Cote. He only waited to thank Mrs. Molesworth and Jane, then hastened home with the determination that Bennett should not spend another night under his roof. His first inquiry was for the nurse. The answer astonished him, for Ida replied, "Bennett is gone."

(To be continued.)



WOOD ENGRAVING AS AN EMPLOYMENT FOR GIRLS.

By RICHARD TAYLOR.

THOUGH there are few things at the present day more familiar to our sight than impressions from engravings on wood, hardly a book appearing without a picture of some kind, either on its cover or in its pages, and scarcely a shop-window that does not display some token of the existence of this pictorial art, it is surprising how few persons there are who have any definite notion of the way they are produced. Before saying anything about engraving on wood as an employment for girls, it would perhaps be well to prefix a word or two in explanation of what engraving is. If required to give an abstract definition of the word engraving, I could not do better than repeat that of Professor Ruskin, who calls it* the art of "scratch and furrow," but as I purpose giving a few hints by way of instruction in the art, I must content myself with a narrower signification than his, for certainly a definition that declares the marks of the plough on the hillside and the scratches of a kitten on the mahogany table to be "the purest types of the art," is too vague and comprehensive for my purpose.

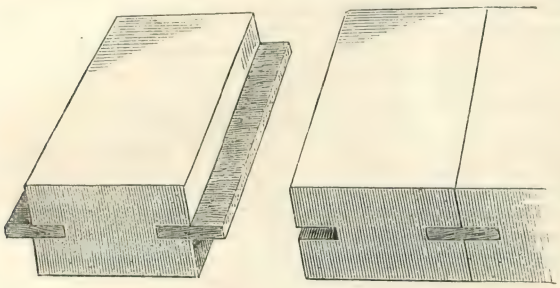


FIG. 1.

When Washington climbed the side of the natural bridge in Virginia, and cut his name in the solid rock as a record of his daring, can we say he engraved it? Or when you, at school, cut your name on your desk with a penknife, were you an untaught practitioner in the art? If so, engraving is a natural instinct, and every cockney who cuts his name on a park seat is a born engraver.

But if this be engraving, it is not what I am going to write about, or wish you to understand by the term.

In my view, engraving is an "occult" art made visible only by another art—that of printing: A means to an end, not an end in itself. So I will limit the professor's term, and call engraving a species or branch of the art of "scratch and furrow." As in the arts collectively, "scratch and furrow" are found under various forms and names. Your object was achieved when you had ornamented your desk with your initials, and therefore you might have put the work forward as a specimen of your skill in carving; or if after cutting them you had filled these same furrows with a thick, black ink, you might with equal truth have called it a piece of Niello work in wood; or supposing, having filled the cuts with ink, you had pressed paper firmly against them so that the ink should adhere to its surface, you could with the same propriety have called the sheet of paper with its rough ink marks an impression from an engraving. Again, if instead of filling the cuts you had dabbed the ink on the surface of the desk before pressing the paper on to it, they would have appeared as white lines on the blackened paper, and you would really have had in your hand a proof of a wood engraving. Now, had you cut your furrows for the express purpose of taking the impressions, you would have exemplified the meaning, which, for my purpose, I wish you to attach to the word engraving.

Without the printer the art in this sense has no existence; it is as much a tool adapted to his use as the type he arranges into words, or the press with which he prints, and therefore is only free to express itself in ways that shall not render it unfit for this its primary purpose.

From the two ways in which you printed your cuts, the difference between metal and wood engraving can be clearly apprehended. The engraver on copper or steel cuts his lines so that the ink may be put into them; while he who engraves on wood intends the ink to be spread on the surface. We can now understand the characteristic advantages of the two arts severally—how it is that steel can excel in rendering subjects requiring fineness and delicacy, and wood, those in which richness and force are the essential qualities, and why the power of one is in its light tones and the other in its dark. If you have ever experimented with your knife in the way assumed, you must have noticed that it was easier to cut in one direction of the grain of the wood than another, and that lines formed by cuts across the grain were very likely to chip out and break; this would never do for the engraver. He must be able to make firm lines in any direction, so that wood for his purpose is cut endways of the grain. The tree trunk is sawn into slices about an inch thick, not lengthwise like a plank.

FIG. 3.

The wood must be hard, too, or the thin lines will not stand the pressure of the printing press; and though mahogany, pear, holly, &c., will do for very bold common work, such as advertisement bills and the large pictures pasted on walls, box is the only wood yet found to answer all the requirements, and even that has to be carefully selected. Soft, red, or brittle wood is the engraver's *bête noire*, while the pleasure he feels in engraving on a block formed of hard, fine-grained wood of a pale, yellow colour is akin to that which an alderman is supposed to experience when eating turtle. The tools cut without effort, and the lines are free and clear.

As the diameter of the box-tree is small, and

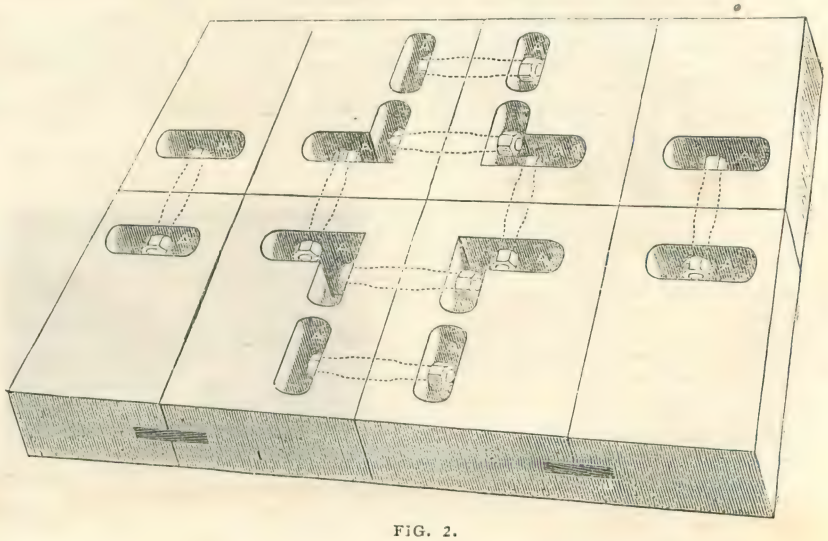


FIG. 2.

* "Ariadne Florentina." Lecture I.

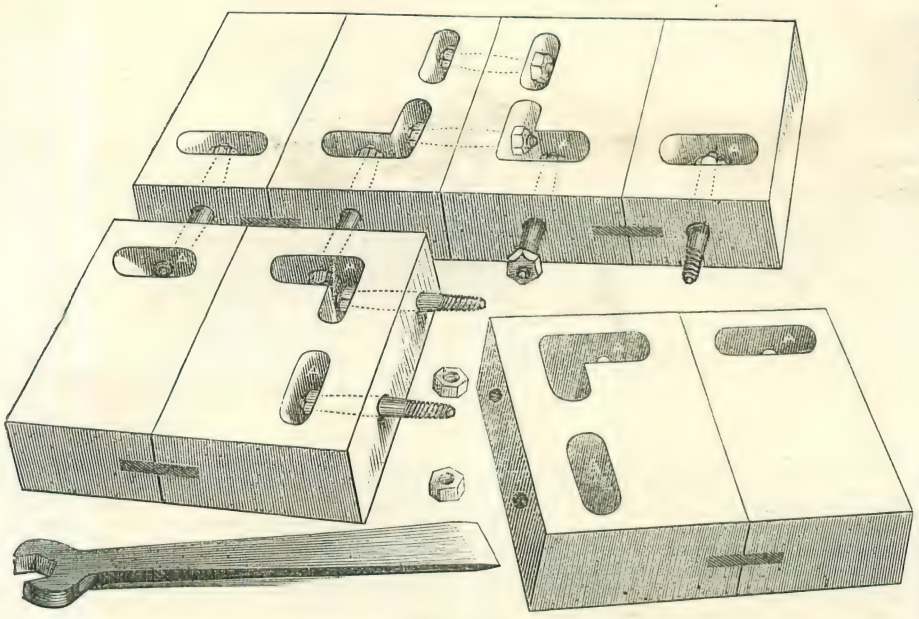


FIG. 2 A.

the slices, or "rounds," as the blockmaker calls them, will seldom finish a block as large as four or five inches square, it is necessary to glue and fasten pieces together by inserting what carpenters call a tongue in the way shown in the annexed diagram to form those of larger dimensions (fig. 1). It is obvious that only one engraver at a time could be engaged on a block so constructed, and apart from the inconvenience of working on a very large piece of wood, it might take so long to execute that, in the case of subjects of passing interest, the event he had to illustrate would be forgotten before the block was out of his hands. These "amalgamated" pieces are therefore formed into still larger blocks, that can be taken apart, engraved, and afterwards re-united by putting a brass bolt with a screw at each end, through holes in the sides of pieces intended to be joined, screwing nuts on each end of the bolt, and thus screwing the pieces of wood closely together.

The diagram will make it clear perhaps; it shows the back of a block, the dotted lines how the bolt passes through, and the parts marked A, the holes (which go about three parts through the block) where the nuts are put on and the "spanner" used. Fig. 2 A shows the same block taken apart.

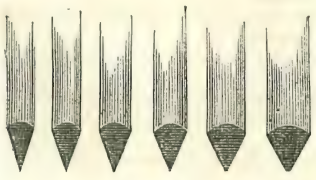


FIG. 5.

The blocks are plained to a smooth polished surface. Great care is taken that the wood is well seasoned, or each piece may warp and twist, or separate from its fellow, but in spite of all, sometimes the joins will open and appear as white lines right across the picture. Blocks should be kept in as even a temperature as possible, stood on their edges when not in use, that the air may circulate equally on each side of them, and wetted as little as possible. When laying the ground, as will be afterwards explained, the back of the block should be slightly damped; that both that and the face may swell equally, otherwise the wood may warp, as in the accompanying diagram (fig. 3). The tools used are few and inexpensive, and are named more from the uses to which they are put than from any great difference of form between them.

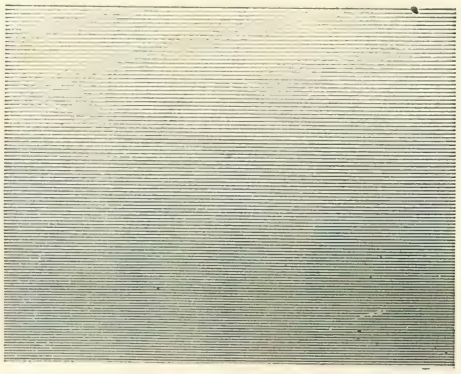


FIG. 6.

The graver (fig. 4) may be taken as the typical form. With several of them of various sizes (fig. 5), everything that is done on wood can be executed.

Being broader at the "back" than the "belly," a little pressure more or less will enable you to produce an open cut or a fine one at will, but where the object is to engrave a series of parallel lines, a tint (fig. 6), or others, with mechanical evenness, this is not an advantage, as a slight unintentional pressure might defeat the object in view, so a tool a little narrower at the back than the graver, and called a "tint tool," is used.

The tools are fitted to cut lines of different widths by rubbing the "belly" of each on an oilstone till it is broad like the back of a penknife, instead of being, as when purchased, sharp like its edge.

Here the dotted line (fig. 7) shows how much has been taken off a set of seven tools, and the lines opposite their points the width of the farrows which they have each been fitted to cut. The scooper, or scauper, as it is called, is narrower at the back than the tint tool, and is, besides, broad on the belly, without being made so by the engraver. It is used for scooping or clearing out the large white places such as the part here left (fig. 8) black between the lines of the triangle.

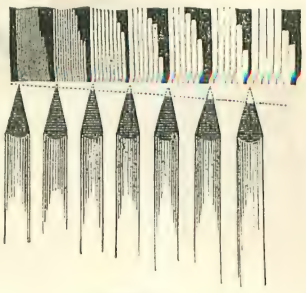


FIG. 7.

A magnifying glass (fig. 9) such as watchmakers use to look at fine work, a small chisel or "flat tool" to lower the extremities of the lines as they go into the white, a leathern cushion, about six or seven inches in diameter, filled with sand (to make it heavy), to rest his block upon, and to enable him to turn it round freely, and an oilstone to sharpen his tools upon, are the principal things actually required by the engraver.

FIG. 8.

The mode of holding the tool is not always the same. When working near the extremity of a block, the thumb is placed as in the annexed engraving (fig. 10), pressing against the edge, and allowing the hand to move the tool backwards and forwards. When the parts to be engraved are too far to be reached in this way, the thumb is placed on the surface of the block (fig. 11), and pressed on to it, so as to form a stay for the hand when moving the graver about.

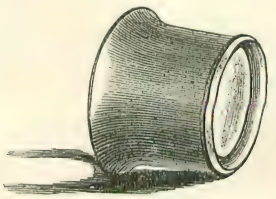


FIG. 9.

It is scarcely necessary to say that a good light is essential, and that in the foggy, dark days of an English winter, when an engraver for weeks at a time is compelled to use an artificial substitute for daylight, the strain on the

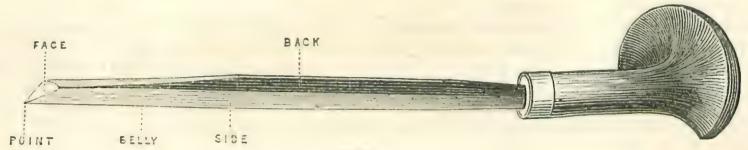


FIG. 4.

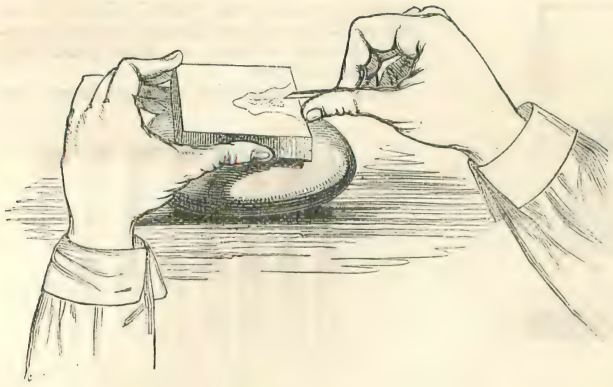


FIG. 10.

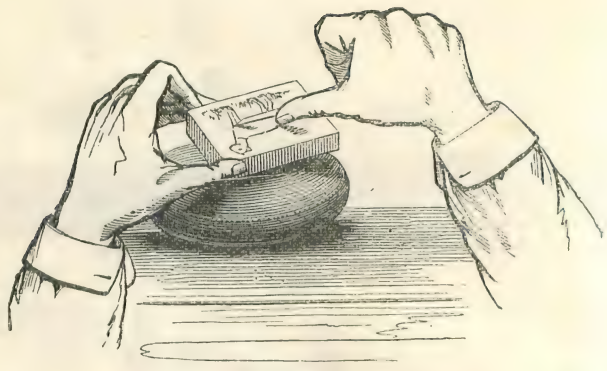


FIG. 11.

sight is very great. The best gas-burner, even with an opal reflector over it, will not enable him properly to see his work. So he places in front of his light a glass globe filled with water (sometimes coloured green with a few drops of nitrate of copper), which focuses or concentrates the light on to his block. By this contrivance a clear bright light is obtainable, and one burner placed on a round table will suffice for four or five persons.

A bullseye, such as policemen have in their lanterns, will answer the purpose as far as the light is concerned, but it does not protect the face and head from the heat of the gas so well as a globe.

If an engraver slips, makes a mistake, or his work becomes accidently injured, the defect can only be corrected—more or less imperfectly—by inserting another piece of wood, and re-engraving on that. This he calls plugging. The part to be altered is cut away, and a hole made nearly through the block with a gimlet or drill, a piece of wood is cut the required size, dipped in glue, and inserted in the hole, and driven firmly home with a hammer. As it stands a great deal above the surrounding surface, much care is required to saw off and smooth the plug down level with it. If the work be delicate, plugs are seldom a success, the adjacent lines are nearly sure to be bruised or pushed out of their place; sometimes, too, the plug itself will sink or come out.

(To be continued.)

VARIETIES.

THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH.—In Dumfriesshire it is a common superstition that if crickets forsake a house which they have long inhabited, some evil will befall the family; generally the death of some member is portended. In like manner, the presence or return of this cheerful little insect is lucky, and portends some good to the family.—*Sir William Jardine.*

ON KEEPING SECRETS.—Guard thy secret from another; intrust it not; for she who intrusteth a secret hath lost it.—*Arab Saying.*

AN OLD SUPERSTITION.

Wash your hands, or else the fire
Will not burn to your desire;
Unwashed hands, ye maidens know,
Dead the fire, though ye blow.
—*Herrick.*

GOOD COUNSEL.—There is as much difference between the counsel that a friend giveth and that a man giveth himself as there is between the counsel of a friend and of a flatterer. —*Bacon.*

CRAMMING CHILDREN.—Children would be more free from disease if they were not crammed so much by fond mothers.—*Locke.*

SALUTATIONS AMONGST THE MUSLIMS.

Various modes of salutation are practised by the Muslims. Among these the following are the more common or the more remarkable; they differ in the degree of respect that they indicate nearly in the order in which I shall mention them, the last being the most respectful:—1. Placing the right hand upon the breast. 2. Touching the lips and the forehead or turban (or the forehead or turban only) with the right hand. 3. Doing the same, but slightly inclining the head during the action. 4. The same as the preceding, but inclining the body also. 5. As above, but previously touching the ground with the right hand. 6. Kissing the hand of the person to whom the obeisance is paid. 7. Kissing his sleeve. 8. Kissing the skirt of his clothing. 9. Kissing his feet. 10. Kissing the carpet or ground before him.

The first five are often accompanied by the salutation, "Peace be on you!" To which the reply is, "On you be peace and the mercy of God and His blessings!" The sixth mode is observed by servants or pupils to masters, by the wife to the husband, and by children to their father, and sometimes to the mother. It is also an act of homage paid to the aged by the young, or to learned or religious men by the less instructed or less devout. The last mode is seldom observed but to kings, and in Arabian countries it is now very uncommon.—*G. W. Lane.*

GOING OUT TO DINE.—About a century ago the Horse Wynd, in the old town of Edinburgh, had inhabitants who kept their carriages and maintained such state that one lady is said to have driven from her own door to the house where she was to dine, the heads of her front horses being before her neighbour's door ere the carriage left her own.

EVENING THOUGHTS.

When darkness fills the western sky,
And sleep, the twin of death, is nigh,
What soothes the soul at set of sun?
The pleasing thought of duty done.
R. S. Hawker.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

We're two domestic animals, and yet each name
A famous writer of this century can claim.
The first, whose genial humour so inspires his pen,
To touch, with homely words, the hearts of other men,
Has from his essays shrewd ideas so quaintly flung;
His readers know his hand was readier than his tongue.
The second, Nature's poet; all untaught, his strain
Flow'd from imagination's pure creative vein,
And, nurtur'd in the solitude of hills and streams,
Told in his verse the fairy-lore of peasant's dreams.

1. A loving maid, who by her younger sister's side,
Was disregarded, but, by fraud, was made a bride,
Yet, still uncar'd for, disappointment marked her life;
Proud, as a mother, but neglected as a wife.

2. In Central and in South America is found
A quadruped that burrows deeply underground;
Admiring the defensive armour which it wears,
The Spaniards gave it the descriptive name it bears.

3. The maiden city, known a thousand years ago,
Built on an isle past which the silv'ry waters flow,
Long deem'd impregnable; but in religion's name
A furious war was kindled. Shot, and sword, and flame
Did here destruction's work; the city fell, and all
Her country wept with horror when they knew her fall.

4. A Danish navigator, who, by sailing round,
A passage 'twixt America and Asia found.

XIMENA.

INSIDE PASSENGERS; OR, THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF LUKE AND BELINDA.

By A LONDON PHYSICIAN.

CHAPTER VII.

BEHIND THE SCENES.

"WAKE up, wake up!" shouted Luke into the sleepy one's ear, giving her hair a tug. "I'm sure you've slept long enough. It's quite time to have breakfast and pack up."

"Oh, don't, Pill, you hurt me dreadfully," said Belinda, opening and rubbing her eyes. "Are we going to leave here today?"

"Yes," answered Luke, decidedly. "While you've been dreaming I've been thinking, and I've just arranged a week's tour which I know you'll enjoy immensely."

"Where shall we go, Pill?"

"All through him, and all about him inside," answered Luke, rather mysteriously; "I've thought everything over, and being thoroughly acquainted with the way, I know we shall be able to manage it very well in about a week, of which one day has already gone."

"I suppose you mean seven of our days, Pill. If we were big we should call it about as many hours."

"Never mind about that; it will be as long as a week to us. Now what do you say, miss?"

"Are you quite sure it will be nice, and safe, and very interesting?"

"Quite, Bozy. You'll enjoy it ten times more than the Mediterranean. You haven't been to Scotland or Switzerland yet," said Luke, patronisingly (who had spent a week in each country), "or even down a coal mine; but I have, and I know this trip will beat them all hollow."

"You're quite sure it is safe, Pill?"

"As to that, I have several contrivances you have not seen yet, without which we could not attempt the journey; with them we are all right."

"Well, I'll come!" said Belinda, clapping her hands; "and you'll explain everything to me, you dear boy, won't you? And you won't tell me anything that's not true?"

"I'll give you a sound and accurate description of all that we see, Bozy; and when we come out, and regain our size (if ever we do) you will be able to pass the first M.R.C.S. with ease. Now then, sit down—'business first and pleasure afterwards,' as the somebody said to the what d'ye call him."

The pill-box and water flask were then produced.

"H. F. D. and cold water again I declare! a nice breakfast for a young lady," said Belinda, in disgust.

"I'm afraid I've nothing better than this to offer you, ma'am, in the way of eatables," said her brother politely, "but you can have either tea or coffee at a moment's notice," and he placed a flexible cup in her hand.

"Do you really mean it, Pill; I declare you're a magician. I think I'll have a cup of coffee."

"All right, Bozy; here you are," and taking a tiny tablet out of a flat tin box he dropped it into the cup.

"What is that, Pill?"

"Simply a coffee tablet containing the amount of coffee, sugar, and milk to make one cup."

"And where's the hot water," said Belinda, triumphantly; "I have you there, my boy!"

"Not at all," responded Luke, placidly. "I never explained to you yesterday that by simply pressing the stud harder, and thus allowing the gases to combine more rapidly, I can produce any temperature of water up to boiling."*

So saying, he held the flask over Belinda's cup, and pressing the stud forcibly, a stream of hot water instantly filled it, forming a delicious cup of most fragrant coffee.

The pair having breakfasted, Luke carefully lowered the two packages of gold on to the tongue by a lengthened rope, then his sister, and finally undoing the loop and simply hooking the rope to a projecting angle and tying a fine line to it, he descended. He then jerked the hook off by the line, coiled up the rope, and with the packages in one hand and his trusty stick in the other, prepared to start on as marvellous and memorable a journey as ever fell to the lot of any human being.

Skirting the outside of the first of the long line of cherry tarts (or *Circumvallate papillæ*) so as not to get into the V, they soon found the ground becoming smoother, and a few steps more placed them directly beneath the pendulous curtain that had hitherto effectually screened all the backpart of the cavern from their gaze.

Overhead and a little to their left hung straight down that "finger" that had excited Belinda's superstitions the day before. In front all was darkness, out of which occasionally came a strong blast of air which made Belinda shiver all over. Here Luke suddenly halted.

"Now for the 'Trouvé,'" he said, strapping the glass knob on his forehead, and causing the electric light to shine; "we are getting to a very dangerous part, Bozy. The Mer-de-Glace is a trifle to this."

"What an awful place," said Belinda, as the light revealed the wonders and the dangers before her.

They were standing at the entrance of a most curiously shaped cavern. It was about 200 yards broad, but not more than 100 yards deep. Above their heads the roof could be seen at a distance of not less than 300 yards, (which was at least double the height of the outer cave), while in front of them the ground sloped rapidly downwards towards a frightful precipice. The smooth moist red wall opposite that formed the extreme end of the cavern gradually arched forwards as it ascended to the highest part of the vault above their heads, while at each side it curved round in a semicircle, forming the side walls, until it ended at the posterior of the two fleshy pillars that supported each side of the curtain dividing the two caverns.

High up, on each side of the semicircular wall, just above the level of the top of the curtain in front, was an oval aperture about ten yards high, now closed by the approximation of its walls.

A dim light faintly illumined the vaulted roof as if there were some openings on the anterior wall above their heads.

"Now," said Luke, when they had completed their survey, "before I explain anything, look down at the precipice."

Belinda, with a firm grip on Luke's arm, looked down over the sloping edge, while he directed the light in the same direction.

As we have said, the smooth moist red surface on which they stood shelved rapidly downwards till it ended in an abyss. Just at the brink, however, the smooth edge was hollowed out in a semicircle some 50 yards in diameter, at which part the precipice was protected by a smooth yellow parapet of the same length, low at each end and rising to the height of at least fifty yards in the middle.

Looking over this wall, the top of which was far below them, it could be seen that the gulf in front, forming the whole floor of the cavern, was divided into two by a narrow fleshy rim that, starting from each end of the parapet, formed a semicircle which, with that in front, completed the opening of a gigantic pipe or pit. Behind this rim lay the main gulf stretching right across the back of the cavern.

"Well, are you satisfied, Bozy?" said Luke, at last.

"More than satisfied, Pill. What an awful place our mouth is! I certainly begin to feel my ignorance most painfully. Do you really know yourself what all these dreadful places are for?"

"I certainly do, Bozy, and if you'll sit down a minute on these parcels I'll explain."

Belinda sat down, and Luke, who was waterproofed, stretched himself on the damp ground with his back against her. Pointing forward with his stick, he began:

"This, Belinda, is not the mouth at all. That ceases at the curtain just behind, which is called the soft palate. On each side of it are these two pillars called the *anterior* and *posterior* pillars of the fauces, between which is lodged the *tonsil*. We are standing in the '*isthmus of the fauces*,' which is, as you see, about 100 yards wide, and is vulgarly (not poetically) called 'the swallow.' It is here that the sensation of thirst is always felt, while that of hunger is felt in the stomach. This huge cavern in front without a floor is called the *pharynx* (or throat). You see how much higher it is than the mouth, but you have not observed perhaps that it has no fewer than seven openings leading out of it."

"I can't say I have," said Belinda. "Shall I count them?"

"Do, Bozy."

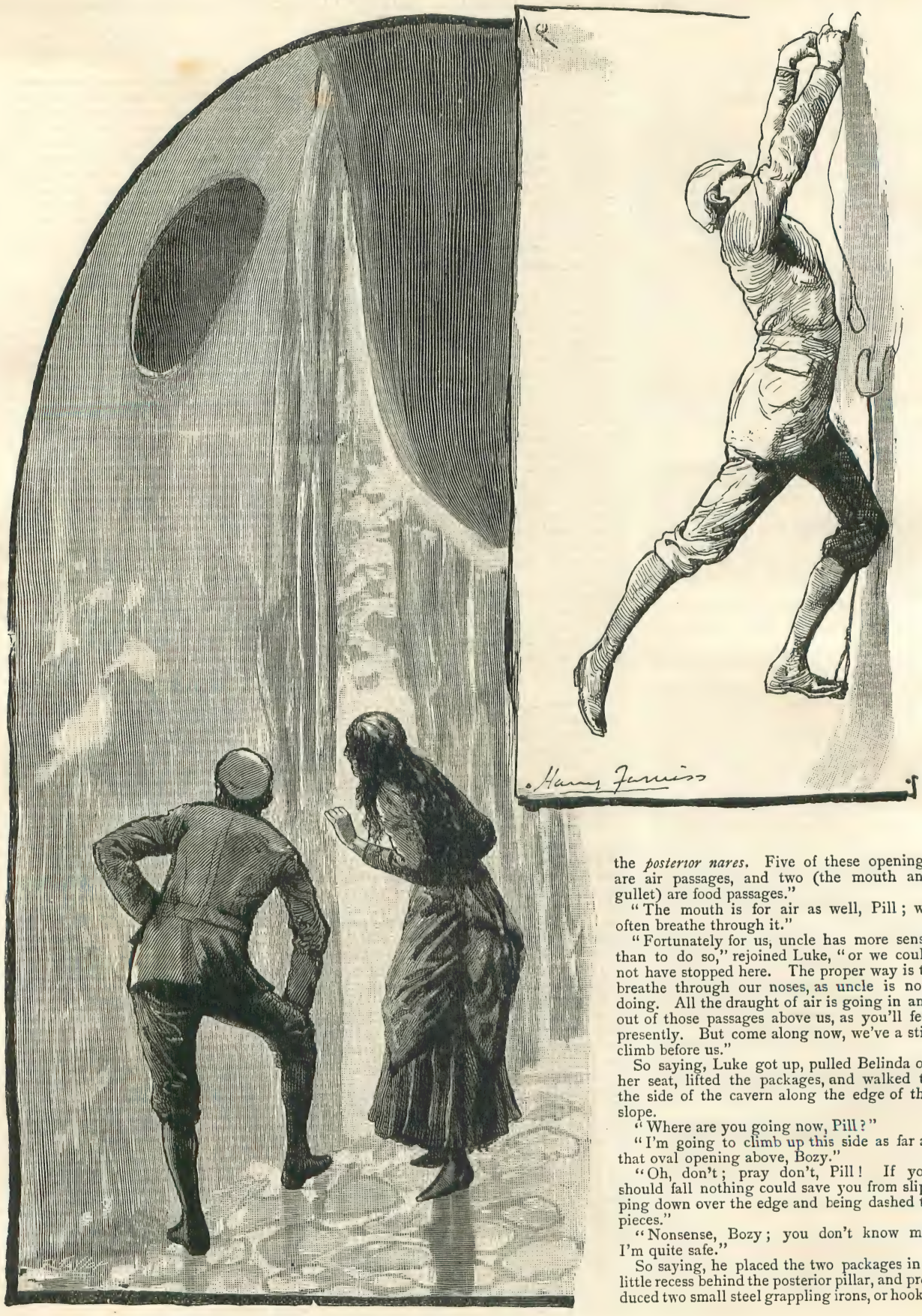
"Well, here we are in one opening, the main one, I suppose, leading to the mouth. Then there are these two awful pits at our feet; that round one like a well in front; and that great flat opening behind. What are they?"

"You tell me," said Luke.

"Well," said Belinda, thoughtfully, "I think that the nearest pit, or pipe, or well, is what we breathe with, and that one behind is where all the food goes."

"Quite right, quite right, Belinda. This pipe is for air, and is called the *larynx*, and leads to the *trachea*, or windpipe, and *lungs* below. That lofty yellow wall in front is called the *epiglottis*. The cavity behind is the top of the *æsophagus*, or gullet, and leads down to unknown regions. Now, these are three main openings. The other four are above. These two oval slits in the sides are the entrances to two long, curious passages leading to the ears, while that dim light that you see above p[roceeds] from two huge openings over our [heads] in the front wall of the cavern, leading [to the] nose and out into the air. They are

* This sounds well; but we must say that while Mr. Courteney's physiological teaching is really remarkably accurate, we *cannot* (we say it with all respect) believe altogether in his wonderful scientific inventions.



"'WHAT AN AWFUL PLACE,' SAID BELINDA."

the *posterior nares*. Five of these openings are air passages, and two (the mouth and gullet) are food passages."

"The mouth is for air as well, Pill; we often breathe through it."

"Fortunately for us, uncle has more sense than to do so," rejoined Luke, "or we could not have stopped here. The proper way is to breathe through our noses, as uncle is now doing. All the draught of air is going in and out of those passages above us, as you'll feel presently. But come along now, we've a stiff climb before us."

So saying, Luke got up, pulled Belinda off her seat, lifted the packages, and walked to the side of the cavern along the edge of the slope.

"Where are you going now, Pill?"

"I'm going to climb up this side as far as that oval opening above, Bozy."

"Oh, don't; pray don't, Pill! If you should fall nothing could save you from slipping down over the edge and being dashed to pieces."

"Nonsense, Bozy; you don't know me. I'm quite safe."

So saying, he placed the two packages in a little recess behind the posterior pillar, and produced two small steel grappling irons, or hooks,

such as were used for lifting the bales of wool on board his uncle's ship, and which afford a secure hold in any soft substance; to each he attached a bit of wire rope four feet long, at the end of which was a loop.

Plunging one hook in the wall as high as he could reach (the instrument being so minute as to cause no pain), he placed his foot in the loop, and, raising himself off the tongue, plunged the other hook in some feet higher. Putting his other foot in the loop attached to it, he pulled out the lower hook and inserted it afresh as high as he could reach, thus forming a movable step-ladder of the simplest construction. His head was soon level with the top of the huge curtain, and in a moment more he had gained the oval aperture in the wall behind it. Pushing aside the yielding walls, he stood safely on the threshold.

Belinda, who had followed every movement with breathless interest, could not repress a scream of delight when he got there.

"All right, Bozy," he shouted down, lowering his wire rope; "hook them on."

Belinda hooked on the packages, which were soon landed safely above.

Now came the young lady's turn. With no little trepidation she passed the padded rope securely beneath her arms, hooked it on itself, and then said: "All right."

Drawn up by the stout arms of her brother, she could not repress a shudder as she dangled over the very verge of the profound abyss below, and very thankful she was to find herself once more on *terra firma*, standing with Luke in the cleft in the cavern's wall.

"Where are we now?" was her first question.

"In the mouth of the left *eustachian tube* leading from the pharynx to the left ear, Bozy," was the reply. "Now look, and see what a view you get of the *posterior nares!*"

On a level with them, straight in front above the top of the curtain, was the floor of two lofty cavernous passages that, divided by a narrow party wall, occupied the whole of the upper half of the front of the cavern. The entrances were in shape something like two huge Gothic windows, each some hundred yards high by fifty broad.* The caverns had smooth floors and arched roofs, and were evidently of great length. Along them beams of light, tinged rosy red, struggled through, showing they communicated far in front with the open air.

What arrested Belinda's attention, however, was that all the walls and floor appeared in tremulous motion, and not until Luke turned his light full on them were the wonders of the scene displayed. All along both caverns of the nose, as far as they could see, all round the large cavern of the pharynx, as far down as the level where they were standing, presented the appearance of fields of ripe corn waving backwards and forwards in the breeze. Even where they stood the very floor and walls were in perpetual motion, which on close inspection turned out to be due to innumerable short, stiff hairs, one or two inches long, in continual motion. Lower down, along the wall where Luke had climbed, there was not a vestige of them to be seen.

"Do you see, Luke; do you see all that moving?" said Belinda, excitedly. "What is it?"

"*Cilia*," replied her brother.

"I'm not sillier," said Belinda, indignantly, "than you, or anyone else. I don't believe you know what it is. It looks like 'live' velvet. Does it always keep moving like that?"

"Always," said Luke, impressively. "Yours began when you were born, and will continue a short time after you are dead."

"What is it for?"

"To sweep all the dust and dirt away, Belinda; and, as I told you before, these hairs are called *c—i—l—i—a*, which simply means 'eyelashes.'"

"I wonder they are never tired," said Belinda, gazing at the ever-waving surface from which the electric light was reflected in trembling silver streaks, like the moonbeams from a rippling lake. Are they alive?"

"They are," said Luke, "and no more tired than your heart which for ever beats, or your blood which for ever flows."

"It makes *me* tired even to think of them. Oh, dear, I wish they would stop just for one moment. Then do we breathe through those two long caverns, Pill?"

"Yes, Bozy. You see even when the mouth is shut the air can rush in and out of these openings straight up and down that shaft below."

"Why is it better to breathe through the nose than through the mouth, Pill?"

"For at least three reasons, Bozy. In the first place, breathing through the mouth is worse, because it is a much shorter way than through these long passages of the nose. The air, therefore, has no time to get warmed before it reaches the lungs at the bottom of the shaft. Secondly, it is a worse way, because it is so much more open. All the grains of dust and dirt, not to mention the spores or germs of a hundred diseases, reach the lungs readily through the mouth, whereas when the air is drawn through those two long passages in front of us, which are very narrow nearer the front, a great many of these things are strained off, left behind, and brushed back, and never reach the lungs at all. Thirdly, when the air is drawn through the mouth it produces a perpetual draught there, drying up the tongue and throat, as well as the saliva. Therefore, finally and lastly, the air breathed through the nose is warmer, moister, and purer than the air breathed through the mouth."

"Capital, Pill. I'll never breathe through my mouth again."

"If you read Mr. Catlin's book, called 'Shut your mouth and save your life,' you never would, Bozy. He there shows that no animals or savages ever breathe through their mouths, that it is only a product of degenerate civilisation, and has done much towards the increase of all lung diseases, besides being a fertile source of nightmares."

"Which way do most people breathe?"

"I'm inclined to think, Bozy, through the nose. One night when on duty in the wards, I counted 200 patients, and found that very nearly half (men and women) were sleeping with their mouths open, and a large proportion of these had lung diseases.* But enough about breathing; we must now explore this passage."

* These apertures are said to be the exact size of the first joint of the person's thumb.

* We have verified this, and find it quite correct; though whether the diseases are the cause or effect of the open mouth we cannot say.—ED.

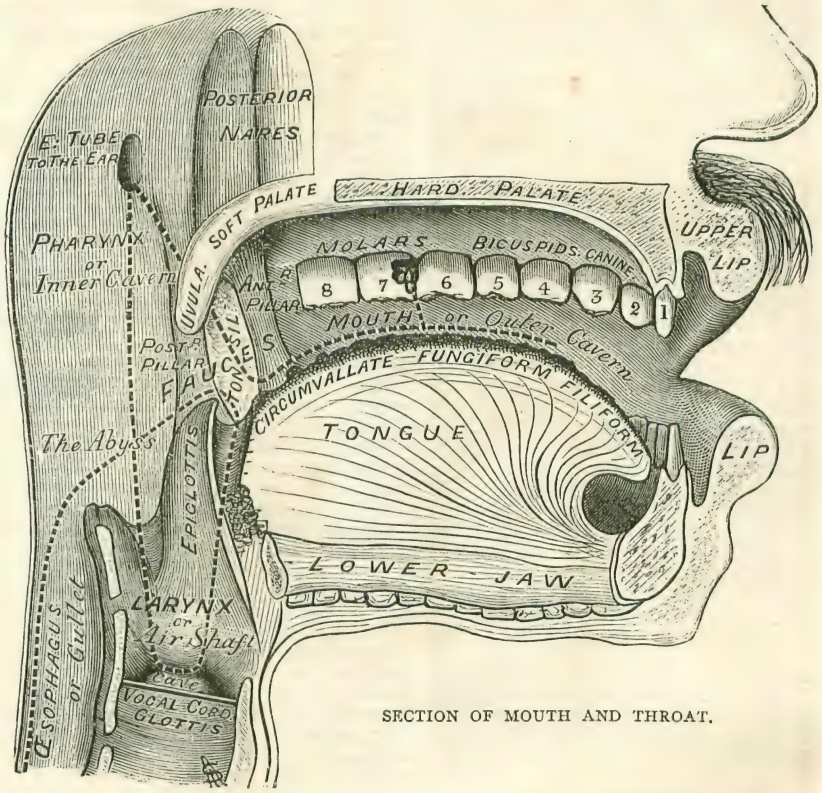
COURTLEROY.

BY ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER XIV.

HER PENSION.

ALL the neighbours called at Summerlands in the course of time, Sir Joshua and Lady Helena Carew and their sons inclusive. Lady Helena's present object in life being to bring her eldest son and Mimica together, she set aside her dislike to tenants at will, parvenus, and people of doubtful antecedents, in order to effect this purpose on what she imagined neutral ground. That Mimica would be Mr. Le Roy's heiress nobody doubted, and had he not a magnificent property adjoining the Carew estates, and otherwise most advantageous to an aspirant for monetary, county, and political fame, such as she hoped her son was? "Providence favours me," she thought to herself, when on entering the Summerlands drawing-room she found Miss Heath and Mimica there. Sir Joshua and Mr. Carew



SECTION OF MOUTH AND THROAT.

were with her, therefore all was as it should be.

Sir Joshua was the most genial of men, very fussy, very argumentative, somewhat stout and short of breath, very rubicund and jocose, reckoned a *bon-vivant*, and exceedingly popular. He and Mr. Prettyman were drawn together, though he was a staunch Conservative and Mr. Prettyman a Liberal. Not so their wives. Lady Helena was much too grand and aristocratic for Mrs. Prettyman, while that lady was far too simple and loquacious for her ladyship. However, they could not clash much at a morning call, particularly as Miss Heath was present to help her friend in case of emergency.

Mrs. Prettyman had previously said to her, "My dear Milly, what is one to say when a real lady of title speaks to one? Suppose Lady Helena should call—I am sure I hope she won't—am I to say 'your ladyship' every time I speak to her? If so, I shall be sure to forget. I have been in company with ladies of title, but never come in contact with them, as I must if she should come to Summerlands."

"Oh! speak to her as you would to me, Louisa, and don't say 'your ladyship' at all, then you will be natural," Miss Heath had replied, with more openness than usual.

Still, she looked with some anxiety on the greeting, as Mrs. Prettyman, meeting the dignified Lady Helena, made a sort of hesitating curtsey. The contrast was perfect between the comely, plump, fair, uncapped, ringleted, and gaily-dressed merchant's wife, and the tall, thin, stately, dark-clothed daughter of an Irish earl, and wife of an English baronet. But Lady Helena was indifferent so long as she saw her son making himself unusually agreeable to Mimica. She was, however, annoyed—as was too often the case—with Sir Joshua, for he interrupted the *tete-à-tête* of the young people.

"Glad to see you within the walls of a private house, Miss Marmont," he said, fussing up to Mimica. "Met you often at church, and hope you haven't been too much flattered by my gaze; but you're so like your uncle. How is your uncle? Never been into the country since that——Oh! I forgot, her ladyship is looking severely at me. Oh, no! we never mention her. But how is your uncle?"

"I believe he is very well. Georgie saw him not long before he left London," replied Mimica.

"And who is Georgie?" he asked. "I should like to see anybody who has seen Le Roy within the last dozen years."

"I have, sir," here put in George, who was listening and watching. "I went to the Handel Festival with him."

Sir Joshua looked at George rather contemptuously for so kindly a man, but meeting his honest eyes, said he had heard of him from his son Herbert, who was, he believed, his schoolfellow. He had, indeed, heard a very disadvantageous report of him. Lady Helena, also, cast a side glance at him, not unperceived by Mrs. Prettyman.

"A *protégé* of yours, I understand?" said Lady Helena.

"An adopted son, the dearest, and cleverest, and most tractable boy in the world," cried Mrs. Prettyman, enthusiastically.

"Indeed!" interjected Lady Helena.

"Sir Joshua looks well," volunteered Miss Heath, conscious of the dangerous ground near at hand.

"He is always well, Milly; just what he was years ago. Your Mimica is singularly handsome with that clear profile, pale face, and dark hair; the Le Roy eyes and nostril. Is she amiable? He was not, but her mother was."

Miss Heath was too wise to speak to Mimica's amiability; indeed, she could not make up her mind on that head, so she replied that she was clever, but lacked the advantages of masters.

"What a blessing!" interrupted Sir Joshua, who had a way of interrupting everybody, and mixing in all that was going on. "No masters! No pianos, violins, violoncellos, flutes, sackbuts, psalteries, dulcimers, and no kinds of music! No vocal screaming to bring the house about your ears! Miss Marmont, let us shake hands."

To Mimica's amusement he held out his hand, and shook hers heartily. She fell in love with him then and there; so did George, who was standing close by.

"Will you shake hands with me, too, sir, and tell Herbert we are all friends?" he said.

"To be sure I will, my boy," returned Sir Joshua, looking at the frank, beautiful face upturned to his.

"Are you taking leave, Sir Joshua?" asked Lady Helena, half rising.

"Only making believe, my lady," he answered, and Mrs. Prettyman began to think that, in spite of Milly Heath, it was proper to say, "my lady," and "your ladyship."

Meanwhile Mr. Carew kept near Mimica. He entertained her with descriptions of life, military and fashionable, and made himself vastly agreeable. He was good-looking, had charming manners, and was, as yet, the only young man of position, so to call it, Mimica had met. They had seen one another at church whenever he was in the country, had been occasionally thrown together at the vicarage, and had even walked together for a few minutes during some chance encounter. Mimica was singularly unconscious, straightforward, and natural in manner, and, strange to say, not shy. Her intercourse with the Lestes had cured her of some of her natural imperiousness, and she was learning gradually that she could not rule the world. Still, her manner was sometimes authoritative, and occasionally slightly brusque. "She could not have learnt it from me," poor Miss Heath would mutter, when Mimica volunteered an opinion which she considered too decided for her age.

"Can you never pay us a visit? I often see you driving past Monkton," said Mr. Carew.

"Never, until I have emancipated myself," replied Mimica. "But then I must go elsewhere. How is Leila? What has she to do? How does she get on?"

"Too independent, I fear," half whispered Mr. Carew, glancing at his mother. "I am very sorry for her."

"It is excellent to earn one own's living. I envy her," returned Mimica. "Laura has just made up her mind to become a schoolmistress, because she hears female clerkships are so hard to get. There are hundreds of candidates at all the examinations, and Mr. Leste says he would rather she were in the Board School than in London."

"Board School!" echoed Mr. Carew, in a horrified voice. "What next? A clergyman of good family, clever, with a well-connected wife and superior children, to make his daughters schoolmistresses and lady helps, and——"

"But they can't starve, Mr. Carew. I wish I were a bishop or an archbishop, and Mr. Leste should have the best living in England. What is the use of a bishop if the very best clergyman in the diocese is left with a curacy and less than two hundred a year? I say it is a shame!"

"What is a shame, Miss Marmont?" asked Sir Joshua, who overheard Mimica's hot words, and spoke so loud himself that everybody else was startled by the question.

Mimica coloured, and Mr. Carew answered for her with a good-natured laugh.

"We were discussing church dignitaries, and disestablishment, and patronage in all the professions, and other problems."

"But what was the shame?" persisted Sir Joshua.

"That Mr. Leste has not a good living," Mimica took courage to say.

When Lady Helena rose to go many civilities passed on all sides, and thus the acquaintance was begun. Mr. Carew signified his intention of walking home, so Sir Joshua and Lady Helena departed without him. Miss Heath and Mimica also moved to go when their carriage drove off, which gave Mr. Carew an opportunity of accompanying them. George was of the party, and Mr. and Mrs. Prettyman stood on the broad steps to see them off. It was a cheery autumn day, and the extensive view from the house, of park, woodland, lake, and distant rising ground covered with fir-trees, was extremely beautiful. The lake faced the house at no great distance, and gleamed like silver beneath the afternoon sun. A pair of swans sailed on its glowing breast, and other water-fowl made it their peaceful abiding-place. Shrubs and trees diversified its margin, and a boat was moored beneath one of the latter.

"May we have a row, Mr. Prettyman?" suddenly exclaimed Carew. "Shall we all go in for it? I will be oarsman."

"I can row, too. Oh, *padre*, let us go," cried George.

In spite of Miss Heath's feeble remonstrances, they were shortly at the water's edge. Mrs. Prettyman was the only one of the party who positively declined to get into the boat; the rest consented. Mr. Carew helped Mimica, and watchful, and maybe jealous, George saw her pale face flush crimson beneath the sheltering hat. He noticed, also, that her manner grew shy and distant, and that a little time elapsed before it resumed its natural frankness. He sat beside her, his aid not being needed as oarsman, and said, softly—

"You are hurt, Mimi! Who has offended you?"

"No one—not you, at least, Georgie," she replied.

But the delicious motion of the boat, the plash of the oars, the beauty of the day and scene, soon effaced any annoyance she might be feeling, and she joyed in that, her first venture on the lake. She and George had many a row subsequently, and she soon learnt to handle an oar as well as he.

The party remained some time on the lake. Mr. Prettyman was in his happiest mood, Mr. Carew as agreeable as possible, and Mimica full of girlish delight; Miss Heath alone was uncomfortable. She sat in silent watchfulness, wondering what Mr. Le Roy would think of this intimacy with the heir of all the Carews. So did George. In his youthful devotion to Mimica he felt aggrieved that anyone should share her attention, and he could but feel that he was set aside for the moment.

The waning afternoon warned them at last that even the innocent enjoyment of moving over a placid lake was in the power of the sun, and they disembarked and separated. George returned with his *padre* to the house, with a regretful look in his clear eyes, while Mr. Carew accompanied the ladies to the end of the park.

"Is that antiquated, half-animated statue always with you?" he said to Mimica, while Miss Heath was for the moment at a little distance.

"Not always," she replied. "I am occasionally alone. When I work in my garden, Miss Heath—if you mean Miss Heath—is seldom with me, because she takes cold."

"Of course, I mean your *duenna*. How glad you must be when she takes cold!"

As Miss Heath came up almost before he

had finished the sentence, Mimica could neither resent his words nor confess that she was occasionally glad when a catarrh, to which her friend was subject, kept her a prisoner for a day or so. They reached the lodge, where their routes lay in different directions, and separated. Again the tell-tale blush observed by George rushed to Mimica's cheeks when she shook hands with Mr. Carew. She hastily withdrew hers and turned away.

When she and Miss Heath reached Courtleroy they found Searle awaiting them. As he said he came on particular business they asked him up to the schoolroom, and Mimica begged him to be seated. She insensibly took the initiative with Searle, because Miss Heath would scarcely speak to him—indeed, that lady was only too glad to let Mimica be foremost on all occasions.

"I have done as you requested me, Miss Marmont," he began, looking apparently at a sketch on the wall behind Mimica; "I have made inquiries about the pension."

She started, and eagerly asked the result.

"I have succeeded in obtaining fifty pounds a year for you until you are supposed to have finished your education at twenty-one. There are some difficulties, and I am afraid if Mr. Le Roy heard of them he would be annoyed at my having applied. He is peculiar, as you know, Miss Heath."

"Fifty pounds a year!" exclaimed Mimica, as soon as she could realise the position. "It is a fortune. I am most grateful to you, Mr. Searle."

She rose as she spoke, and felt inclined to throw her arms about him, but refrained.

"I am sure I am truly glad to have been of service," he continued, gazing, now, on his knees, "but it may be injurious to me, and I should be much obliged if you would not mention the transaction to anyone, for the present, at any rate, until I have sounded Mr. Le Roy and told him how the matter actually stands."

"If I were to write to him about it he would not read my letters, so you need have no fear," said Mimica, who was beside herself at the prospect of possessing money of her own at last.

"It might be wise to abstain from mentioning it to—to other friends, for fear of its getting to Mr. Le Roy's ears until I have made the matter clear to him," continued the bailiff. "So many inquiries were made which I was able to answer, but which would have rendered him furious, that I must be cautious."

"But the money is mine, Mr. Searle?"

"Justly so, as sure as your father was a colonel in the army and you are his daughter. I have brought you the first half-year's pension. May I understand before I give it you that the affair is private—for the present—for the present?"

"Until you wish it made public," replied excited, overjoyed Mimica.

Searle took from his pocket-book two ten and one five pound Bank of England notes, and laid them on the table before the girl. She had not seen so much money since her childhood abroad, and she almost kissed the hand that pressed the notes on the table.

"You will also be silent, madam, for the present—just for the present," he added, turning towards Miss Heath, but not looking her in the face. "To be sure you always are silent and prudent. You never made mischief anywhere."

Their eyes met for an instant, and Miss Heath said something to the effect that she should not mention the subject. He drew a receipt from the pocket-book, which he asked Mimica to sign and Miss Heath to witness. Both read it first, and it was simply an acknowledgment that the half-year's pension was duly received. It looked to them like a Government document.

"I may depend on silence and secrecy, ladies, for the present?" he repeated, as he walked towards the door.

"Yes, oh, yes! I am for ever obliged to you. Forgive me if I was rude the other day," responded Mimica, following him, and half extending her hand.

"Not at all, Miss Marmont," was the ambiguous response: but the hand was not taken, and apparently not noticed.

"Hurrah! hurrah!" shouted Mimica, when they heard his footsteps far down the passage. "Money of my very own to give to the poor, to make presents with, to pay small bills, to buy colours and drawing paper, to travel by train. Oh, let us go to Prestbury to-morrow with my money, and not yours, Miss Heath; pay out of my purse—and I must get a new one—discharge my debts to you, you dear, patient, prudent Milly! Forgive me, the Christian name slipped out——"

"Mimica!" ejaculated Milly, while the insane girl caught her in her arms, dragged her from her chair, and began to dance with her round the room.

"I suppose I must not tell even George?" she said, when she paused, breathless, and released her partner.

"Not for the present," gasped Miss Heath, sinking into a chair, and indulging in the unusual outlet of a laugh.

(*To be continued.*)

A CHARACTER SKETCH.

By WILLIAM COWAN.

SHE was known to all in the street,
  She was known to all in the town;
Her wan thin face, with eyes of blue,
Her kindly smile, her heart so true;
  The quaint little figure in brown.

She was loved by all in the street,
  By all, young and old, in the town.
I see her before me now,
With the light of love on her brow,
  The quaint little figure in brown.

She carried a bag on her arm,
  With gifts for the poor of the town,
And from one to another she went,
On errand of mercy intent,
  The quaint little woman in brown.

The men touched their hats in respect
  Whenever she passed up or down,
And murmured, "God bless her, she's good;
We'd all for her shed our heart's blood,"
  The quaint little figure in brown.

They loved her like mother or wife,
  And called her the queen of the town,
For none had such power as she
To soothe the sad, and the slave to free,
  This quaint little woman in brown.

She would nurse the baby for hours,
  Darn the stocking or mend the gown;
On the green, with the little folks play,
Happy and bright for half the day,
  The quaint little figure in brown.

Ah, me! when the sickness came,
  Which bore her away from the town,
The darkness of death seemed to come
Upon all, as they bore to the tomb
  The quaint little woman in brown.

TOBOLSK.

ELIZABETH OF SIBERIA; OR, PRASCOVIE LOPOULOFF.

CHAPTER II.

THE winter had now fairly set in, and a violent snowstorm detained Prascovie nearly a week in a village on her route.

When the snow had hardened and the sledging season had begun, she would fain have started forth on foot, but the peasants in whose hut she was staying assured her it would be certain death, and she would never be heard of more if she ventured upon the vast frozen steppes without guide or conveyance. Just then a convoy of sledges bearing provisions to the town of Ekaterinburg for Christmas happened to halt in the village, and the drivers offered Prascovie a place.

Here was good fortune! but a difficulty presented itself. She had no sheepskin pelisse to protect her against the cold.

Thick fur is an absolute necessity for the traveller in those bitter regions. Prascovie wrapped herself in one of the mats used for covering goods, and journeyed thus for four days, but when the sledge stopped to change horses she lay benumbed, unable to stir, and with one cheek frostbitten.

Clearly she could not continue in such a condition. The drivers of the sledges clubbed together and tried to buy her a sheepskin cloak, but no one in the lonely hamlet would part with this necessary of life, fearing lest he could not replace it. In the dilemma one of her companions hit upon an expedient.

"We will lend her our pelisses in turn, or she shall take mine once for all, and you must each lend me yours for a little while."

This was done, and Prascovie sped snugly over the snow towards Ekaterinburg, while one of her kind conductors gave up his coat at every verst.

At the foot of the eastern slope of the Ural Mountains lies Ekaterinburg, while a vast unvaried plain stretches away beyond the city. Prascovie was now four hundred miles from her home. How bewildered the peasant girl, penniless and roughly clad, accustomed to the life of a remote village, must have felt in the streets of the town!

"You had better apply to Madame Milin," quoth the landlady of the inn whither the friendly peasants conducted her; "she is a most benevolent dame, and will very likely help you."

Prascovie set forth to obey this advice, but went first to church. It was Sunday morning; she had never seen so many people gathered together at one time, and her strange costume and intense earnestness in devotion attracted some attention from the congregation. After the service a lady asked her who she was and whither she was going in the town. Prascovie told her.

"Madame Milin is not so benevolent as you suppose," said the stranger. "You had better come with me."

Dismayed and bewildered, Prascovie knew not what to do.

The lady, seeing her distress, said, "Well, I will show you her house: there it is, close by, but come with me if she does not receive you."

Prascovie knocked at the door, and inquiring of the servant "if Madame Milin were at home," discovered that the stranger, smiling behind her, was no other than Madame Milin herself.

"Oh, I knew Madame Milin *must* be good!" cried the girl, gratefully kissing the lady's hand. And the belief was justified,

for her benefactress gave her a home during the whole winter, and taught her to read and write. Her parents, imagining in the hopelessness of their perpetual exile that she could never rise to any higher position than that of a peasant drudge, had neglected to teach her anything.

Prascovie passed a happy winter in the society of benevolent, refined people, and the comfort of a well-to-do home, both of which advantages she enjoyed for the first time in her life. Her health, seriously shaken by the hardships she had undergone, was improved by care and nourishment; but her mission was never absent from her thoughts, and early in the spring she implored Madame Milin to let her set forth again upon her pilgrimage. Her patroness saw that the devoted daughter really possessed the "faith that can remove mountains," and did all she could to help her. She gave her letters of introduction to friends in St. Petersburg, provided for the needs of her journey, and placed her under the care of a merchant who was bound for Nijni Novgorod.

Prascovie and her conductor travelled northwards by water for some time, and then left the boat to cross the Ural Mountains, intending to resume their voyage on the other side when they reached the streams that flow into the Volga. Unhappily, the merchant fell ill on a mountain pass, and was obliged to remain behind in a little hamlet while Prascovie pressed on alone. She reached the European side of the mountains in safety, and then took passages in the cargo-boats trading to Nijni Novgorod. She had many rough experiences on her way. Once she was flung overboard, together with two other passengers, by the sweep of an oar, and narrowly escaped drowning, while the immersion added to a severe cold that she had never lost since the night in the forest.

At last the brave girl disembarked at Nijni Novgorod, the largest town she had ever seen, where she knew of no one to whom she could apply for shelter or help. Madame Milin had taken it for granted that she would have the merchant still with her as escort, and had charged him to make all necessary arrangements for Prascovie's journey to St. Petersburg; but she found herself alone and forlorn in the midst of a crowd. Here was a solitude more terrible to her than the solitude of the Siberian steppes. She was six hundred miles from Ekaterinburg, and had as yet only about half accomplished her journey to St. Petersburg.

Where should she find refuge? Above her on a hill stood a church and convent, whither she ascended to pray. The church seemed deserted, but from behind a grated screen came the sweet voices of nuns chanting the vesper hymn. The soothing strains thrilled and comforted the desolate girl as she listened.

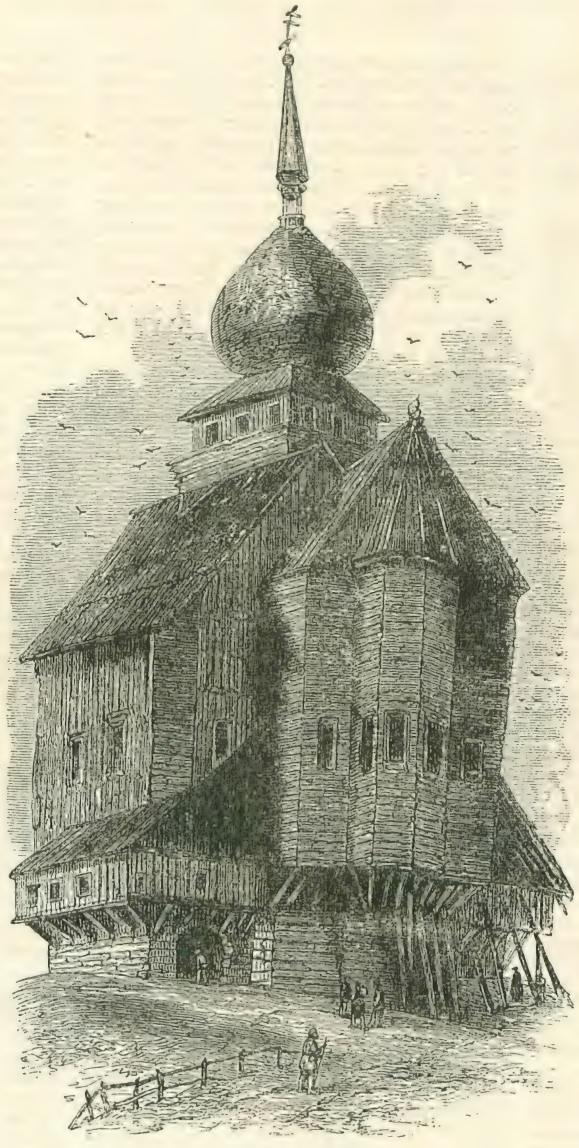
When she went forth again the view from the church door arrested her attention. The rays of the setting sun were striking down upon a vast plain, where the waters of two great rivers, the Oka and the Volga, reflected the glowing radiance. The city, situated at the confluence of these streams, lay below her at the height on which she stood.

A feeling of oppression at the vastness of the scene and her own loneliness came over her; for the first time her heart failed her, and she burst into tears. She hurried back into the church, where a nun accosted her kindly, saying it was time to close the doors.

"Pray give me shelter for the night in your convent," implored Prascovie.

"We do not lodge strangers," answered the nun; "but our mother, the abbess, may give you alms."

"That I do not require," said Prascovie, showing a purse in which she kept the remainder of Madame Milin's gift. "I only beg for shelter this night."



A RUSSIAN CHURCH.

The nun was touched with pity, and took the girl to the abbess, who gave her gracious permission to remain. She was quickly surrounded by the good sisters, who drew from her an account of all her adventures and the aim of her long and perilous journey. The effect that her simple story, told with unstudied eloquence, produced upon them was most impressive. They overwhelmed her with caresses, and the superior obtained from her a promise that when her mission was accomplished she would take the veil. This had long been Prascovie's intention, and she soon fixed upon this convent as her future home.

But her journey was destined to be put off for awhile. The fatigue and exposure borne by the heroic girl produced their natural effect, and she was seized by an illness that confined her to her bed for many weeks, during which time the nuns nursed her tenderly.

On her recovery she was detained yet longer in the sisterhood. Between Nijni Novgorod and St. Petersburg extends a vast tract of level, low-lying country that is sometimes inundated in the summer by the melting of the winter snows, and that, in any case, Prascovie was not strong enough to traverse on foot, while her means were insufficient to allow her to take a private carriage. She therefore awaited the snow season, when, by the kindness of the lady abbess, she started in a covered sledge with other travellers for Moscow, two hundred and fifty miles further on her way. From the same friend she obtained a letter of introduction to a Moscow lady, who had influence at St. Petersburg.

Swiftly and uneventfully Prascovie sped over the snow towards Moscow, where she was at length kindly welcomed by the abbess's friend. This lady gave her a letter of introduction to a princess in the Russian capital, and provided for the final stage in her journey by securing for her a seat in the carriage of a merchant who was travelling thither.

In this luxurious and easy way Prascovie's pilgrimage, which had begun so roughly, was completed, eighteen months after her departure from Siberia. With indescribable feelings she entered St. Petersburg. Here, at last, she was within reach of the object of her heart's desire! But the wife of the merchant, her escort, in whose house she found a kindly home, showed not the slightest faith in the success of her mission to the Czar; and, in fact, a trifling circumstance enough delayed the accomplishment of her purpose.

It was February when Prascovie reached St. Petersburg, and the ice that all the winter long holds the River Neva in iron fastness was just on the point of breaking up. No one is allowed to cross at this time, and as the ladies of rank, to whom she had letters of introduction, lodged on the opposite bank, our heroine was obliged to put off her visit to them. In the meantime, she was advised to get a petition drawn up and to have it presented to the Senate by one of its members, a proceeding unlikely in itself to succeed, and rendered more so by the irregular manner in which the petition was framed.

With this useless document in her hand, the poor girl haunted, day after day, the steps of the Senate House. Timidly she saw the grand personages in uniform, armed with swords and gay with decorations on their breasts, pass and repass her. At first she dared not offer her petition to one of them, and when, at last, she ventured to do so, she was repulsed as a beggar. The only kindness she received was from an official who gave her a five-rouble note, but would pay no attention to her statement.

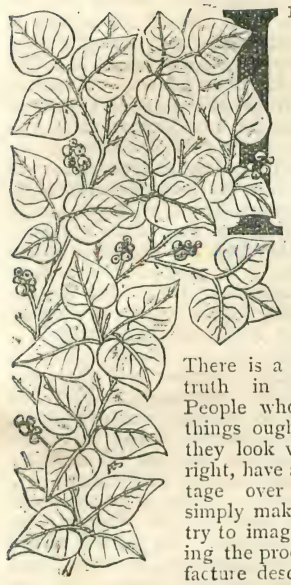
The floating blocks of ice on the Neva melted gradually away in the bosom of the flood, and the last obstacles in the way of the heroic daughter were soon to melt away likewise. Easter came; the spring sunshine

gladdened all hearts; "Christ is risen," was on every tongue. Prascovie felt the reviving influence of the scene, and new hope arose within her. The bridge over the Neva was replaced by this time, and the merchant's wife drove her to the house of Mme. Milin's friend, Mme. de L——, to whom she presented her letter of introduction. "I had heard from Mme. Milin about you," said the lady; and her husband kindly interested himself in the case. He had a relative of influence at court, through whom he promised to appeal direct to the Emperor. This, he said, would be far more likely to be effectual than approaching the senate with a petition. And Prascovie's letter of introduction from the abbess at Nijni Novgorod now gained her an invitation from the Princess T—— to come and take up her abode in her palace. Success at last seemed near at hand.

(*To be concluded.*)

OMELETTES, AND HOW TO MAKE THEM.

By PHILLIS BROWNE, Author of 'The Girl's Own Cookery Book.'



In the life of a great Englishwoman, just published, her biographer says that "she was an excellent housekeeper, and her excellence was partly attained from knowing how things ought to be done." There is a great deal of truth in this remark. People who know how things ought to be, how they look when they are right, have a great advantage over people who simply make a guess, and try to imagine, after having the process of manufacture described, though they have never actually seen what the result is. This is particularly the case with omelettes. For years authorities in cookery have been telling us that omelettes are delicious, inexpensive, elegant and wholesome; indeed, that they supply one of the most wholesome ways of cooking eggs; that French people use them every day, and never tire of them; that the varieties are endless; that if you can make one sort you can make fifty; that though a certain knack is required in making them, and though failure in them is much more frequent than success, yet that they are very easily made; that they are most convenient preparations, because they can be so quickly prepared (indeed they must be quickly prepared if they are to be good, and it has been said that an omelette should not only be made, but should be eaten also, in the space of three minutes). All these assertions are true, and yet omelettes are not at all common in England. English cooks seem afraid of them. I was most astonished the other day to hear a lady, who is, I know, exceedingly clever in cookery, and whom I have for years been accustomed to regard as an oracle, say, "We had company the other day, and I hired a French cook to prepare dinner for us. He proved to be so obliging that I asked him to teach me how to make omelettes, and he did so. I was surprised to find how easy they are. I shall never be afraid of them again." I should have soon have suspected this lady of being afraid of boiling an egg as of making an omelette. I feel sure that the timidity so frequently felt about preparing omelettes arises from the fact that few English cooks have seen them when properly made.

It is impossible for me in writing about omelettes to give the girls of our cookery class a sight of one. All I can do in this direction is to advise them to be on the look-out, and to take advantage of any opportunity that may arise in this direction. If they know a clever cook, ask her to make an omelette for them, or if there should be any cookery classes held where omelettes are to be prepared, let them attend the lesson and learn for themselves. Or, if occasions of this kind should be quite out of reach, let them try to make an omelette once or twice, from the directions I am now about to give. It is quite possible that they will make one or two failures, but I should say also that it is almost certain there would be ultimate success, and if once they saw an omelette as it should be they would never mistake it for the future.

In this case they would find it best to make a small omelette to begin with, so that there need not be much waste if there were failure. Indeed, small omelettes are so much more easily made than large ones, that it is always well for beginners to commence with one or two eggs only. The French generally allow two eggs for each person, and these would be quite enough to experiment on. On this account the pan used should not be too large, because the eggs are not supposed to spread all over the pan as they do in a pancake; they are intended to be kept together and to form a thick, light oval-shaped cushion, the size and shape of half the pan. For three or even four eggs, therefore, the omelette pan should not be more than six inches in diameter, while for two eggs a still smaller pan will be sufficient. These small pans are now sold of different sizes at every ironmonger's, and they cost only a few pence. Indeed, they are offered for sale so much more frequently than they once were, that one cannot help thinking that the making of omelettes is better understood among us than it used to be.

A very important detail concerning these omelette pans is that they must be kept for omelettes only; indeed, it is almost impossible to make an omelette satisfactorily in a pan which has been used for all sorts of things. One reason for this is that an omelette pan should never be washed; it should simply be wiped dry. If it is washed, the next omelette fried in it will stick, and it is a great point in making omelettes to keep them from sticking. If through accident or forgetfulness the pan should have been washed, or even if a new pan is to be used, it must be doctored by leaving a little fat, made exceedingly hot, in it, then pouring this away, and wiping the pan out quickly and briskly with paper until it is clean and bright. Omelette pans are made of copper, enamelled iron, tin, and earthenware, and they should be shallow and round, as well as small. Above all things, they must be perfectly clean from rust and dirt. Experienced omelette makers generally, I think, become attached to one particular pan, and prefer using it to any other. I suppose the explanation is that they have used this same pan successfully a few times, and get into the way of associating it with their success. I expect that their fancy leads them to take care of it, and thus it is kept in good condition.

Strictly speaking, a plain omelette ought to consist of nothing but eggs and flavouring. This flavouring may be varied indefinitely, all sorts of suitable ingredients being added, provided only that they are cooked or else need no cooking, for it cannot be expected that in the short time the eggs take to cook more solid food will be rendered eatable. Thus, when meat, such as game, bacon, kidneys, or fish are added to omelettes, the meat should be cooked separately, chopped small, then introduced deftly into the centre of the omelette, and covered with the egg, or else it should be mixed with the beaten eggs before cooking. Of course, the omelette is then named after the distinguishing addition. Thus when it is said that fifty varieties of omelettes are made, nothing more is meant than that fifty different additions may be put with the eggs. Thus we have asparagus omelette, bacon omelette, green pea omelette, kidney, lobster, mushroom, oyster, tomato omelettes, and many other sorts. *Omelette aux fines herbes* is omelette to which minced herbs, and perhaps a suspicion of finely-chopped shalot, has been added; *omelette aux confitures* is omelette with jam; *omelette au naturel* is nothing but plain omelette; *omelette au rhum* is made by mixing a glass of rum with the eggs, then sprinkling sugar on the dish, and at the moment of serving pouring a glass of rum over and setting on fire, as brandy is set on fire for Christmas pudding. This is considered a very superior dish.

M. Gouffé, who, as everyone knows, is a great authority in cooking, advises that the eggs in omelettes should not be over-beaten. He says that by so doing nothing is gained, and that the omelette is rendered watery. Other authorities, equally deserving of honour, say that the eggs should be well beaten, as this is especially needed to make the omelette light. I recommend girls not to overbeat certainly, but at any rate to beat the yolks and the whites together lightly, so that they may be thoroughly mixed before being turned into the pan. A mistake which English cooks frequently make is to cook the omelette overmuch. When properly done, the inside is quite soft and almost liquid, while the outside is firm enough to hold it together and keep it compact. An omelette must on no account be left standing in the dish after it is ready, but must be eaten immediately. No matter how light it is when finished, it will be heavy when cold.

We will suppose now that we are going to make a small omelette with two or three eggs. First, we must remember to have everything ready to our hand. If we get half through the business and then have to run off to fetch a knife, a spoon, or a dish, we are certain to come to grief; indeed, the dish which is to receive it should be very hot. Break two or three eggs into a basin, beat them lightly with a fork, and put with them some sugar and any suitable flavouring. Essence of vanilla is very good. Melt an ounce of butter in the omelette pan. When it is very hot, so that it froths all over, put in the eggs, and with a spoon or fork work the mixture lightly

from the sides, mixing in the butter while so doing, and be very careful not to let the eggs stick to the pan. Do not, however, continue stirring until the mixture is solid all the way through, but stop while it is still a little liquid. It may be finished in two ways. One is to tilt the handle of the omelette pan upwards, so as to let the egg slide downwards to the lower half of the pan, and away from the hottest part of the fire. As it goes, scrape it away so as to keep it together. Let it cook for a second or two, then tilt the pan the other way, and with a spoon roll the omelette over to the other end. Keep it together, because it ought to be thick, and as soon as it is set slide it upon a dish, sift sugar over it, and serve. The other way of finishing it is to fold it over something like a turnover when it is half set to make it the proper oval shape.

This sounds simple enough, does it not? So it is when you get to know how to do it; but, like many other simple things, it wants practice. It is quite an accomplishment to make an omelette properly. I often think that describing cookery is like describing how scales should be played. We might say that in going down the scale you should first play with the five fingers, then pass the second finger over the thumb, and afterwards the third finger. This sounds easy, but what a bungle those make of it who are not accustomed to the business. They twist their fingers up, and jerk their elbows out most awkwardly, while those who have practice glide smoothly up and down in most elegant fashion. So with cookery, practice is what is wanted to make perfect. The most elaborate instruction might be given, and yet the novice would come upon some little detail concerning which she was bewildered. Try again and again, if necessary; that is the best way of learning; the road to success lies through failure. And, as I said before, remember what you are aiming at—to produce a thick, soft, golden-coloured, oval-shaped mass, which, when cut into, shall look more like cooked custard than anything else I think of, shall be liquid in the centre and firm on the outside. And as the most usual mistake made in cooking an omelette is that it is too hard, err on the side of tilting up the pan too soon rather than too late, and above all things be expeditious.

Some people put a little milk into an omelette. The effect of this is to make it less rich, and although in a perfectly correct omelette I suppose this is not admissible, yet, on the whole, I do not think the addition is to be objected to, because a frequent objection made to omelettes is that they are too rich. A dessert-spoonful or a table-spoonful of milk to each egg will probably be considered sufficient.

When after persevering attempts an omelette has been made properly with two or three eggs, a larger number of eggs may be taken. I do not know, however, that it is in any case advisable to use more than six eggs. As an authority has declared, the best omelettes are never made with more than six eggs. Also when this skill has been attained, additions and variations can be made to any extent, for it will be understood an omelette may be mixed with almost anything.

An *omelette soufflée* is a favourite variety of the ordinary omelette. In making this, the whites should be beaten separately until they are very stiff, and added to the well-beaten yolks, so as not to beat down the froth. The omelette will be lighter if more white than yolk may be allowed, although this is by no means indispensable. Dissolve in a saucepan a tablespoonful of sugar and a teaspoonful of orange-flower water, or any other suitable flavouring. Pour the syrup into a cup to cool, then add the yolks of eggs and beat them to a cream; add then the whites, which have been beaten to a stiff froth. Melt a piece of butter the size of a nut in an omelette pan; when this is hot pour in the mixture; put the pan over a gentle fire for a couple of minutes, just to set the bottom of the omelette; then put the pan into a very hot oven and bake it until it rises high. Slip it on a hot plate, put some jam or sugar on it, turn it over like a sandwich, and serve instantly. In an oven which is so hot underneath that the eggs will set at the bottom, there is no need to put the omelette on the fire. It may simply be put in the oven for five minutes, and it must not be left after it has risen, or it will fall again. This is a very easy way of making an omelette.

Another easy way is to beat the eggs with milk, sweeten, and flavour them; butter a frying-pan to prevent sticking, and pour them in as if we intended to make a thick pancake. Let the preparation set, and then roll it up. A third easy way is the following:—Soak the crumb of a slice of stale bread taken from an ordinary loaf in as much milk as it will absorb. Pour off any milk that is over, and beat the bread to a paste with a fork, adding a little sugar or salt and the yolks of four eggs. Make a slice of butter hot in the pan. Have ready the whites of the eggs beaten to a solid froth, mix these with the rest; pour the mixture into the pan, and move it about for a minute. When the preparation is set at the bottom, put it into a very hot oven for five minutes, or until it is firm on the top, then fold it over and serve.

Sometimes with savoury omelettes, or with omelettes mixed with meat or fish, gravy is served. This should never be poured over the omelette; it should be sent to table separately. The gravy for omelettes is usually thickened with arrowroot or corn flour.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

JESSICA.—We have just given the address of a reading society, which you will see in our recent answers to correspondents. There is one conducted by Miss McLandsborough, Lindum Terrace, Manningham, Bradford, Yorshire.

TEACHER.—We do not see that you are entitled to any letters after your name from any examinations you have passed; but there is nothing to prevent your mentioning all you have done on your prospectus.

A READER OF THE G. O. P. (A. P.).—We have no doubt you could get such a situation in a school by inquiry at a governesses' or teachers' registry office, or by advertising; but we think that a lady's maid's situation is much more comfortable than that of a nursery governess, which would be the most your sister could obtain in these days of certificates.

VERNA.—If fond of book-keeping and keeping accounts, you had better go through a special course and choose that as your occupation in life.

PRINCE RUPERT.—You cannot say "Come with I," nor "Toil with I." In both sentences the right word is "me." "Come with William and me to Norwood," or, as many people prefer to say, "William and myself." The rule is this: "I" is used in the nominative case, and answers to the question "who;" "me" is in the accusative case, and answers to the question "whom." "With whom is she going?" "With me," not "With I." Again, "Who knocked at the door?" "I did," not "me did."

MAD CRICKETER.—A moderately well-informed girl would not be likely to pass the Oxford Local Examinations. You had better write for the papers to G. E. Baker, Esq., Clarendon Buildings, Oxford. The examinations are held in June and July, and the fee is £1.

ALMA.—What you require is Dr. Angus's "Handbook of the English Tongue," which can be procured at our publishing office. Your letter does you credit, but even were you able to write grammatically, and had acquired also a thorough knowledge of the rules of metrical composition, you would not thereby be rendered capable of writing a book. This requires considerable research or experience of things or events not generally known, or that you could place in a better form and clearer light. Or else, if a scientific work, or one of the imagination, it needs genius. Do you think you possess this attribute? Your verses do not show that, although they show tender and religious feeling.

COOKERY.

ENGLISHWOMAN.—It is evidently a misprint for the "juice of four oranges."

BLODWEN.—The recipe for making all kinds of biscuits is much the same, viz., 1lb of flour or oatmeal, the yolk of one egg, and milk sufficient to mix in into a stiff paste. Knead it smoothly, then roll out thin, cut into round shapes, prick with a fork, and bake in a slow oven. The dough for biscuits should be as stiff as it can be conveniently worked. If too thin the biscuits will be tough and heavy; if too thick they will crack round the edges. Of course you may add sugar, spice, ginger, or caraways.

NELLIE.—We should advise you to purchase your custard powder. The preparation of a small quantity would not repay you.

MATTY PRIMROSE.—Rabbits are a cheap form of meat. When well cooked they are easily digested and very nutritious. Try whether you cannot lighten your meat bills by using them frequently.

MUSIC.

DUPONT, J. M. S.—Messrs. Novello's primers on musical subjects are all excellent. You had better get the monograms drawn for you at an engraver's.

LOTHIAN LASS.—We are much obliged for your little song, which is singularly correct, and shows you have profited by your lessons.

S. D. F.—We regret to repeat that we do not advertise educational works of other firms. You should get a shilling book on harmony from Messrs. Novello and Co., music publishers. We return your good wishes.

EXCELSIOR.—Your health and strength appear to have given way, and your only chance depends on your obtaining complete rest and change of air. Your voice will probably return as your health and strength come back.

A WOULD-BE SINGER should consult a doctor, and attend to her own general health, keep her feet dry, and use a gargle of ordinary salt and water to strengthen her throat. No one should sing with a sore throat.

HOUSEKEEPING.

E. W.—Thank you for your interesting note. We cannot help thinking that, as you live alone, and have only yourself to cook for, instead of using the open grate, you would have much more pleasure and comfort in your cooking if you purchased one of the small oil-cooking stoves; with their complete outfit of pans and pots, you would certainly save money in the summer. We are glad to hear you succeed so well with the new piano. You are a wise woman to try to enjoy life in all simple ways.

COAL DUST.—We do not understand why your grates do not shine after they are varnished, unless you have used a wet or dirty brush, or added turpentine when it was not needed. The 3rd April, 1869, was a Saturday.

ESTELLE.—We fear we cannot help you. We do not know of any private schools where housekeeping and cooking are taught. If at school now, and not learning how to sew, your mother ought to write to the schoolmistress about it.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A SUFFERER.—Painting the enlarged joint with iodine, and always wearing a plaster, is said to be good for them, and to cure them ultimately.

E. M. C.—A national jubilee was held in England, 25th October, 1809, when George III. entered the fiftieth year of his reign. A jubilee, in celebration of the general peace, and also of the centenary of the accession of the Brunswick family to the throne, was held August 1st, 1814.

LOLLY'S CHERUB.—Astrachan is the fleece of a particular kind of sheep, found in Astrachan, on the Caspian sea; also in southern Russia, Bokhara, and Persia. The most valuable fleeces, those which have a fine soft curl, are procured from the new-born lambs, but it is asserted that these very seldom come to England, as they are highly valued in the East.

FLORENCE L. B.—The poetry shows religious feeling and some promise, and we have no doubt that it has been a comfort to you to write it.

A BRIGHTONIAN, and many others, have our best thanks for her kind words of Christmas and New Year's greeting, which they have sent us, and which we cordially reciprocate.

E. W. S., M. L. T.—If you cannot send the crewel-work to be cleaned, which we recommend, rinse it in tepid bran and water, boiling water having first been poured on the bran. No soap should be used. For our article on "Crystoleum Painting," see the summer number called *Silver Sails*. Rub chilblains with dry mustard.

PERPLEXED.—Without being a teetotaler, we feel with you in reference to the odious practice of drinking a gin cocktail every morning before lunch. The probability is that drunkenness will, sooner or later, be the result. No wonder he is cross when you expostulate with him; the drinking of spirits has that tendency; it spoils both temper and digestion. Besides this, it is an exceedingly low, vulgar habit. Such a beginning on his part gives no promise of happiness on a wife's.

EDITH S.—We regret that we cannot give space for any advertisement of the kind, nor do we answer privately.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

RULES.

I. No charge is made for answering questions.

II. All correspondents to give initials or pseudonym.

III. The Editor reserves the right of declining to reply to any of the questions.

IV. No direct answers can be sent by the Editor through the post.

V. No more than two questions may be asked in one letter, which must be addressed to the Editor of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, 56, *Paternoster-row, London, E.C.*

VI. No addresses of firms, tradesmen, or any other matter of the nature of an advertisement will be inserted.

THOMASINA.—A "running hand" is acquired by practice; it is not arrived at otherwise, nor at any particular age. It is not necessary to be a good draughtswoman to take photographs, but artistic taste and a good acquaintance with pictorial effect are necessary.

EDITH.—We do not give addresses such as you require, and regret not to oblige you.

K. M. PLOWS.—Simply because they are brought in contact with multitudes of persons of questionable moral character, they are themselves placed in positions of more than ordinary temptation and danger; they are often dressed in a style unsuited to them; they are exhibited to the gaze of men of every class, and exposed to personal criticisms, and their demonstrations, it may be, of contempt. In fact, their personal appearance, quite as much as any special talent displayed, is made a marketable article, and they receive a salary for the exhibition. Is this dignified or seemly? If your parents be poor, you could save them the expense of an extra servant by doing the work yourself. Saving expense is often as valuable as the earning of money within the powers of the saving one to make.

FANNY.—The 22nd of June, 1870, was a Wednesday, and if your sister be twenty-two years of age, and her birthday be on the 28th of November, she must have been born in the year 1863, and the day of the week a Saturday.

PUSSY.—The English of the phrase "Gott mit dir" is "God with thee." You should refer to our article on "Girls' Christian Names." "Ernestine" is the feminine and diminutive of "Ernest," which means "earnest."

WEE ROSEBUD.—Feb. 4th, 1873, was a Tuesday. The Hebrew word "Selah" had reference to the music in which the Psalms were chanted.

GINDER.—You seem to imagine that you understand editorial work, and evidence your experience and wisdom by proposing that some story should run through each weekly part, to the exclusion of "Music," which, you say, takes up much valuable space. But, as an experienced editor, who has to supply the necessities and consult the tastes of thousands of readers, who are not quite so engrossed with story reading as yourself, we decline acceding to your injudicious and somewhat selfish request. You should give a servant who is an incorrigible breaker due warning that a charge of so much will be stopped out of her wages for fresh articles broken. Of course, all are liable to an occasional accident, and for this due allowance should be charitably made.

MABEL HAMILTON.—The motto means, "To recant is not possible."

D. W. R.—Yes, there have been lost stars—that is to say, stars that have been visible for many years, and then gradually disappeared. One of the most remarkable was Argus, which towards the end of the seventeenth century was of the fourth magnitude; in less than a century afterwards attained to the second; diminished again, sixty years later, to the fourth, and then gradually increased in size till the year 1826. From that time the changes assumed were many and great, till in 1843 it had grown so large as to rival Sirius. It then decreased again, or moved away, and in 1863 it had completely disappeared, and has never returned. One of the group called the Pleiades, it is generally supposed, has likewise disappeared. Consisting of some eighty stars, seven only were ever visible without telescopic aid, and now only six are believed to remain, though one member of the Astronomer Royal's family avers that seven, and (on rare occasions) even twelve, are discernible.

ANXIOUS THIRTEEN.—Rub your foot well with turpentine and oil, and wear woollen stockings, and thick shoes out of doors. Sometimes much relief is obtained by rubbing with opodeldoc. Writing good.

LESSIE DERRINGTON.—The best plan for removing such little excrescences is to tie a fine thread of sewing silk tightly round them close to the base, and they will drop off without bleeding or injury. If left to grow, blood-vessels will form, and render removal more difficult. Writing good.

A. L. W.—There is a home for invalid or delicate children at Brighton—the St. Christopher Home for paying patients, designed for the benefit of the gentry who have but limited means, and enabling them to procure both change of air and nursing for them. Children are also taken in for holidays. None taken who may bring any sort of infectious disorder. Application should be made to the lady superintendent, 17, Portland-place.

APPRECIATIVE FRIEND.—All under twenty-three years of age are invited to join in our competitions. Your being married does not render you ineligible. We are glad to hear that you and your husband read our paper with interest.

DOROTHY SCRAGGS must learn to think of duty first before pleasure. There is no "must" about her neglect of her lessons. She can exercise both self-discipline and common sense, and as she will require both in after life, she had better begin training at once.

SPES.—Unless quite needful for you to leave home, you had better remain there, and try to be happy and contented. Do not think of governessing on the Continent. If you wish to go in for tuition as a profession, study, and pass one of the examinations, and become properly qualified for your work.

ÆTHELING.—We regret that you sent us the untidy corrected manuscript which has lately come. Such carelessness shows disrespect, and lack of consideration for others. Why should you expect us to wade through it, and try our eyes and brain?

OLD IRELAND'S CHILD has our thanks for her kind letter and good wishes.

LENNIE.—We should think you had been hoaxed by some mischievous person. You had better take up some more useful form of collection, which will instruct and help you.

MINNIE.—The story is told in first book of Kings, chapter xiii. Read that, and you will know as much as we could tell you.

POLLY CROGER.—Some say that camphor tends to make the teeth brittle; still, once a day it may be used in turn with other things, soap, etc. Dip your brush in it; do not mix it in the water. What an idea!

BASHFUL FIFTEEN.—Use dog biscuits for your dog; they are the best and safest food for it.

S. E. S. (Leeds).—Longfellow, the American poet, died March 24th, 1882, and was buried in Mount Auburn Cemetery.

FARE FAC.—We are rejoiced to hear that it is our paper that first taught you to set your hopes on things eternal. It is also pleasing to hear that your father reads it aloud to you in the evening. We thank you for your good wishes.

A. S. A. G.—Those who present themselves at the Lord's table should do so in humility, with their whole trust in His mercy and atoning sacrifice, not trusting in their own merits, nor partly in them and partly in His.

"Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling."

Let this be the expression of your feelings, and go in peace. We are indeed thankful that we have encouraged you so much. There is another hymn which you might use before presenting yourself for Holy Communion, viz.:—

"Just as I am, without one plea,"
But that Thy blood was shed for me."

Doubtless you know it.

TWO ANXIOUS ONES have read the G. O. P. to small advantage if they find it possible to go out walking with young men without their parents' leave or knowledge. They evidently know that they are doing wrong, by their letter to us, and ought to be ashamed of themselves

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

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ONLY A GIRL-WIFE.

By RUTH LAMB, Author of "Her Own Choice," &c.

CHAPTER XXI.

DR. CRAWFORD'S surprise on finding that Bennett had left his house was equalled by his anxiety to know how her departure had been brought about. The explanation was soon given.

Eager to make friends with the little people, Grace Steyne had asked Ida's permission to visit the nursery directly after breakfast, and, after staying there as long as she chose, to bring Doris downstairs with her.

Her light tap at the nursery door had to be followed by a louder knock before any notice was taken. Then Bennett opened the door, and having closed it behind her so as to prevent Grace from looking into the room, asked in a very unpleasant tone what she wanted there.

"I am come to see the children, and in a little while to take Doris into the morning room to Mrs. Crawford," replied Grace, astonished at the nurse's attitude.

"Excuse me, miss," said Bennett, "but I cannot allow strange young ladies in my nursery all hours of a day. I send the children down at proper times, and if their mamma wants any change made, I shall look to her to say so. If you wish to find Miss Doris, you will have to seek her in the grounds, where she is with Ann and the eldest little boy."

Bennett remained with her back to the door, evidently determined not to admit the visitor; and Grace, seeing that she could do nothing else, began to descend the

"'TELL ME WHAT IS THE MATTER, JEAN,' SHE SAID."

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stairs, in order to return to Mrs. Crawford. Then the woman re-entered the nursery, shut the door with a bang, and burst into a laugh, so loud that it reached Miss Steyne's ears.

"Did you not find the children in, or have they tired you already?" asked Mrs. Crawford, on seeing her visitor back so soon.

Very quietly Grace told what had happened.

"Bennett must have taken leave of her senses," said Ida, in utter amazement. "What can be the meaning of her conduct? I will go to her when I have found my keys and given Jessie something from the store-room."

The keys were not forthcoming. Mrs. Crawford was sure she had left them in her bedroom, but a search there had proved fruitless. Then Jean Graham's warning flashed across her mind, and without another word she ran lightly to the nursery and entered.

No need to ask for an explanation of Bennett's insolence. On the table lay the keys, and near them a half-emptied bottle of spirits, whilst the nurse's flushed face and excited manner told the rest.

The unfortunate woman had again yielded to the temptation which had proved the bane of her life, and repeatedly lost her place, friends, and character.

At first she strove to put on a bold front, then tried tears and entreaties, but finding that her young mistress, whom she had deemed a tool in her hands, could be firm on occasion, she sat down in dogged silence, and defied her command to prepare for leaving the house.

But when Ida rang the bell and sent to request Mr. Armstrong's presence, the miserable woman resisted no further, and Steynes-Cote was soon rid of her presence.

A careful examination of the nursery discovered sundry empty bottles, which must have been abstracted when full from Dr. Crawford's cellar. There was also a small one, at the bottom of which were only a few drops of a thick liquid.

"This explains why Bennett wanted the laudanum," said Mr. Armstrong. "It was to be combined with syrup to make a sleeping dose for the children. Here is a very small quantity of the stuff in this bottle."

Well might Ida's face turn pale, when, in addition to the experience of the day, she became acquainted with the result of her husband's inquiries, and heard about Bennett's stealthy visits to the surgery.

"I can never be thankful enough," she said to her husband, "for the safety of our dear little ones. They have had a very careless mother, who was not fit to be trusted with them. I am learning new lessons very fast, dear Andrew."

"You must not take all the blame to yourself, my Ida," replied her husband; "the larger share ought to be laid to my account. The father has his responsibilities as well as the mother."

"But you are always so busy, dear; I ought to have watched over the children."

"I knew so much of which you could not be but ignorant, Ida, I ought to have warned you. Henceforth I trust we shall work together," replied the doctor. "I will instruct, you shall carry out my rules, will you not, darling?"

"Will I not? But oh, Andrew, I blame myself on that poor woman's account also. If I had not been so careless she could not so easily have found the means for gratifying that wretched craving. Jean suspected her, and warned me not to leave my keys within reach of Bennett. I feel that I have helped to put temptation in her way. Poor thing! What will become of her?"

It was not easy to answer this question. There were so many things to be considered beside the fault which had been the immediate cause of the nurse's dismissal, and Ida was compelled to leave this.

"What is to be done with the children?" asked the doctor. "We must be very careful about engaging another nurse."

"I think of trying with only Ann," replied Ida. "She is a good, truthful girl, and really did the greater part of the nursery work. I shall find it rather difficult to give orders at first, for I know so little, but Grace will tell me how to manage. It seems strange, does it not, that an unmarried girl should be the teacher to a wife of four years' standing? But I am not ashamed to learn, because I am now realising my utter ignorance."

"What are to be the immediate arrangements?" asked the doctor.

"Grace insists on having Doris in her room, so her cot has been removed to it. Ann will sleep in the night nursery with the others. She feels confident that she can manage them, for the two boys sleep well, and she has been used to babies at home. I know what that look means, Andrew," continued Ida, who was watching her husband's countenance. "You are wondering what is to be my share of the work. It seems very sad to say it, but baby knows Ann so much better than she does me that we think it may be wise to let her stay with the girl just at first. If she were to come to me all would be strange around her. The little ones are certain to miss Bennett, who was so much with them. You see, dear, I have to learn how to manage the little baby. As to Doris, she will go back to the night nursery when Grace leaves us, and before then I hope I shall be accustomed to the charge of our 'number four,' only you must not be disturbed; so if baby should be fractious, I shall steal away with her out of hearing."

Dr. Crawford smiled as he listened, and then told Ida that he was sure she was planning for the best, though he had not intended to begin economising in the nursery department. "I had thought that with so many servants and with every accommodation for it, the laundry work might be done at home. However, I would much rather you should take the advice of an accomplished housekeeper like Grace Steyne than follow any suggestion of mine. Grace's knowledge is founded on experience, mine is but theoretical."

"We think it will be better to go into other matters when Jean Graham comes back," said Ida.

The doctor assented, and she added—"I know Jean's value now as I never did before. I shall be glad to see her good, true face again."

Mrs. Crawford was to see Jean sooner than she expected. On that same evening, just after dinner, there was a sound of wheels on the gravel, and the doctor looked towards the door in the expectation of a summons. But the vehicle, whatever it was, did not stop at the front entrance, but passed round to the back door.

"Who can it be?" said the doctor, after a brief silence.

"I believe it is Jean," cried Mrs. Crawford, and, without waiting to inquire, she rushed out of the room to see for herself.

Truly, it was Jean, and though she returned to Steynes-Cote in sorrow of heart, it must have been some satisfaction to her to witness the look of delight on Mrs. Crawford's face, and to hear her words of welcome.

"Jean, dear, good Jean, is it really you?" cried Ida. "I thought I knew your voice, but I could not believe my ears, so brought my eyes to make sure."

The words were accompanied with a warm clasp of the hand—indeed, of both hands, for Ida seized Jean's between hers and held them there as she spoke.

"Yes, mistress, I am here again," said Jean. But though she looked lovingly at Mrs. Crawford's fair face, there was a melancholy ring in the tone of Jean's voice, and the words were followed by a sigh.

"Come in here, Jean," said Ida, drawing her into the morning room, where there was a cheerful fire but no occupant. "You have had a long journey, and must be both tired and hungry. Warm yourself first, for the night is chilly; then when you have taken off your things Jessie shall bring you something here, for I want to talk to you. I have so much to tell you, Jean, about what made you anxious at the very moment when you were starting for Scotland. You were right in suspecting Bennett, only we have found out far more than you guessed at, and I have sent her away."

"Thank God!" said, Jean, fervently. "Your words have taken one load off me."

"One load! Well I hope if there are other loads we may help to remove them also—at least, if they are connected with Steynes-Cote. Do you know Miss Steyne is here, and we hope to keep her here for some time? We have become friends already; and, Jean, I am going to be her pupil and yours. But now you must go to your room and make yourself ready for the meal, which will be laid here by that time."

"I will go to the kitchen," replied Jean. "I am not wanting much, but a cup of tea will make a new woman of me."

"Whatever you have, it shall be here," insisted Mrs. Crawford. "Miss

Steyne is deep in a book just now, the doctor has to go out again, but will come to shake hands with you first, and Mr. Armstrong has some medicine to prepare, so I shall be free to have a talk with you when you come down."

"I will come back to ye, then, mistress," said Jean, in a weary voice, so unlike her own, that Mrs. Crawford instinctively heard in it a presage of trouble. Indeed, the first glimpse of her face had been enough to show that Jean's holiday had been productive of no gladness. The hopeful, bright expression was gone from it, and she stood there a careworn, sad-looking woman, over whose head many a year might have passed since she left Steynes-Cote.

The doctor did not notice the change, for he met Jean in the passage, and her back was to the light as he gave her a hearty greeting; but when she returned to the morning room without her bonnet, it was even more apparent to Mrs. Crawford than before.

Ida, however, said nothing at first to show that she observed any difference, but after pressing Jean to eat she told her all that had happened during her absence, as well as some of her plans for household changes.

Jean answered briefly, but listened with manifest interest, and when Mrs. Crawford said, "You see, I am just coming to what you wished me to do so long ago, and I am relying on you also to help me," she turned a brighter face to her mistress than she had hitherto shown, and said—

"You know how glad I shall be to do my best for ye and for Master Andrew."

"I believe you will always look on the doctor as a mere boy, though he is older than you, Jean," said Mrs. Crawford.

But Jean's face had lost its brightness again as she answered, "Not now, mistress—not now. I have grown old all at once." And she burst into tears.

To see Jean Graham weep was like witnessing the utter breakdown of some strong man. She had ever been so bright, helpful, and hopeful; ever the one to sustain the weak and cheer those who were cast down, both by words and acts of sympathy.

Now poor Jean sorely needed comfort, and she could hardly tell how it was, but it seemed to her sore heart that she longed to receive it from her young mistress. She did not look in vain. In a moment Ida's arms were round the neck of her faithful servant, and her own beautiful eyes were filled with sympathetic tears.

"Tell me what is the matter, Jean," she said. "You may trust me. I know what you have been in this house and to all who have wanted the help you could give. Let me do something for you, if there is anything in my power to do."

Thus urged, Jean, in a voice broken by sobs, told her love story to her young mistress. Part of it has already been related, the rest shall be given as Mrs. Crawford heard it from Jean's own lips.

"When Robert left me that morning I stood in the doorway like one without power to speak or move. I felt as if I must call him back, but something held me from crying to him. I wanted Rab to be reasonable, to give me the time I asked, and yet I knew that if he were beside me I had nothing new to say. I could only tell him that I must do the right thing by those whose bread I had eaten during all those years; that I could not leave them without a fitting warning, and to give it I must come back and tell my tale with my own lips.

"I had said all this to him, and first he had gone away in anger, and again he had come back to make it up, but after his own fashion. I must just give in to his will and be married offhand, though to my dying day my conscience would have reproached me for doing a right thing at the wrong time, and in the wrong way.

"But I said to myself, 'Rab must have some reason in him,' though his going right out of sight without so much as casting a look behind at me, where I stood watching him, as well as I could through my tears, showed how hard he could be when he made up his mind to it. He will come again when the fit is past, and he has had time to be sorry."

"And did he come?" asked Mrs. Crawford, for Jean's voice had suddenly failed her again.

"No," sobbed Jean. "The days passed, and he never came near the farm, and father and mother wondered, and looked at me as if they wanted to ask what had happened. Their looks asked me many a time, and mine must have told that I was going about carrying a sore heart, but that was all.

"I never left the house and farm, for I was frightened of missing Rab. I never doubted that he would come in time. On the fourth day my father went to the market. It was on the Friday, and when he came home there was an angry look on his face that I had seldom seen there. He did not tell me what had brought it, but my mother did. He had met Robert Hamilton in the town, and, instead of the old neighbourly handshake and talk, Rab had passed him with a cold 'Good-day t' ye.' He neither asked after my mother nor me, and he did not give my father a second look.

"There were neighbours at market who saw Rab pass by my father without stopping, and they wondered first, and next began to talk. They had more to talk about when Sunday came, for Robert came to the kirk with a young lass, the prettiest and giddiest to be found in a long day's walk. He went home with her, never looking the side I was on, and the next day an old gossipping wife came to our house and told my mother that Rab Hamilton had found a lass of twenty for a sweetheart, and there would be a short wooing, or she was mistaken. Also, that he would get money with the girl, and more when her father had done with it.

"My mother was too proud to let the woman know what she thought, so she said, 'Rab has been a good son and brother, and waited long for a wife, and I hope he will get what he deserves.'

"We had it all over together afterwards, father, and mother, and me. They were angry, for my sake, and father would fain have seen Rab and told him his mind, but I would not have it. I only said, 'Ye'll spare me awhile longer, for you did not expect me coming to stay altogether just yet, and mother is looking better than I hoped.'

"So they saw how hard it would be for me to bide longer, and, though my holiday was little more than half over, they prayed that God would bless me, and bade me come to Steynes-Cote. And this is how it happens that I am here so soon."

(To be continued.)

ONE MORE.

By G. COLLINGWOOD BANKS.

OUT in the dark, deserted street,
Where wintry winds are sadly sighing,
No covering to her weary feet,
A poor and homeless girl is lying,
Half clad, her rags all wet with sleet,
Upon a frozen doorstep dying.

From early morn, when forced to start
To earn her bread by matches vending,
She'd trudged through busy street and mart,
Despair unto her courage lending;
But hope sank low within her heart,
Her stock unsold, and daylight ending.

Eve's deep'ning shadows crept around;
Folk hurried past, nor stopped to pity;
For one and all were homeward bound—
A bitter thought to homeless Kitty,
Who sank in anguish to the ground,
And sobbed unto the silent city.

Alone at night, in life's last hour,
'Mid thousands who are calmly sleeping;
No soft voice near with soothing power;
No father, friend, or mother weeping;
And death, unchallenged, culls the flower,
A blossom for an angel's keeping.

AT COURT.

ELIZABETH OF SIBERIA; OR, PRASCOVIE LOPOULOFF.

CHAPTER III.

WITH a heart beating high in terror and in hope, Prascovie approached the magnificent palace of Princess T——. She curtsied low to the gorgeous lackey who opened the door, supposing that he was a senator of very high rank indeed. The spacious, brilliantly-lighted *salon* into which she was ushered, with its groups of elegantly-dressed men and women scattered here and there, produced upon her a feeling of intimidation and awe; she had never seen anything like it before. Tremblingly she approached the princess, an elderly lady sitting at cards with three other personages, and fumbled for her letter of introduction.

All eyes were turned upon her; in her confusion she could not at once find the abbess's letter, and she heard laughing whispers from some of the younger guests. The nervous trepidation she endured was more formidable than many a bygone hardship by land or water; but the princess spoke kindly to her.

"You are a good girl and a devoted daughter. I will not forget you," said the great lady; and she signed to an attendant to take charge of her.

Prascovie was now installed in the palace, but found the life irksome and embarrassing, and seemed to come no nearer to the accomplishment of her heart's desire. She began to feel like a bird in a gilded cage.

At last release came. While she was staying with the merchant's wife on her first arrival at St. Petersburg, the Chancellor of the Empress Dowager had heard of her, and he now sent to inquire further into her case. She repaired to his house, charmed and astonished his wife and himself by the story of her adventures, and obtained a promise that he would present a request on her behalf to his Imperial mistress.

The answer was favourable beyond Prascovie's hopes, for the Empress signified a wish to see her at six o'clock the same evening. When the Chancellor made this known to the girl, she grew pale and faint; then, raising her eyes to heaven, she cried, "My trust has not been in vain!"

"What would my father say now, if he knew before whom I am going to appear? How delighted he would be!" she exclaimed, as she drove that evening towards the Imperial Palace with the Chancellor. She was still in her ordinary simple dress, and had no knowledge whatever of court etiquette, but with modest bearing she presented herself before the Empress-mother in her private apartment, and told her story with sincerity and homely pathos.

The Empress was deeply touched. Prascovie dwelt upon the justice of her cause, and asked, not the pardon of her father, whom she believed to be innocent, but the revision of his sentence.

Her Majesty promised to bring the case before the Czar, and with words of encouragement dismissed her, first giving her a purse of two hundred roubles.

"She has been to court!" ran from lip to lip that evening in the palace of Princess T——. Prascovie felt herself suddenly placed upon another level; the guests who had not dreamt of speaking to her while she was only a humble, unnoticed *protégée* of the great lady, now showed lively interest in her concerns. As for her own feeling, she thought she must have been dreaming when she awoke the next morning, until she convinced herself of the truth of her good fortune by looking at the money the Empress had given her.

This was only the beginning of success. A

few days afterwards, the Empress-mother caused a pension to be assigned to her, and promised herself to introduce her to the Czar and reigning Empress. It would be difficult to describe Prascovie's emotions when the day for this interview arrived. She was about to enter the presence of an omnipotent sovereign over vast domains, whose decree was life or death to multitudes, and upon whose word hung the future of her father and mother. She was conducted through hall after hall of the imperial palace, all vast and splendid, till in a small room at the end she found the Emperor and Empress.

Here was, at last, the man, to supplicate whose pity she had travelled nearly two thousand miles and braved incredible hardships!

Fortunately for her, Alexander I., Paulovitch, who had now succeeded his father, Paul I., was gracious in his manner, generous in his impulses. In the shrinking girl before him he saw an example of intrepid resolve and daughterly affection he could not but appreciate. Perhaps, also, he was touched by the thought that the humbly-clad suppliant, with her imperfect education, would, under ordinary circumstances, have been leading a soft, luxurious life as a maiden of rank and fashion at St. Petersburg.

The Empress spoke kindly to Prascovie, and bade her state her case, which she did in her usual modest, gentle manner, pleading for the revision of Lopouloff's sentence.

"Your request is granted," said the Czar; and, turning to an attendant, he ordered that a present of five hundred roubles should be given her. Prascovie's heart was too full to utter thanks as she withdrew.

The Minister of the Interior was ordered to investigate Lopouloff's case, and meanwhile Prascovie explored the wonders of St. Petersburg. She was taken by two ladies of the court through the imperial palace, and did not recognise the apartments through which she had passed on her audience of the Czar, so great had her preoccupation been on that occasion. On being introduced into the throne-room she was overcome with emotion.

"That is actually the Emperor's throne, that I feared so much when I was in Siberia!" she murmured; and the thought of the wonderful manner in which she had at last been confronted with the symbol of that dread power caused her to fling herself on her knees before the empty throne and to kiss the steps, while her eyes streamed with tears.

At last the Minister himself informed her that the ukase for her father's release was despatched to Siberia, at the same time asking her if she had any further favour to demand for herself. She thought at once of the two prisoners who had encouraged her project and tried to help her with their little all.

"If His Majesty will grant me anything further after having overwhelmed me with happiness by my father's release," said she, "I would beg for freedom for two friends of mine." She then gave the names of the prisoners to the Minister, who obtained the Czar's consent to the unselfish request. The decree for their liberation was despatched a few days after the other.

And now Prascovie found that her success made her a sudden favourite in the society of St. Petersburg. Everyone was talking of the brave girl who had come so far and dared so much, and her head might easily have been turned by praise and popularity. But she seems to have been of a singularly transparent and ingenuous character. Gentle, firm, and of sound sense, she remained unspoiled in the midst of flattery, and took a naïve pleasure in listening to the conversation of people wiser than herself. She had never forgotten her vow to enter upon a conventual life, and shortly after the despatch of the decree for her father's release she left St. Petersburg for Kiew, where she took the veil.

From Kiew she travelled to Nijni Novgorod, intending to establish herself in the convent there with her friend the abbess; and as that town is on the high road from Siberia, she hoped to obtain news of her father.

After Prascovie's departure, Lopouloff and his wife had become intensely anxious about her fate, and as months rolled on their depression increased. They gradually lost all hope of seeing her again. The accession of Alexander I., which set many prisoners free, brought no news of deliverance to the unhappy little colony at Ischim; and the poor father and mother, bereaved of their only child, sunk into wretchedness and despair.

One day a special courier was seen coming along the road towards the officer's hut. "He will not stop here; all our good fortune is for ever gone," thought Lopouloff. But the courier paused before his door, and handed him a special missive. Could it be? Yes, it was the Czar's order for his release, enclosing a sum of money for his expenses to Central Russia. Almost fainting with joy, unable to believe the good news, Lopouloff and his wife fell on their knees and gave thanks to God for the marvel their daughter had accomplished.

And now all was stir and excitement in the little village. Congratulations on the possession of so heroic and persevering a daughter, as well as on the prospect of freedom, were lavished on Lopouloff by those whose own exile appeared all the more bitter by contrast with their comrade's good fortune. Especially were his two poor friends dejected at the thought of his leaving them, though they unselfishly strove to rejoice in his happiness. He tried to comfort them by a gift of part of the money he had received for his travelling expenses, but they refused to receive it.

The last evening before Lopouloff's departure had come. The two prisoners spent it with him; they felt they could not bear to see him and his wife depart from Ischim on the morrow, and bade them a heart-broken farewell when they parted for the night. For with the disappearance of the parents of Prascovie, a lingering spark of hope that they too might be released died out in the breast of the unfortunate exiles. They returned in deep dejection to their own wretched hut, and sank upon a bench in hopeless silence.

Suddenly, voices and steps were heard outside; a thundering knock came at the door, and a well-known voice cried, "Open! open! my friends. Pardon has come for you also!"

Unable to believe the good tidings, the exiles rushed to admit the messenger who, guided by Lopouloff, and escorted by a crowd of inhabitants, bore the decree announcing their release. A letter from Prascovie, containing two hundred roubles and explaining all, was enclosed. The scene that followed is indescribable, for the revulsion from despair to joy was almost more than the prisoners could bear. Loud were the praises on all hands of the devoted daughter and the faithful friend.

And now the true story of Prascovie's adventures is nearly at an end. When she arrived at the convent of Nijni Novgorod, her father and mother were already there to meet her, though she knew it not. "What news have you of my father?" she cried to the abbess. In reply, she was led into the waiting-room, where Lopouloff stood with his wife. Passionate joy, unspeakable gratitude, marked the meeting between the parents and their child.

Prascovie did not survive for many years the happy completion of her mission. The hardships she had undergone, especially her exposure to cold, had planted within her the seeds of consumption. During these last years she is thus described:—

"She was of medium height but shapely figure; her face, surrounded by a black veil which concealed her hair, was of a pure oval. She had deep dark eyes, an open brow, a certain melancholy tranquility in her glance, and even in her smile."

From all around her she won the tenderest regard, and it was a source of much grief when the fatal nature of her illness was known. After lingering in a gradual decline for a few years, she passed away on the 8th December, 1809. So peaceful was her end that the nun who was kneeling beside her knew not when she ceased to breathe. Prascovie was gone, but she left behind her the remembrance of filial tenderness, steadfast courage, that will endure.

LILY WATSON.

THE END.

TOWN GARDENS.

By DORA HOPE.

WHAT a damp, dreary-looking place a town garden generally is! There is a smell of mouldiness and soot pervading it, instead of the sweet odours of flowers, and a chill seems to strike through one from the overgrown paths and deserted beds.

Let us imagine a little garden of the kind familiar to most of our town readers. It is an oblong space, as wide as the house, and about twice as long, and surrounded by tolerably high walls. At the bottom of the garden, piled against the wall, is a dirty black heap of brick or stone, called the rockery. Down each side there is a bed two to three feet wide. A strip of grass fills up the middle, and between it and the beds there is a path covered with asphalte or gravel, more or less overgrown with grass, and the whole place is chiefly useful as a playground for cats, and, in poorer neighbourhoods, also as a drying ground for clothes.

And yet there are many little gardens in the midst of the soot and smoke of our great towns, and with everything against them in the matter of position and soil, that are not only a pride and pleasure to their owners, but that would absolutely put to shame some of their country relatives which have good soil and sunshine in abundance.

These little gardens thrive partly on account of their very smallness, which makes almost every inch valuable and worth attention, and partly, too, because their owners are really fond of flowers, and having no woods or lanes within reach, do not mind a

little trouble in order to have the delights and beauties of the country in their own small domains.

Still, it is seldom one sees as much done with these little back gardens as might be attempted, and I should like to excite some who so far have neglected their little plot to make it this year a thing of beauty, and if it is wished, of use too.

Let me say, to begin with, that it is not at all a matter of course, because one wishes to make one's garden pretty, that expensive plants should be grown in it. Very beautiful flowers can be bought if money is no object, but if circumstances do not allow of this, the garden can still be made bright and cheerful at a very small cost.

There is a grave in Kensal Green Cemetery, the little garden belonging to which is planted entirely with wild flowers, so-called weeds. It is carefully planted and tended, but there is not a single flower in it which could not be got by anyone from the fields and lanes in the country. It is the grave of Captain Mayne Reid, and on the stone are inscribed the words from one of his own books :—

"This is the weed prairie. It is misnamed;
it is the garden of God."

Wild flowers are despised because they cost nothing, but if only they were expensive to buy what would be thought more effective for a border, if well kept, than the bright flower of the common dandelion, for instance? Or if we wanted clumps of bushes, what could we buy, with all our money, handsomer in leaf, flower, or fruit, than the wild blackberry?

But without doing anything so unorthodox as to plant our little garden with wild flowers, let us see what can be done to improve it without spending much money.

There are a few tools which we must have—a spade of some sort, a watering-can, rake, and trowel; these are real necessities, but will not cost much money.

Probably the soil will want digging all over first, and if there is no man about the house who can do it, we must get a gardener, and at the same time he can make any new beds we want, or alter the shape of those already there. If possible, a little new soil should be added to the beds. A heavy, clay soil will want lightening, or a poor one will perhaps require enriching with manure; but if this is not convenient, the digging itself will do a great deal of good.

The same may be said of the paths; a fresh load of gravel is always a great improvement, but if the expense is objected to, the weeds and grass growing over it can be killed by sprinkling with coarse refuse salt after the ground has been broken up a little by raking.

This should all be done early in the year—in February or the beginning of March, which is also the best time for pruning any trees or bushes the garden may contain. If pruning is found necessary, it should be done with good and sharp instruments, whether handsaw or steel knife, so as to ensure a clean cut and as little wounded surface as possible.

Next comes the planting. There are some flowers which refuse to grow in smoky places, whilst others seem rather to appreciate soot and smoke, so we must be careful in our choice. We must remember, too, that in most small gardens one side gets a good deal of sun, while the other half only has sunshine in the early morning, and none during the rest of the day.

Now we want something to make a show at once, so we will buy a few roots, in flower, of cowslips, primroses, and polyanthuses, and plant these in little clumps on the shady side of the garden. They will continue in flower for some time, but care is needed in buying, for the men who carry large baskets of them through the streets for sale care nothing for the country they are so quickly spoiling round all our large towns, nor for the people who buy their so-called "roots." Thinking only of the money they can get, they slice through the root just below the leaves, so that it will not grow again, and the leaves and flowers very quickly die. If you buy from these men, look for yourself that the plants have good roots, with, if possible, a little of their native earth with each.

A little later in the year, we can make a great show with very little trouble by buying a few "bedding-out" plants, such as geraniums and calceolarias.

It is better to plant the long beds in clumps and not to attempt to follow the lines of the edges. Some people, however, like straight lines, and they will find that sage, parsley, and thyme all make very pretty and extremely useful borders, while those who want ornamental gardens have the choice of thrift, feverfew, or London pride. All these do well in smoky towns.

The best parsley is the double curly variety; the seed should be sown at intervals from early spring till the end of May. When the young plants first begin to show above ground, they should be watered night and morning, and watched to see that they are not being attacked by insects. The most convenient plan is to sow the seeds in shallow wooden boxes, which can be obtained from any grocer for a trifle; and when the young plants are strong enough, they should be moved into the border where they are to grow, with a little leaf manure to each root; or, if this cannot be obtained, a pinch of one of the patent "fertilisers" so much advertised would help to strengthen the young plants.

Thyme will grow very well on the rockery, indeed it will be stronger and hardier growing there amongst the stones than if used for a border; the only difficulty about growing thyme is that it must have a sunny situation. The seed should be sown in April or May, and little bunches transplanted together, when strong enough.

Sage must be treated in the same way as thyme; when used as edging both are inclined to become rather straggling and untidy, and to make the garden look nice quickly, it is better to buy young plants, instead of seeds; they grow more quickly, and make a good show at once.

There is one plant—lavender—which we always associate with the country and cottage gardens, with the hum of bees, or drawers full of snowy linen; but it really grows very well in town gardens. It likes a sunny situation, and flourishes best in a sandy soil, but it will grow almost anywhere.

Carnations and pinks are among the most successful of town flowers. Young plants can be bought cheaply in the spring, and should be tied up to stakes when they grow long enough; and if a little fresh loam is added to their roots every year there will be little doubt about them succeeding, however smoky their situation may be. There are a great many different varieties, and nearly all do well. They are sometimes used very effectively for borders, and for this purpose the "tree" carnation is generally considered the best. The only difficulty in the cultivation of this class of plants is that they fall an easy prey to green fly; they should be watched, and if the fly is detected the plant must be washed with tobacco water.

Creeping jenny (*Lysimachia nummularia*) is a very inexpensive plant, which grows rapidly, and is useful for covering bare spaces. It has the great additional advantage, too, that it will flourish on the shady side of the garden; but it dies very quickly if not kept watered. It is hardly necessary to mention musk, for everyone knows how easily it grows in spite of soot and smoke; but, like creeping jenny, it requires plenty of water.

Sunflowers do very well in towns, and make a fine show; the seeds should be planted where they are to grow, and sufficiently far apart to give room for the plants to develop. The same may be said of the evening primrose, both the pure white and the yellow varieties; indeed, these flourish rather too well, for if they like their situation they spread so rapidly that it is very difficult to get rid of them again.

Strange to say, lilies of the valley sometimes do remarkably well, and throw up their pure white bells, in spite of grime and dirt. They should properly be planted in autumn; but pots of them can be bought in the spring, and planted to flower this year. They must have a shady situation, and if the place happens to suit them, they will grow and spread in spite of every drawback. They generally flower best in a loose sandy soil.

Stocks and wall-flowers should be sown in April, or early in May, and when the young plants are large enough they must be moved into a warm, sunny place. If any of the wall-flower plants turn out specially well, cuttings should be taken from them while in flower, and struck under a hand-glass. Ten-week-stock must be sown in the house, in shallow boxes, and gradually hardened before planting out in the garden.

The different narcissi, or daffodils, grow almost as well in smoky towns as in the country. The bulbs should be planted in autumn; but as they can be quite well transplanted while in flower, the garden can be made to look gay by planting a few now.

The list of hardy annuals would be too long to enumerate. Amongst the easiest to grow are nasturtiums—both the dwarf and climbing varieties, which thrive better in poor than in rich soil—candytuft, cornflower, and sweet William. They can be sown close round the daffodils, as these will have ceased to flower before the annuals come up.

If the garden is not too small, peonies make a fine show. They will grow almost anywhere as long as they get a little sun; and as they will form handsome clumps if left to grow at their own sweet will, they are particularly suited for lazy gardeners, who do not care to re-arrange their beds often.

It always appears to strike English people as a very preposterous idea to use rhubarb as an ornamental plant; yet in the public gardens of continental cities one constantly sees the post of honour in the centre of a flower-bed filled by the large, handsome leaves and bright stalks of the despised rhubarb. It is very easy to grow, and its fine foliage would add greatly to the beauty of our gardens, if planted in suitable situations where it would have room to expand; and even if its appearance does not give satisfaction, one can always revenge oneself by eating it. It would do well and look handsome at the four corners of the lawn or in the middle of a round bed. It should be transplanted into the garden just as it is beginning to shoot in the spring, and will grow more vigorously if watered with soap-suds in the summer.

In some places it seems almost impossible to have a lawn; for under certain conditions grass cannot be induced to grow without infinite trouble. In gardens where this is the case a patch of green may be contrived by planting the ground it is desired to cover with ivy or creeping jenny. The ground should be first levelled, and the plants or slips of ivy set all over it about a foot apart. Both plants require well watering at first, and the shoots must be carefully pegged down till the whole ground is covered. They both spread quickly and look bright and green, while giving very little trouble. If ivy is used it must be trimmed once a year, in the spring.

Some gardens which have been planted in this way with ivy or creeping jenny have been made so pretty as to be the envy of all the neighbourhood. In one of them the owner had achieved a triumph by planting his substitute for a lawn with clusters of bulbs of various kinds. Snowdrops, crocuses, daffodils, and other hardy bulbs in turn showed their bright flowers amongst the dark ivy leaves, and all with no trouble to the owner, except the first labour of planting them.

But however much care is expended on the lawn and the beds, the garden will never look really nice until the ugly brick walls are covered, and here again we must consider the question whether we are cultivating it for use or simply for ornament.

If for use, nothing is so successful as a row of scarlet runners. They grow quickly, and are very pretty, and will yield a plentiful crop even in the heart of a city.

Amongst the plants suitable to cover the wall permanently, the best are hops, and the common virginian creeper, with, of course, the many different varieties of ivy. Be careful to choose the red-stalked virginian creeper; this variety turns a lovely colour in the autumn, while the leaves with green stalks only wither and fall off. There are several kinds of this creeper, besides this familiar one, which needs training and fastening up to the wall; there is one with small close leaves, which also takes a beautiful colour in autumn, and does not need any nailing up, the stalks clinging to the wall with their curious suckers, but it does not cover a wall so quickly as the large-leaved variety, and does not grow so readily in unfavourable circumstances.

Some of the varieties of clematis will grow in towns too, and I have seen a town wall covered with an old-fashioned jasmine, which scented the air with the perfume of its star-like flowers.

It is impossible to give anything like a complete list of the flowers which will flourish in towns: the few named here are only intended just to suggest what may be done by a little industry and determination to make the best of the ground at our disposal, for the fact that it has been done over and over again proves that very pretty gardens can be made even in the midst of soot and fogs, and with every disadvantage of poor soil and confined space.

VARIETIES.

In Good Company.

I do not think I am going far wrong, says a Sussex minister, in claiming a high degree of moral instinct for a piece of advice which a poor man told me he had from his father before he died. I had come up with the man on the high road, and after talking awhile about things in general he began to speak about himself, and said:—

"Ah, sir, it would have been a good thing for me if I had minded the last words that ever my father said to me. He called me to him and said, 'Now, mind, George,' he said, 'that you always keep better company than you be yourself.'"

An Important Accomplishment.—Most important of all a woman's accomplishments is the ability to maintain an intelligent, vivacious conversation with family, friends, and guests. A woman who is a good talker, and who can talk equally well whatever may be the character of her guests, is a blessing to the world. By Nature all women are fitted to acquire this accomplishment. All women talk much; that all of them do not talk well is mainly the fault of those who have educated them. They have not been provided with subjects of conversation, and their minds have not been trained to that alertness and that catholicity of intellectual sympathy which are necessary conditions of conversational success in varied company. This need can and should be provided for in the education of girls.

Wrong Thoughts.—What we ought not to do we should not even think of doing. —*Epictetus.*

Doing One's Duty.

Duty of every kind has in it the elements of pleasure, and, if we do not discover and appropriate them, it is our own fault. If we study the principles of our life-work, dwell upon its details, and strive to perfect it as much as possible, we shall insensibly learn to love it, and to feel no sacrifice for it a burden.

A Foolish Complaint.—It is most painful not to meet with the kindness and affection you feel you have deserved, but it is a mistake to complain of it; you cannot extort friendship with a cocked pistol.

Instructive Halfpence.—Instead of repeating on every penny and halfpenny the name of the reigning monarch of Great Britain and Ireland, Benjamin Franklin thought it would be a good plan to put some important proverb of Solomon, some pious, moral, prudential, or economical precept. Seeing such a piece of advice every time one receives a piece of money might, he believed, make an impression on the mind, especially of young persons, and tend to regulate the conduct. On some coins he would put "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom;" on others, "Honesty is the best policy;" on others, "He that by the plough would thrive himself must either hold or drive;" on others, "A penny saved is a penny got;" on others, "Keep thy shop and thy shop will keep thee;" on others, "He that buys what he has no need of will soon be forced to sell his necessaries;" on others, "Early to bed and early to rise will make a man healthy, wealthy, and wise;" and so on to a great variety.

Tea in the Olden Time.

The earliest authentic announcement we have yet met with of the public sale in England of the famous beverage, tea, is the following:—

"That excellent and by all Physitians approved *China* drink called by the *Chineans Tcha*, by other nations *Tay alias Tee* is sold at the *Sultaness Head Cophee-House* in *Sweetings* Rents by the Royal Exchange, *London*."—*Mercurius Politicus*, September 30th, 1658.

Musical Instruments.

An immense number of musical instruments have been invented and used from time to time. There are three hundred and forty different kinds mentioned in a list given in a standard German work, sixty-seven of these being given as in use at the present day.

Illustrious Friends of Cats.—Instances are frequent of illustrious persons who have been attached to cats, and of cats who have merited such attachment. Mohammed would seem to have been very fond of cats, for it is said that he once cut off the sleeve of his robe rather than disturb his favourite while sleeping on it. Petrarch was so fond of his cat that when it died he had it embalmed, and placed in a niche in his apartment; and cat-haters should read what Rousseau has said about pussy.

Bright and Sweet.—It is with flowers as with moral qualities: the bright are sometimes poisonous, but, I believe, never the sweet. —*Guesses at Truth.*

Arguing from Different Premises.—Sydney Smith was once passing through a by-street behind St. Paul's and heard two women abusing each other from opposite houses. "They will never agree," said the wit; "they argue from different premises."

A Tale of a Lost Ring.—There have been some curious instances of rings being lost and afterwards recovered from fish that had swallowed them. Take, for example, the following:—In the year 1559, as Mr. Anderson, a merchant and alderman of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, was leaning over the bridge at that place and handling his ring it fell into the river. Some time afterwards his servant bought in the market a salmon, in which, on being cut open, the lost ring was found, and it was thus most unexpectedly restored to its owner. The ring, in recognition of the singular incident, had a fish engraved under the signet, and for long time it remained in possession of the descendants of Mr. Anderson.

A Lesson in Criticism.—We have still much to learn in the old country. In the new world this is how they criticise a prima donna —"From her clear bird-like upper notes she canters down to the base racket, and then cushions back to a sort of spiritual treble that makes every one of the audience imagine that every hair on his head is the golden string of a celestial harp over which angelic fingers are straying."

A Novel Courtship.—An interesting instance of love arising from reported virtues is related of the Rev. Joseph Gilbert, who was so charmed with the writings of Miss Ann Taylor, and the eulogium of her personal merits pronounced by those acquainted with her, that, without having seen her, he addressed a letter to the young lady, inquiring whether any peremptory reasons existed which might lead him to conclude that a journey undertaken with the purpose of soliciting her heart and hand could not possibly be successful. After a little correspondence the journey was permitted, and an interview was obtained which ripened into happy wedded life.

A Legend of the Cuckoo.—The cuckoo once had a crown on her head, till at a wedding among the birds, at which the hoopoo was bridegroom, she lent it, and has never been able to get it back. She is always crying out "Kluko!" which means "You rascal!" to which the other replies, "Idu! Idu!" "I come! I come!" but comes not.—*Bohemian Legend.*

Vanity and Pride.—Ladies of fashion starve their happiness to feed their vanity, and their love to feed their pride.—*Colton.*

A LABOUR OF LOVE.

By SYDNEY GREY.

A BRIGHT little maid to her mother once said,
"To-day by your side as I sat,
When we called on Miss Falk, I heard you both talk
Of a labour of love—what is that?"
The kind mother smiled, and she answered, "Dear child,
It simply means something begun
With hearty goodwill, never tiring until
The business is thoroughly done.

"When you tend your pet dove 'tis a labour of love,
And when in your garden you work;
About lessons, my dear, I am not quite so clear,
For these you—well, now and then—shirk.
Nay, raise your bright eyes, some day you'll be wise,
With the blessing of God from above.
Now I'll tell you a few of the things one should do,
Which ought to be labours of love.

"Words of kindness to speak to the sad and the weak,
Perhaps they will comforted be;
And daily to plan all the good that we can
For those who are poorer than we.
When the best we would choose, self-denial to use,
That others may happiness share;
Never counting the cost, though some pleasure be lost,
If we lighten one burden of care.

"To cherish the old, nor neglect to uphold
The cause that is holy and right;
All these are the acts which our Bible enacts
We must do with our strength and our might.
It is there, too, we read, for our uttermost need—
Seek the things which are found but above—
And this, dear, I pray every night, every day,
May be your chief labour of love."

ARCHITECTURE; OR, THE ART AND HISTORY OF BUILDINGS.

By H. W. BREWER.

PART VI.—THE STYLE OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY AND THE GOTHIC SPIRE.

INDEX TO ILLUSTRATION.

GOTHIC SPIRES.

SAXON AND NORMAN.

ELEVENTH AND TWELFTH CENTURIES.

1. Sompting, Sussex. Saxon. Wood, covered with stone shingles.
2. West Dean, Sussex. Norman. Wood, covered with tiles.
3. Blatchington, Sussex. Norman. Wood, covered with tiles.
4. Bishopstone, Sussex. Norman. Wood, covered with wood shingles.

THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

5. Welford, Northamptonshire. Early English. *Stone.**
6. An ordinary timber spirelet covered with lead. Common all over England through all periods.
7. Oxford Cathedral. Early English. Stone.

FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

8. Newark, Nottinghamshire. Decorated. Stone.
9. Salisbury Cathedral. 404 feet high. Decorated. Stone.
10. Folgoat, Brittany.† Decorated. Granite.
11. Freiburg Cathedral, Germany. Decorated. Red stone.
12. St. Martin's, Landshut, Bavaria. 470 feet high. The loftiest brick building in the world. Fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.

FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

13. Rotherham Church, Yorkshire. Perpendicular. Stone.

* This form of spire is called "a Broach," on account of the angular masses of masonry which broach or unite it to the tower.

† Although this spire only dates from the commencement of the fifteenth century, it follows the outline of the French spires of the thirteenth century. Brittany was at least a century behind the rest of France in architecture.

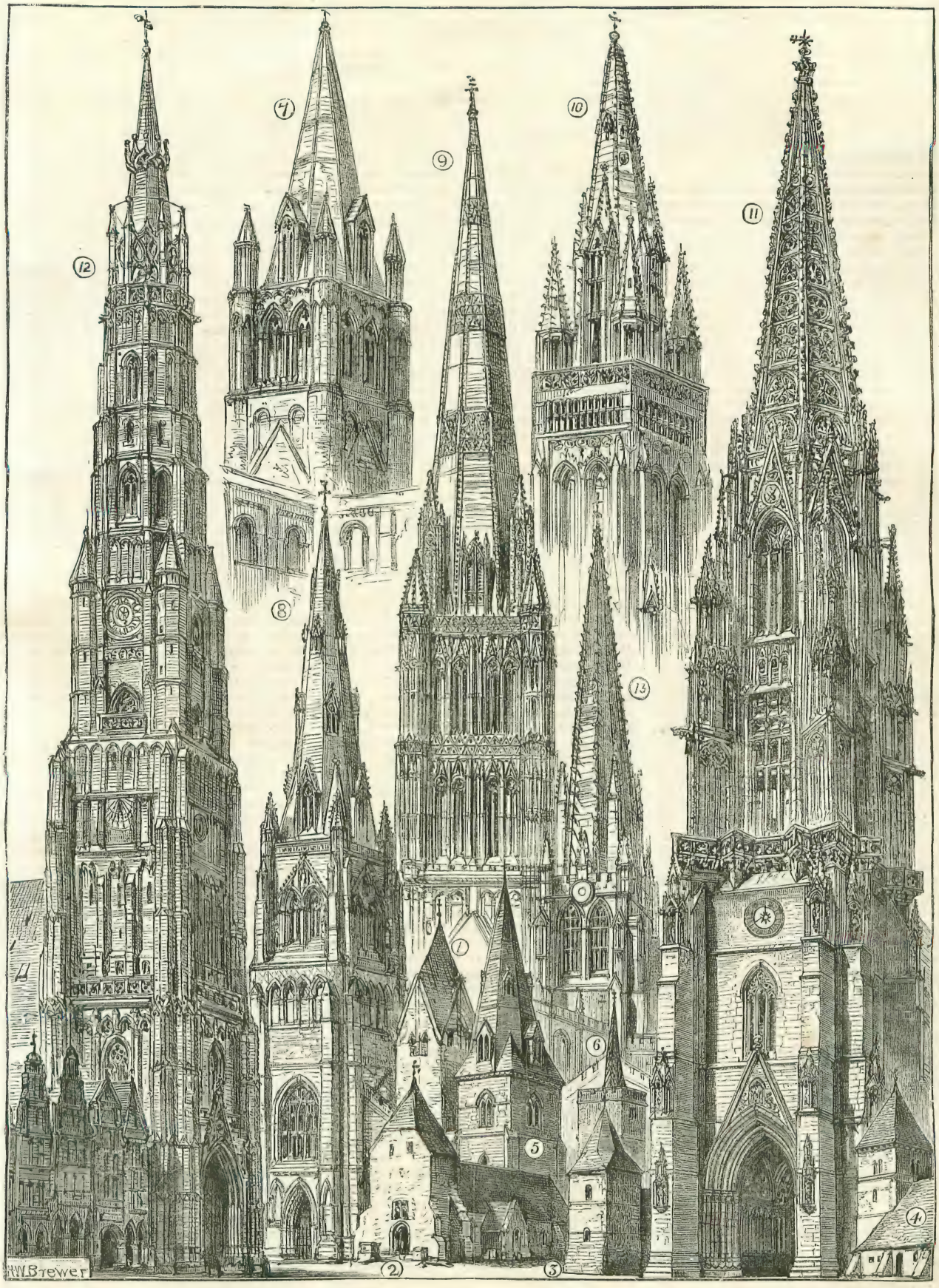
TOWARDS the close of the fourteenth century Gothic architecture in England underwent a most remarkable change. Suddenly, and almost without preparation, the curvilinear lines of tracery were abandoned, and in their place rigid vertical and horizontal lines were introduced, so that instead of the windows or panels being filled with curved bars of stone, they were subdivided by straight mullions and "transoms" (*i. e.*, cross-bars).

The first building in which we find this to be the case is the beautiful church of Edington, in Wiltshire, erected by William Edington, Bishop of Winchester, before the year 1366. Shortly afterwards we find the treatment more developed, as in the nave of Winchester Cathedral, New College, Oxford, and Winchester College, erected between 1366 and 1404 by Edington's successor in the diocese of Westminster, William of Wykeham.

Our readers must not, however, suppose that the Perpendicular style was anything like generally introduced at this period. The eastern part of the choir of York Minster, which, though commenced in 1361, was not completed until 1399, possesses many features of a transitional character, the traceries of the windows containing curvilinear as well as rectilineal lines. Then again the beautiful church of Shottesbrook, in Berkshire, perhaps the most charming village church in England, built in the form of a cross, with a lofty spire in the centre, is said to have been commenced in the year 1387; and Wimington Church, Bedfordshire, another very pretty village church, in 1391. Neither of these buildings shows even an inclination towards the Perpendicular style, which certainly did not come into general use until about the year 1400. This, of course, renders it extremely difficult to tell the exact dates of buildings erected during the last forty years of the fourteenth century: because, as we have shown, the Perpendicular style prevailed in some places, yet in others the Curvilinear Decorated maintained its hold until quite the close of the century; therefore, our girls must not jump at the conclusion that they have found us out in making terrible blunders when we describe Perpendicular buildings dating from 1370 or 1380 as being in the style of the fifteenth century. The writer is perfectly aware that in point of date such buildings should be described as belonging to the fourteenth century, but they are to be regarded as isolated examples, and as the forerunners of a style of architecture which did not come into general use until some thirty years afterwards.

The works of Wykeham are most remarkable, and form a very decided epoch in English architecture; they are thoroughly the outcome of an English mind, free from any triviality, solid, full of plain common-sense, and quite suited to their purpose. His buildings at first sight appear to be so simple in design and so free from effort that it has been suggested that Wykeham only regarded the constructive qualities of his buildings, and did not care much about their more artistic ones. This is, however, a mistake, because what little detail is found in his work is most carefully studied, and is very effective and excellent in its way; in fact, his works are a practical illustration of the saying, "*Ars est celare artem.*" It is true that he considered good construction and just proportions of greater importance than ornamental detail, and that he was willing to abandon the elegance and graceful forms of the later Decorated Gothic for a more sturdy, manly, and robust style; and to him we undoubtedly owe the dignity and severity which mark the early Perpendicular buildings, and make them form such a contrast to the exuberance and richness of the style which immediately preceded it, or the gorgeous elaboration of the Tudor works which followed it.

The name "Perpendicular" has been given to this style, but some writers have with greater justice and reason called it the "Rectilinear" style, because the horizontal lines are quite as distinctly marked as the vertical—in fact, even more so. There can be no doubt



GOTHIC SPIRES.

See opposite page.

that to a certain extent the Perpendicular style was a kind of return to classical ideas. Gothic architecture in its triumph over the trabiated form of building, in its aspiring grace, its soaring upwards, and feeling of motion, was becoming a little unsteady and weak in construction, and correctives such as those which Wykeham introduced into the art of building were needed just at this time. In fact, we have only to look at the wildness of the French Flamboyant and the late German Gothic to see how judicious Wykeham was in introducing a certain rigidity into his style.

Wykeham was one of those mighty geniuses which the Middle Ages occasionally produced, and who seem to have grasped a knowledge of things almost intuitively. He was at once a great Prime Minister, a diplomatist, a thorough man of business, a great scholar, an active and energetic churchman, a reformer of his diocese and clergy, a great patron of education and learning, and yet he found time to introduce great reforms into architecture, and become a master in the art of building. The man, in fact, possessed a giant mind in a giant body, and probably his immense physique enabled him to undergo toils which would have broken down both body and mind of any ordinary mortal. We may well imagine that such a man as Wykeham had little taste for mere prettiness. Everything with him had to be masterly, dignified, and thoroughly sound; nothing was to be done without some reason. Wykeham's principal works were the curtain walls and towers connecting the two Baileys at Windsor Castle, the greater portion of the nave of Winchester Cathedral (which was commenced by Edington), New College, Oxford, and Winchester College.

We have said that the thirteenth century was the great age for cathedral building; that the fourteenth century continued the works begun in the thirteenth; that the most perfect examples of the Decorated style are to be found in chapels either attached to greater churches or isolated. Now, if we want to see the finest developments of the Perpendicular style, we shall find them in the great parochial churches. Such, for instance, as St. Michael's, Coventry, completed 1395; St. Nicholas, Lynn, completed 1400; the Collegiate Church, Manchester, now the Cathedral, 1422; St. Mary's, Bury, commenced 1424; Fotheringay Church, Northamptonshire, 1435; Southwold Church, Suffolk, about 1440; St. Peter's, Mancroft, Norwich, consecrated 1455; St. Mary's, Redcliff, Bristol, in the course of erection 1442; Tattershall Church, Lincolnshire, 1455; Wakefield Church, Yorkshire, 1470; St. Stephen's, Bristol, 1470; Blithborough Church, Suffolk, completed 1472; St. Lawrence, Norwich, 1472; Swaffham Church, Norfolk, 1474; St. Mary's, Oxford, 1478; St. Mary's, Cambridge, 1478; Long Melford, Suffolk, 1481.

The plans of Perpendicular churches vary very greatly from anything that had gone before. They are far more open and spacious, the columns are further apart and more slender, the nave generally wider, the windows much larger, and the walls both loftier and thinner. The clerestories are often, as in the case of St. Peter's, Norwich, a continuous series of windows; the roofs are less steep, often nearly flat; the towers are usually loftier, and are always dignified. Spires are less common than in the Decorated style.

Perpendicular arches are not so pointed as those of the earlier styles, and the four-centred arch (misnamed "The Tudor") is frequently used. This form of arch is uncommon in early styles, but was in constant use in the time of Richard II., so to call it the "Tudor arch" is manifestly a misnomer. The chief marks of the Perpendicular style are the vertical mullions, running right up into the head of the windows, and a great flatness in mouldings, carving, and foliage. The plants represented in the latter are nearly always the vine or the oak; the leaves are full blown, and very much wattled or crumpled, as if they were copied in the late autumn, just before their fall. Grapes and acorns are plentifully represented. The great glories of the Perpendicular style are the church towers, wooden roofs, and internal church furniture, such as screens, stalls, seats, etc. All the finest towers in England are of this date and style. We can, however, only mention a few:—Boston, Lincolnshire; Taunton, Somersetshire; Wrexham, Denbighshire; Wymondham, Dœpham, Hingham, Salle, Terrington, St. Clements in Norfolk; Southwold, Blithburgh, in Suffolk; Manchester Cathedral, and St. Nicholas, Newcastle-on-Tyne, are all fine examples, and the great centre or lantern towers of the cathedrals of Gloucester, Worcester, Bristol, York, and Durham serve to show what masters of tower building were the architects of the fifteenth century.

They do not appear to have cared so much for the spire as the fourteenth century architects did; at least, in England. However, St. Michael's, Coventry; Whittlesea Church, Cambridgeshire; and Rotherham, Yorkshire, show how thoroughly they understood this architectural feature. The wooden roofs are very magnificent, both in churches and secular buildings. Amongst the former those of Trunch, Wymondham, St. Peter's, St. Andrew's, St. Mary's, Norwich, in Norfolk; Morton, in Somersetshire; East Ham, in Somersetshire; Harrow and Rislip, in Middlesex; Aldenham, Herts; Lavenham, Long Melford, Cavendish, St. Mary's Bury, Blithburgh, and Southwold, in Suffolk; Saffron Walden and Thakstead, Guestenthorp, Castle Headingham, in Essex; and St. David's Cathedral, Wales, are very notable examples. In secular buildings we have the vast roof of Westminster Hall, Eltham Palace, and the hall of John Halls, Salisbury.

A beautiful oak roof of this period is to be seen at Crosby Hall, Bishopsgate-street, which is somewhat singular in design, and exactly the opposite of Westminster Hall. The roof at Westminster Hall is what is called an open timber roof—that is, the whole of the beams and woodwork of which it is constructed are visible from below. It is also what is called a "hammer beam roof"—that is to say, the cross-beams of the principals are cut off, and are adorned with figures of angels. Now, at Crosby Hall all the constructive timbers are concealed by an arched barrel roof, and all the work which is visible is purely ornamental; in other words, the roof of Crosby Hall is in reality a ceiling. Crosby Hall is nearly a century later in date than Westminster, and this treatment shows a great increase in luxury and comfort. It was found that the open timber roof often left the apartment very cold in winter and warm in summer, but the ceiled or barrel roof, by retaining a space full of air between the outer and inner roofs, kept the temperature of the building nearly equal.

The internal furniture and fittings of churches executed during the Perpendicular period are exceedingly elaborate and beautiful—screens, stalls, altar-pieces, pulpits, and benches are frequently adorned with a profusion of exquisite carving, panelling, and canopy work. The stalls of the cathedrals of Lincoln, Chester, Manchester, York, Chichester, and Norwich are especially magnificent, and although perhaps less elaborate than those of the churches of Lancaster; Lavenham, in Suffolk; All Souls' College, Oxford; and Southwold, are not less interesting. The churches of Norfolk, Suffolk, and Essex also abound in magnificent screen work, which is not only richly carved but adorned with paintings of saints and angels of very high merit, showing that during the fifteenth century England must have possessed a school of painters scarcely inferior to those of Germany and the Low Countries. The rood-screens of Ranworth, Cawston, Worstead, Aylsham, in Norfolk; and Southwold, in Suffolk, are singularly beautiful, both on account of their remarkable carving and the exquisite paintings with which they are adorned. We have singled out these particular churches for mention chiefly on account of the remarkable state of preservation of the paintings and carvings of their screens, and it is not a little remarkable that such works of art should have escaped almost uninjured in counties which were the headquarters of Puritanism. Very many of our English churches retain also their ancient benches, nearly all of which are of this period. Sometimes their ends are adorned with carved finials or terminals called "poppy heads," as at East Ham, Somersetshire, and South Walsham, Norfolk. It is most probable that previous to the fifteenth century our churches did not possess fixed benches at all, and that those attending the services either knelt or stood, as is still the case in Spain, parts of Italy, and to a great extent in the Roman Catholic districts in Germany, where the men stand during the whole service, the few benches being reserved for the use of women, aged persons, and children. This custom is undoubtedly very ancient, though, perhaps, it leads to that walking and fidgeting about which is so objectionable to the worshipper.

The fifteenth century architecture on the Continent forms a marked contrast to that of England; instead of the rigid rectilineal lines which are such a feature of the Perpendicular style, the Curvilinear tracery of the fourteenth century in France develops into a luxurious wildness of ramification, producing forms which resemble elongated tongues of flame, and from this circumstance that architecture has been called the "Flamboyant." It is perhaps the legitimate outcome of the Curvilinear style, though at the same time it is carried to excess and exaggerated. Naturally it is constructively weak and in reality an artistic monstrosity, yet with all this there is a loveliness about it, a wonderful fascination, a delicacy, and a dainty elegance which has never been surpassed; it is like the exquisite but fatal beauty that we see in the faces of those who we know are about to fall victims to consumption. All robustness has departed and given way to a beauty too ethereal to last; it has been justly named Flamboyant, for like a flame which suddenly darts upwards, we know for certain that its light will soon be extinguished. Some of the most exquisite examples of this style are the transept fronts of Beauvais (see p. 396), the west front of the cathedrals at Abbeville and Tours, the church of St. Maclou, at Rouen, the church of Caudebeck, in Normandy, and the sumptuous choir of Mont St. Michael, in which the most delicate tracery and intricate canopy work is all executed in pink granite, and the superb doorways of the west front of Rouen Cathedral, etc.

The church furniture and fittings of this style are even more magnificent than those of our own Perpendicular, and the want of constructive stability is, of course, far less apparent in such works as altar-screens, stalls, and monuments, than in the more structural portions of building. It is, perhaps, no exaggeration to say that the stalls of the cathedral of Amiens are the most glorious examples of carved woodwork to be met with in the whole world. In these most extraordinary works no time, labour, or expense was spared. Commenced quite at the close of the fifteenth century, they were not completed until about the year 1521. The chief sculptor employed seems to have been Anthony Avernier. It is said that the chapter of the cathedral were so determined to have the

most magnificent choir-stalls ever erected that they sent their architect and a Franciscan friar who was a great wood carver to examine the choir-stalls of every cathedral in the north of Europe, with instructions to copy everything they could find which was beautiful about them, and to surpass them in elaboration; and certainly these men carried out their instructions to the letter. Some idea of this elaboration may be gained by the fact that an architect who was a very rapid sketcher informed the writer that it occupied him a whole day making a small sketch of one of the bench ends. There are said to be over 10,000 figures in these stalls, including representations of birds, beasts, and reptiles. These exquisite works of art were condemned to be burnt with the rest of the cathedral by the French Directory; but the prefect of the town carted the whole of the hay of the district into the cathedral, and the building, with its exquisite furniture, was spared upon the excuse that the prefect had converted it into a barn.

The fifteenth century architecture of Germany has a good deal in common with that of France, though the window tracery is far more eccentric, and a very curious kind of treatment is to be noticed, to which the name of "stump tracery" has been given. It consists in making the various mullions forming the window interpenetrate, and then cutting them off abruptly just beyond the point of interpenetration. This is often done with such extreme accuracy, and the workmanship is so sharp and clean, that there could be no doubt that it was a trick of the mason to show his consummate skill. Sometimes, even, the mullions are cut into the representations of branches of trees lopped off and intertwined. The fittings of the German churches of this date are very sumptuous. Two features especially demanding notice are the tabernacles (*sacramentshause*) and the great triptychs or altar-pieces of wood. Amongst the former may be mentioned those in the cathedrals of Ulm, Munster, and Ratisbon, and in the churches of St. Lawrence, Nuremberg, Nordligen, Ochsenfurth, and Schwabisch-hall. These singularly beautiful structures consist of a forest of delicate little pinnacles and canopies. That of Ulm rises to the extraordinary height of ninety feet! The carved wooden altar-pieces are even more elaborate, and are generally richly decorated with colour, and enclose either bas-reliefs or pictures, the canopy work and pinnacles forming a kind of framework or shrine. Most superb examples exist at Mosburg, Rothenburg, Nordligen, in Bavaria. In Cologne Cathedral the Agolophus altar is very fine; the churches of Xantern and Calcar, on the Lower Rhine, and Lorsch, on the Upper Rhine, also contain superb Gothic altar-pieces. Carved choir stalls of great elaboration and beauty are to be seen in the cathedral at Ulm, and many other churches. Belgium and Holland contain many very magnificent churches of this date. The superb church of St. Peter, at Louvain, which possesses, perhaps, the most striking interior of any church in the Low Countries, and is no less remarkable for its grand proportions than for the beauty of its furniture, was entirely built during the fifteenth century. Few churches in Europe are better worth seeing than this, and it is somewhat strange that while everyone goes to see the Hotel de Ville, this magnificent church, which is only on the opposite side of the road, is rarely visited by English tourists, although its interior is the best preserved and least altered of all the mediæval churches in Belgium. Its rood-screen, very elegant *sacramentshaus*, and choir stalls are coeval with the building.

The Cathedral of Malines, the metropolitan church of Belgium, with its gorgeous unfinished tower, already 350 feet high, which was intended to be carried up to the height of 600 feet; the vast Cathedral of Antwerp, with its far-famed steeple, are also of this date. This magnificent tower appears to have been commenced in the year 1423, from the designs of the architect Jean Appelmans. The noble church of St. Jacques, at Antwerp, was commenced quite at the end of this century; and the first stone of the superb church of St. Gommaire, at Lierre, twelve miles from Antwerp, was laid in the year 1425; the beautiful building was not completed until 145 years after. Though rather plain outside, it is internally one of the most striking churches in Belgium, and retains the most elaborate rood-screen in existence, and many other objects of great interest.

All who love art are indebted to the dean of this church for preventing its being utterly ruined by the detestable kind of restoration which is at the present time robbing so many Belgian churches of every object of interest, and which has proved so disastrous at Courtrai and elsewhere. St. Gommaire was ordered to be thoroughly restored, and a Government architect was sent down to the place to carry out this disastrous operation; but the good dean led the architect such a life that he ran away in disgust. The architect wanted to pull down the magnificent rood-screen because it blocked out the view of the chancel, to take down the statues from the columns because they were out of keeping in a Gothic church, and to remove the classical altar-pieces (many of which are constructed of marble) simply because they were not erected until the seventeenth century. But the dean refused to allow him to remove any work of art out of the church upon the ground that it was late and debased in style, and employed an intelligent stone-mason to mend up the stonework where it was too much decayed.

In sad contrast to this we may mention another very remarkable fifteenth century building, the cathedral of Bois le Duc, in Holland. This noble church has been not inaptly styled the Dutch Cologne. In general design, however, it bears a strong resemblance to St. Pierre, at Louvain, though it is externally far more elaborate than the latter church. Like St. Pierre, it contains a great deal of very fine old furniture; amongst other things, a brass font and oak stalls, which are coeval with the building. Unfortunately, the dean and chapter of this fine cathedral determined a few years ago to carry out a thorough restoration, which has resulted in converting the north transept of the church, one of the most magnificent examples of Gothic architecture in the whole of Holland, into a thoroughly modern building- not one single atom of the old work being left, and in place of it we have a lifeless and spiritless imitation. The old carvings which were removed to make way for this were mashed up and made into mortar. This is terribly to be regretted, because Bois le Duc is the only church in Holland which had retained its ancient sculpture. Internally, matters are still worse. The superb rood-screen, the finest example of Renaissance work in Holland, was pulled down and sold because it was supposed to be out of keeping in a Gothic church; the high altar, which though very late in style was entirely constructed of fine marble, has shared the same fate. It is a somewhat remarkable circumstance that this altar and rood-screen should have again become close neighbours, the screen forming the principal entrance to the South Kensington Museum, and the altar has been erected in the adjoining Church of the Oratory, Brompton.

We must no longer postpone making a few observations upon that singularly beautiful feature of Gothic churches, the spire, for, although it is found occasionally in other styles, it essentially belongs to Gothic architecture, and is one of its most marked characteristics. No architectural ornament that was ever introduced is at once so graceful, so solemn, and so dignified; no object so adorns a landscape or gives such an interest to the general aspect of a town or village. The level flats of Lincolnshire and the tame scenery of Northamptonshire are rendered positively picturesque by the numerous church spires seen in all directions, and what a dignity have the graceful spires *given to Lichfield, Coventry*, and Salisbury. Spires are of two distinct kinds, those constructed of timber, and covered with metal, slates, tiles, or wood shingle, and those constructed of stone or brick.

Examples of both kinds are very numerous in France and England. The stone spire is less frequently met with in Holland and Belgium, and is rather rare in Germany, though some of the German examples are very remarkable for their size and construction. In the south of Europe very few spires are of stone. The two noble ones at Bourgos are evidently the work of German architects and masons. In Italy the spire never seems to have found favour. The few that exist are very squat and ill-proportioned. Probably the spire broke up those strongly marked horizontal lines which the Italians seem to have so much delighted in, and possibly they did not well understand how to construct spires, and were too conceited to learn of their northern contemporaries.

Italian architects during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries were in no way remarkable for their constructive knowledge, and as a rule their buildings are only admirable for detail and ornamentation; they appear, in fact, to have been rather sculptors and carvers than architects in the true sense of the word.

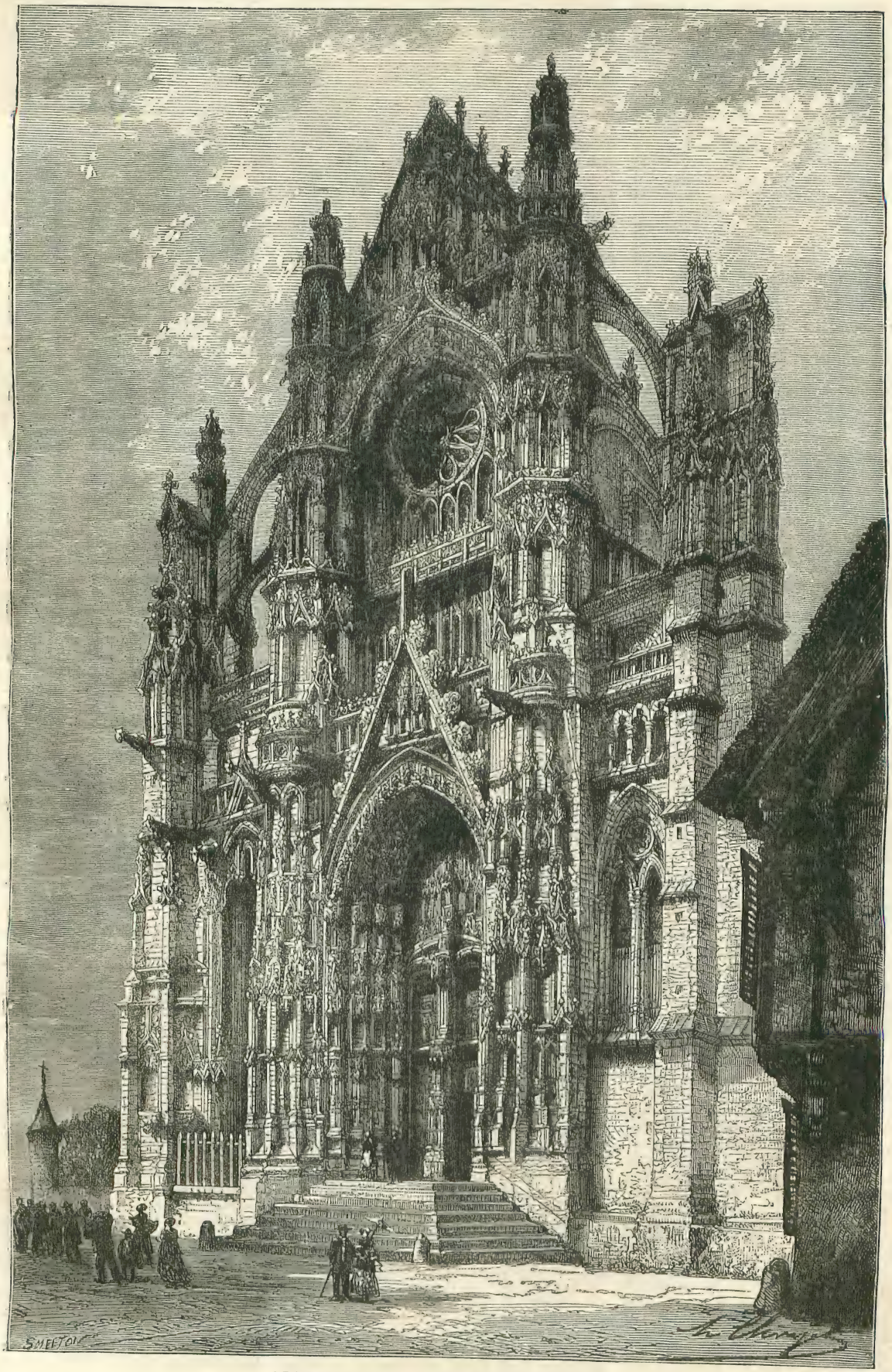
Even the Pisani family failed when they attempted to design a large church, as we see by their Church of St. Antonio, at Padua, the exterior of which is downright ugly, and the Capella della Spina, at Pisa, is a mere pretty toy.

The race of Italian architects really began with the Renaissance, and it is greatly to be regretted that such men as Alberti, San Sovino, the Lombardi, Scamozzi, and Palladio did not live two centuries earlier. Italy might then have had a Gothic style of her own equal to that of France or England, and churches combining the magnificence of northern Gothic with the exquisite sculpture, painting, and sumptuous material of the south.

The spire evidently originated with the simple pyramidal roof, which is so common in Saxon and Norman towers. This became by degrees elongated, and frequently the towers were gabled on each side, as we see at Sompting Church, Sussex, a veritable example of Saxon architecture. Here, as in Germany, the angles of the spire rest upon the apex of each gable, so that the spire or roof is set obliquely to the square of the tower. In Normandy and the north of France, however, the pyramidal roof was constructed of stone, and towards the end of the twelfth century we first find the octagonal spire used. Those of the Abbey aux Hommes, at Caen, are fine examples.

In England we possess very few Saxon or Norman spires. Sompting is, however, a good example of the former style, and those attached to the eastern transepts of Canterbury of the latter.

There are, however, many beautiful examples dating from the earlier part of the thirteenth century. Wilford and Wansted, and the Cathedral, Oxford, and Witney, Oxfordshire, are fine stone specimens. France abounds in thirteenth century spires, those of Coutances, Senlis, Chartres, and St. Pierre, Caen, are very noble examples.



TRANSEPT FRONT OF BEAUVAIS CATHEDRAL.

The thirteenth century spires in Germany are generally of wood. There are, however, very pretty little ones at St. Burkhardts Church, Wurzburg.

The spire forms a very important feature of the fourteenth century Gothic style, and many of the most magnificent examples, both in this country and on the Continent, belong to this period. The majestic one at Salisbury, and the no less beautiful one of St. Mary, at Oxford; the graceful spire of Ross; those of Heckington, Ewerby, Grantham, St. Mary, at Stamford, Newark; Kings Sutton, and Bloxham, the triple group at Lichfield, and Snettisham, Norfolk, belong to this period. A great difference in design is to be noticed in the style between English and Continental spires. On the Continent, the tower supporting the spire is generally at least twice as high as the pyramidal construction it supports, or, in other words, the spire itself. In some cases the spire proper is a very small portion of the design. At Landshut, in Bavaria, where the tower and spire are 450 feet high, the spire itself is quite a small affair, not more than 60 feet high. At Vienna the same is the case, and even at Strasburg the spire is not more than a fifth the whole height of the entire composition. In England, on the contrary, the spire is often loftier than the tower which supports it; this is the case at Raunds, in Lincolnshire, and Ewerby. There are examples where the spire is as much as three-fifths the height of the whole design, as at Shottesbrook, Bucks, and Ledbury, Hereford. The general rule in England was to make the spire a very little less than the height of the tower, and this is generally found to be the most pleasing proportion.

Of all the Continental spires of the fourteenth century, by far the most graceful in outline is that of Freiburg, in Breisgau. It is one of that class of spires peculiar to Germany, the side being formed of perforated tracery. This generally has a weak effect, and looks metallic, which is painfully apparent in those at Rothenberg and Meisen Cathedral. But at Freiburg the tracery is so rich and the perforations so well subdivided that the impression is not one of weakness, but of elegance. The groups of pinnacles, which fill in the space between the square and octagonal portions of the tower, are arranged so as to carry down the general outline of the spire, and this gives Freiburg very much the general proportions of an English spire; then, also, its glorious colour adds not a little to the general impression of harmony about this structure. Like the rest of the church, it is built of a rose-coloured stone, which, from the dampness of the climate (Freiburg, in Breisgau, being one of the three places on the Continent which registers the deepest rainfalls in the year), is covered with a rich orange-coloured lichen.

The new spires at Cologne are of the same description as those of Freiburg, but are nothing like so graceful. They are too thick for their height, and the pinnacles at the base of the spires are overdone, whereas the finials which crown the spires are so exaggerated that they look like huge stone mushrooms—they alone would ruin any composition.

One thing that should always carefully be considered in designing a spire is the outline which it will assume when seen on the angles. A spire which looks well when seen from a point straight in front of one of the four sides of the tower will often appear out of proportion with its tower when looked at from a point opposite one of the angles. The skilful architect knows this, and will, if he is wise, design or draw out his spire on the angle as well as in elevation. The sides of a spire are generally slightly curved, so as to swell out a little in the centre. This is called the entasis of the spire, and is somewhat akin to the entasis of the Greek columns to which we have formerly alluded. Very frequently, however, the spire has not an entasis, and the effect is obtained by little projecting gables pierced as windows, or by bands of carving, as at Salisbury, or a little coronal of pinnacles, as at Patrinckton, in Yorkshire. The mediæval architects would seem to have lavished an extraordinary amount of thought and skill upon this beautiful feature, and the variety and elegance displayed in their work is most remarkable; so much so that it may be said without exaggeration that there is not a single mediæval spire in this country which is ill-designed or unpleasing. Even the short, stumpy spires which are not uncommon possess a look of solidity and massiveness which we should scarcely have connected in our minds with this feature. Mr. Ruskin, in a letter recently published, says that "there is no man living who can design a Gothic spire"—they can only copy; and although there may be a slight exaggeration in this, yet there is so much truth in it that nearly all attempts of modern times to introduce original features into a spire have signally failed.

It is a curious thing that in England the spire seems peculiar to certain counties, and as a rule those are flat counties. There are, however, exceptions to this rule, and it does not apply equally well to the Continent.

The greater number and the most beautifully designed spires are found in the counties of Northamptonshire, Lincolnshire, Leicestershire, Warwickshire, Staffordshire, Nottinghamshire, and Oxfordshire, many of the churches of which counties possess this beautiful feature. In the other counties of England only isolated examples occur here and there. Although the spire is undoubtedly a most beautiful feature of Gothic architecture, yet it was never considered a necessary one, and out of the twenty-six cathedrals in England and Wales only eight possess this feature; yet, singularly enough, our modern architects appear to consider it necessary to furnish nearly every little district church with a miserable little starved spire, whereas a fairly proportioned tower of only moderate height would be far more appropriate and effective.

The spire should always be regarded as a luxury in church architecture, and never erected in combination with a cheap or even moderately expensive church. If the sum of money at command in building a church is unlimited, or nearly so, then a spire may be attempted, but not otherwise. Some of our modern churches, with their thin walls, plaster arches, and deal roofs, when surmounted by a lofty stone spire, are as absurd as some wretched drab of a servant of all work, dressed in her kitchen clothes, with her mistress's new Paris lace bonnet on.

(*To be continued.*)

COURTLEROY.

By ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER XV.

MIMICA'S FIRST PROPOSAL.

MIMICA'S garden was one of her most substantial pleasures. In it she forgot her grievances, and would linger the day through amid her flowers, digging and delving, pruning and potting, if Miss Heath would let her. The old gardener was her staunch ally, and many were their joint manœuvres to supply lack of funds by cunning and cheap inventions. But when Mimica entered her cherished retirement the morning after her accession of fortune, her schemes for improving it were vast and multiplied. Never had bank notes produced a greater revulsion than those left by Searle, the bailiff, in the schoolroom of Courtleroy. Miss Heath listened with mute surprise to the plans laid out for its disposition; and when old Gandy heard of how they were to purchase some desirable plants, and to mend the old glass over a certain forcing-bed, he opened his small eyes in astonishment, and exclaimed, "Who's to pay, miss?" For everybody knew the emptiness of their young lady's purse. Mimica longed to reply: "Gandy, I have a pension!" but respect for Searle, whom she had never respected before, restrained her; such is the power of money.

The accession, however, did not make her forget Horace Leste, whose handiwork was visible everywhere, not only among those old-fashioned beds and borders, but in the rustic seats beneath and amidst the grove of trees that surrounded them. Had he not hammered together the falling back and arms of her mother's favourite seat, and had he not created new ones out of all sorts of grotesque branches? Had he not spent more money than he could spare in the rearing of her plants, and afterwards helped to arrange them? And how poor the Lestes all were! and how, for their sakes as well as her own, she longed to be rich! And now how rich she was! Twenty-five pounds!

She and Gandy had been at work together some time, when he remembered that the vegetables had not been taken to the house, and he went off to the kitchen garden. She remained, cutting off dead roses and tying up weakly shoots, until she was suddenly startled by a rustling in the woods as of a footstep. There were already some fallen leaves beneath the aged oaks, and she and George had rustled them when they were exploring.

"It is probably George," she thought, pausing, scissors in hand, and glancing through the wicket that led from her bright *parterre* into the grove.

'It was not George, but Mr. Carew.

"I have been watching for that old fellow's departure," were the words that greeted Mimica, as that agreeable young officer pushed through the gate and stood at her side.

She was somewhat taken aback, but not being either self-conscious or sentimental, she received him naturally, though aware that his visit was contrary to rules.

"How did you manage to get into that wood? Have you lost your way?" she asked, quite unaffectedly.

"Yes, and I have come to you to help me to find it," he replied.

"It is straight enough. Yonder path leads into the drive," she said. "How is Leila?"

"What an interest you take in Leila! I wish you took as much in me."

"That would be impossible. I know her intimately, and I—well—we can scarcely be said to be intimate, Mr. Carew."

"But we ought to be, Miss Marmont. We should be were it not for that old feud, and you cannot be influenced by what happened to our relatives years ago."

"I am dependent on one of them, so I must be influenced. He would even be displeased at our meeting on his property. It is certainly very absurd."

Mimica laughed merrily, as the idea presented itself to her mind of a bygone rupture making her almost afraid to speak to a neighbour in that pretty, shady spot because its owner objected.

"What if you and I were to try to mend the breach between our families?" he asked, with a meaning glance, which, however, she did not understand.

"I am sure I wish we could," she replied, simply. "It would be very pleasant. Do you remember your aunt?"

This question disconcerted him. He had been on what he considered the right tack before, for he had come for a settled purpose. He had taken a fancy to Mimica—whether it was love or not, he had not cared to inquire—and, urged on by his mother, had begun to think she would be a prize worth the winning. He was an attractive man, musical, good-looking, and possessing such allurements as women delight in, and he was not vain, which is contrary to the usual idiosyncrasy of similar characters; neither was he remarkably intellectual, though not deficient in a certain cleverness and readiness which often stand in good stead for intellect. Mimica was far his superior in intelligence, and this attracted him, as well as her uncommon expression of face and singularly unconscious manner.

After a slight pause he replied to her sudden question.

"Yes, I remember my aunt; she was very lovely. I was to have been at the wedding, and shall never forget the confusion when she disappeared. But I must not lose time and this opportunity by talking of her. Cannot you and I induce your uncle to forget the past by—you must understand me—by a marriage which nothing shall interrupt?"

She did understand him at last, and she stood before him with pulses beating and breath quivering as she poured forth a stream of what she believed righteous wrath.

"How dare you say such words to me? How dare you waylay me to insult me? Am I not Barbra Leste's friend, and have you not loved one another long before you knew me? Is she not worth a hundred of me, though they are all obliged to stoop—no, not to stoop, but to rise to their poor circumstances? Is it because Leila is your mother's dependant, and the others are seeking situations, that your manner has changed of late towards Bold Barbra, and she has been—no, I will not own that she has been heartbroken, because you do not deserve it—but she has been very unhappy? Is it usual for men to change their loves like a garment? If so, I would rather know nothing of them, and live secluded in this old place for ever."

"But, Miss Marmont, you are mistaken," put in Mr. Carew, with some hesitation of manner.

His face was crimson.

"No, I cannot be mistaken. Leila and I have known it always, and thought how happy you and Barbra would be together, and now you ask me, their friend, their sister, to come between you—you two, who have sung together, talked, read, walked, taught, visited the poor together, never been apart, except when Lady Helena chanced to be present, who is ambitious and proud. Yours is the one romance I have watched all my life, the only one, and you ask me! me! to try to blot it out. Cannot you see the stain that would be left behind; the indelible shadow that nothing could erase? But perhaps you are amusing yourself with my inexperience. Only tell me you are, and go back to Barbra; I will never, never let her know of this forgetfulness of her."

Mimica's manner changed from anger to entreaty. The colour faded from her pale cheeks, and tears swelled in her eyes. It was the first shock to the affections that had come home to her, and her mind was highly strung for the lovely chords that vibrate to youthful touches of love and constancy.

"You are really mistaken, Miss Marmont. There is nothing between Barbara and me," said Mr. Carew, with averted face and injured manner.

"Nothing! Then what is something? Is it nothing to have tried to make her love you? Nothing to have been welcomed by a whole family as one of themselves? Nothing to have raised their hopes for the future of this, their first, best, sweetest, loveliest daughter? Oh! Mr. Carew, do not say so, but return to her, even though you do not deserve her."

Mimica pointed towards the spire of the church, visible between distant trees, near which nestled the vicarage. The path to the drive led in that direction. She did not understand him to whom she spoke so bitterly any better than he understood himself, for her words had roused certain feelings of love, shame, and anger in his breast, equally unpropitious to his present suit and past affections. Anger prevailed.

"If you knew more of the world, Miss Marmont," he said, "you would understand that a boy and girl friendship between neighbours does not mean an engagement for life. Perhaps when you have more experience we shall have an opportunity of renewing this subject."

"Never! I will not speak to you again until you have made your peace with Barbra. Boy and girl! She is nearly three-and-twenty, and you are older. You have always loved one another, and now you dare to pretend to care for me! Is it you or Lady Helena who honour me thus? Good morning, Mr. Carew."

"Good morning, Miss Marmont."

He turned, and was on the verge of the wood-path when she hastened after him.

"For pity's sake—for love's sake," she cried, staying his steps, and fixing her lustrous eyes upon him, "go back to Barbra. She will die if you forsake her, and then what would your sufferings be? I am but a girl, but I know her constant nature, and that she could never change as you have done. Oh! there is no one in the world like Barbra!"

A change came over his face. The Lady Helena pride forsook it, and the Sir Joshua kindliness overspread it—for so Mimica afterwards phrased it. He held out his hand.

"You are right, and a true friend, Miss Marmont," he said. "There is no one in the world like Barbra; but I fear she is not for me."

So saying, and grasping her hand, he hurried through the wood. Turning back she saw George disappearing on the opposite side of the garden. She called to him. George, if anyone, could calm her excitement.

"What is it, Mimica?" he asked, seeing her flushed face and agitated manner. "I heard your voices, and thought you would not want me."

"I always want you, Georgie," she replied, sitting down on the rustic seat and beginning to cry.

"What is it, my Mimi?" he said, the beautiful blue eyes full of loving anxiety.

"It is not myself, but Bold Barbra," she sobbed. "She will surely die."

"'No one but God knows who will die or live. 'Our times are in His hand.' I read that verse this morning," he replied.

"You do not know—you cannot tell what Barbra is."

"But God knows. If she is good He will care for her."

These simple words stayed Mimica's agitation. She took George's hands and recounted what had passed. She always told him everything. His face grew inexpressibly bright as she proceeded, and when she concluded he said, looking at her—

"You are still my Mimi. I feared he might take you from me. Yesterday on the water you liked him best."

She smiled a perplexed smile; for yesterday she had liked him, to-day she despised him.

"Are we responsible for our likes and dislikes?" she asked, while Georgie stroked her hand.

He had come to fetch her to go with him to a neighbouring hopyard, and they went first together to the house. He picked up a heavy basket that he had deposited at Courtleroy on his way to the garden, and Mimica helped him to carry it. The contents were edibles.

"*Padre* has gone with Mr. Leste to hear him speak to the hop-pickers, and *madre* has got the cook to make these cakes," he said. "They are anxious to give them a tea when the picking is done. What a picturesque scene it is!"

Mimica had sketched it until she forgot whether it was picturesque or not; still, when they reached the hop garden, with its trailing wreaths of varied green, and saw the many-costumed pickers, she realised what George meant. The Courtleroy servants' dinner-bell warned that it was one o'clock just as they entered, and almost simultaneously Mr. Leste and Mr. Prettyman appeared also. Although this west-country hop-yard was not, like those of Kent, replenished from the very poor of the London streets, still it contained many Irish adventurers and other wayfarers, in addition to the native population, who had come in the hope of a day's wage. George's memories revived at sight of a Connemara cloak here and there, and he started more than once at the sound of a brogue familiar to him in babyhood. For many years Mr. Leste had been in the habit of meeting these poor people and giving them a few words of kindly welcome, religious instruction, and invitation to church or to a service which he held in a large barn lent by a parishioner. This he did on the present occasion, and told his motley congregation that he would hold a service that evening in the barn, and that he should hope to see them at church the following Sunday.

"Now, Georgie, open your basket," said Mr. Prettyman, when the address was concluded. He and Mimica were soon engaged in distributing the cakes, and the blessings showered on them were many and unaffected.

The next ringing of the Courtleroy bell was a warning that the dinner-hour was over, and that the daily labour was to be recommenced. Mimica and George were standing in the centre of the open space watching the people, who gradually made a little crowd around them, when a dispute arose between a couple of Irish. Neither George nor Mimica saw the disputants, but the concluding words reached them distinctly—

"I tell ye, as shure as I'm alive, it's Georgie Hope."

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

KITTY.—We can only advise you to persevere and hope for the best. You will always find thoughtless girls who will take advantage of their teachers if possible, and for these personal influence is the only check. Be patient and good tempered.

WILDFLOWER.—If you cannot hear of a situation privately, you must advertise for what you require. Your cream-coloured nun's veiling dress would clean very well indeed.

ONE OF THE LOVERS OF THE G. O. P.—We never heard it was unladylike or forward for members of a literary society to read their own papers before that society. For a beginner historical subjects are the easiest to manage.

INNOCENCE.—Astolpho is one of the characters in Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*. He was the English cousin to Orlando; his father was Otho, and he was a great boaster, but generous, handsome, and gay. He was carried to Alcina's Isle on the back of a whale, and she changed him into a myrtle tree, but Melissa disenchanted him. He then descended into the infernal regions, and also went to the moon to cure Orlando of his madness by bringing back his lost wits in a phial. The fairy Logistilla gave Astolpho a book to guide him always aright on his journeys, and a horn which so alarmed the man or beast that heard it that they fell easy captives to his prowess.

MARIAN W.—There is a study club for the benefit of girls who have left school, of which the hon. sec. is Miss L. Ryall, Orpington, Kent. Both shorthand and the perusal of any book in a foreign language are included. The essay club is quite distinct from the study club. It is conducted by Miss Annie James, Tutshill Villa, Tutshill, near Chepstow.

SIXTEEN.—You are too young to be received at any hospital for training, but you might make a good commencement by careful study of a small manual by one of our writers, entitled, "Sick Nursing at Home," price 1s. 3d. (170, Strand, W.C.), also by joining an ambulance class. You will receive a salary, with uniform and board. You might eventually enter the London Hospital, Whitechapel-road, E., or the Central London Sick Asylum, Highgate Infirmary, Dartmouth Park Hill, Upper Holloway, N.; also the Westminster Hospital, S.W.

ART.

MARJORIE GRAHAME.—Why do you not take note of our answers to all other inquirers about the sale of their work? Take it to a shop where such things are sold, and obtain what you can for it, and orders for more.

MARGERY JERVIS and three of her sisters write much alike. The little one, Louise, writes an unformed hand. We regret that any letter of yours should not have had an answer. We cannot give any promise as to future illustrations, but are glad that those already supplied have been available for your purposes.

A LOVER OF ART.—A water-colour painting may be glazed by laying on a coat of water-colour size, and covering this with mastic varnish. But we should strongly advise you to leave it alone, unless you wish to spoil your painting. To paint in water-colour on terra-cotta, size the terra-cotta with white of egg or gelatine, and put a foundation coat of Chinese white over every part to be painted, and mix Chinese white with every colour. To varnish, apply a thin coating of gum water, and when dry a coating of mastic varnish.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER.—The graduated shaded background of a photograph is obtained while printing from the negative by covering over the space judiciously with cotton wool, so that the sun's rays are both partially and totally excluded.

ELIZA.—We have read your description of the painting with careful attention, and we think it dates to a time some years back, when there was a fashion of sticking engravings on glass, and then colouring them with oil paints at the back. Your picture is probably of this kind. The colouring has been copied from the marginal readings of the Bible. The picture is of no value, save as a curiosity or a family relic.

H. E.—Burke's engravings after Gainsborough have a certain value in the market, but so much depends on the condition of the plate and the sharpness of the impression, that no opinion of its value could be given without inspection.

ART AND SPORT would perhaps find the *Queen* newspaper suitable, as both music, art, and general intelligence are to be found in it.

TABBIE.—Mount and colour your picture like an ordinary photograph. Read the article upon painting photographs in vol. iii., page 183

PICKLES.—The ginger jars would not answer if painted, as you propose, with water-colours. Even if the colours stuck, which is doubtful, the effect would be poor and washy. Paint the jars with oil-colours, using a medium, and varnish afterwards.

STROUD GREEN.—Paintings upon linen are not intended to be sent to the weekly wash, and for the purpose you had far better use the dyes employed in tapestry painting.

AN AMATEUR.—The best method of gilding paper is to use parchment size and real gold leaf. Lay on a coating of the size, and when nearly dry and tacky, press down a leaf of gold upon it gently. The gold is sold in books, and should not be removed from the book till the moment for pressing it on the paper. Smooth it with a pad of wool when it is in position, and burnish it when dry, with an agate burnisher, by rubbing, first laying a piece of waxed writing paper (the waxed side uppermost) over the gold.

DADDY LONGLEGS uses too much oil with her paints, and should try Roberson's medium, which will aid her in making a success.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A WELL-WISHER.—The most successful plants for indoor cultivation are palms and the indiarubber plant. Both stand gas, and look handsome.

LAVENDER BLOSSOM.—The "Claudia" mentioned in 2 Timothy iv. was the wife of Pudeus, and is supposed to have been the daughter of an early British king named Cogidunus. Some authors have tried to identify them with the Claudia and Pudeus of the poet Martial also, but not successfully.

SEVENTEEN.—By a private hotel we understand one where there is no *table d'hôte*, but where families are served in their own private suite of apartments.

IGNORAMUS.—The initials "A. E. I." stand for "for ever." They are Greek.

YORKSHIRE LASSIE.—All girls should be very careful as to what they read. Your mother is quite right. When provoked to give a sharp answer always count twenty very slowly before you allow yourself to speak.

EXPECTANT.—You could not prevent the father from taking the child if he wished to do so. As you have all the volumes of the G. O. P. you can refer to the articles by Gordon Stables on "Girls' Own Pets," vol. iv., 731. Parrots rarely breed in Europe, or lay; when they do, the eggs are sterile.

THE SOCIETY OF GIRLS.—We are always pitiful over those who are morally and intellectually incapable both of appreciating a "labour of love" and good and useful literature. So far as we ourselves are concerned, we need no further encouragement in the prosecution of our labours, than we meet with in the grateful approval of upwards of two hundred thousand families, to sustain us under the (otherwise) crushing blow designed for us by "the Society of Girls."

AN IRISH GIRL.—Such liberties take place at some weddings, but it is not customary, and is in very bad taste. In the upper ranks of society they do not take place. Your writing lacks regularity.

EXONIA.—General Grant died last year. His disease was, we believe, cancer, or a cancerous disease of the mouth, produced by smoking. He was ill for some months.

BALQUHIDDER.—The author of the "Chronicles of Carlingford" is Mrs. Oliphant.

DAFFODIL.—One of the cures for a very bad temper is to count twenty before you speak; or, if very very angry, do not speak at all. When you are in love with a gentleman, and he does not love you, it is better to think no more about it, and don't fall in love unasked again, but always behave like a lady, whether you are in love or not.

E. WALFORD.—The verse you allude to in the Bible as containing all the letters of the alphabet is Ezra vii. 21.

INQUIRER.—Dear inquirer, you must think our time is quite unoccupied, when you ask us to give you an opinion on five articles in your paper. We think "Present Day Tracts," published by the Religious Tract Society, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., would aid you in many ways.

NELLIE is quite correct to use her fork to eat her puddings whenever possible.

A SERVANT.—The name Holland means low or hollow-land. The word Netherlands has a similar signification, "nether" being the comparative of "neath," as in beneath. The name Holland was not heard of before the year 1064. Dr. Bosworth thinks that the derivation is not old German, but Dutch, from the Dutch word, *ellant*, which means trembling, in allusion to the boggy soil of the country. Soak the photographs in water to take them off the cards.

YELLOW CHRYSANTHEMUM.—An act for the permanent endowment of Maynooth College, Ireland, £26,000 annually and £30,000 for enlargements, was passed June, 1845. The college was originally founded by a parliamentary grant in 1795. It contained 500 students.

M. C. (Thirton).—We imagine that the cat needs a playmate, and more out-of-door exercise.

GENEVIEVE.—You had better give up stooping, and do not bend over books any more. Try a cold douche to strengthen the spine and back, or if not able to procure that, get someone to rub it night and morning with a rough towel, dipped in salt and water.

LUCY.—A bishop is addressed as "my lord." You would require someone to teach you the game.

OLIVE SILVESTER is thanked for her very kind and grateful letter. In all friendship, we advise her to learn to spell. Her handwriting and composition are fairly good.

FAITHLESS KATE must consult a London directory for the names of wholesale firms in the line she needs Certainly they would be best. We think "Faithless Kate" must try to realise the "Fatherhood of God" before she will be happy.

DOROTHY D.—We regret that we cannot insert your verses, although you describe a very worthy man. Besides, we do not encourage girls to be "on the look out" for eligible husbands. If Providence should bring them, well and good; and, be it quite understood, with the needful to pay their necessary expenses. Gentleness, patience, boldness, and love for his mother and sisters do not suffice to pay rent, taxes, clothing, washing, butcher and baker, fire and light, doctors' bills, and wages, etc., etc.

UNE COCHON ANGLAISE.—The fullest information on telegraphy is given in "Work for All," p. 518, vol. v.

SIBYL SWITCHER.—Skating is a very suitable exercise for girls, but someone who skates well should give you a hand and a little advice, and still better, two fairly steady skaters should take a hand each, and hold you when making your first attempts. We are glad your mother approves of our paper. Thank her for us.

GIPSY QUEEN.—You are referred to our articles on "Duties of Servants," see p. 534, vol. ii. If you have not got the volume, write to our publishing department for the monthly part for May, 1881.

SNOWDROP.—The Christmas Number of the G. O. P. is all sold out of our office, but may be had at many little obscure shops in back streets. The extra numbers for summer and winter should always be ordered some time before issued, as they are always sold out the very day that they first appear.

DIDIE.—Henry Hallam was one of our chief historians. He was the author of a "Constitutional History of England," "A View of Europe during the Middle Ages," besides, "An Introduction to the Literature of Europe." Miss Agnes Strickland, author of "The Queens of England," in twelve volumes, was another. We have other distinguished historians, but these may suit your purpose. For your surname you should consult "The Landed Gentry," by Burke, and see whether you belong to any family there. You could improve your "*f*" and "*t*." Those backward flourishes are very ugly.

CLEMENTINA must not think her doggerel lines are poetry because she has tried to make them rhyme. We do not see why the muff should be dyed, as it will answer very well.

NAMWOOD would find historical subjects the best to write about as subjects for schoolgirls' compositions.

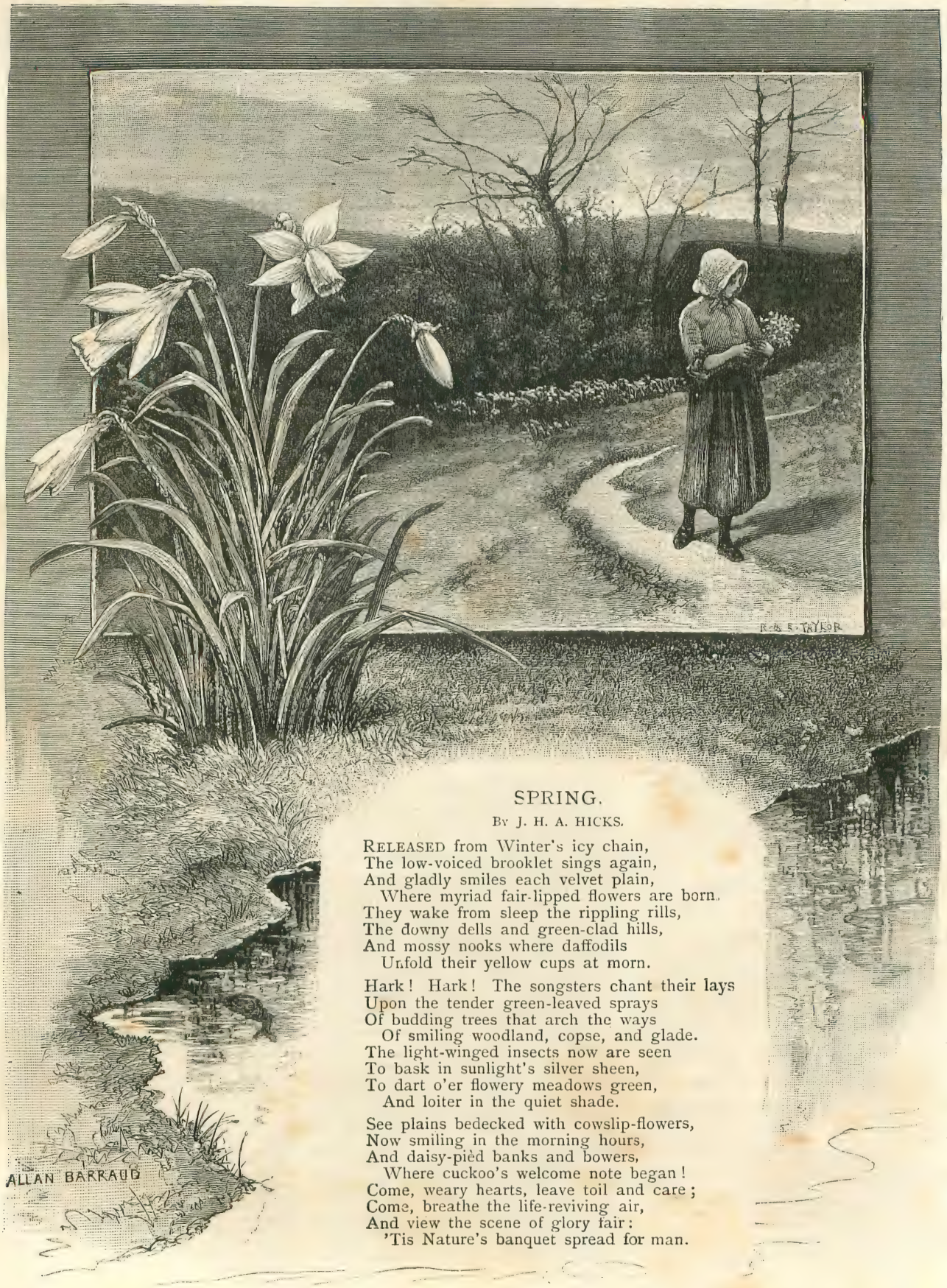
CAROLINE H——'s verses show much religious feeling and piety. We regret that we have so little space to insert verses.

THEMIS.—Gordius was a Phrygian peasant, elected as their sovereign by his countrymen. He consecrated his waggon to Jupiter, and so tied the cord securing the yoke to the "draught-tree" that the two ends could not be found. A rumour therefore spread about that the man who should succeed in untying this wonderful knot would become King of Asia, and so when Alexander the Great saw it he said, "It is thus that we loose our knots;" and cut it asunder with his sword. Never allow the mould in the geranium-pots to become hard and dry. Watch them, use tepid water to moisten, and keep the earth in a natural condition.

A LOVER OF SUNSHINE.—The verses are not without merit. At any greenhouse the florist would be able to show you a myrtle in bloom.

FLOSS.—We should advise flannel underclothing entirely, cod-liver oil, and as much rest, quietness, and warmth as you can obtain during the hours you are not at business. Read amusing books, and be careful to avoid all depressing thoughts, conversation, and people.

E. H. S. writes from Germany—"The last number of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER brought an article on 'Mirror Painting,' and while reading it it occurred to me that perhaps one or the other of the readers might be unacquainted with another article to paint on—I mean glass boxes. I have painted several of them, and I think as a birthday surprise for a dear friend, or on some suchlike occasion, you could hardly find a prettier and more suitable present. But I will give the description, and then you may judge for yourself if you would like to try one. What you need first is the glass; any glazier will cut it for you if you give him the proper directions. There has to be six pieces—four sides, the bottom, and the cover; the latter must be a little bit larger than the bottom; as to the side pieces, two and two have to be equal. The size of the box depends on your liking or what you want it for. I think eighteen, twenty-two, and seven centimetres high is a very good size. Now, before joining the glass, it would be practicable to do the painting, otherwise the ribbon might be stained and spoiled. The painting is done on the cover with ordinary oil-colours, without any medium; a spray of flowers lightly arranged looks very pretty. As to the ribbon used, the colour should correspond with the flowers. Apple-blossoms look nice with dark red ribbon; for snowdrops I took light green, and a little box with wild roses and pale blue ribbon was quite a success, though, of course, it is more apt to soil than the darker colours. The ribbon is fastened extra (separately) to each piece of glass with silk of the same colour, but remember to stretch it as much as possible, in order that it keeps tight to the glass. After all the pieces are trimmed they are put together with a few tight stitches at every corner, and the meeting is covered with a tidy little bow. If meant to hold photographs the box is thus ready, but if used as a jewellery-case it ought to have a quilted silk cushion for the bottom."



SPRING.

By J. H. A. HICKS.

RELEASED from Winter's icy chain,
The low-voiced brooklet sings again,
And gladly smiles each velvet plain,
  Where myriad fair-lipped flowers are born.
They wake from sleep the rippling rills,
The downy dells and green-clad hills,
And mossy nooks where daffodils
  Unfold their yellow cups at morn.

Hark! Hark! The songsters chant their lays
Upon the tender green-leaved sprays
Of budding trees that arch the ways
  Of smiling woodland, copse, and glade.
The light-winged insects now are seen
To bask in sunlight's silver sheen,
To dart o'er flowery meadows green,
  And loiter in the quiet shade.

See plains bedecked with cowslip-flowers,
Now smiling in the morning hours,
And daisy-pièd banks and bowers,
  Where cuckoo's welcome note began!
Come, weary hearts, leave toil and care;
Come, breathe the life-reviving air,
And view the scene of glory fair:
  'Tis Nature's banquet spread for man.

SPRING-TIME.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

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COURTLEROY.

BY ANNE BEALE.

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"'I WILL SPEAK, BARBRA; MIMICA SHALL HEAR IT ALL.'"

CHAPTER XVI.

IN FARMER BEZLEY'S BARN.

IN Farmer Bezley's crowded barn that night there was no one so excited as George; he and Mr. Prettyman came to the service with a view to discovering who had spoken those strange words. In vain had they wandered through the hop-garden after they were so distinctly enunciated; they failed to find the speaker. They did not wish to make them public; still, they desired to know who and what was the man or woman who spoke them, whence he came, and what he knew of George Hope's parentage. As to Mr. Prettyman, he was in agony lest they should lead to some discovery that might take quixotic George back to his original friends; and as regarded George himself, he knew not what he wished, beyond the desire to help and know his parents, if he had any. His eyes wandered restlessly through Mr. Leste's congregation, and he could neither listen to him nor to Barbara, who sat at a small harmonium, leading the hymns.

The service was short and impressive; a few extempore prayers, interspersed with cheerful psalms and hymns, an extempore address, and it was over. The congregation, consisting of many villagers as well as the hop-pickers, responded heartily, and joined in the singing, led by Barbara's clear and really beautiful voice.

Mr. Prettyman had bought up all the bread in the village, and the juvenile Lestes were to distribute it with George, who was, however, thinking more of the faces of the recipients than of the dole; and as the Irish contingent passed out, he was striving to reawaken the memory of long ago, while Mr. Prettyman was bidding them to a great hop-pickers' tea in the same barn.

George was perplexed. Could they all be acquainted with his name and history? Could all the half-clad, wild-looking crew belong to him? Did the "God bless yer honours," the "May the Lord recompinse yes," and the other hearty recommendations to heavenly returns come from his own kith and kin? He rustled the still green leaves of his memory in vain, in the hope of recognising a face, until a sheepish-looking fellow was passing him by with a glance from the corner of his eyes. Instinctively he cried out, "Patrick! stop, Patrick!"

The man was arrested. Their eyes met.

"An' shure it's Pathrick," said the former, holding out both hands.

George seized them, and forgetting all else in his excitement, cried aloud, "*Padre*, here he is!—Patrick! *Padre*, come here."

Mr. Prettyman hastened towards him through the decreasing throng, and found him still hand in hand with the rough Irishman. All eyes were upon them, and Mr. Prettyman could only whisper to the man to stop behind, and to George not to attract further attention. The bewildered boy let go the hands, the man slunk back; the one stood as in a dream, while the barn emptied; the other looked terrified, as if he had committed an offence. At last everyone had departed save those three and Mr. Leste.

"Better let me speak, Georgie," whispered Mr. Prettyman, who was almost as much excited as the boy. "Come forward, my man," he added, addressing Patrick, "and tell us what you know of this young gentleman."

"An' shure, I think from his eyes he's nobody else than our Georgie. But I'm not wishin' to interfare with his good prospects," replied Patrick.

"What do you mean by our Georgie?"

"George Hope; and bless his sweet face, and yours too, my lord, who gives us the bread wid a promise o' the tae, an' his rivirence's, too, for the sarmon."

"Is your name really Patrick?" interrupted George.

"An' shure it is; but how would ye know it, afther siven or eight year?"

How, indeed? George could not answer that question. He could only rapidly pour out others, taking the initiative himself, and ignoring the presence of his elders, who could only stand aside and listen.

Patrick recounted how that he had known George from his infancy, ever since he was a year old, and told with much circumlocution how that one, Biddy Malone, had nursed him from that age until he was five or six, and then carried him off, nobody knew where.

"Was she his mother?" interrupted Mr. Prettyman.

"His fosther-mother; nobody ever heerd of his mother in our parts. He come to Portpatrick wid his father, who was there wid his rigmint, and he put Georgie—I ask yer pardon—Masther George, out to nurse wid Biddy an' her mother."

"My father! What became of my father? What was his name?"

"His name was George Hope—jist like yer own, sur. He went to furreign parts wid his rigmint, and never come back. He was just made corporal. I seen him when he come to Biddy's cabin to say good-bye, and I'll never forgit it to my dyin' day."

"How old was I then?"

"Somethin' short o' three. He doated on ye, and no wonder, seein' what a beauty you was. He give Biddy money, and promised to send regglar."

"Was he Irish?"

"To the backbone, and as fine a man as ever ye see wid your eyes. They durty savages niver see the loikes, I'll be bound."

"What savages?"

"The Caffirs. I'd a' been at 'em, too, but I'd just had my discharge. I lived at Bragh, where Biddy lived, a mile out o' the town; but there was nothing but sojering goin' on from mornin' to night."

"And you taught me, Patrick?"

"By my sowl I did, and you were the wonder o' the rigmint."

There could be no doubt that this man, Patrick, was what he represented himself to be; but further questioning elicited little more of George's history.

Mr. Prettyman inquired how Biddy managed to maintain the child, and Patrick replied that nobody knew, but that she received letters and remittances occasionally, though not from abroad.

"If my father should come back and inquire for me, you will tell him where I am?" said George.

"He'll niver come back, small blame to him, for he's dead and buried in the disert long ago, or maybe eaten up by the cannibals; the Lord save his sowl!"

These suggestions were not pleasant to George; and Mr. Prettyman, seeing that he turned pale, hurried him off, promising that he should see Patrick on the morrow. As Courtleroy lay midway between the barn and Summerlands, he proposed calling there, where Mrs. Prettyman was awaiting them. She, Miss Heath, and Mimica were in the hall. There was a cheerful fire, and the lamp burnt brightly, and the room looked singularly habitable — for Courtleroy. The evenings were growing chilly, and Mr. Prettyman rubbed his hands energetically over the fire.

"Something has happened!" exclaimed Mimica, grasping George's hand, and looking into his downcast face.

"My father!" returned the boy, and burst into tears.

This was such an unusual event that even Miss Heath was affected by it. While the others gathered round their darling, offering comfort and asking explanation, she stood, supporting herself on an old carved screen, looking on with clasped hands, and evident participation in the general excitement.

But George had recovered himself before Mr. Prettyman had briefly recounted the event of the evening.

"Thank God, he is dead, and you are our child still," ejaculated Mrs. Prettyman, innocently, and with no malicious intent.

"Louisa!" exclaimed Miss Heath, as if awe-struck by so unchristian a sentiment, and making a move from the screen to the group in the centre of the hall.

"*Madre* did not mean to be unkind, Miss Heath," said George, turning his eyes full upon her.

"I know, but I feel so sorry for you," replied Miss Heath, with a sob in her voice which brought sympathetic George to her side.

"Nobody knows how tender-hearted Milly is; she never could bear to see anyone cry; and I really believe she is quite fond of Georgie," said Mrs. Prettyman, aside to Mimica.

"She used to bear my grief with great equanimity," laughed Mimica; "but there is something about Georgie that makes everyone sympathise with him."

This was probably because he sympathised with everybody. They all calmed down and began to discuss what had taken place. Mimica and George sat hand in hand, she strengthening him by saying she was glad that each of their fathers was a soldier, and died on the same alien soil; he suggesting that perhaps his was not dead.

She was very thoughtful when her friends left her, and Miss Heath was even more reticent than ever. They had passed an unusually exciting day, for they had been to Prestbury by rail to expend a portion of Mimica's income on some really necessary purchases.

"George's history is very strange," said Mimica, as they lingered over the fire. "We can now guess at his father; I wonder who his mother could have been!"

"It is useless to wonder. The best thing that could happen to him would be never to hear of them again."

"Oh, Miss Heath! How do you know that?"

"I guess it from the circumstances."

"Perhaps his father may have been——"

"Nonsense, Mimica. Of what use speculating? He is now the son of rich people—virtually the son."

"Yes; but subject to all sorts of aspersions. The Carews alone, at least the youngest, have spread the story of his birth, and all the villagers are talking of it. I would rather be the real son of a respectable common soldier and a camp washerwoman than the adopted one of a prince; and so would he. My dependence is bad, but his independence is worse, in spite of his devoted friends."

CHAPTER XVII.

MISUNDERSTANDINGS.

GEORGE understood for the first time in his life what it was not to be able to sleep. His young mind was excited by visions of that soldier father of whom Patrick had spoken, and by strivings to recall a past which had nearly faded from his memory. He rose with the dawn, and was downstairs as soon as

Sampson, who asked him if he was after some new fortification, or if he was about to blow up Summerlands.

"I must find Patrick," was all he replied, as he hurried off to the hopyard, distant over a mile.

The pickers were assembling, and he stationed himself at the gate to watch. Patrick appeared, and seemed as glad to see George as he was to meet him. He took the Irishman's hand, and led him unresisting to a part of the garden that had been cleared, where they seated themselves upon a heap of poles, denuded of their graceful garments, and laid by for service another autumn. The sun shone out from his curtain of mist, and drank up the morning dew which lay around them, while the neighbouring trees awoke from their night sleep, and began to smarten up in their dresses of yellow, red, and brown. The voices of the hoppers and the chirpings of the birds made the day-dawn cheerful, and the curling smoke from the distant chimneys of the farm seemed to warm the damp atmosphere.

Patrick feared his young master, as he called George, might take cold, but George was indifferent to atmospheric dangers—he only wanted to hear more of his father and mother. Patrick had not so much to tell as to ask, and George soon found that Biddy was as prominent in the man's mind as his father was in his.

"Ye see, Masther Hope, I loved her as my sowl," he said. "We was to have been married when your father was ready to rescave ye, which Biddy always said was to be next month, and then, when he went to Africa, 'twas to be as soon as yer friends was prepared, and they was always preparing and never ready, like the corporal; so Biddy put me off and off, till I should a' murdered ye, I belave, but for your eyes."

"Like the young princes in the Tower," put in breathless George.

"As like as two peas," returned Patrick, who had never heard of them. "But, me darlint, I was jealous of ye, and that's the holy truth. We quarrelled over ye many's the time, but that last evening was the worst. 'Ye'll be sorry for this, Patrick,' says she. 'Deed a bit,' says I. 'Marry me out and out, and I'll take the boy wid ye.' 'An murther him,' says she. 'That's the opinion ye have of me,' says I, and I turns and goes off whistling like a mermaid, an' I niver see her again from that day to this."

"And this was on my account?" cried George, laying his small hand on the rough knuckles of Patrick.

"An' by my sowl it was, Masther George."

"But that would not have made her bring me to London, and leave me at Mr. Prettyman's."

"To London. Was it to that big place she tuk ye, and not here wid the hop-pickers? I'll be afther her; I've a friend in London who'll help me to find her. If she's alive, as shure as I'm Pathrick Malone, I'll have her."

"And then you will bring her to me, and I shall know about my father and mother."

"An' shure I will. But where will I find yer honour?"

"Call me George, and not 'your honour.' I will give you my address, Patrick, and my *padre* and *madre* will help us to discover my real father and mother. It is very perplexing, is it not?"

"An' shure it is, George, my boy. Murther ye! Who but that spalpeen of a Biddy 'ud a towld me that? But I'm afther her to-morrow."

"You must stay for the treat, Patrick. When we are both in London we will find Biddy. I am almost sure she will be in our slums."

"Slums is it? Do they call the grand houses up in London, slums?"

"No, but the poor districts at the back of them."

"Poor disthricts! I thought them was only in ould Ireland, and London was as rich as the lord-lieutenant."

George took an antiquated memorandum book from his pocket, and tore out a leaf. The book was filled with strange hieroglyphics in the shape of military sketches, mathematical computations, and various problems, explicable only to himself. He wrote Mr. Prettyman's address clearly, and gave it to Patrick, who exclaimed at the "foine writing," and asked if he had also written the contents of the memorandum book. In another moment George was explaining certain strategic plans, and forgot all else in his military ideas, forgot even his breakfast, though the Courtleroy bell was audible. Patrick also, once a soldier, forgot that he was hungry and had a piece of dry bread in his tattered coat.

They were both recalled to the world as it is by the approach of Farmer Bezley. Patrick uttered a "Here's the masther; what will I do?" But George reassured him by rising to meet the farmer.

"I am afraid I must disturb you, young gentleman," he began. "Your breakfast and my hops are waiting."

"He is an old friend, sir. He knew my father, and if he is not at work it is my fault," said George.

"An' shure, sor, I'll do the work of two this blessed day," broke in Patrick, hurrying off to his companions.

"And if you please, Mr. Bezley, I will pay him for the time he has lost," added innocent George.

Mr. Bezley smiled, and said it was not so much the money as the labour, and asked George to look in his pocket and assure himself that his purse was safe, "For," he added, "those vagabonds aren't to be trusted."

"I'm not afraid," returned George. "I love the poor, and I go to see them when they are crowded into houses, and not under the blue sky like this."

"Bless your sweet eyes, my lad, and may you always help the poor both in town and country," exclaimed the good farmer, laying his hand on the boy's shoulder. "We have settled the day after to-morrow for the treat, when the hops will be saved, please God."

"Thank you; good bye. I will tell *padre*," replied George, hastening off.

Farmer Bezley stood a moment to look after him, then turned to superintend the hop-pickers. He was always good to the "vagabonds," and not only did he let them pitch their tents in his stubble fields, but gave them up his empty barns and lofts during their temporary service. Still, he was somewhat of a sceptic in the matter of what is called "indiscriminate charity," though his bark was worse than his bite.

Farm and vicarage were very busy on the day of the treat. The big barn was well swept, and the usual preparations went on. Mimica and George joined the young Lestes in the work, and would have been quite happy but for one little circumstance. They were conscious of a restraint in the manners of Barbara—Mimica personally and painfully so, and George by sympathy with her.

Mr. Prettyman, with his customary *bonhomie*, had invited all the neighbours, and they were both instinctively fearing Mr. Carew's presence.

It happened that Barbara and Mimica were left alone in the barn, while the other young people had gone to the school-house to assist in bringing down the forms. They were engaged in arranging the long tables, when they suddenly and unexpectedly found themselves thus together. Both were silent until Leila came in. She was always in a hurry, for Lady Helena was exacting even while professing much latitude. Mimica felt that her greeting was cold, and her hurried explanation of her presence unusually constrained.

"I am to tell Mr. Prettyman that Lady Helena is not well, and cannot have the pleasure of taking tea with his hop-pickers," she began, sarcastically. "I shall probably be wanted to attend upon her ladyship. Sir Joshua may look in if he has time between shooting and dinner; and Monty—I beg his pardon—Mr. Carew, is in *too bad a temper* to make up his mind to anything. Herbert is on his way, and I don't envy anybody who has anything to do with him. How are you, Barbra? You don't look a bit better."

Barbara turned coldly round, and assured her sister that she was well. Her looks belied her words.

"What is it all?" suddenly broke in Mimica. "You used to tell me everything, and now you are both like stones. I cannot bear your unkindness, and—and—I will not."

"Unkindness! Secrecy!" cried Leila. "Who is unkind, I wonder? Have you not taken Monty Carew away from Barbra, and are you not both breaking her heart?"

"Leila, for pity's sake——" put in Barbara, dropping a cup she was holding from her trembling fingers, and trying to lay her hand on Leila's lips.

"I will speak, Barbra; Mimica shall hear it all. I never thought she would have been so deceitful. Lady Helena says Mr. Carew is all but engaged to her, and what I told you the other day is quite true."

Barbara turned a stony face upon Mimica. The trio were standing in the centre of the barn in the midst of the manifold confusion of the preparation for the feast.

"Then Lady Helena told a falsehood," cried Mimica, quivering with indignation.

The faces of both sisters flushed, and they made a little movement towards her, but she withdrew.

"You ought to know, Leila," she continued, passionately, "that I would rather break my own heart than Barbra's. Not that it is breakable. If I were as much in love as Juliet, or Hero, or any imaginary love-sick shepherdess, I would scorn to let my heart betray it. I have never read a love tale, real or fictitious, that I did not long to tell the heroine what an idiot she was, and now you accuse me of being in love with Mr. Carew—Monty Carew! I should just as much fall in love with—with—Georgie. What right has Lady Helena to use my name in connection with her son's? I know next to nothing of either of them, and should probably offend my uncle past redemption if I knew more."

"Do you mean to call Barbra an idiot?" asked Leila, indignantly. "I always thought you loved her."

"So I do. You must both know that I think Barbra the dearest and best girl in the world, far before you or me, Leila, and ten thousand times too good for Mr. Carew. But I hear the noblest women love the meanest men."

"Hush, Mimica," began Barbara, fixing her eyes on the agitated girl; "you have no right to say I love him, neither to call him mean. I have known him longer than you, and declare him honourable, generous, and a true friend. If—if he likes you best, and has told you so; if he has proposed——"

"Proposed!" interrupted Mimica, catching at the word in terror, lest she should be forced into confessing the truth. "How and where could he? He does not care for me, he scarcely knows me, and do you think Lady Helena's ambition would overcome all my uncle's dislike, and unite Courtleroy with Monkton, just because she wishes it? Even I can see beyond that. He would turn me and Miss Heath out of our very dull haven, and then Lady Helena would shut up the

flood-gates of her lock, and we should be adrift on a queer sea. I shouldn't mind for one, since my dearest friends think me guilty of conspiracy and deceit." She looked fierce as her words.

"But, Mimica, I have heard Lady Helena arguing with her son about it, and she has as good as told me that it was to be a match, and was most desirable," said Leila.

"That was because she does not want him to marry Barbra, and he does; I am sure of it," cried Mimic , confidently.

Barbara's lip quivered, and her face flushed.

"I think we had better go on with our work, or the barn will not be ready," she said. "You are both very kind, and you must not quarrel on my account. Mimica may be a great heiress, and I am penniless. Lady Helena only follows her peers. We must not blame her nor Montague; I—I do not. Only let the subject rest. You are both so young; but I—I ought to know better. One is getting old at four-and-twenty. I assure you Monty and I are fast friends, always friends."

Her voice choked her, and she sat down on a bench. Mimica's arms were round her in a moment, and Leila embraced the twain.

"Dearest Barbra, do you believe me?"

"I do, I do. But leave me, dears; the children are coming back. I hear papa's voice. Oh, what shall I do?"

She broke away from them.

"Nothing shall induce me to stay with Lady Helena; she is a snake in the grass, and Monty is a coward!" exclaimed Leila.

"Mr. Danvers has promised to come and address the hop-pickers; he has just had the living," said Mimica.

It was now Leila's turn to blush, for Mr. Danvers was very fond of her.

(*To be continued.*)

ON COPYING THE OLD MASTERS.

By EMILY MACIRONE.

PORTRAIT OF SIR THOMAS MORE.

By Holbein. (From the original drawing in the British Museum.)

PART II.

"PAINTING," says Coleridge, "is something between a thought and a thing."

In trying to record, for the benefit of students, the methods employed by the old masters, I think I may be forgiven if I say that my task is a hard one. Not only have I to abstain from giving the biographies of artists, whose lives, all different and full of incident, would make a most charming volume; not only have I to deny to myself and my readers the description of those matchless productions that are the delight and wonder of the world, but, in pursuit of knowledge, as hard to find as the alchemist's stone of old, I have to seek for it on a point that all their historians appear sedulously to avoid.

As Hamerton says, "The artistic biographer will be careful to tell you how his subject talked, or was silent; how he entertained his friends, how he quarrelled or did not quarrel with his wife, and so on; but if among all these details you try to find out how the painter *painted*—a matter quite as interesting, to say the least of it, as all the rest, when it concerns a distinguished artist—you will have to seek the information with great care, and find a scrap of it at last in some out-of-the-way footnote or quoted letter."

It is said that Reynolds, for want of this knowledge, in his despair, took the extreme measure of scraping down a Titian to learn his method. An extreme measure indeed!

The grateful thanks of all art students are due to such authors as Sir Charles Eastlake, Wornum, Hamerton, Burnet, Merimée, Cennino Cennini, and others who have gathered for their benefit such invaluable information, and from whose writings I have freely quoted. For though it may be easy for any student to copy a work by his own master, having seen it grow into life under his very eyes, yet, let him try to copy the work of a Flemish or Venetian painter, he will have small thanks for his pains, unless he has learnt their peculiar method. And setting aside the practical uses of such studies, it is surely worth remembering that the pleasure of contemplating any work of art, whether of painting, music, or poetry, is always greatly enhanced when we understand how it was produced. For who could compare the ignorant wonder of the novice with the exquisite delight of the real connoisseur, who can trace the methods by which such magnificent results were attained?

Fuseli marks this difference between copying and imitation. "Precision of eye and obedience of hand are the requisites of the copyist, whilst choice, guided by judgment and taste, are the essence of imitation, and can alone raise the most dexterous copyist to the noble rank of an artist. The aim of all high art, the aim of all art except portraiture, should be to create a world in which our imagination is excited to the contemplation of noble and beautiful ideas, and in proportion as it fails to do so does it differ from the great art of the old masters, who intentionally and instinctively had this aim in view." "Study nature," says Reynolds, "attentively, but always with the works of the great masters in your company; consider them as models to imitate, as well as rivals with whom you are to compete." And it was by profoundly studying the works of Rubens, Rembrandt, and Titian that Reynolds was able to discover their modes of operation, on which he formed his own system.

Although Quentin Matsys, of Louvaine, 1460-1529, was the founder of no school, he was yet the visible link between the Bruges colourists, or rather miniaturists, and the glowing style of Rubens and his followers.

He mixed his colours with a free hand; he drew with a firm touch, and understood the secret of strong contrasts. His flesh tints have a brilliancy and warmth wanting in his contemporaries. Mensaert, who saw his picture, "The Entombment of Christ," in 1763, says, "though over 200 years old, the colours are so fresh, so beautiful, that one feels as though looking at a miniature." For love of fair Adelaide Van Tuylt, he travelled through Germany and England, working at his profession, in order to be able to prosecute his art studies. When in England he wrought the iron tomb which covers the grave of Edward IV. at Windsor.

Holbein, of Augsberg, born 1495, died 1543, is the next in date of the few distinguished artists my limited space will allow me to mention.

When only twenty-eight years old he came to England in the early autumn of 1526. It is possible that his means did not allow him any more expensive method of travelling than walking. Rhine rafts and canal boats are cheap, and supposing the hardy young artist begged his way, he would have only done, in a certain measure, what was quite common among English university students 300 years ago, or Spanish, or German students thirty years ago. He was doubtless encumbered with very little luggage, and any man of ordinary common sense may easily carry all necessary change on his back.

When you consider that in those days thousands passed their whole lives in a single town or village, where the very elements of criticism—comparison—had no standing place, you will see how natural it was that a man of Holbein's intense activity should have chafed at the confinement of his narrow surroundings. Moreover, England even then was the land of promise for all foreign artists, as it has been ever since. The painters in England received as much for a single portrait, as Holbein was paid for two large historical pictures.

On his arrival in England Holbein called on Sir Thomas More, who asked him the name of the man who had invited him to England.

Holbein replied, "I have forgotten his name, but I will draw you his face," and seizing a piece of charcoal he sketched the face of the Earl of Arundel. An artistic reply.

When at the court of Henry the Eighth the king gave him a room in the palace for his studio. As Holbein could not endure any interruption in his work, he was much annoyed by an inquisitive nobleman who persisted in forcing himself into his studio after having been warned that he could not be admitted. As Holbein was a man as prompt in action as in words, he resented the impertinence by shouldering him out of the room, and kicking him downstairs. In a rage the earl flew to the king, and related his wrongs, to which the king made answer, "Out of seven peasants I can any day make seven earls; but out of seven earls I cannot make one Holbein."

With regard to his practice in art, Wornum, in his "Life of Holbein," says:—"His figures were first drawn carefully with a strong outline. It was his custom to attach his crayon or body colour drawings to panels, and finish in a rough way as pictures, the heads and hands being the only parts thoroughly elaborated, the parchment priming acting as the priming of the panel (priming in painting is the first coat of colour laid all over the canvas). Mr. Baring's picture, Hans Herbster, is an example of this. A paper drawing has been attached to the wood, and finished as an oil painting."

Ruskin says:—"Holbein was complete in intellect; what he saw he saw with his whole soul; what he painted he painted with his whole might. He derived much benefit from the companionship of his reputed uncle, Hans Burgkmair, who had visited Italy. He worked equally well in oils and water colours. He made separate studies of all his heads before painting them. He at once comprehended the individuality of his subject, and added nothing of himself to the representation of the object he produced, displaying an extraordinary contrast to the ordinary proceeding of Rembrandt, and a still greater to that of Rubens."

Not more than one in ten portraits ascribed to him are really his work. It is said that his portrait of the Duchess of Milan, now in the National Gallery, was painted in three hours, from one to four o'clock, 12th March, 1538. There is a magnificent picture by Holbein, in colour rivalling Titian, in the Hall of the Surgeon Barbers, which escaped the great fire. Although it has hung in the very heart of London for 300 years, it has not in the least suffered from smoke, and if it has ever been cleaned it has sustained no injury from the process.

It is interesting to learn how highly Rubens estimated Holbein's great work, "The Dance of Death," by the following passage:—

"It was about a hundred years after Holbein's death, when Sandrart was studying with Houthurst at Utrecht in 1627, Rubens paid his master a visit. While in the canal boat on their way to Amsterdam they entertained themselves with the woodcuts of Holbein's 'Triumph of Death,' published at Lyons, 1538, and Rubens took the opportunity of impressing on Sandrart's young mind the great merit of the designs as works of art, adding that he had diligently copied them himself in his young days. Rubens probably made large studies in his own way from these lively and dramatic compositions."

One can imagine what a picture this would make—the great master, then about fifty years of age, of noble presence and costly dress; the eager, reverent young listener, the rich and picturesque barge, and the flat scenery lost in the grey distance, with here and there a brown sail marking the turn of the canal.

Holbein died of the Plague in 1543, and was buried at St. Catherine Cree, in the City, close to St. Andrew Undershaft, about which Stowe gives the following curious story, illustrating the life of our old City in the sixteenth century:—

"Because that of old time every year in May-day, in the morning, it was used that a high, long shaft, or maypole, was set up then in the midst of the street, before the south door of St. Andrew's Church (St. Andrew's Undershaft), which shaft, when it was set on end and fixed in the ground, was higher than the church steeple. This shaft was not raised at any time since evil May-day (so-called from an insurrection made by prentices and other young persons against aliens in the year 1517), but the said shaft was laid along over the doors and alley gate, called of the shaft, Shaft Alley. It was then, I say, hanged on iron hooks many years—till the 3rd of King Edward VI. (1549), that one Sir Stephen, curate of St. Catherine's, Christchurch, preaching at St. Paul's Cross, said 'That this shaft was made an idol by naming the church of St. Andrew's after it.' I heard his sermon at St. Paul's Cross, and I saw the effect that followed, for in the afternoon of that present Sunday the neighbours over whose doors the said shaft had lain, after they had dined, to make themselves strong, gathered more help, and with great labour, raising the shaft from the hooks, where it had been thirty-two years. They sawed it in pieces, every man taking for his share as much as had lain over his door and stalls, the length of his house, and they of the alley divided among them so much as had lain over their alley gate. Thus the 'idol,' as the poor man termed it, was burned."—*Stowe's Chronicles.* Stowe's monument in St. Andrew's Undershaft is in perfect preservation, and well worth a visit to the City.

Towards the close of the sixteenth century, the peculiar character of German art was lost in the general imitation, real or imaginary, of Italian masters. The first great master of this new development of Flemish painting was Peter Paul Rubens, a meteor of art, as Fuseli has well said; though after the productions of Paolo Veronese he can hardly be considered the inventor of a new style. He was born at Siegen in Westphalia, 1577, and died at Antwerp, honoured and wealthy, 1640.

STUDY OF CHILD'S HEAD.

By Rubens. (From his picture of "Peace and War," in the National Gallery.)

As I have said already, with the early English fresco painters the lights were thinly painted, because having originally begun painting on glass, artists were in the habit of regarding the ground as the source of light.* For, as Haydon said—"The power of fresco lies in light, the power of oil in depth and tone; oil is luminous in shadow, fresco in light." A mighty space of luminous depth, and darkness visible, would give a murky splendour to a hall or public building. A mighty space of silvery breadth and genial freshness, with lovely faces and azure draperies, sunny clouds, and heroic forms, elevates the spirits, and gives a gaiety and triumphant joy to the mind. The less shadow in decoration the better." In opposition to all this, the great characteristic of the school of Rubens and his followers was, that the lights were thickly-painted, as the ground was no longer the source of light. Consequently, they were not so anxious to preserve certain qualities, because it was possible to recover them at a later stage of the work, and that recovery did not demand so much care and anxiety as preservation.

Thus, instead of the original white ground, which was the basis of the early Flemish painters, the later painters had their cloths prepared with a dusky priming. Rubens considered that the lights stood in no need of transparence, that opacity was not a defect in them, and that they had a better effect when the lights seemed to fall *on* them than when they appeared to come *through* them, as in a painted window. In this he was right, and his views have been confirmed by all subsequent experience. Yet there still remained in his work enough of the old practice to make it necessary for him to determine his drawing before he began to paint, for as he kept his shadows transparent, he could not, according to his theory (and he was a theorist in art, and an absolute one), obliterate a shadow by covering it with an opaque colour in order to prepare it for repainting.

His practice with regard to the lights permitted a degree of power and liberty far superior to the timid reserve of the early masters. I am fortunate in being able to give some of the instructions that Rubens gave to his own pupils, which will be interesting to those of my readers who wish to copy any of his works, and of which we have many fine examples in the National Gallery.

Rubens used to say to his pupils:

"*Firstly*, keep your shadows thin.

"*Secondly*, exclude opaque colours from your shadows.

"*Thirdly*, use opaque colours thickly in the lights.

"A piece of solid granite in the foreground has more of the quality in the shadow that artists call transparence than water has in the distance, and you may paint the shadow parts of the slate or granite

* The celebrated stained glass windows in Fairford Church, Gloucestershire, were from designs by Albert Dürer. They were taken out and buried during the Commonwealth to be saved from destruction, and subsequently brought to light again.

with great force by means of transparent colours only."

"Be careful not to let white insinuate itself into your shadows; it is the poison of a picture except in the lights. Whereas you will need the opacity of white to give truth to your distant sea, and the same with your mountain shadows; without a certain degree of opacity they would lack distance."

Rubens obtained at once the art of placing with a master hand, the right tones in the right places, without trying all sorts of experiments with the colours in the pictures themselves, and after he had with ease blended them together, he knew how to give the whole picture the last finish by a few master touches in those parts which he had left unpainted for the purpose. He painted most commonly on panels primed with distemper, similar to those of the old Italian masters; sometimes, but rarely, he used cloths, primed with a light grey ground of oil colour. His pictures in the Luxembourg are treated in this manner. Rubens used to rub the surface of his panel with an unctuous substance, which was sufficiently liquid to allow the free movement of his pencil, and at the same time to make all the colours adhere to the surface, as well as to prevent their spreading further than they ought to do.

A century had opened up a greater insight into the mysteries of painting, than either Leonardo or Dürer had dreamt of.

Aerial perspective marks the line (among other differences) between the early and modern schools, for though, as we have seen, Dürer invented several instruments for perfecting linear perspective, his works exhibit no attempt to give the indistinctness of distant objects. It is to Rubens that Germany and Holland were indebted for this essential part of the art, which Turner has in our days carried to such magnificent perfection.

Rubens was remarkable for vigour of mind, general knowledge, and classical pursuit. Of the mixed composition of allegoric and historic fact, he has, in one respect, given a very admirable specimen in his "Judgment of Paris" in our National Gallery. The allegoric expedient of the Fury, who is bursting through the clouds, leads the mind to all the terrible consequences of Paris' decision. Nothing can better show what should, and should not, be done upon these occasions where allegory is blended with history.

At Venice, Rubens soon compounded from the splendour of Paul Veronese and the glow of Tintoretto that florid system of mannered magnificence which is the element of his art and the principle of his school. In comparing Rubens with Titian, it has been observed that the latter mingled his tints as they are in nature, so that it is impossible to discern where they begin and terminate. Rubens' method, on the contrary, was slightly to mix them with a touch of his pencil.

"The celebrated 'Taking Down from the Cross' rivets the attention of the spectator on the body by placing it on a white cloth. The circumstance of such a spread of white linen, opposed and united to flesh (which gives a peculiarity never to be forgotten), no man less daring than Rubens would have attempted, and no man less consummate as a colourist could have attempted with success. Rubens rarely isolates his principal figure; with him it is generally like the key-stone of an arch; and if not white itself, is commonly borne up by a mass of white and another of red, which lifts it forward full upon the spectator, as if coming out of the picture. He usually sketched his first thoughts in oil, from which he rarely deviated in his large pictures." —*Opie's Lectures.*

The following careful analysis, by Burnet, of Rubens' picture, "The Rape of the Sabines," in our National Gallery, will be interesting to follow with the picture before you, if possible:—

"We find in this composition the strong colour surrounding the light, or placed where the one group unites with the other. With Rubens this is generally the case, as it prevents the light subsiding too gently, and enables him to keep up his splendour and force.

"He has given a strong red to clear up the shadow of the female group, and placed a dark blue on the warm side of the composition, to carry out the cold colour into this portion of the picture, which is harmonised by a green coming between the blue and yellow. Most of the colours are repeated, and broken down by a similarity of tints, except the green, which thereby acquires a force which it would not otherwise possess. In arranging his colours Rubens seems always to have been guided by his masses of light and shade, and to have made use of those tints which contribute to the preservation and enrichment of both. His mass of light is generally composed of delicate colours, and such as do not destroy the breadth of the picture. His mass of shadow is of strong, warm colours, using dull yellow and brown for those figures under the influence of reflected light. His principal light has by this means a freshness of appearance when compared with Titian, whose delicate greys and tender blues are generally swallowed up in a rich glazing of yellow. Rubens, by keeping blackness out of his shadow, gives the whole that splendour of effect, which arises from the employment of colour in producing the chiaroscuro."

Rubens' landscapes are slight, and unaccompanied by either much glazing or detail. Slight as they are they breathe the true spirit of nature given by a master hand perfectly acquainted with the management of hot and cold colours. (Study the landscape by Rubens in the National Gallery, given by the late Sir George Beaumont.)

This great genius in his contemplation of the works of Titian and others at Venice and Madrid, soon emancipated the art of his country from the Gothic hardness of Lucas Cranach, Van Eyck, and Albert Dürer. Rubens and Vandyke have taught us that life and motion are given by a mixture of hard and soft outline. It is so in nature—whose mysterious indistinctness at times was so marvellously given by Rembrandt—losing and finding, finding and losing; now dark against light, now light against dark; now lost altogether, either in the breadth of light that melts all objects into one another, or the breadth of shade that does exactly the same. Try to follow the outline of any object, either out of doors or indoors—more especially indoors—and you will find it to be so; and to represent this, it requires a dexterity and looseness of handling, a degree of high finish and of indistinctness, the leading points only strongly marked, and those of less importance kept subservient, and by that means conducive to the truthfulness of the general effect.

Although, as I said before, there is not space to write the history even of so eminent an artist as Rubens, yet a short record will be interesting, and serve to show how, with all his genius, he was a most hard-working man, and kept a strict account of his time.

His master, Otto van Veen, had studied in Italy from the antique, and composition from the works of Raphael. Under him young Rubens worked with diligence and perseverance. At the age of twenty-three he started for Venice, where he studied the powerful colouring of Titian and Veronese, where he copied four of Titian's canvases, from one of which he is said to have got the idea of perhaps the most celebrated of all his portraits, "The Chapeau de Paille" (825), in our National Gallery. No picture justifies more than this the appellation which Rubens obtained, of the "Painter of Light." No one who has not beheld this masterpiece of painting can form any conception of the transparency and brilliancy with which the local colouring of the features and complexion, though under the shadow of a broad-brimmed Spanish beaver hat, are brought out, and made to tell, while the different parts are rounded and relieved with the finest knowledge, and use of reflected light.

The expression of those youthful features, beaming with cheerfulness, is so full of life and has such a perfect charm, that one is inclined to believe the tradition, that Rubens fell in love with the original while sitting to him. Some say it was the portrait of his second wife. However that may be, it is quite certain that Rubens during his lifetime would never part with it.

When at Mantua he copied Mantegna's picture, "The Triumph of Julius Cæsar." We have Mantegna's original at Hampton Court, and Rubens' copy at our National Gallery. He prized this copy so much that he kept it till death. As there are other originals by Mantegna in the next room to Rubens' copy at the National Gallery, it is worth while comparing the two masters, and one would be more than human, not to be slightly amused to see how Rubens has given his own irrepressibly jovial character to the stern and somewhat ascetic figures of the old Italian master. You feel that had he to paint a dance of skeletons or of ghosts, they would be in most excellent condition. He went from one Italian city to another, Mantua, Milan, Venice, thence to Madrid, always working hard, copying especially all the Titians he saw, and would have remained in Italy but that the news came of his mother's dangerous illness, and, like the good son that he was, he hastened home to Antwerp to nurse her to the end, after which he settled in Antwerp for life, though making constant journeys abroad in the double capacity of ambassador and artist.

On reading the following account of Rubens' daily life one is reminded of the lines by George Herbert—

"Slight those who say, amid their sickly healths,
Thou livest by rule. What doth not so but man?
Houses are built by rule, and commonwealths;
Entice the trusty sun, if that you can,
From his elliptic line; beckon the sky:
Who lives by rule, then, keeps good company."

Rubens rose very early—at four o'clock in the summer. Immediately after he heard mass. He then went to work, and while painting, employed a person to read to him from one of the classical authors—his favourites being Livy, Plutarch, Cicero, Seneca—or from some eminent poet. He also received visitors. An hour after dinner was always devoted to recreation, which consisted either in allowing his thoughts to dwell on science or politics, in which he took the deepest interest, or in contemplating his treasures of art, of which he had a noble collection.

From anxiety not to impair the brilliant play of his fancy, he indulged but sparingly in the pleasures of the table and drank but little wine. After working again till the evening, he would, if not prevented by business, mount for an hour or two a spirited Andalusian horse. On his return home it was his custom to receive a few friends to share his frugal meal. He was the declared enemy of all excess. Among those friends would be all travellers of distinction, principally men of learning or artists, and

passed the evening in instructive or cheerful conversation.

The celebrated picture, "Peace and War," in our National Gallery, was originally painted for King Charles I. When the Royal collection was dispersed abroad by Cromwell this picture came into the possession of the Balbi family at Genoa. During the French revolution it was bought by the Marquis of Stafford for £3,000, and by him presented to the nation.

The following story illustrates the kindliness of his disposition in spite of its tragical termination. While Rubens was travelling in Spain on some mission, diplomatic or artistic, he visited a convent, when the monks, proud of so distinguished a visitor, escorted him with great ceremony round the chapel. At sight of the altar-piece, by some apparently unknown artist, which was a noble work of art, he was amazed at its beauty, and spoke loudly in its praise.

"Why, what is this! What masterpiece have you here!" he said.

"It is only the work of a humble lay brother," was the answer.

"Whoever painted this picture is a great artist. Where is he, that I may tell him so?"

The poor lay brother, the unappreciated artist, standing behind the rest, scarcely daring to believe his ears, tremblingly advanced, but the sudden joy of such unhoped for praise from those lips was too great, and, overcome with emotion, he fell down at Rubens' feet—dead.

I cannot close with so sad a story, but will add another anecdote that also occurred when Rubens was in Spain. The fame of the young artist reached Don John of Braganza, afterwards King of Portugal, who invited him to Villa Viciosa. Rubens set out with such a train that the duke, alarmed at the expense of entertaining so pompous a visitor, wrote to stop his journey, sending at the same time with the excuse a present of fifty pistoles. We must suppose that to him economy was dearer than renown. Rubens would have nought of the money, adding, "that he had no intention of painting, but he hoped to pass a week at Villa Viciosa, with which object he was provided with 1,000 pistoles "*to spend there.*"

(*To be continued.*)

WHAT TO DO IF YOU CATCH FIRE.

We have heard lately of such terrible accidents from fire, that we think a little talk about what to do if you catch fire may be the means of saving some valuable life. These directions seem more especially needed in a paper like this, conducted primarily for the benefit of girls, because girls and women are those who are most liable to be set on fire. Not only are their dresses made of more inflammable materials than are men's, but they float around them and extend beyond their own control, almost in a way that renders them much more likely to be accidentally set on fire than are the close-fitting coats and trousers that men wear.

If any of our readers should at any time make the startling discovery that they are on fire, what should they do? "Run for some water," we hear one reply. "Call for help," says another. "Ring the bell violently, is what I should do," answers one who is accustomed to ring for her maid on every occasion. "Roll yourself in a rug or blanket," replies a quiet, sensible girl. This is doubtless an admirable method of extinguishing flames—when the time and opportunity permit. But now, dear girls, let us tell you of one plan of action which can almost always be pursued, and which, if only it be carried out in time—that is to say, at the very first moment when you discover you are on fire—will, we believe, infallibly succeed. In your bedroom, in the drawing-room, in the hall, in the kitchen, out of doors—anywhere, almost—you can instantly lie down flat and roll yourself over and over wherever you see the flames. Don't stop to ring the bell first; don't run for water; above all things, as you value your own life, don't run screaming for help. Be assured, you can do more for yourself in the first few precious seconds, before the fire has got well hold of you, than all your relations and friends together can do for you afterwards.

If you will only have the courage, whether alone or in company, at once to lie down and roll over and over, you can put the fire out better than anyone else can possibly do for you, so long as you remain standing. You can, perhaps, convince yourself of this fact if you will try a simple experiment. Take a paper spill, such as you use for lighting candles. Light one end and first hold it perpendicularly in your fingers for a second or two, then drop it lighted as it is on to the hearth inside the fender, and there watch it slowly burning. You will see that that spill, held as at first, resembles some one whose skirts have caught fire—the scorching heat you felt burning your fingers as you held it, gives a faint representation of the scorching pain experienced in face and neck by anyone on fire. But when the spill was thrown on the hearth you could have held the other end from that which was alight, and so long as you did not lift it out of the horizontal position, you would have been able to hold it for some little time without being burnt. Thus you see that by lying flat down you at once relieve your face and neck from the scorching flames, and if you have been prompt, and not wasted one precious second in running for help, you can certainly put the fire out for yourself, and without being injured.

The following story may be relied on as perfectly accurate in the minutest particular. It is an admirable instance of courage and presence of mind under circumstances that would have terrified most. A young girl, attired in a white muslin evening dress, wished to reach a book from the top shelf of a high bookcase that stood upon a chest of drawers in her bedroom. She put her candle down at the further end of the chest of drawers, and by the help of a chair she stood on the drawers to reach the book. She had not allowed sufficiently for the width to which her skirts would extend as she stood against the bookcase, and her dress caught fire. The first alarm she had was from perceiving the room brilliantly illuminated. Picture her horror when she discovered that she herself was the burning torch which thus lighted up her room. Most girls of her age would have rushed screaming out of the room and downstairs in search of someone to help them—someone to put it out. Had she done so, she would in all probability have been burned to death, and very likely have been the means of setting others on fire. But, with brave self-helpfulness, she pursued a far wiser course. Of course, she instantly jumped down from her elevated position, and as soon as she reached the ground the flames had already gained such fierceness that they blazed up into her face, scorching her; but though the tips of her long dark eyelashes were singed, the fire had no time to injure her, so immediately did she throw herself on the floor. She felt the relief from the scorching the very moment she gained the horizontal position. She told us afterwards she had intended to get up the hearthrug and wrap herself in it; but she had no time for this, for the flames were blazing around her even as she lay. Even then she did not for one instant lose her presence of mind, and jump up to ring or call for help, but she bravely rolled over and over—wherever she saw the flames she rolled over on to them and thus put them out. So quickly was all this done that though the whole of the skirt of her muslin dress was burnt, yet the white petticoat she wore under it was untouched by the fire.

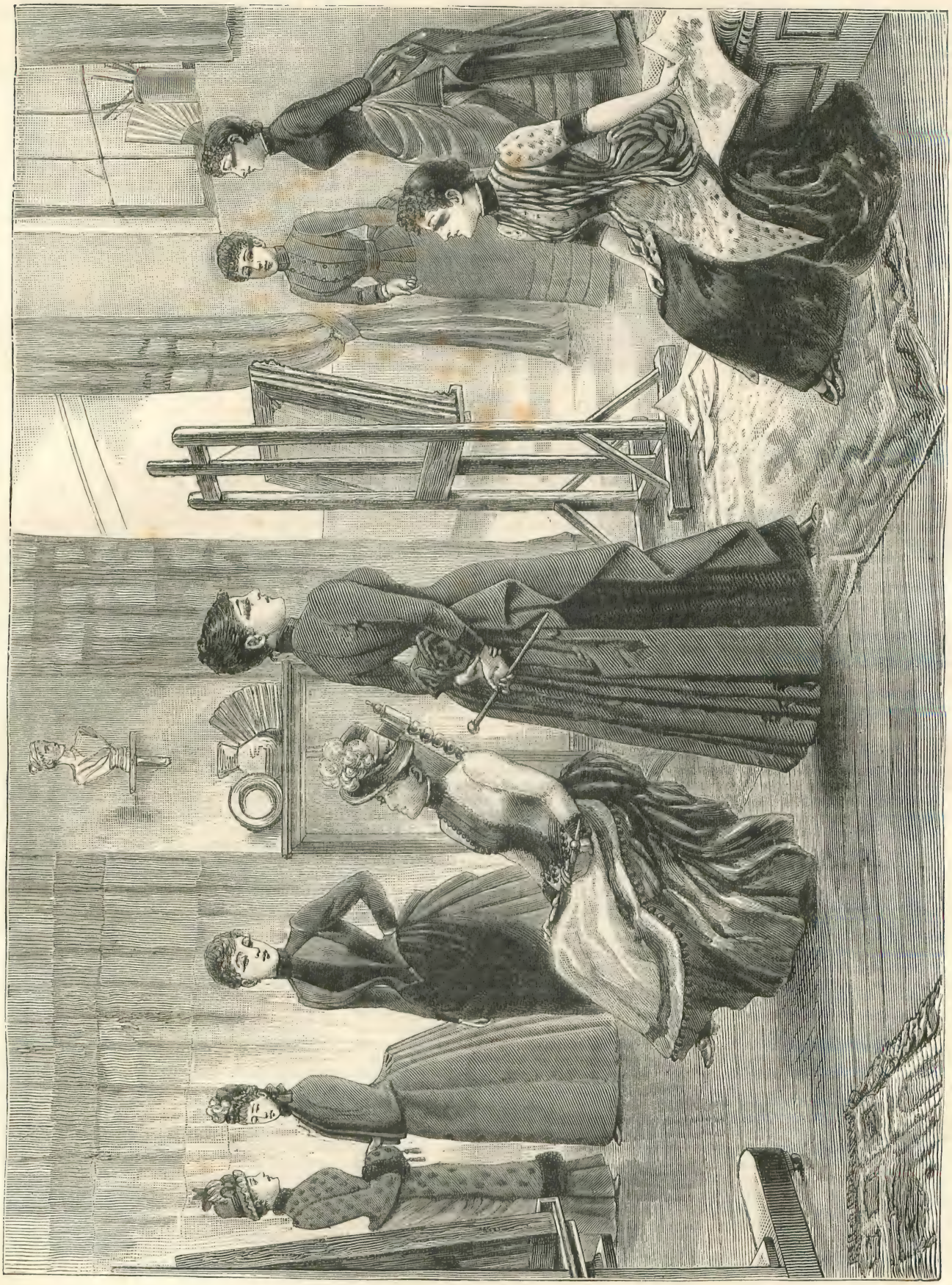
The special value of this story is that it shows the immense advantage of promptitude. A few seconds wasted in running for help, ringing the bell, dabbling with water, or even in getting a blanket off the bed, would just have made all the difference between escaping as she did, by God's mercy, with singed eyelashes, or being severely if not fatally burnt.

Fire cannot burn without air; so, to exclude the air—to smother the fire, in fact—is even a surer way of putting it out than pouring water on the flames; because it takes a long time to thoroughly drench a person with water as they stand up, and until that is done the fire goes on burning; but if you lie down and roll, you can effectually quench the flames in a few seconds.

In the same way if a child catches fire, clasp it fearlessly to you, flames next to you, and lie down with it. If you do not press it closely to you you will not be able to put out the fire; but as you lie beside it wrap it tightly in your own skirts, and if only you can roll it on to the flames you will at once extinguish them.

No one, when she discovers she is on fire, can possibly in that moment of terror and agony think out then the best course of action; so let us beg our girls, all of them, to make up their minds very clearly beforehand, so that with the discovery of the flames the thought may flash to their brain, "I must lie down and roll."

We earnestly hope none of you who read this paper may ever have occasion to practise the rule we have striven to impress upon you, but if you ever have cause, and have self-control enough to carry it out, you will indeed be grateful for having learnt so simple a method of conquering so terrible a foe.



SPRING VISITS TO THE STUDIOS.

DRESS: IN SEASON AND IN REASON.

By A LADY DRESSMAKER.

THE coldest and rawest of the so-called winter months is certainly March; and at the present moment, though we know there must be spring somewhere, by the quantities of daffodils or Lent lilies offered for sale, we do not seem to have any approach to it in London. There is, however, much indication of spring in the changes of fashions, which seem, on the whole, to affect the materials more than the shape or cut of our garments. Long cloaks may be a little less popular, bonnets not quite so high, hats a little less overtrimmed, and the skirts cut on straighter and more graceful lines than they were. These are the chief changes to be noticed at present.

The spring being above all other times the season for weddings, I have thought it wise to illustrate a simple wedding-dress, which will not be too difficult to make at home if need be, nor too expensive for ordinary purposes.

The under-petticoat, with its four flounces, is of white muslin, silk gauze, or Indian muslin. The side piece of the dress is of white satin, with a *revers* of brocaded satin; the train of muslin, lined with satin, and edged with a frill of muslin, over one of satin. The bodice is of satin, with folds of the muslin or gauze laid over the front. The veil is put on quite at the back of the head, and the wreath is fuller than it has been worn for some time past.

Bouquets, or rather nosegays, of the flowers in season will be used at spring and summer weddings in preference to any hothouse or exotic blossoms. At present there is an undoubted fancy for yellow, and daffodils, yellow tulips, laburnum, primroses, and, later on, yellow roses, will be the flowers in vogue. They are informally tied together with handsome ribbons of velvet or satin, with bows and very long ends which match the costumes of the bridesmaids, or are of the favourite colour of the bride. Sometimes each bridesmaid has a different colour. It is said that hats will be less used for bridesmaids this season than veils and some description of fancy head-dresses.

There is now no doubt but that the new Bill to lengthen the canonical hours will bring about a change, and a very needful one, in the ceremonials observed at weddings, which will be, I think, emphatically "reformed" ones, if all one hears be true. The wedding breakfast, which has been losing favour, on account of its expense and its uselessness, for the last two years in town, will be entirely abolished; most weddings will be in the afternoon, the bridal party being an afternoon-tea party instead, where tea and coffee and sandwiches and ices will be the heaviest "eatables," with the inevitable wedding-cake, of course. A far pleasanter way of celebrating a marriage than the old wedding breakfast, which was expensive, generally dull beyond measure, and when it was over no one knew what to do with themselves for the rest of the day.

The fashionable silks for wedding dresses are soft handkerchief or Surah silks, with satin trimmings, or striped velvet and satin petticoats.

There is quite a long list of colours, some of them new, some renamed only and old. I have already mentioned the popularity of yellow, which always seems to be the first colour selected in the shop windows, to show that, in name at least, we have entered on the days of spring. One style we have happily copied from France, and that is that we wear the flowers in their seasons, and not out of their seasons. Grey will, I think, be very much worn this spring, and a more useful colour could not be found. There are several new shades—iron-ore, iron-grey, mouse-grey, and mirror-grey, the tints of all of these being shown by their names. Of new greens there is no lack. Elder is a pale green, chartreuse a rich yellow-green like that liqueur, dragon a leaf-green, and serpent a dull yellow-green. The other new colours already appearing for immediate wear are eucalyptus, a tender light green, and Tyrol, a terra-cotta brown. For gloves the new shade is between tan and fawn, much lighter in tone than has been recently worn.

The new bonnets seem likely to be all black, with colours to relieve them, yellow and blue of a pale tint being the most liked. The ugly fancy for tall bonnets will be probably changed for something more moderate, as the newest models are small and close fitting, though quite as much cut up at the crown to show the coils of plaited hair. Strings for young ladies, as worn during the winter, have become less and less popular, and we shall see a total lack of them this spring. The style of putting on the upright bow and forked tongues of ribbon should be studied in the bonnet-shop windows by the amateur bonnet builders, for no description of mine would avail them. But I can see that the new bonnets will offer a large field to those of my girl-readers who are obliged to be their own milliners. The hood style of bonnet bids fair to be much in favour. It sets closely round the face, and has several large box-pleats, the crown looking unstiffened.

But the question of bonnets always depends much on the style of the hair worn, and on that point opinions and tastes are divided. The hair is now worn according to three methods—viz., the coil of plate-like braids, the high erection on the top of the head, and a catogan braid. All the fringes over the face are very small and light at present, and though small combs of all kinds are worn amongst the hair, shell and imitation pins

SIMPLE WEDDING GOWN.

BERNHARDT MANTLE, WITH SLING SLEEVES.

and gilt hairpins seem to have passed into the domain of the vulgar. If the catogan loop should become popular, the reign of the small bonnet will be certain. This style is a particularly pretty one for young girls, as it is youthful-looking and graceful.

Large hats seem to be popular for the country, made in soft felt, which will be succeeded by straw, of course. The brim is turned up in an indiscriminate manner, according to the face of the wearer, and the becoming set of the hat. The trimmings are of velvet or plush, and are at the side or in front, and consist of long loops and bows, standing upright.

Little children are to wear their hair once more hanging over their shoulders, the two side locks on either side of the face being drawn back, and tied behind at the top of the head. For young girls, however, this fashion is a very mischievous one, as it heats the spine, the hair being a non-conductor, and in many cases has caused deformity from its weakening effects.

Some of the earliest mantles that have made their appearance are coloured—dark green, blue, brown, and grey plush cloth and vigognes. All of them are small, and never exceed a few inches below the waist; some have sling sleeves, some hoods, and some are of the visite shape. Coats, jackets, mantles, and cloaks all appear to be worn together. The Battenberg jackets, with tight backs and loose fronts, are still fashionable, but are without the huge ugly buttons; they are made in curly and rough cloths, and in dark colours, light ones being considered bad taste.

In woollen materials for the spring there is a choice of old favourite serges, voiles, sanglier cloth, chenille cloth; and in cottons there is one very old friend, "brilliantine," now called "piccottine." Many of the new cottons have Japanese designs, and the grounds are usually dark. Crêpe cottons are again seen, and some of them have cashmere-like patterns and stripes of colour; some of them are made very fine and delicate, and will probably be used to mix with silk and satin for afternoon, garden parties, and fêtes.

The large illustration shows the increased plainness of drapery now in vogue. It will also be seen that little change is expected or now worn in the simple ladylike styles of the day. The two figures in mantles at the far end of the room show the prevailing style for long travelling and waterproof mantles, and also for short ones for older people. Velvet skirts are extensively patronised, and the pointed bodice is the favourite.

There seems no chance of the return of the crinoline; even the much-puffed hips, which are liked in Paris, are not popular here. The skirts are much fuller, certainly, but steels seem no longer worn, and with the full drapery and the mattress of horsehair at the waist, the best-dressed and most ladylike women are satisfied. The idea of skirts at present prevailing seems to be one dress over another, in the old Dutch style, the upper one opening over a lower one in front or at the side. The plain foundation-skirt remains of the same cut and shape,

The Rosary beads of one kind or other are now to be had of every tint and shade, carved and plain in surface. They will make their appearance in every description of trimming for millinery and dressmaking. They will be used to edge bonnets in all the light shades, and I see them already much employed on cloaks and mantles. Pearls are also brought out in all colours, and the wood and the pearls together will be one of the great features in trimmings of this year.

Plain edged ribbons are now superseded by the old-fashioned picot, or pearl edge, and the last new ribbons have loops and fringes, much as if they were trimmed with a flat fringe at the edge. Ribbons are made of satin, silk, gauze, and also of canvas, and for trimming both hats and bonnets we shall see many fancy gauze ribbons, tufted over with silk in many cases.

High neck-bands are still in fashion, and sleeves are worn longer than they were. I hear that bodices are to be piped and corded again, and that a well-known firm has adopted three cordings round the basque and collar.

The new style for the spring is to wear shoes, not boots. In fact, the former have been steadily gaining in favour during the last year, and this winter few boots have been used in comparison with shoes. For the fine weather walking-shoes will be made of patent leather, or of kid, with patent leather toes, while for the house we shall have red morocco, combined with patent leather, with small buckles or tiny bows.

For the paper patterns of this month I have been obliged to select two in consequence of the demands, first of the season, and next of those who are studying the sanitary aspect of their dress, and who desire to conform as far as possible to the requirements of hygienic science. I have always pressed this matter of sensible, warm underdress on my readers' attention, and I have always been anxious that they should make it a matter of individual consideration and thought, as the style and shape that one woman would adopt and wear with comfort, would not in any way commend itself to another. The many disadvantages of multiplied petticoats have turned the attention of medical men and medical women to the reformed or divided skirt, as a means of overcoming the drawbacks of cold and weight. This invention of Lady Harberton's was met with much ridicule and opposition when it first came out, and it was injudiciously proposed to employ it as the outer dress. The world looked askance at it in that capacity, but lately it has been found, by the personal experience of many women and girls, to be the very thing as an under petticoat, worn beneath the ordinary dress skirt; and as the doctors have advised its adoption, and all who have tried it consider it a comfort and an "improvement," I have yielded to the many who have asked for the pattern, and it is prepared for issue this month at the ordinary price (1s.) of the monthly patterns. I should advise those of my readers who can afford the expenditure to try it. Two yards of a cheap serge, at 1s. 2d. a yard, and the same of a cheap red or grey flannel, for the lining, would be sufficient. If it be made at home, the whole expenditure would be under 4s., as a good enough flannel for lining can be obtained from 8d. to 9d. per yard. When worn it does not show, and no change is detected in the appearance of the dress. Our pattern is suitable to a medium-sized person—one who measures thirty-six inches in the bust, and the pattern is in four pieces: front and back of one side, half of front yoke, half of band at the back.

There is no doubt that for use in tricycling this divided skirt, worn (as I advise) as the under-petticoat, is the most suitable and comfortable dress possible. Many ladies have it made of the same material as the dress they wear for the tricycle—a very excellent plan.

The other paper pattern is that of a small Bernhardt mantle, which is admirably suited for spring use, and can be made (as will be much the fashion) in the same material as the dress. It is a simple pattern, and can be made at home without difficulty. Two yards of material, twenty-seven inches wide, are sufficient, and the lining may be of flannel or sateen of the colour of the outside material. There are four pieces in the mantle—front and sling sleeve in one; back, collar, and flap for the front. The edge of the mantle is turned under at the back to follow the idea of the sleeve. The only trimming needed is a band of velvet, or plush, or feather trimming down each side of the front. Both these patterns may be obtained, price one shilling each, of "The Lady Dressmaker," care of Mr. H. G. Davis, 73, Ludgate-hill, E.C., enclosing postal note for the amount.

The patterns already issued can always be obtained, as "The Lady Dressmaker" constantly tries to show how old gowns can be altered or new ones made by their aid. Each one can be obtained for one shilling (postal note) by letter only, from "The Lady Dressmaker," care of Mr. H. G. Davis, 73, Ludgate-hill, E.C. The following is a list of those already issued:—April, braided loose-fronted jacket; May, velvet bodice; June, Swiss belt and full bodice; July, mantle; August, Norfolk or pleated jacket; September, housemaid's or plain skirt; October, combination garment (underlinen); November, double-breasted out-of-door jacket; December, zouave jacket and bodice; January, princess underdress (bodice and skirt combined); February, polonaise, with waterfall back; March, new dress bodice for the spring; April, a divided skirt and Bernhardt mantle, with sling sleeves.

DIVIDED PETTICOAT.

The "Lady Dressmaker" begs to say that only one medium size (36 inches chest measure) is prepared, no turnings are allowed, and no other paper patterns are prepared save those distinctly advertised for sale. The "Lady Dressmaker" hopes that great care will be taken by applicants to give their addresses plainly, adding the county, and, if a village, the nearest post town. It is not possible to forward patterns by return of post, although no unnecessary delay is allowed to take place in sending them off.

THE ART OF TRAVELLING.

PART VI.

THE outline tours given in the previous chapter have, of course, embraced but a small portion of the countries usually visited in summer holidays. For reasons stated in earlier chapters, we are confining ourselves to what we may call summer resorts, and this course excludes from our view what are known as winter resorts, such as the South of France, Spain, the Riviera, and, roughly speaking, Central and Southern Italy. Not that it is *impossible* to visit such places in summer, but those who are not possessed of the temperament of the famed salamander will most probably seek for regions where there is fresher air and more endurable warmth than will be found in summer-time in the low-lying parts of the countries indicated.

Switzerland has been called the "playground of Europe," but whether it will be able to maintain an exclusive right to such a title is at least an open question. In other lands the same, or even more beautiful, phrases of Nature may be met with. The Tyrol and Salzkammergut quite equal it in mountain landscape, and surpass it in quiet and freedom from the many plagues of Switzerland. If you rolled all the waterfalls of Switzerland into one, you would probably make a waterfall nearly equal to several that might be met with in Norway; and as for glaciers, the far-famed ones in or about Zermatt, Chamounix, the sources of the Rhone, etc., would make but a comparatively poor show if placed beside the Brigsdalsbræ, the Kjendalsbræ, or some of the other many branches of the great ice-field of the Jostedal, which descend to the sea near the Sogne and Indvik fjords in Norway; while the mighty Svartisen, which most of those who visit the North Cape have seen, excels all of the Swiss glaciers in its vast extent and easiness of access.

I do not mention these things for the sake of disparaging Switzerland, for there can be no doubt of the great charm of that lovely land, but merely from the fact that so many people seem to imagine that the sun, moon, and stars of natural beauty rise and set within the limits of the little European Republic, which has been so long the favourite holiday resort of multitudes in our own and other lands. Switzerland also being on the high road to Italy from the North of Europe, comes in, as it is natural it should, for a large share of the attention of those who cross the icy wall which shuts us northern barbarians out from the home of art and music.

History also has, no doubt, something to do with it. The early struggles for freedom of the hardy mountaineers and stout burghers against the attacks of the first Hapsburg emperors have given a spice of romance to its history. An Arnold von Winkelreid at Sempach, gathering the enemies' spears into his own body to effect a break in their ranks, is undoubtedly a noble example of national heroism. And then look at all the romantic legends (for I fear they are no more) which have clustered around the memory of William Tell. It seems a pity to destroy them, but the truth is, it is more than doubtful (though it would be rank heresy to say so in Switzerland) that such a man ever existed. The story of his shooting an apple off his son's head is not an uncommon one in the legendary histories of other countries, while as for our old friend Gesler, his name is unknown among the recorded lists of the imperial bailiffs of the period. Yet how much William Tell would be missed from the country around the Vierwaldstättersee! and so, I suppose, there is nothing to be gained by refusing to believe in a story which pleases the natives and is not injurious to the fame of the British Empire. For the sake of Swiss pride, then, let us imagine the existence of Tell. I have said enough, however, in the way of general remarks on Switzerland, and I am sure my readers wish for something more practical.

To reach Switzerland from England you have an extensive variety of routes. Many persons visit portions of France *en route*, others choose Belgium and Germany. If combined with a visit to Paris, Switzerland will generally be struck either at Geneva, Pontarlier, or Basel (Bâle). The quickest way of reaching Switzerland from England is by the express route *viâ* Dover, Calais, Amiens, and Basel. This is certainly a wonderful improvement on former methods of reaching the country. By leaving Charing Cross at 10.15 a.m. one morning you will be at Basel the next morning at 6.10 a.m., and can breakfast in Lucerne the same morning. For those whose time is limited, this is certainly the best way. The ticket will probably cost more than by some of the other routes, but what it costs above others is very much more than made up for by the saving in hotel and other expenses.

The other principal ways of reaching Switzerland are by Belgium and Luxembourg, or by the Rhein. The former is a pleasant and quick route, and gives a variety of enjoyable stopping places on the way. The route given in the previous chapter can be followed as far as Luxembourg, and thence you go *viâ* Metz and Strasburg to Basel. This is a very interesting way, as it will enable you to visit the two famous cities mentioned above, with their splendid cathedrals, and interesting associations connected with the great struggle between France and Germany in 1870. It is very desirable, on either this route or the following one, to visit Freiberg—the Freiberg "im Breisgau," as it is called, to distinguish it from the well-known town of the same name in Switzerland. It is a most charming old place on the edge of the Black Forest, and has a cathedral which reminds one in many respects of its great neighbour at Strasburg. From Freiberg to Basel is a train journey of little more than two hours.

To reach Switzerland through the Rheinland, you can take one of the various routes to Köln, and thence proceed up the Rhein, either by steamer or train, to Maintz, from there to Heidelberg, and thence by the train which follows the right bank of the Rhein, and passing Oos (the junction of Baden-Baden) and Freiberg, come to Basel.

The above are the chief routes by which Switzerland is generally approached from England. It is naturally enough easy to diverge from those given above at many points, and to combine a run through the Black Forest (by rail at least) with the approach from the German side. But I suppose those who wish to spend their holidays in Switzerland will probably lose no time in reaching the "playground of Europe," and will, therefore, reserve the places nearer home for a future visit.

It is not my intention to give many elaborate outline tours in Switzerland, as it seems very much a work of supererogation. Those who intend visiting it will doubtless have become the possessors of the latest edition of Baedeker or Murray, and will find there many outline tours which will enable them to arrive at a pretty accurate idea of the salient points of Swiss scenery. But still, as guide books as a rule seem to assume that one will visit the country for several seasons in succession, and so gain a complete view of all the places of interest, I am tempted to give one or two outlines which may be useful for those who are not so happily situated as to be able to look forward to practically unending visits to this beautiful land. One which will start from Geneva and take in the greater part of western Switzerland, and the other from Basel, which will take in principally the eastern portion, with a glance at the Italian lake district.

(1) Geneva or Lausanne, as a starting point. If the former, it should include a trip on the Lake of Geneva; thence to Chamounix, and over the Tête Noir to Martigny; up the Rhone to Visp, stopping *en route* at Leuk for a run up to Leukerbad and a visit to the Gemmi Pass. Visp to Zermatt, returning down the valley again to Visp, and thence by rail to Brieg. From Brieg up to the Rhone glacier, and over the Grimsel to Meiringen. Meiringen to Thun and back, visiting Interlaken and the valley of Lauterbrunnen. From thence over the Brunig Pass to Lucerne, and either make for Basel, and so home, or for Berne and Lausanne.

(2) Basel to Zurich and Arth, then over the Rigi to Lucerne, from whence excursions can be made; then up the lake to Flueln by steamer, catching the train there, and through the great St. Gothard Tunnel to Lugano. When at Lugano, or on the way to Como, you should not fail to ascend Monte Generoso from Mendrisio, a station a few miles south of Lugano. There are few if any places where such a view can be had. It is much more varied than the Rigi, and has the same splendid mountain panorama. Imagine seeing in the south the distant Apennines, and at your feet, "spread like a green sea, the waveless plain of Lombardy,"

"Islanded by cities fair."

In the south-west the Maritime Alps, and Monte Viso lifting its snowy head beyond Turin; then the great range of the Pennine and Lepontine Alps, with the five peaked summit of Monte Rosa, and its mighty neighbour, the once unconquered Matterhorn. It is a view almost unequalled in Europe, and one which no traveller should pass without seeing. Lugano to Como, and up that far-famed and lovely lake to Colico and Chiavenna.

From Chiavenna to St. Moritz and Pontresina, well known spots in the Engadine, where London may be found when the season is over. Then turning north, either by the Julier or Albula pass to Chur (Coire), where the railway is again reached. Thence you can return to Basel, either by Zurich, as you came, or *viâ* the Lake Constance (the Boden See). If the latter, which I would

recommend, you will be enabled to visit that most interesting old city, Constance, which is so full of memories of the heroic rector of the University of Prague—John Hus—whose "faith failed not" when deserted and abandoned by the faithless Emperor Sigismund, who had sworn his safety; he, with his like-minded companion Jerome, suffered the pains of martyrdom. Or, if we look still further back in the history of Europe, we will not fail to remember how at Constance, in a house still shown, the lion-hearted Frederick Barbarossa signed the treaty in 1183, which practically conferred freedom upon the cities of Lombardy.

From Constance, Basel can easily be reached, or you may cross the Black Forest, and return by the Rhein, or Strasburg and Metz.

These tours are, of course, but suggestions. For some they may occupy too much time, and if so they are easily shortened by omitting some of the side excursions; for others they may be made longer by the innumerable excursions and ascents which seem ever ready to hand in Switzerland. It will not, perhaps, be necessary to give any more examples of tours in Switzerland, so I shall conclude this chapter by an outline of a most delightful tour which can be made in the neighbourhood of Salzburg and the Salzkammergut.

The ancient city of Salzburg is one of the most picturesquely situated places in Europe. Humboldt is said to have declared it was the equal of Naples and Constantinople. It would indeed be hard to find a spot more beautifully placed. The two great rocks rising out of the town, adorned with the castle and the ancient monastery, the broad and rapid Salzach flowing between them, and the magnificent background of snowy mountains. The town itself will occupy the attention of a tourist for two or three days, and well repays inspection. Then there are a variety of charming excursions in the immediate neighbourhood, such as to Hellbrunn, with its curious fountains, to Hallein, the great salt depôt of Austria, and last and not least, the ascent of the Untersberg.

This famous montain, where, according to German legend, the great Kaiser, Frederick Barbarossa, sleeps in one of its many caves, waiting to bring back to Germany all its ancient glory, can easily be ascended from Salzburg. It is well worth the fatigue, as the view is very fine, and there are a great many varieties of Alpine flowers to be met with on the mountain.

Those who visit Salzburg will, of course, not fail to see the lovely König See, perhaps the most beautiful lake in Europe. This excursion can easily be made in a day, including a visit to the salt mines of Berchtesgaden. As both the König See and Berchtesgaden are in Bavaria, the tourist has to submit to the wish of the owner of the mine, King Ludwig of Bavaria, in the matter of costume. That eccentric monarch is well known to love dramatic effect, and so he has provided a very effective dress for ladies not altogether different in principle from that known as the "bloomer costume." For gentlemen it is not so picturesque. As a matter of fact, these garments are quite unnecessary in the parts of the mine which are open to inspection, but visitors have no choice but to comply with the regulations.

For a tour in the Salzkammergut, starting at and returning to Salzburg, I would recommend the following outline:—Salzburg to Gmunden by rail. Gmunden is delightfully situated at the northern end of the Traun See. The waters of the lake here—in fact, all the lakes and rivers in this district—are most wonderfully clear; you can see to a marvellous depth. Gmunden by rail to Ischl, a well-known and fashionable resort, a great favourite with the Austrian Imperial family. From Ischl by rail to Hallstadt, on the Hallstadtersee, a most exquisite lake, somewhat resembling the König See, but less stern in character. The town of Hallstadt is built almost in a cliff overhanging the lake. It has well been compared to a swallow's nest.

Returning to Ischl, you can drive to Strobl on the Wolfgang See, and sail up the lake in a steamer to St. Gilgen, where a "diligence" is met which will bring you back to Salzburg.

Another delightful excursion can be made from Salzburg, which will show you some of the finest parts of that province. A circular ticket can be obtained for this tour.

Salzburg, by rail to St. Johann, from which point you visit the Lichtenstein Klamm, the finest, it is said, of all the Alpine gorges; then on by train to Zell-am-See, a most charming spot on the Zeller See. Here you can ascend the Schmitten Höhe, a mountain rising at the back of the town, from which a wonderful view is obtained of the Grosse Glockner range. From Zell-am-See you continue by rail to Wörgl, from which point you may visit Insbruck, or turn north to Rosenheim, and back from thence to Salzburg.

These tours here suggested will give the traveller a very good idea of the splendid scenery to be met with in that part of Europe. It is not an expensive place for travelling, though, of course, to reach Salzburg itself entails some outlay, as the distance from London is not inconsiderable.

These outlines, it is hoped, will enable my readers to form some plans if they meditate a visit to "the playground of Europe," or to the, to my mind, quite as beautiful and less overrun Salzkammergut and Eastern Bavaria.

THOMAS B. WILLSON.

(To be continued.)

THE MUSIC FOR THE MONTH.

FRANZ LISZT.

AN event of the greatest interest to musicians and music-lovers will be the visit during this month to England of the venerable Abbé Franz Liszt. It is, we believe, over forty years since his last appearance here, and the artist whom our parents welcomed and applauded as a pianist and virtuoso we are welcoming with respect as a composer and tone-poet.

In 1840 the greater portion of his marvellous and original orchestral work, including the Symphonic Poems, was not commenced, and he was known simply as the most extraordinary genius at the piano, which he converted at will into an orchestra, and upon which any passage, however difficult and extended, was possible. Throughout this period—1839 to 1847—his journeys from country to country, from Madrid to St. Petersburg, were so many triumphal marches; his manners and appearance, as much as his playing, gaining for him the hearts of all his listeners. His greatest rival at one time was Thalberg, and upon one occasion in Paris, in 1836, they both played at the same concert.

In a letter of Mendelssohn's to his mother, dated March, 1840, he compares the two players, and says of Liszt. "I have heard no performer whose musical feeling, like that of Liszt, extends to the very tips of his fingers, emanating directly from them." But, best of all, the great Beethoven, after listening to him at a concert in 1823 (the lad was only twelve years old), mounted the platform and kissed him. After such a salutation, what musical fervour would seize him! It is curious that, on September 6th, 1811, Weber, writing to Gäusbacher, mentions going, accompanied

by the pianist Liszt, to ascend the Rigi, and visit various classical spots in Switzerland, and that our Liszt should have chosen these very scenes for a series of piano pieces. As he was not born until the end of October in that year, this must have been his father, who was a very good amateur musician.

In Ramann's book, "Franz Liszt: Artist and Man," to which admirable account of his early life and gradual development I am indebted for many details concerning the *maestro*, it is mentioned that the year of his birth, 1811, was a comet year. "Just as a comet heralded in his birth, so his coming was hailed by poets and critics." Ramann also tells us that, when asked by his parents what vocation he would choose to follow, Liszt pointed to Beethoven's portrait, and said, "Such an one."

He began playing in public and extemporising at an early age, and we find him in a first visit to London and Manchester in 1825 announcing the performance of an extempore fantasia for which the persons present were respectfully requested to supply the written *thema*. Upon whatever subject was given him he extemporised the most wonderful fantasias, even at an age when his small fingers could not stretch an octave! The French people went quite mad over their "Little Litz," as they called him.

As he grew older, his strong religious feelings prompted him to give up worldly pursuits and become a priest; but his father, in excellent and forcible words, dissuaded him, and showed him that he could serve God best with the talent given him to use for the benefit of the whole world.

He was much captivated by Paganini's violin-playing, and his attempt to reproduce upon the piano what he did upon the violin most probably led him to that vast insight into the capabilities of his instrument, which, until then, were neither utilised nor understood.

In some of his grandest arrangements of operatic subjects we are really hearing the original orchestral effects, and in his arrangement of Paganini's studies, etc., you feel the bowing of the violin. His treatment of Schubert's songs is really wonderful. In these things, as in his playing of Beethoven and the music of others, he not only reproduced, but produced, as Wagner said of him.

He appears later on as a literary champion of musical reform, and he has written several essays of value, such as those upon works of Wagner, upon the music of the gipsies, and upon Chopin, whose music may be said to have held him in restraint as much as the power of Berlioz drove him beyond the limits of the piano.

In 1849 we find him settled in Weimar as conductor of the Court Theatre for twelve years, and here not only did he bring to light works such as Wagner's *Lohengrin*, *Tannhäuser*, and the *Flying Dutchman*, with others by Schumann and Berlioz, and those earnest workers whose efforts the world would never have helped but for his advocacy, but he himself, in this important period, transformed himself from piano-virtuoso into poet-composer.

Since 1862 he has lived either at Weimar, Pesth, or Rome, always surrounded by loving pupils and admiring friends. He has ever worked for the good of his fellows. His charitable and noble unselfishness has been exemplified in many and many a good deed throughout his lifetime.

Not very many years ago his orchestral works were studiously avoided or else ignored, but it is a sure sign of the times that now most of the orchestral programmes contain something of his, and a great reaction is undoubtedly setting in, for which, in England at least, we gratefully thank the untiring energy and perseverance, year after year, of his accomplished and devoted pupil, Mr. Walter Bache, at whose annual concerts we have been educated to join in his love for this great and loveable man.

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ROBERT COCKS AND CO.

The Queen's Jubilee March. By Michael Watson.—A march of the usual type to commemorate an occasion for which, we doubt not, much music of all kinds will be written.

Sweet Marjoram (*Morceau de Salon*). By Cotsford Dick.—A graceful little piece, much less pretentious than its title would suggest, and quite free of musical fireworks.

The Fisher Girl's Quest. Song. By Alfred J. Caldicott.—A simple little ballad for soprano voice, by the popular music director at the Albert Palace.

Silver Chords. Words by Mary Mark-Lemon. Music by Alfred Redhead. Compass B flat to F.—Picturesque, sad words set to appropriate melody, with a well-written accompaniment.

While the Bells are Ringing. Song. By Cotsford Dick.—A gracefully written ditty—the music is much better than the words.

REID BROTHERS.

Melody in B flat. For violin and piano. By Marcella Cusack Clark.—A most refined melody, beautifully harmonised, and technically quite simple. We only wish it had been developed at greater length; what there is we heartily recommend.

JOHN HEYWOOD.

Evening Song. For piano. By Joseph Clarkson.—A very simple reposeful piece, without sufficient contrast.

ALFRED HAYS.

If You but Knew. Song. Composed by Robert Gardiner. Published with French and English words.—Quite in the chansonette style of Gounod's earliest period. Very easy to sing.

LONDON MUSIC PUBLISHING COMPANY.

Six Songs of the Seventeenth Century. Set to music by Erskine Allon.—The melodies are quite in harmony with the words, which are well-known selections from Herrick, Waller, and the Earl of Rochester. The accompaniments are decidedly modern, but very beautiful and original. We recommend this book to the brothers of our girls whose voices range from C to E, either basses or baritones.

OSBORNE AND TUCKWOOD.

Sing Me to Sleep. Song by Berthold Tours.—More simple in character than many of the greater songs of this well-known and esteemed composer. Published in G and A, the compass being in the former key from C to E. It requires good singing and playing. All Mr. Tours' songs help to make us better musicians.

Dearie. Within the Minster. By Vernon Rey. *I Must Forget.* By Lovett King. *Ora pro nobis.* By Piccolomini.—These four songs belong to a perfectly harmless school, which makes all things easy to sing and play, which invariably employs the same modulations, and which is never original. Those girls who have not sufficiently advanced in music to understand more intellectual things can safely manage these. They are separate publications.

Saxon March. For piano. By E. Boggetti.—Military in character, and contains a very taking second part or trio.

Viennese Dance. For piano. By Carl Malemberg.—This is a sort of gavotte in disguise. Bright and simple.

Vesper Voluntaries.—We have before us Book IX. of this series, by Theo. Bonheur. There are also books by A. W. Marchant, Arthur Carnall, W. Haynes, Nicholas Heins, and others. They are very short, and intended for the harmonium or American organ. The part writing in volume ix. is not always of the best.

Original Gems. Duets for violin and piano. By *eminent* composers. Arranged and edited by Odoardo Barri.—The number before us, a little uninteresting tune, is by that *eminent* composer, Mr. Barri himself!

PHILLIPS AND PAGE.

Just the Old Way.—A graceful ditty by A. H. Behrend, the composer of *Auntie*, *Effie*, and other well-known ballads of a sentimental kind.

THE GIRLS OF THE WORLD.

ACTS AND FIGURES.

By EMMA BREWER.

CHAPTER V.

MARRIAGES.

"For better, for worse, for richer or poorer, in sickness and in health, to love, cherish, and to obey till death us do part."

Marriage Ceremony.

"God, the best Maker of marriages, bless you." *Shakespeare.*

"Marriage resembles a pair of shears, so joined that they cannot be separated, often moving in opposite directions, yet always punishing anyone who comes between them.

Sydney Smith.

I SUPPOSE there is no subject in the world more interesting to its women and girls than that of marriage. It is no matter that it is of daily, nay, hourly occurrence, the interest and the kindly feeling never flag for those who are entering their new life; and each bride, whether she be young or old, white or coloured, is brought face to face as it were with God and her responsibilities in the marriage ceremony, and if she think at all, she knows that this is the most important step in her life.

"How to be Happy though Married" is the title of a pamphlet published in the seventeenth century. It really would have been more to the purpose had the title been "How

to be Unhappy though Married," for marriage is God's own institution intended to make His children happy. We have only to look at healthy and loving home life to be assured of this, and if married life be not the happiest condition on earth, there must be some fault in those who have married; either they have begun their new life with extravagant ideas of happiness which was to be enjoyed without any efforts on their part to deserve it, or may be they were not prepared for the self-denial and even forgetfulness of self which home life demands; or the young wife, petted and spoiled, may not have learnt how to obey gracefully, forgetting the old couplet,

"Man, love thy wife; thy husband, wife, obey;
"Wives are our hearts; we should be head alway;"

as well as the advice of old Thomas Fuller, who, more than two hundred years ago, assured young married women that "the good wife commandeth her husband in an equal matter by obeying him."

It may be any one or more of these disturbing elements that cause the rift in the lute, but a good wife should never allow them any place in her new home if it is to be a restful and a happy one.

Before gathering in our facts and figures about marriage, we must call to mind a few statements made in the preceding chapters, viz., that a large and ever increasing population is a sign of a country's prosperity; that a large population is the result of many marriages; that many marriages are the result of plenty of work, good wages, and a good and wise government, that is to say, a government which understands the value of according liberty to its people, and the folly of hedging them about with vexatious and tyrannous laws.

If you will kindly go with me into detail you will see for yourselves that many marriages really do represent the prosperity and good government of a country, and that a low marriage-rate proves just as surely a scarcity of remunerative labour, lack of freedom and liberty, and a low standard of morality; for it is quite certain that in marriage as in all other subjects, if the highways are mischievously meddled with, the bye-ways will be thronged.

In the course of these chapters we have watched the girls from their birth, have seen their superior power of enduring the evils which beset children from earliest infancy, a power which has placed them, as regards numbers, far ahead of the other sex. And here I must pause to tell you an anecdote I heard only yesterday, which gives a reason for the superior number of girls to boys in the world. A Scotch gardener, hearing that his mistress had a baby, inquired of the nurse, "Is't a laddie or a lassie?" "A laddie," was the answer. "Weel," said he, "I'm recht glad o' that, for there's ower mony women in the world." "Heck, mon," was the reply, "did ye no ken there's aye maist sown o' the best crap?" This settlement of a vexed question is, I think, unanswerable, and we will abide by it.

We have also noted how the means of education and training have increased and improved for girls in all parts of the world, and not less how they have taken advantage of these opportunities, and thus rendered themselves more capable of performing their duties, whatever their condition in life may be, making them better wives if they marry, and enabling them to provide for themselves if they remain single. A well-educated and thoughtful girl will not be likely to make a hasty and foolish marriage, and being married will not readily wreck her husband's happiness by selfishness and wastefulness.

One great and blessed effect of education upon young wives is that it renders them averse to gossip and scandal,* two potent enemies of domestic peace.

We have watched these girls not only availing themselves of the education provided for them, but also putting what they have learned into practice, going out into the world with steady purpose to earn their living, and take upon themselves the burden and responsibilities of life. And seeing them thus, who can wonder that men admire them? To me there is no more cheery sight in the world than to watch these girls in the early morning going to their work with quick step and bright eye, with dress and figure so neat and trim, and with a resoluteness about their whole manner which assures you their work will be well done, whether it be of head or hand.

Having watched them thus far, it is quite natural that we should take an interest in their marriages, which place them in an entirely new sphere, and where, with God's blessing, they will be centres of happiness to all who come within the circle of their dominion. The heart of woman is so full of tenderness, devotion, and self-sacrifice, that where they have full scope the married life must be happy.

It has been said with truth that the English are a people much given to marriage, and also that the home life in England is so essentially bright, loving, and comfortable as to make it the envy of all nations of the world.

The English seem to think that marriage is the happiest and best condition for women; and so it is if it be a loving one; and just as surely is it the most miserable if it be wanting in love and confidence. Maria Theresa of Austria, when advising the unhappy Polish countess Wielopolska to marry, and so ensure her happiness, said, "God created woman to be wife and mother, to love her husband and her family. Happy is the woman who thus fulfils her destiny. She need not envy the empress her throne nor the high-born their position."

Notwithstanding that we are a people much given to marriage, and that we marry as a rule earlier than in any other European country except Russia, 30 per cent. of our girls and women never marry; and it is remarkable that this number is almost exclusively among what is termed the better classes, celibacy among the poor being very rare. Indeed, the chief obstacles among this class are the purchase of the ring and the payment of the church fees.

I think it would be sad for us all if there were not this sprinkling of unmarried women, who are the friends and confidants of our children and the ever-ready helpers in our trouble.

Switzerland is an example of quite another state of things. The proportion of marriages to population is so low that out of twelve European States there are but two lower. This beautiful country† has earned for itself a most unenviable reputation—viz., that of being the most divorced country in Europe; and, strange though it appear, it has been proved that divorces increase in proportion to the increase of public-houses and intemperance.

If we look at Ceylon at the present time we find the marriages are on a very limited scale, telling an unmistakable story of misfortune and hard times.

An example of the evil effect of too much legislation as to marriage was seen specially in Bavaria, where until quite lately, when those laws were somewhat relaxed, there was much crime and immorality. One of the laws ran as follows:—"Marriage between individuals having no capital cannot take place without the consent of the principal persons appointed to superintend the poor institutions, who, if they grant such liberty where there are no means of supporting the children that may spring from such marriage, render themselves liable for their maintenance."

You can well understand that marriages between people of small means were few indeed with these restrictions, nor will you be surprised to hear that people led impure lives, that infanticide was rife in the land, and that the death-rate of babies was very high.

Many such laws were in full force in various countries of Europe, and even now many exist to harass and perplex the people, making what should have been an honour and happiness in the land a shame and a reproach.

In Germany there are still many severe laws restricting marriage, and which make it impossible for people of small means. Many an engaged couple become grey ere marriage makes them man and wife, because the income defined by law as necessary is not forthcoming.

I think you will agree with me that freedom in marriage, as in other things, is indispensable to human progress. To be robbed of this takes from man his dignity. A people must possess certain rights and privileges if they are to become brave, noble, and self-reliant.

There are so many interesting facts about the marriage ceremony that I scarcely know how to select from them. We will begin with the wife's taking the husband's name in marriage. This practice is derived from the ancient Romans, whose wives were called Julia, or Octavia, or Romola of so-and-so, the so-and-so being the husband's name instead of her own surname. We follow this except in the use of the word "of."

The honeymoon, during which the bridegroom keeps the wife away from her friends and relatives, may be traced to the marriage by capture or lifting the bride over the doorstep, which still prevails in many countries. Hence, also, the slipper thrown in mock anger after the departing bride and bridegroom.

The bride cake, without which a wedding would scarcely be a wedding, and which should invariably be cut by the bride, may be traced back to the old Roman form of marriage by eating a loaf of bread together, and which was called marriage by Confarreatio,* a form jealously restricted to patricians, and being of the nature of a religious ceremony was held to be indissoluble. Certain offices in ancient Rome could only be held by those born of parents who had been married by confarreatio.

The bridesmaids and groomsmen have their origin in the ten witnesses who were necessary to a Roman wedding.

From the Romans, also, we derive the custom of placing the ring on the fourth finger. The Roman bridegroom gave to his bride in marriage a ring by way of pledge, which she at once placed on her fourth finger, in the belief that between it and the heart a communication existed by means of a nerve running from one to the other. That a ring should be given at all in marriage is probably owing to the ancient practice of using a ring as a seal, the delivery of which to any person at once bestowed upon him or her the power that the giver himself possessed. Therefore it is that the bridegroom, when he places the ring on his bride's finger, says, "With this ring I thee wed . . . . and with all my worldly goods I thee endow."

* Scandal is like dandelion seeds, which a breath scatters to the four winds of heaven, and being arrow-headed they stick where they fall, and bring forth and multiply four-fold.

† The religion of divorced persons in Switzerland:—Husband and wife Catholic give 9·7 per cent. of the divorces; husband and wife Protestant 2·8 per cent.; husband Catholic and wife Protestant 3·2 per cent.; husband Protestant and wife Catholic 4·5 per cent.

* Confarreatio (Latin, "*Far*" corn).

The ring placed on the left hand is a sign that the woman is to be subject to the man.

The custom of wearing a veil is derived from the Anglo-Saxons, whose practice it was to hold a veil over the bride in order that her blushes might not be seen. This was omitted by them at the marriage of a widow, an omission still observed.

The marriage ceremony differs widely in the various countries of the world, but as a rule a marriage valid according to the laws of the country in which it is contracted is valid in every other country.

It is a curious idea of the pious Hindu that great evil will befall his house through several generations if his daughter do not marry as soon as she is of marriageable age.

The remaining unmarried of the daughters is felt to be an intolerable shame by all the native tribes. If they can be married without ruin, well and good; if not, they must still be married, for indeed it is often a matter of ruin to the family, as you will see by an extract of a letter written by a gentleman of authority in India.

"Among all classes of natives," he says, "the expense of marrying a daughter is, as a rule, excessive with regard to the means of the father. The expensiveness of marriage is one of the commonest causes of the ruin of families in the various districts. It seriously affects all classes, and often leads to the loss of landed property, for the paternal acres are sold or heavily mortgaged to pay the debt incurred to defray the expenses of a daughter's marriage, which is fixed by custom at a price far beyond what the parents can afford."

The case of a son is different, as his marriage is simply a question of personal preference or of ability to procure a wife. If he remain single, no social stigma attaches to the parents.

Marriage, after all, cannot be so pleasant to the poor Hindu daughter. In the first place, she is often frightfully tattooed on her wedding day, and if you take a peep into her home life it will seem to you almost a farce. At the break of day the Hindu wife rises, tidies up the house, and then touches her husband's feet to awaken him. This being done, she bathes, worships, and prepares the food which she offers to her husband, in the meantime turning and prostrating* herself before him.

A Hindu wife is not allowed to utter the name of her husband nor the names of any of his relatives, except those who chance to be younger than herself. If she lose her husband she is a very desolate and forlorn person. As soon as he is dead her hair is cut short, and she must renounce all her ornaments, her food is of the coarsest, and she is all but an outcast in her husband's family. So you see marriage from beginning to end for the Hindu† girl is undignified and unloving.

The Japanese look upon their wives as servants, but it is said they never beat them. The marriage ceremony in this country is simple. The couple drink wine together three times, exchanging cups on each occasion in the presence of friends or witnesses; the lady's teeth are blackened, her eyebrows shaven, and the ceremony is complete.

In China marriage is universal, and old maids and bachelors are unknown.

One of the most curious ideas about marriage is to be noted in Viti, one of the Fiji Islands, where the general belief was that to gain entrance into heaven it is necessary to be married and to furnish the certificate of it to the Divine Master.

In Circassia weddings are always accompanied by a feast, in the midst of which it is the correct thing for the bridegroom to rush in and, with the help of some young men of his acquaintance who are daring and courageous, carry off the girl whom he loves by force, which action makes them man and wife.

In Armenia the girls have a certain amount of liberty; they come and go without veils, and are not debarred from the company of young men. This, in a measure, explains that marriages are often loving ones, notwithstanding the intense love of money which is the characteristic of the Armenians.

The Armenian girls marry generally at fourteen, and the young men at eighteen or twenty years of age.

The girl does not leave her home and family circle until the day of her marriage. From that day forward she is bound to veil herself from head to foot, and is allowed to speak with no one but her husband until her first child is born, when somewhat more freedom is granted to her.

(*To be continued.*)

* This practice of worshipping the husband is very ancient.

† Hindu is the term applied by Europeans to all the worshippers of idols in India.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

LITTLE GUERNSEY BLOATER.—The star of Bethlehem, which appeared to the Magi to direct them to the birthplace of the Messiah, is not considered to have been a natural phenomenon, but miraculous. When it had answered its purpose it vanished.

TATTYCORUM is recommended to procure the "Handbook of the English Tongue," by Dr. Angus (address Mr. Tarn, 56, Paternoster-row, E. C.). All the rules and the exceptions are clearly given in that work. Add the verb at the end of the sentence you give, viz., "Edith is taller than I" am. You could not say "Edith is taller than me am." The nominative answers to the question "Who," viz., "Edith and I went to the park." "Who went?" You could not say, "Me went." Again, "Mary went with me to the park." "Who did Mary go with?" "With me;" you could not say "she went with I."

NOEL (Barbadoes).—For persons coming from a hot climate Torquay, South Devon, would be very suitable. Provisions and apartments are abundant and moderate; schools abound likewise, and there is good bathing. The climate is cool in summer yet warm in winter. There are cricket, archery, racquet, and bicycle clubs; regattas are held in August, and there are libraries and everything that could be devised to suit the convenience and pleasure of all. At Exeter there is one of the best high schools in England. If your mother preferred the south-east of England, to be nearer London, Hastings might suit her; it is warm, cheerful, moderately expensive, and full of schools and masters.

WELSH FARMER'S DAUGHTER.—Apply to the matron of St. Thomas's Hospital, Albert Embankment, Lambeth. You might be thought eligible for the situation there.

DOODLE should obtain Cassell's small 1s. "Guide to the Postal Telegraph Service," also our article on "Work for All," in vol. v.

ELAINE.—The address of the College of Preceptors is 42, Queen-street, Bloomsbury, W.C. Secretary, C. R. Hodgson, Esq. Teachers are granted diplomas of three grades—associates, licentiates, and fellows—for which persons of either sex are eligible. When the lord replied to his unfaithful servant, "Thou knewest that I was a hard man," etc. (in our Saviour's parable), he was assuming, for argument's sake, that the opinion that servant had expressed about him was correct, taking him on his own ground; and that if so, then all the more was it prudent and essential that he should have done his utmost in trading with his master's money, so as to escape well-merited punishment. If he had thought him a weak-minded man there might have been a temptation to laziness; but if he thought so very differently of him, he showed himself a fool, as well as a knave, in acting as he did.

HOUSEKEEPING.

ELIZA has not read the article on "How to Live on £100 a Year," page 229, vol. vii., carefully, or she would have seen that the bread is made at home, and that both flour and yeast are named, as well as baking-powder. These appear to cost about £6 per annum.

A YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER.—Stains may be taken out of ivory knife handles by rubbing them the way of the grain with a little damp whiting; but "prevention is better than cure," and a jug should be kept in the pantry into which the dirty knives should be put in hot water to avoid the temptation of immersing them entirely in water, or of wetting the handles at all.

J. E. C. H. (Cheshunt).—You may use any of the kid or leather-revivers sold for boots or shoes to revive your leather bag. Many thanks for your kind note.

A. H. A. J. A. M. T.—If lard be properly rendered down and strained, with a little salt put in, it should remain good. But both that and bacon require a dry place. The kitchen, if not too hot, is good for bacon. Some people sew up hams and bacon in coarse cotton and then whitewash them over to keep them. Treated so, they keep for years.

OUIDA.—The term "dessert" is applied only to the fruit course after dinner. In some old-fashioned houses the cloth is removed after dinner, and the fashion is said to be returning to favour. But the cloth is generally left on, and the dessert put on the table from the first when the table is laid.

AN ADMIRER OF THE "G. O. P."—To wash white silk pockethandkerchiefs, use primrose soap and lukewarm water; rub gently, and rinse in warm water, roll in a cloth, and iron with a cool iron.

OWL will find an article upon domestic poisons in the G.O.P., vol. iv., page 379, in which is a test for arsenic in wall papers and the method for using it. If she does not wish to do it herself, let her apply to an analytical chemist.

ZANTHO can remove the paint from the washstand by holding a hot iron close to it, and as the paint rises by reason of the heat, scrape it off with a blunt knife. Before commencing, however, you should wash the stand with a strong solution of washing soda and water to take off the grease and dirt. Stain with Stephens' or Benson's stains after scraping the paint off. Your canary is weak, and has probably got chilled after the moulting. The temperature of the room should never be below 70 degrees, and you should give it a little egg, saffron in its water, and dainty food.

MUSIC.

CRABSTICK.—We do not approve of doing one thing and thinking of another. Such work is but imperfectly done. Of course you cannot expect to sing "Humpty Dumpty" to all your scales alike. Perhaps, as there are three versions to "There was a frog lived in a well," one of those might serve as a variety. What do you mean by being "*in* pins and needles"? If the pins and needles be not in you, you may be thankful. Send any articles you have for soldiers to Miss Robinson's Institute, High-street, Portsmouth.

PRIS.—The composer Purcell was born in 1658, and died in 1695; Lully was born 1633, and died in 1672; Sebastian Bach was born in 1685, and was only ten years old when Purcell died, and G. F. Handel only eleven. Tallis, Palestrina, Morley, Orlando Gibbons, Lawes, and Lully preceded Purcell, and all the other great composers succeeded him. Tallis died in 1585; Palestrina nine years later.

IVY MURRAY.—There is a musical association which includes the practice of singing, of which Miss Mary James is the Hon. Sec.; address, St. Erme, Wells-road, Bath. It is a half-hour practising society. There are several early rising societies, of one of which the Hon. Sec. is Miss Maxfield, 82, Edith-grove, West Brompton, London, W. Rules free of charge.

MACDUFF.—There is an amateur musical club of which the Hon. Sec. is Miss E. Rees, Stafford House, Finchley-road, London, N.W. The practising is required to be for half an hour daily, and vocal music may be substituted for instrumental. The prizes are given in money at the end of each half year. There is another called the Musical Improvement Association, requiring an hour's practising daily. The Hon. Sec. is Miss Agnes Andrews, Fort Villa, Queenstown, co. Cork, Ireland. The annual subscription to this club is half-a-crown. Half-yearly prizes are awarded for the benefit of those members who have joined the society too late for the yearly prize.

MARTHA.—There are so many cheap editions, and so much good music clearly printed and moderate in price, that we cannot understand your difficulty. You do not say where you live, but if in London, go to Messrs. Novello's, Boosey's, or any of the large publishers, and inquire.

R. L. I. S. had better write and make inquiries about the Harrow Music School of Mr. Clement Templeton, Hilliers, Penrath, near Cardiff.

JENNY LIND.—We do not think twenty years of age at all too late to begin singing lessons. A vegetarian diet, including eggs, milk, butter, cream, and all kinds of cereals, is recommended in some cases of gout and rheumatism we believe, but you should consult a doctor first.

JOAN OF ARC.—It quite depends on yourself and your talent and industry how long you will take to learn to play the organ. All such old charms and tests as those practised on All Hallow's Eve, are now performed as amusements only. No one takes them in earnest.

M.B.—We could not tell what copyright the American edition of songs might infringe by such a vague description as yours. Why not look if one of Boosey and Co.'s editions would not be as good.

A. D.—You would find the instruction you desire at the College for Working Women, 7, Fitzroy-street, Fitzroy-square, W. It is open every evening. Also at the Birkbeck Institute, Bream's-buildings, Chancery-lane, W.C., or at the College for Men and Women, 29, Queen's-square, Bloomsbury, W.C. We know of no other means, except that there are often singing classes in connection with churches and chapels which you might join.

MISCELLANEOUS.

KING'S DAUGHTER.—We sympathise with you in your family troubles. Try to keep out of quarrels yourself.

LILY MAYFIELD.—All nationalities supply us with "Our Girls;" we make no distinction between them. We cannot give you any prescription for removing the *cheveux* (not *cheveaux*) from your arms. It is very good of you to wish to send us a present of fresh eggs and butter, but you have given no address. Perhaps you may get some colour into your cheeks by going to bed early, and being much out in the garden or fields. Your English is wonderfully good.

VIOLET MAYFIELD.—On no account marry a man whom you almost hate; it would be wicked to do so. Wear gloves night and day, if you wish to restore the whiteness of your hands.

J. G. tells us that she has made 708 words out of the letters that compose the name "Constantinople." In declining the offer of anything, you may say, "No, thank you." "No, I thank you," is a more formal style of address.

READER OF THE G. O. P. has a very weak digestion. We advise her to masticate her food, eat only plain and wholesome food, and take regular moderate exercise. Also, she had better not resume her spelling lessons until a full hour after her dinner.

IGNORAMUS.—Your inquiry is only one for a stationer, not an editor. Such a pen as you describe can be procured for you at a good shop, even if not already in stock.

A MOTHER.—The baby of three should be put to bed at six o'clock; at seven and ten, they should be in bed at eight; at thirteen, fifteen, and up to sixteen, at nine; from sixteen to nineteen not later than ten. Adults should endeavour, as an ordinary rule, to retire to their rooms at ten or half-past, if they wish to preserve their health and looks.

WHITE SWAN.—Handsel Monday is a great holiday among the peasantry of Scotland, and specially devoted to making presents, Handsel in Scotland being equivalent to our Christmas box. "Auld Hansel Monday," according to the old style, is the first Monday after the 12th of January (old Christmas Day).

CHARLIE'S BOGIE.—Twenty-four parts of the G.O.P. would form a most inconveniently large volume.

PUZZLED.—We are not prepared to enter on the controversy as to the advantages of married life over single, or *vice versâ*. It is generally a matter of circumstance, not of choice, we think. Read the discussion in Dr. Johnson's story, "Rasselas."

GRETA.—We regret we cannot help you, but if you be anywhere near a library, you could find the magazine, or you could send your query to *Blackwood's Magazine*.

MOUNTAINEER.—A weekly warm bath for purposes of cleanliness is enough, and if you take a cold bath every morning, that is quite sufficient, with soap.

H. S. H.—The 26th July, 1868, was a Sunday. Consumption, as a general thing, is more often hereditary than accidental. The tendency can be warded off by care.

WAITING.—We sympathise much with you, but we think the doctor's advice would be better than ours. Good food and air do wonders in such cases as yours. An article on making Torchon lace was given in vol. iv., page 238.

LITTLE PANSY.—The year of the G. O. P. begins in November. After fourteen or fifteen the hair should be allowed to grow, we think.

FANNY H. B. W.—Visits may be paid from 2.30 p.m. to 5 o'clock. After an invitation you must call within the week, whether you have accepted or refused it. Cards cannot be sent by post on any occasion.

A. H.—The Albert Hall would hold about 8,000 people. The picture gallery would, it is said, contain 2,000. The orchestra accommodates 1,000.

ELECTRICITY is said to be excellent in cases of nervous disorders; but, we think, should always be applied under medical advice. Such nervousness as you describe is a form of disease. Why not see some skilful doctor for that? You should live in the fresh air as much as possible, and take all troubles and mental worry to God, endeavouring to realise His love and fatherhood hourly. By so doing you will find great internal peace and quiet.

PRIMROSE.—We always recommend the use of a little flour of mustard to rub very gently the surface of unbroken chilblains. This puts them back, and acts as a counter-irritant.

SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.—You are quite justified in your silence, as, unless the question were distinctly asked, there could be no deceit. Try to dismiss such considerations from your mind, and endeavour to be, so far as you are concerned, a true lady, in the best sense of the word. In answer to your second question, we do not consider you are entitled to the money, unless you fulfilled the condition attached to it. But you might make an arrangement, and get a little as a favour. Why not make yourself happy and contented where you are, as you are doing so well?

MAGDALEN.—We are very glad that you find our paper such a companion to you in your foreign home. The words about which you inquire are respectively pronounced thus—Darby, criticism, pour, or poor (not po-er). Your writing is very pretty—much superior to the generality of hands, and leaves nothing to be desired.

LAYLOCH.—No girl should accept a ring from a man unless engaged to him. You can "wear a silver ring on any finger." Certainly no girl should walk on a country road after dark. A young boy would not be sufficient protection.

PRETTY JULIA.—Who called you so? There are twenty-one English dukes, seven Scottish, and one Irish. The prairie dog is a species of marmot. It is a rodent, and is found in great numbers in the prairie lands of North America. It lives in burrows, heaped up like little huts at the entrance.

TOODLES.—The origin of surnames is obscure, and they did not come into hereditary use in England until the Conquest. First, the upper classes were known by the names of their lands, and afterwards the lower took the names of their trades, birds, beasts, and all sorts of objects in nature, art, and commerce. The subject is a very wide one, and could not be adequately treated in an answer such as we have space to give. Prefixes to proper names were used by the Jews, Greeks, and Romans, and were used in England to baptismal names before surnames came in. It is said that the earliest English surname is "Hatte." You had better learn to spell. "Sirname" is wrong spelling.

ISIDORE appears to be a very naughty little girl, judging from her mother's opinion and her own words—

> "Longing and wishing for death,
> What was her life to her?"

But whether or not you value God's great gift to you—your life—there is another question for consideration. Of what use do you make your life to others? Are they feeding, clothing, teaching, and protecting you for nothing? Is it your daily effort to make yourself agreeable to them? You go on to say—

> "Perhaps some day she'll get her wish,
> And lie in her narrow grave."

Perhaps. Do you think you might be translated, like Enoch or Elijah? If you think yourself misunderstood, win those persons to think better of you by your gentleness and sweet temper. You will never do so by cross answers and sulky looks.

INCREDULOUS.—"Moonstruck," we read in Dr. Webster's Dictionary, denotes "affected by the influence of the moon; lunatic, as moonstruck madness." Milton and Byron allude to the malady. Sailors affirm that sleeping on deck with the face exposed to the moon causes it to become drawn—affected by the moon's influence like the tides. Moon-blindness, or nocturnal *amaurosis*, is a disease (we read in the "Students' Encyclopædia") which, though rare in this country, is by no means uncommon in warm climates, and more especially among seamen. The first attack generally excites great alarm, being unaccompanied by any premonitory or constitutional symptoms. The disease is generally curable. One thing is certain: that you should not sleep in a light room. The eyes require darkness to obtain complete rest and refreshment, and dark-green or violet-coloured blinds should be employed to exclude the light, if there be no shutters.

LILY (Devon).—Your handwriting is good, but how could you expect us to decide for which situation you are the best qualified—that of governess or companion? We advise you to take whichever you can obtain. Slightly camphorated chalk makes a good tooth-powder. But in asking such a vague question as to whether tooth-paste be preferable, you write without reflection. How can we know, by intuition, to what tooth-paste you refer?

P. W. (Devon).—Get your husband to take the pledge, under the direction of your clergyman. If this be not effectual, make it your business to get him into an inebriate asylum.

W. E. E.—Many thanks for the note and the little fable, but we should have liked both better had the writing been good.

SESAME.—"Medicus" gives a simple statement of what he considers most conducive to health. He does not attempt to meet difficulties in the way of carrying out the system. Much reform is indeed required in the organisation to which you refer, as also in reference to the hours in houses of business. Health and the general comfort and well-being of the persons employed form no part of their plans. Under these circumstances, how can we advise you? Even had you the spare time for wholesome recreative exercise, you would have insufficient strength to attempt it. We feel great sympathy with you and all such busy workers.

ORANGE BLOSSOMS.—Your duty seems very obvious to us. Banish all thought of any ultimate engagement with the expectant widower, and at the same time certainly break off your engagement. You have no business to marry any man to whom you feel a repugnance. Would you perjure yourself solemnly before Almighty God? Tell him that you had made the painful discovery that you had been too hasty in accepting his proposal; that you did not know your own mind, and should be glad to be free; that on further acquaintance you found that friendly regard was all you could feel for him; and that as a gentleman and a clergyman you could not doubt his readiness to release you from an ill-advised, and, to you, disastrous promise. Tell him, also, that you blamed yourself greatly for having misled and disappointed him.

MINNIE BLANCHE.—January 31st, 1871, was a Tuesday. As you do not state your accomplishments, we do not see how you can expect us to advise you on the choice of your work. You may test your general information by trying for one of the prizes in the new competition.

BUNTY.—April 26th, 1871, fell on a Wednesday. We are always glad to help our girls in any way.

IRIS.—It is correct to call after having accepted an invitation to an entertainment of any kind. To leave cards only would be a sign that you were not intimate and did not wish to be so. The correct title for either a bishop or a judge is "my lord," or "your lordship;" but it is not in good taste to use these terms too frequently in conversation.

BUDGERIGARS.—Budgerigars are shy birds, and they are not tempted with a change of food. You should give them as large a cage as your space will allow, and put a small bundle of oats in it. They do not need a bath, but must be kept warm and out of draughts.

OLIVIA.—When writing for the press, only cover one side of the paper with writing, and use sermon or foolscap ruled paper—white, not blue. You will find publishing on your own account a very expensive matter.

LONELY IN LONDON.—Why did you come to London when you had no friends here? It was a dangerous thing to do. You had better go to the Home for Friendless Girls of Good Character, at 195, Hampstead-road, N.W., and state your case to the matron there, and ask for shelter, advice, and any help they can give in placing you in some respectable place. You write, spell, and express yourself too badly to go into any business. But if bright, clean, honest, and active you might get some sort of employment.

AN OLD MAID.—Old maids with limited means are not much sought as wives, even where there are plenty of young men in a position to marry. But why should you think it so desirable to marry? It is very unwise to go out of your way to seek a change of condition so serious as that rather than wait contentedly for the leadings of Providence. Occupy yourselves in some useful way, make yourselves a blessing to those around you, ask God's grace to aid you in your work, and banish the degrading idea of applying to the agents of the *Matrimonial News*.

MAPLE LEAF.—We thank you for your kind letter and the pressed leaves. The word *Patrie* is feminine. You should say *Ma Patrie*, not *Mon Patrie*. Your verses are very pretty; but you did not get them certified, which is our rule.

LESLIE.—Feed your dog on dog-biscuits; give him plenty of water, and sometimes brimstone in it, when required; and rarely a few fowl bones. We congratulate you on your success, and thank you for your letter.

SPRING STRIFE.

Now the warriors of the air
  Rise in wrath and arm for wars,
For the earth no bloom doth bear
  Where they scattered dust o' stars.
Bright young Wind, with streaming hair,
Marshals them as forth they fare.

Spring's young warriors, fiercely fain
  For the fine of such dread dearth,
Cast their crystal spears of rain
  Passionate upon the earth,
Crying "Tyrant! loose thy chain,
Yield our stars o' Heaven again!"

Cried a voice, in its grimly mirth,
  "Vain this fume! The horrid worm
    Grips them deep within the earth,
      Where the dust and rust trans-
        form
    Even star-dust's golden worth,
      Choke the seed that
        breaks for
        birth!"

All those myriad germs of life,
  'Mid the death and darkness, heard
In their dreams the shining strife,
  Tried to ope their eyes, and stirred;
Earth's wide breast with pain was rife
As each pricked with tender knife.

Each blind bladelet must upward creep
  T'wards the sound of tapping shower,
Push and pant, then pierce, and peep,
  Half afraid, a tiny flower,
While the year's young sun doth keep
Golden guard o'er golden sheep.

Primrose, daffodil, crocus brave
  (These, those golden creatures' names),
Break, like fire from out a grave,
  Stars and golden cups and flames.
Then, lest Winter, sorry knave,
Harm these innocents, and rave,

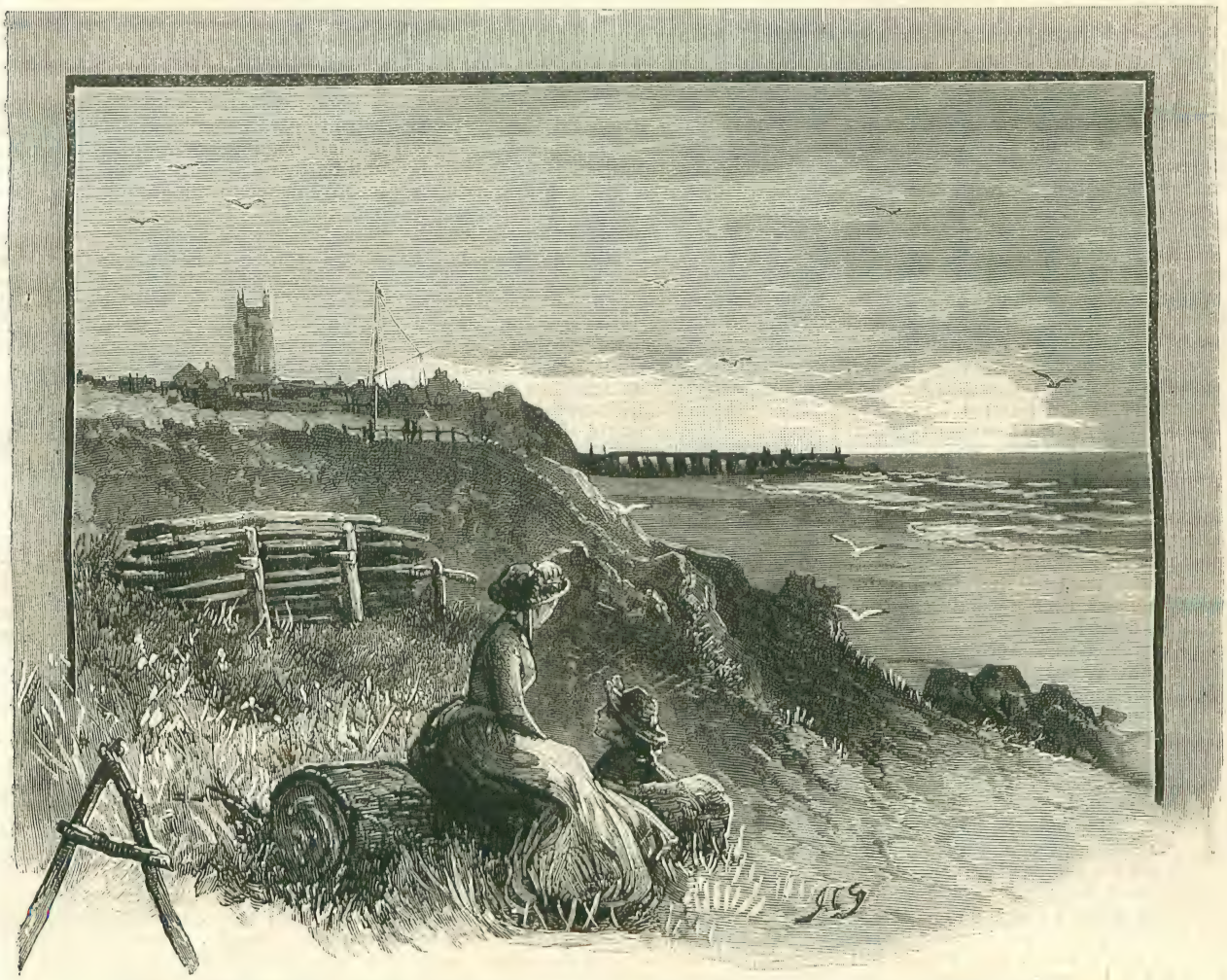
That bright Shepherd hath bounden him
  In a golden-chainèd thrall;
Children, glad as cherubim,
  Greet the flowers, first and small,
While pure sprites whose eyes were dim,
Wipe the tears, and 'gin to hymn.

M. E. HINE.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. VII.—NO. 327. APRIL 3. 1886. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

ANOTHER WAVE.



STRIP of sand beside the shoreless sea,
The grey old ocean of Eternity:
Is this our life,
With its toil and strife?
And such is our day,
By the ocean grey,
On the shifting sands as we idly play.
And the waves of Time,
With a murmurous chime,
Lap the shores with an endless rhyme.
The waves are years,
With their gathered tears,
And they break on the shore
For evermore,
Till the strip of sand,
Life's glittering strand,
Is caught in the arms of the grey old sea,
The shoreless sea of Eternity.

—CLARA THWAITES.

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ONLY A GIRL-WIFE.

By RUTH LAMB, Author of "Her Own Choice," &c.

CHAPTER XXII.

H, JEAN, you have sacrificed your happiness for our sakes. Why did you not tell us about Robert Hamilton long since? I am so grieved for you, dear Jean," said Mrs. Crawford, as Jean, having finished her tale, sat weeping silently.

"We had gone on in the same way for so many years that marrying seemed a far-off thing which might never come to pass. I had not seen Rab for seven years, and I did not know how well he had got on between whiles. No doubt he meant to surprise me with the news that all was ready, only he saw nobody but me, and I saw all that I had left behind me at Steynes-Cote, and the duty I owed to them. I should have sacrificed not only your and Master Andrew's convenience, but my own sense of right, if I had not come back. I cared for Rab. Ye may well think that, when I tell ye that no other ever had a corner in the heart I had given to him. I was as true as if his eye had been upon me all the time, and yet it has not been for want of being asked to wed with those that had more of this world's goods than Robert Hamilton will ever call his own. I never talked of these things, any more than I did about Rab himself. I did not tell him, for it is not my way to boast, that a good man has offered me what I could not give him a fair exchange for. Perhaps he has thought that I waited for him as my only chance, and so prized me lightly."

"He could not do that, Jean. No one knowing you could think lightly of you," said Ida, pressing Jean's hand between both her own.

"Rab does, or he could not cast me off lightly," replied Jean. "I am grieving, mistress; I cannot help it; but my tears are for another Rab that seems to have died long since, the lad I played with when I was a white-headed bairn, and went to school with, and set up in my girl's heart, and whose life and work I saw mingled with mine, till both should end. You will bear with me for a time, mistress, if whiles I go about as if I were in a dream. The sight of the children will do me good, and I'm thankful yon woman will not bar the nursery door against me now," said Jean, with a faint smile of satisfaction, as she thought of Bennett's departure.

"You shall go in and out as you like, Jean, and be as you have ever been, my true help and comfort. To-night you shall see no one, but go straight to your room and get the rest you need. And remember, your holidays are not over, so take a long rest in the morning. Do not try to begin work until you feel more fit for it."

Jean thanked Mrs. Crawford for her sympathy and kind forethought, but said, "There is no medicine to beat work for a sore heart. If I were to sit down and give myself up to thinking, I should be far worse. I will go to my bed now, for I am not fit to be seen after all my crying. May be you will tell them, mistress, that I am just a bit overdone."

Mrs. Crawford promised to do this, and Jean went quietly upstairs, unnoticed by any eyes but those of her mistress.

Jean gave Mrs. Crawford permission to tell the doctor all that had passed, and it may be imagined how grieved and angry he felt on hearing the story.

Ida had suggested to Jean that perhaps the doctor might act as mediator between her and Rab, but her reply showed that this would not be allowed.

"Ye mean it kindly, mistress, but I should hold myself cheap, indeed, if I could let a friend go and ask Robert Hamilton to take Jean Graham. If you had known what it was to see the man for whom you would have given your life flaunt past you with a bit lass that cares for nought in the wide world but flattery and finery, ye would know that the Robert Hamilton who could do that is no more to me than the wind that blew on my face yesterday. It is the old Rab that I'm breaking my heart about, while I'm trying to think of him as dead long ago."

Grace Steyne having heard of Jean's arrival, was looking forward to seeing her, and felt a little disappointed to find that they would not meet until the next day. Ida warned her that she would probably see Jean looking less bright than usual, but said that she had experienced a good deal of sorrow and anxiety during her absence, and about matters wholly unconnected with Steynes-Cote.

Jean was at her usual post on the following morning, but all who saw her felt that she was unfit for its duties. She was delighted to meet Grace Steyne, and held the children in her arms in turns, as though she could scarcely bear to part with them. She was ready with sensible suggestions about domestic arrangements in view of a reduced establishment, and pleased with the warm hand-shake and words of sympathy, which her master lost no time in tendering.

But before night came Jean's strength gave way, and she was obliged to go to bed.

"Mistress," she whispered to Ida, "if I should be ill, promise me one thing. My poor head now is full of strange fancies, and Rab is mixed up with them all. I may be soon better, or I may get worse, but if I should be light-headed and begin to talk of things you know of, promise me you'll rather let me want attending to than have other ears listening, and other tongues gossiping over my words."

"Jean, if such a thing should happen, I will do all for you myself that I possibly can. In case of help being needed, it shall be such as you now choose to name."

"I hope I may not want aught but a day's rest or so, but if the worst come, there is Helen Fraser, the wife of Mrs. Prattely's gardener. We were fellow-servants in Mrs. Fereday's time, and have been good friends ever since. She would come for 'auld sake's sake,' and be a good useful body about the house into the bargain."

Poor Jean! It was like her thoughtful ways to plan beforehand how the illness she felt coming on might be best met and battled with at the smallest cost of inconvenience to all around her. Only one thought of self mingled with her plans, and who would not sympathise with her wish that the secret so long and jealously guarded should remain a secret still, after what had passed? Helen Fraser knew it, for Jean and she had been young girls together at Steynes-Cote.

Jean made one more request of Grace Steyne.

"Miss Grace," she said, when the kind-hearted girl carried up the first cool draught to moisten Jean's parched lips, "promise me that if you are not specially needed at home you will stay with the mistress till I am about again and able for my work, if I am spared."

Grace readily gave the required promise, and most thankful was Mrs. Crawford to know that she should have such a helper, especially after the doctor had seen Jean and announced that she was not likely to leave her bed for some weeks to come.

Did Grace repent having given such a promise when, in a letter which she received from her father on the following morning, she read this paragraph?—

"Mr. Carnelly surprised us by a call yesterday. He is again staying at Hillstead, but not with the Dixons. It seems that the place and neighbourhood pleased him, and he made friends with some of the people, so here he is again. He has taken some shooting and engaged the best apartments to be had, and though he will not stay here altogether, he intends to make Hillstead his headquarters for some weeks to come.

"Mr. Carnelly inquired kindly after you, Gracie, and seemed much interested on hearing that you were staying with his relative, Mrs. Crawford. I think he would like to make her acquaintance. He must lead a very lonely and what I

should call an unsatisfactory life. It is a great pity that he has no definite occupation, and that he has more money than he knows what to do with, for his tastes are simple, and his personal expenditure cannot be extravagant."

Then there were home details, good news of the mother's health, and sundry sheets of hieroglyphics, purporting to come from Watty and the Rectory Baby, also a satisfactory account of Sarah Robinson's continued efficiency.

"I am afraid," said Grace, as she refolded her letter, that I am not nearly such an important personage as I thought myself. I fancied that home affairs would become hopelessly entangled, and parish institutions be almost at a standstill. According to this letter, I can be very well done without, for everything is going on in the usual way."

"You have not been absent long enough to be properly missed, Grace," said Mrs. Crawford.

"Yet you have been here long enough for us to look forward with dismay to the parting which must come at some time, though we hope not until you have seen sunshine as well as storm at Steynes-Cote," said the doctor. "It does seem strange that a visit so long looked forward to should have begun during the most troublesome times we have had ever since our marriage. It is an immense comfort for Ida to have you, but it is trying for you, Grace, to be mixed up with our domestic difficulties."

"I have been hoping that you would think my visit had been arranged for the best possible time. I shall be sure of it if I am really of use to Mrs. Crawford," replied Grace.

"There can be no doubt of that, Grace," said Ida, who had asked herself many times within the last three days what she would have done without her young visitor.

Naturally Grace spoke to the Crawfords of Mr. Carnelly. His name had been often trembling on her lips, before the arrival of her father's letter, but she had, for some reason best known to herself, refrained from uttering it. Now she could read the paragraph in which he was mentioned without further hesitation, and when she came to the words referring to Mrs. Crawford, "I think he would like to make her acquaintance," Ida promptly interposed with the remark, "And I should like to know him. Could we not ask him to Steynes-Cote, Andrew? I have so few relatives that it is a pity to remain unacquainted with a desirable one."

"We will invite him if you wish, dear; but just let Grace tell us a little more about this kinsman of yours," replied Dr. Crawford.

Thus encouraged, Grace gave an account of Mr. Carnelly's stay at Hillstead Magna, and of her own acquaintance with him. She wound up with a sketch of that last supper at the rectory, and, with a merry twinkle in her eyes and a fine flush on her cheek, told first of her anxiety about the wherewithal to make a presentable meal, and then of the manner in which it was relieved by Mr. Carnelly's request for porridge in a soup-plate.

Grace's way of telling the story provoked the laughter of her listeners, and then the doctor had something to add which interested her in turn.

"I knew Mr. Carnelly's father," he said. "He was a truly great man, the first in the world in the particular line he marked out for himself. But he was more than great; Dr. Carnelly was a good man and a true Christian. Whilst exercising his profession, he carried the blessed message of God's love in Christ Jesus to many a suffering, longing soul."

"You never told me anything about Dr. Carnelly, Andrew," said Mrs. Crawford. "Did you know that he was connected with my family?"

"It was in my student days that I knew the great doctor," he replied, "and like every other young fellow who came within the sphere of his influence, I had cause to remember his wise, kind advice, as well as the professional information he gave. But I knew nothing of his relationship to your father, Ida, and the doctor died before you and I met. I was told that his one son, who must be Grace's acquaintance, was educated for the medical profession, but our paths never crossed, and having heard nothing of him for several years, I had forgotten all about him. He would be younger than myself."

"I heard Mr. Carnelly say that he was twenty-eight last birthday," said Grace.

"We will ask him to come here," said Ida, with decision. "Your having known and honoured his father makes another connecting link between us, and Grace's acquaintance with him yet another."

This last remark brought the colour again to Grace's cheek, not unnoticed by her host and hostess.

The girl was ready to be angry at herself for her inability to control that habit of blushing rosy red, which she thought so very inconvenient, and so likely to be misunderstood. And, at this moment, she complained that the room was very warm, "Do you not feel it so?" she asked, turning to Ida.

Mrs. Crawford could not honestly say that she found it too hot, but charitably remarked that people differ so much as to the degree of warmth which they find comfortable, then returned to Mr. Carnelly.

"It would be absurd to keep up the old grudge that existed two or three generations back, and of which we know nothing except that our ancestors squabbled. So I shall trust you to write in our joint names, and ask Mr. Carnelly to name a day for his visit," said Ida.

The doctor assented, but Grace ventured to put in a word.

"There is poor Jean to be thought about. Will not her illness render Mr. Carnelly's visit inconvenient?"

"I think not," replied Mrs. Crawford. "Mr. Carnelly must be made to understand that he is not asked to pay a ceremonious visit, but that he is coming to introduce himself to a kinswoman. At the worst, you know, we could manage porridge for supper, and in a soup-plate."

Grace gave a laughing assent, and, much to her secret gratification, she saw that evening amongst the pile of letters ready for the post, one addressed in the clear handwriting of the doctor, "David Carnelly Esq., Hillstead Magna."

Miss Steyne did not hear a few additional words which passed between Dr. and Mrs. Crawford on the subject of that letter.

"I think," *said Ida, "that Grace* will like to meet Mr. Carnelly again. Did you not observe what a bright colour came into her cheeks when we spoke of inviting him?"

"My dear, Miss Steyne is usually blessed with a fine healthy colour of her own, which is extremely becoming," replied the doctor, mischievously resolved to feign blindness.

"But, Andrew, Grace's whole face, forehead, and all were one rosy glow. I am sure she was pleased at the prospect of meeting Mr. Carnelly here."

"Why should she not, Ida, when by her own account his presence at Hillstead made a very agreeable break in the monotony of village society? You remember, dear, Grace complained of the heat of the room, and her forehead was unusually red at the time."

There was a little aggrieved look on Mrs. Crawford's face. "Andrew will not understand," she thought, when just at that moment the doctor looked up from his writing and laughed heartily.

"My dear Ida," he said, encircling his wife's waist with his arm, and turning a mirthful face towards hers, "I never dreamed until this moment that you had a suspicion of the match-making element in your composition."

"Neither have I, dear. I only thought from Grace's manner that—that she found Mr. Carnelly's society very agreeable, and that by staying here through this season of anxiety she might miss seeing him altogether. I know that she will keep her word and remain with us as long as possible, so I thought we might arrange this extra pleasure for her by inviting my cousin, whom I really very much wish to see. Please recall your accusation, Andrew; I would not deserve the name of a match-maker for all the world."

"I believe you, dear; and now," added the doctor, as he addressed his letter, "if that young man wishes to reclaim kinship with your branch of the family, it will not be long before you see your—shall I call him 'cousin David?'"

"Call him so, by all means, Andrew. And, in spite of your insinuations and the manner in which I have thought it necessary to repel them, I shall not be sorry if some day I am entitled to call our visitor 'Cousin Grace.'"

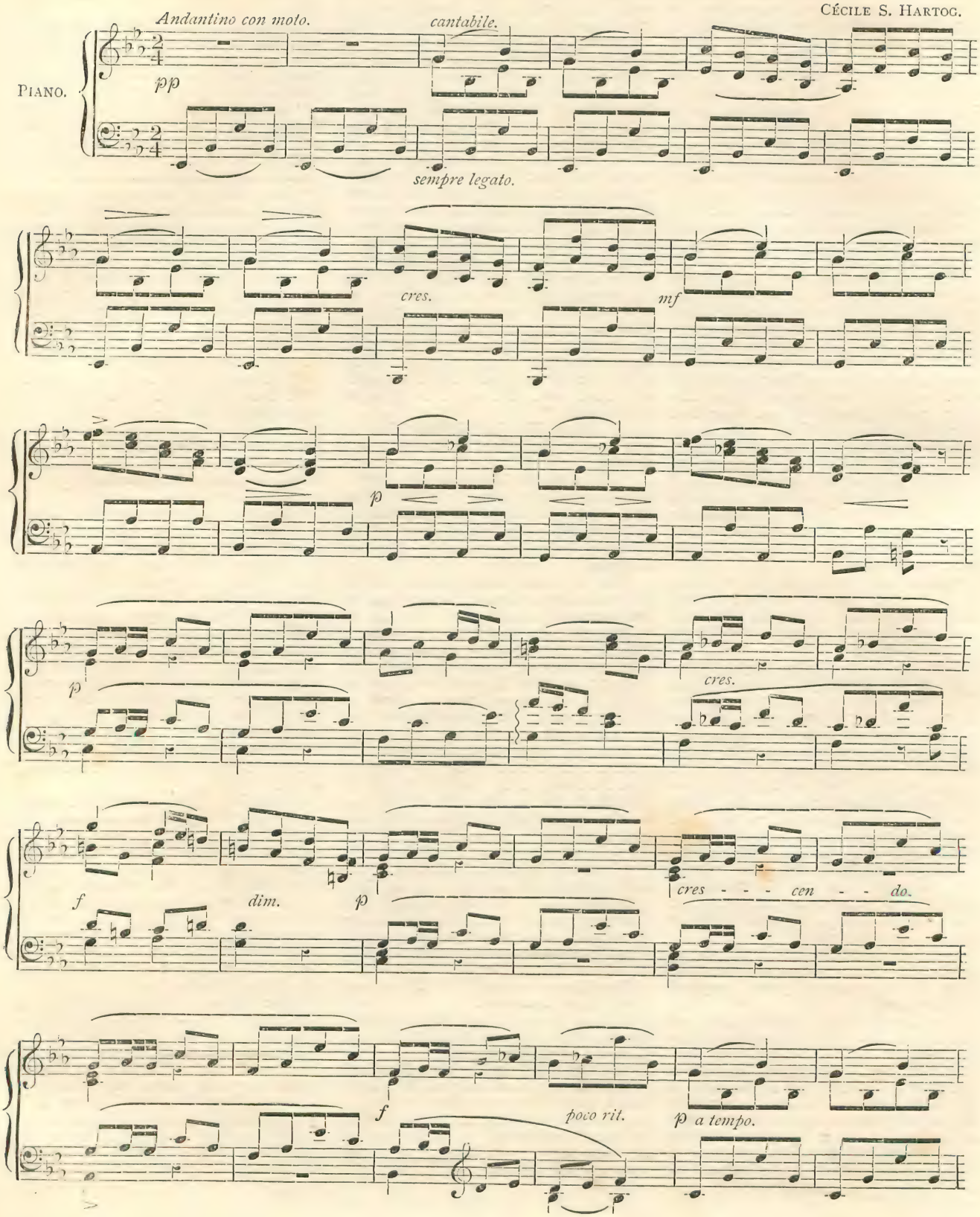
After having discharged this shot at the doctor, Mrs. Crawford waited for no reply, but ran away out of hearing.

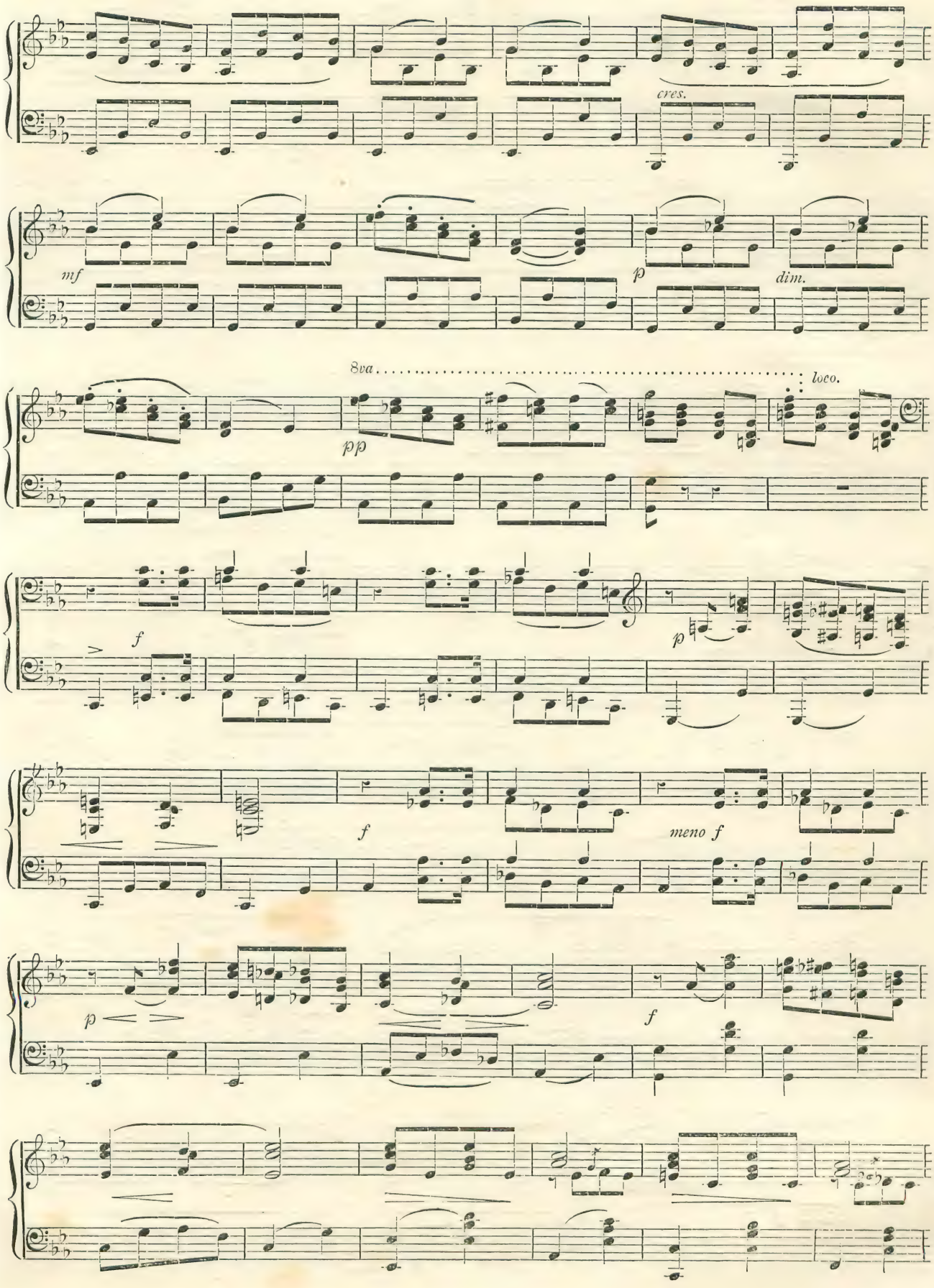
The doctor remained for a little while in silent thought. Finally he said to himself, "This young man would be Viscount Carnelly after Lindsay if he had no surviving son. There is only Donald, a boy, for the little one born after the colonel's return to England did not live very long, and all the rest are girls."

(To be continued.

BERCEUSE.

CÉCILE S. HARTOG.

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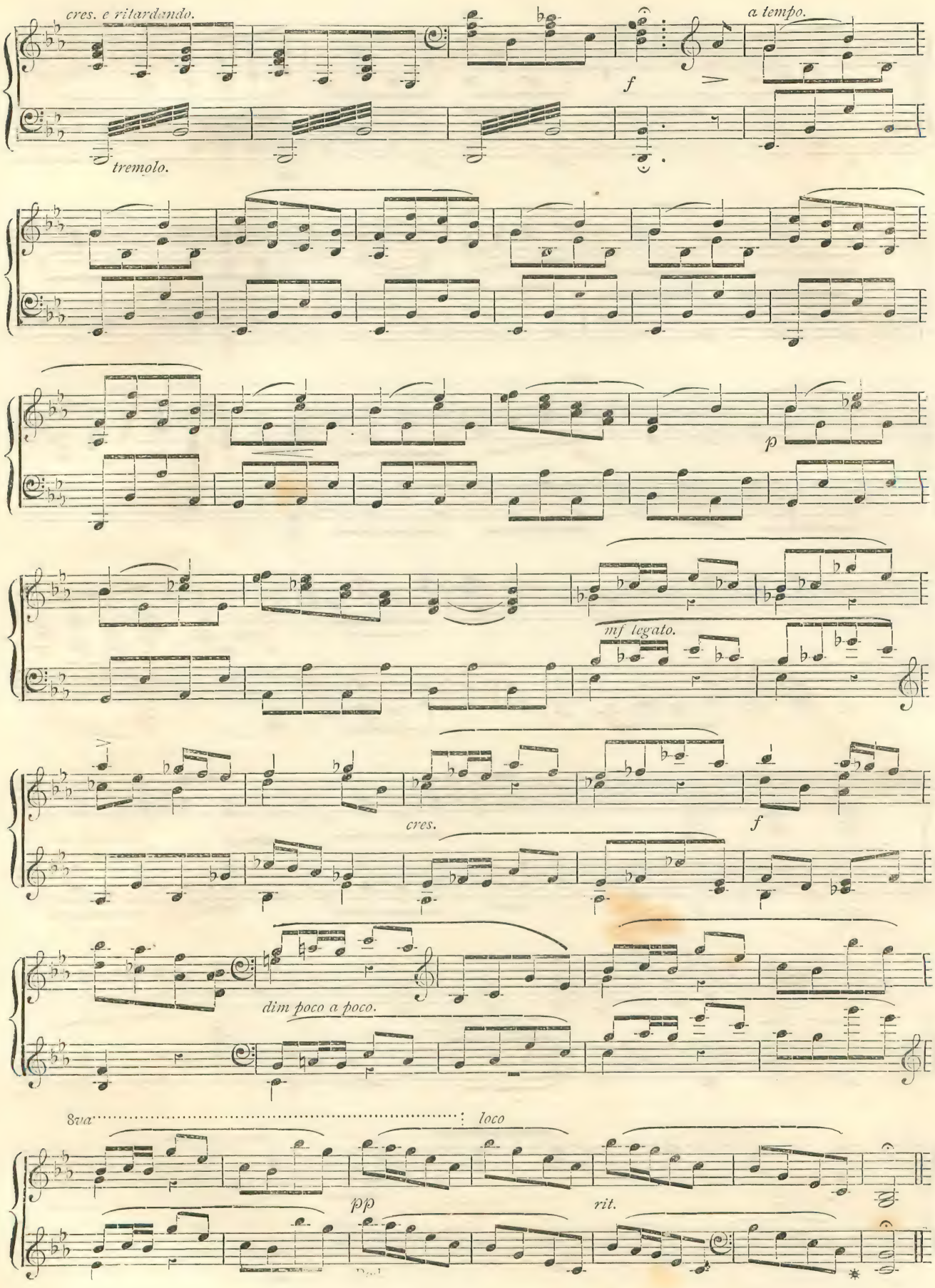
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A CAGE-MAKING WIFE.

By the Author of "How to be Happy Though Married."

WOMAN in her time has been called upon to endure a great deal of definition. She has been described as "A good idea—spoiled!" This may be true of one who can only make a net to catch a husband, but it certainly is not true of one who can make a cage to keep him in, of whom it might be said—

"Her air, her smile, her motions, told
Of womanly completeness;
A music as of household songs
Was in her voice of sweetness.

"Flowers spring to blossom where she walks
The careful ways of duty;
The hard stiff lines of life with her
Are flowing curves of beauty."

Men are often as easily caught as birds, but as difficult to keep. If the wife cannot make her home bright and happy, so that it shall be the cleanest, sweetest, cheerfulest place that her husband can find refuge in—a retreat from the toils and troubles of the outer world—then God help the poor man, for he is virtually homeless!

In the home, more than anywhere else, order is heaven's first law. It is the duty of a wife to sweetly order her cage so that it may be clean, neat, and free from muddle. Method is the oil that makes the wheels of the domestic machine run easily. The mistress of a house who desires order, and the tranquillity that comes of order, must insist on the application of method to every branch and department of the household work. She must rise and breakfast early, and give her orders early. Doing much before twelve o'clock gives her a command of the day.

The cause of many a man's ruin has been the muddle in his own house, the repulsiveness of his own fireside, so that he has been driven to find an appearance of cheerfulness in the inn and public-house. While he has been learning habits of dissipation that have culminated in the ruin of his body and estate, his wife, meanwhile, sitting at home "nursing her wrath to keep it warm," has become soured and chronically ill-tempered. A man must be a miracle of patience if, on returning from the fatigues of his daily labour, and finding a black fire, the sitting-room in a litter, his children squalling, and his wife vexed and annoyed at her incapacity to correct the muddle, he is not also touched with the like infirmity, and becomes fretful and impatient. "A clean, fresh, and well-ordered house exercises over its inmates a moral no less than a physical influence, and has a direct tendency to make the members of the family sober, peaceable, and considerate of the feelings and happiness of each other."

"Rub up your brasses, Sally," said a husband to a wife, who being, when first married, clean and orderly, was degenerating into a slattern, and failing to keep up appearances within the pretty cottage. Every wife may find "brasses to rub up;" and if her own spirits are gloomy enough at times, and things go wrong, she may at any rate keep the externals about her bright for the sake of husband and children.

"Brush your hair, and then things won't look so bad," was the homely advice given by an old friend to a woman whose husband had lost money by the failure of a bank, and who could not see the force of the wife sitting untidy and dishevelled, with unswept floor and untidy hearth, and unprepared dinner, because this calamity had happened.

A friend of Robert Hall, the famous preacher, once asked him, regarding a lady of their acquaintance, "Will she make a good wife for me?"

"Well," replied Hall, "I can hardly say—I never lived with her!"

This is the real test of happiness in married life. It is one thing to see ladies on "dress" occasions, and when every effort is being made to please them; it is quite another thing to see them amidst the varied and often conflicting circumstances of household life. Men may talk in raptures of youth and beauty, wit and sprightliness, but after seven years of union not one of them is to be compared to good family management, which is seen at every meal, and felt every hour in the husband's purse. In the "Records of Later Life," Fanny Kemble (Mrs. Butler), shortly after she had begun housekeeping with a staff of six servants, writes from America to a friend, "I have been reproaching myself, and reproving others, and heartily regretting that, instead of Italian and music, I had not learned a little domestic economy, and how much bread, butter, flour, eggs, milk, sugar, and meat ought to be consumed per week by a family of eight persons." There is no reason why she should not have learned all this, and Italian and music as well.

Gradually it has come to be seen that practical cookery, which might be classed under the head of chemistry, is an excellent intellectual training, as it teaches the application in daily life of knowledge derived from a variety of branches of study. From this point of view even sweet girl-graduates may take pride in being good cooks, while as regards women of the working classes, hardly anything drives their husbands to drink so much as bad cookery and irregular meals. We cannot wonder that men desire to wash down with too much beer the badly-cooked clod of beef which some wives serve up day after day without any change. And as to unsettled meals, it is far easier to go for sixpennyworth of gin than to wait till an unpunctual wife has food prepared. Surely, a wife would vary her dishes a little, cook them up nicely, and have them hot, and to the minute, if she reflected how much her doing so might outwit the publicans! How true is the saying of Leigh Hunt, that "the most fascinating women are those that can most enrich the everyday moments of existence."

A woman should know when to change her *rôle* of housewife for that of the loving friend and companion of her husband. She should be able and willing to intelligently discuss with him the particular political or social problem that is to him of vital interest. We will all agree with Dr. Johnson that a man of sense and education should seek a suitable companion in a wife. "It was," he said, "a miserable thing when the conversation could only be such as whether the mutton should be boiled or roast, and probably a dispute about that." A good and loyal wife takes upon her a share of everything that concerns and interests her husband. Whatever may be his work, or even recreation, she endeavours to learn enough about it to be able to listen to him with interest if he speaks to her of it, and to give him a sensible opinion if he asks for it. In every matter she is helpful. If her husband be straitened in means by any sudden loss of money, she takes her part of the anxiety and does what she can to lessen it; if there comes some unexpected family misfortune, she is ready and strong in standing up against it at his side; in every chance and emergency of life she is truly a helpmeet for him, never for a moment letting herself be treated as a pretty toy, or at best as a child who has no power and no capability to meet the storms and struggles of life.

Literary husbands and men of genius have sometimes had to complain that their wives became childishly jealous of their life-work. The philosopher of antiquity who would not raise his eyes for three years, lest they should rest upon a woman, had, no doubt, suffered from some woman's aggravating ways while he was trying to devote himself to the abstractions of philosophy. This is a common failing of common minds. A woman has torn the canvas from the easel where her husband was at work, in a fit of jealous rage; another, with grim determination, always chose the time when the author sat down to write to practise her scales or pound at some terrible sonata; and one (though such cruel malignity is scarcely credible) has been even known to hum a tune in the very room where her poet husband was striving to finish a beautiful and elaborate sonnet. And all this out of spite and jealousy for some fancied neglect!

Women's lives are often very dull; but it would help to make them otherwise if wives would sometimes think over, during the hours when parted from their husbands, a few little winning ways as surprises for them on their return, either in the way of conversation or of some small change of dress, or any way their ingenuity would have suggested in courting days. How little the lives of men and women would be dull if they thought of and acted towards each other after marriage as they did before it!

Certainly, it does a wife good to go out of her cage occasionally for amusement, although her deepest, truest happiness may be found at home. She, quite as much as her husband, requires change and recreation; but, while this is true, she must never forget that a life of pleasure is a life of pain, and that if much of her time is spent in visiting and company, anarchy and confusion at home must be the consequence. "Never seek for amusement," says Mr. Ruskin, "but be always ready to be amused. The least thing has play in it, the slightest word wit, when your hands are busy and your heart is free. But if you make the aim of your life amusement, the day will come when all the agonies of a pantomime will not bring you an honest laugh."

The song says that home is sweet, and that there is no place like it; but surely this depends upon the sort of home. There are homes that are no homes. The wife is the sun of the social system; unless she attracts, there is nothing to keep heavy bodies like husbands from flying off.

Milton tells us that a good wife is "Heaven's last, best gift to man." But what constitutes a good wife? Purity of thought and feeling, a generous, cheerful temper, a disposition ready to forgive, patience, a high sense of duty, a cultivated mind, and a natural grace of manner. She should be able to govern her household with gentle resolution, and to take an intelligent interest in her husband's pursuits. She should have a clear understanding, and "all the firmness that does not exclude delicacy," and "all the softness that does not imply weakness."

BUTTERCUPS.

By MARY ROWLES.

HAVE *the sunbeams*, all unknowing,
Taken root on earth, and, growing,
Flowered in yellow buttercups for the children's praises?
Do the moonbeams, resting lightly
On the quiet meadows, nightly
Blossom into daisies?

Bonny buttercups, beguiling
Human sorrow with the smiling
Of their round and winsome faces in the saddest daytime;
Offering to each new-comer
Golden salvers full of summer,
All the sunny May-time!

How they nod and smile and glisten,
As they turn their heads to listen
To the whispers of the breezes lingering above them;
Giving their long-hoarded treasure
In such free, unstinted measure,
Who could choose but love them?

To no chance of birth beholden,
They will blossom, fresh and golden,
By the wayside—cheery welcomes for the traveller keeping;
And uplift their sunny faces
On the quiet resting-places
Where the dead are sleeping.

Oh! to live through life's brief daytime,
Like the buttercups in May-time,
Loving earth, yet growing sunward still through joy and sorrow,
And like them, with trust unshaken,
Fall asleep at night, to waken
In a glad to-morrow!

"I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER."

By MEDICUS.

BEFORE a person sits down to give advice to others on any given subject, he ought to know something about the topic himself. This is doubtless true enough—albeit, I have known many good teachers—musical, for example—who were but indifferent performers. And, as a further instance of this fact, I may mention briefly an affair that occurred once in my own career.

You must know, then, that medical students in the far northern universities are not supplied with any very large amount of pocket-money. This is by no means a proof that their parents cannot afford it or are stingy, but rather that they think it beneficial to bring their sons up with almost Spartan rigour. But young men want pocket-money all the same, and one plan many adopt in order to obtain it is that of taking a pupil for an hour or two of an evening. I used to do so, and got on famously until I got tired of the asinine stubbornness of one or two backward boys, and gave it up.

But an innocent, good old lady once said she would like her boy to learn Spanish, and asked me if I could teach that language. Now, at that time I had no more idea of Spanish than I have at present of the tongue they talk in the planet Mars. That, however, I determined should be no drawback, so with what might have been termed "cool effrontery," I accepted the situation of Spanish evening tutor to the boy, and neither he nor I had any cause to regret it. I had just a week's start of the lad, a greater share of brains, and a good Ollendorff grammar.

Nevertheless, I now confess to you that I know little more than the rudiments of any system of mnemonics, and have no intention to-day of writing a dissertation thereon. But for all that, in my plain, matter-of-fact way I may say in this paper things that shall be worth reading and worth remembering.

We sometimes hear it remarked by would-be sages that a good memory is a great gift; but memory in this case simply means a naturally large development of that portion of the brain—the frontal lobes—which presides over perception and thought.

Memory is a gift which mankind possesses in common with other animals, though his is an instrument of a far wider range—an organ of innumerable octaves. It is memory which teaches the birds to know their own nests and mates and offspring in summer; it is memory that guides the swallow or martin back to our shores, over desert plains and rolling seas, back to the very cottage under whose eaves he built his nest the spring before; and it is memory that, when days of warm sunshine are gone from us, and bleak, cold winds begin to blow, re-guides him back to lands where skies are still blue, and insect food abounds. But, wonderful though this so-called instinct be, it is nothing to be compared to the powerful memory we possess, which can compass almost anything.

The cleverer the human being is, the greater is his memory, and *vice versâ*, of course. No matter in what station of life one may be placed, memory, and memory only, can secure comfort, aptitude in performing acts of duty, and consequent success in the position occupied in life; and, following these, freedom from care and worry, with happiness and health.

I talked just now about memory being a gift—the gift of brains. Yes, but it is also a gift that should not be allowed to lie barren and fallow—it must be cultivated, else it will produce nothing of any value. What would you think of a man who possessed, say, twenty acres of the finest land and soil in England, and who went about boasting of it, but still never sowed anything therein, so that it was covered only with weeds of all sorts, jostling and choking each other? Would you not think him a fool? "Medicus" is far too polite and sensible to insinuate that any of his girl readers are foolish, let him rather use the adjectives "thoughtless" and "unwise." Many of you are gifted enough with memory, mind, or brains; many of you are talented, but for want of careful cultivation you waste your mind, fritter your brains away; and the deep, grand soil of your broad intellect is permitted to remain barren and unprofitable.

You may see men and women of talent and intellect around you, towering high above their fellows, honoured and respected by all, envied by some, and you call them clever; you credit them with the possession of great mental capacity and brain power, and you are right. But think you that the mere possession of intellectual power as a primary gift alone could have led them to success? Nay, for it did not, and the greatest geniuses in this bright land of ours are the busiest bees in the flowery meads in which they labour.

There is even a duty in cultivating our memories and brain power. Be they ever so poor or meagre, not an atom should be wasted—not an atom can be so without committing sin. You doubtless remember the New Testament parable of the rich man about to travel into a far country, who apportioned his goods among his servants, giving to each a certain number of talents. On his return, did he exonerate from blame the worthless man who, because he had received but one talent, was so faint-hearted that he feared to trade therewith? Verily, he did not.

And I want to say that it is in the power of all, however mean we may think ourselves, to cultivate the powers of memory or intellect. By so doing we not only benefit ourselves, but we do good to others; and, like the man who made two blades of grass grow where only one grew before, dying we leave the world a little better than we found it.

"THE SUNNY MAY-TIME."

I shall speak presently of memory and its relation to health; but here I must take the liberty of saying a word to two classes of individuals, who make up together one of the largest sections of society—maid and mistress. Each has a duty to perform one to the other, and if this duty were anything like well performed, there would be far fewer complaints about bad servants. Undoubtedly, the maid should remember that during the time she is actually at work her mind belongs to her mistress, and it should be wholly bent upon the duties she has to perform, and she ought to struggle to do so conscientiously, with regularity and care, to the best of her ability. The times of the day which are at her own disposal she can and ought to devote to healthful, innocent recreation, and to the reading of books calculated to better her memory or cultivate her intellect.

On the other hand, it is just as much the duty of the mistress to behave towards her maid as if she really were a sentient and sensitive human being, and to be most careful while showing her how to do things well, not to snub or confuse the girl. The habit of nagging at servants, which is far too prevalent, cannot be severely enough condemned. By so doing, the mistress makes herself a bugbear in the eyes of the maid, and positively demoralises her mind. A cheerful, kindly word works wonders, where a snarling one does nothing but mischief. And the reason for this is not far to seek: the mind of the maid is not very often of such large compass as that of her mistress, the maid's one talent can hardly be expected to go so far as the mistress's five, and, however well she means to and tries to act, anything in the shape of scolding or worrying instantly paralyses her powers of mental action, and renders quite abortive her attempts to do things well.

This talk of mine may seem simple, but it is really in accordance with the deepest known truths of physiology, and I repeat: whatever tends to paralyse memory or render the possessor thereof nervous and confused, throws everything out of joint, and renders the faithful performance of duty a moral and physical impossibility for the time being.

To young ladies I would say that the possession of a good memory tends to very great happiness. If you can always say in company, "I remember," how much more you shine!

I remember a friend of mine—a man I greatly honoured and respected, and one who, though untimely death called him away, still occupies a niche in the temple of fame—who used to say, "I never burden my mind with any species of knowledge I can find in books." There was a good deal of truth in the remark. No man, not even an author, can be, or ought to be considered a walking encyclopædia, and no author would pretend to be anything of the sort, though many fools do. The cleverest men in company are nearly always the most modest.

Overburdening the mind is really prejudicial to the intellect, and this is only a proof of how careful we ought to be in the choice of our reading. Trashy novels and tales do great mischief; not only do they cause waste of time, which might have been far better spent, but, by giving the readers false impressions of life, they make them dissatisfied with their honest lot, and ultimately may lead them to poverty. But, heigho! so long as silly girls exist who read such nonsensical and distempered tales, so long will there be found gutter-hacks to write them.

On the choice of literature for girls very much might be written. Lack of space forbids my giving other than a very few hints on this topic.

You will be ready enough to admit then that one ought to read for recreation's sake, and that to lose yourself for a time in a good book, forgetting your troubles, your trials, even the labours of the day itself, gives the mind a pleasant rest, and therefore must be good for the health. So long as too many hours of the day are not wasted in such reading, so long as duties are not thereby neglected, I do not object to this matter, but I would remind you that such a course of reading may be made beneficial to you without detracting from its pleasantness, but, in the end, rather adding thereto. I am not going to advise you to read classics or history, if you have no liking for such literature, but I do say in all seriousness that you should only choose such books as you may not be ashamed to say in society—if you have any ambition to enter it—you have read. There are novelists now living, there are others long dead, and others who have but recently left us, whom not to know is to be ignorant of the history of the world in which we live. These are the reverse of dry reading. There are also books of travel that open the mind and paint to us, sitting at our own firesides, nature in other lands with both breadth and truthfulness. These must not be forgotten.

The magazines, too, should be studied if you wish to enlarge your understanding, and whenever a girl can afford it, she should not neglect to take in, for quiet, calm Sabbath reading, such beautiful magazines as the *Sunday at Home*.

Well, there are the poets, but do not choose the goody-goody over sentimental ones. I would far rather see honest bold Martin Tupper's poems in a young lady's hands than Byron's.

There is no harm in committing verses to memory. Should you never have to recite them they may serve to put you to sleep some time when sick and restless. In committing to memory you must think well on the sense of each verse, get a good hold of that first, then clothe it in the actual words of the writer.

Choose your own time for study of the kind I recommend, and note down the heads of the story you read. This will assist you in a material way, but if you do master the contents of books of a kind I recommend, you will never forget them; and how delightful it is to talk or rather to converse about them when you meet a congenial spirit. I know two girls, both living in the same village, both moving in the same circles; let me call one Sally Smith and the other Mary Jones, though their real names are far nicer and more euphonic than these. Well, the former is much the prettier, but she reads only arrant trash. Not so the latter. Poor silly Sally Smith, with all her beauty, how sorry you would be for her in society! And how completely Mary throws her into the silent shade, for Mary reads, and can converse intelligently on the masterpieces of even Dickens and George Eliot, while Sally has sense enough not to attempt to get in even a word edgeways about her "Skeleton of the Moated Grange."

You may greatly improve your memory by studying to be regular in all your minor habits of life. "A place for everything and everything in its place," should be one of your mottoes. "A time for everything and everything at the time," should be another. I can tell you I have but little respect for a girl who frequently during the day has to jump up exclaiming, "Oh, I remember now I didn't do this," or, "Oh, I forgot to do that."

It may be she has merely forgotten to wind the clock, to feed the parrot, to give the canary some seed, or Tiny his dinner, or put a drop of fresh water in poor Towser's pan. No matter what it is, she is a young lady of no regularity of habit, of no mind, no mental perception, no memory. Believe me, if a girl cannot be faithful over a few things she need never hope to be ruler over many.

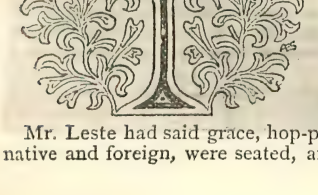
Just a word in conclusion about the effects of health on memory. If your body is in a low state, the mind will accord, and study will be impossible. One must be cool to remember well. One cannot be cool if nervous, and a low state of the nervous system is inseparable from bodily health below par.

COURTLEROY.

By ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER XVIII.

UNITED AND PARTED.



HAT is Patrick, Miss Heath; you wanted to speak to him," whispered George, when Mr. Prettyman's numerous guests were assembled.

Mr. Leste had said grace, hop-pickers, both native and foreign, were seated, and the feast had begun. All Courtleroy, gentle and simple, was there; so was Summerlands; so were the junior Carews, and so were several neighbouring clergymen. Shops far and near had been ransacked for provisions, Summerlands emptied, and altogether it was a good time for the poor.

"You really knew George Hope's father?" ventured Miss Heath, standing behind Patrick, and glancing furtively around.

"I'll niver be atin' agin, ma'am," replied Patrick, arrested just as he was putting a large piece of meat into his mouth, "if I didn't know him; an' a foine man he was. Sorry's the day when he went to Africay."

She slipped something into his hand, and hurried off.

"Och, an' I'll be a rich man if this goes on," thought Patrick, as he transferred Miss Heath's gift to his pocket. "I'll be afther Biddy at cock-crow to-morrow, Masther George, my boy," he whispered, as George came up.

Mr. Carew was near, and George perceived that he looked much disgusted. As he was always bent on doing people good turns in his capacity of major-domo, he asked that fickle swain to cut up a pie at one of the tables near which Barbara was standing. He piloted him thither unperceived by her, and left them side by side. He thought he had made a wonderful hit, but was mistaken.

"May I help you, Barbara?" asked Mr. Carew.

"Thank you," she replied, cold and stately: took up an empty plate, allowed him to fill it, and went to the other end of the barn.

Mimica was near, and saw this by-play.

"It is all a mistake; tell her so, and she will forgive you," she said to Carew.

"I do not quite understand," he replied, affecting unconsciousness. "Having done nothing amiss I need no one's forgiveness. You might, perhaps, ask mine, remembering how you treated me the other day."

There was no time for more, but indignant Mimica flashed a glance at him, and also went to a distance. Soon after she watched him saunter down between the ranks of tables and benches, and take up his stand near the great barn-door.

When the meal was ended, the tables were rapidly cleared, and a few addresses and speeches followed. Mr. Leste and his brethren of the cloth spoke shortly and to the point, and Mr. Prettyman said a few kindly, genial words, which were received and answered by vociferous cheers. His wife's face was pleasant to look upon while he was thus honoured, and she found herself saying to Mrs. Leste, confidentially, that there was no one in the whole world like him.

So thought his motley crew of hoppers; and indeed, the village also; for where absenteeism is in force, a present benefactor soon replaces the absent in public esteem. And so thought Mr. Leste and his family; except, perhaps, his eldest daughters, who were absorbed in far other speculations. As to Barbara, everyone noticed her restrained and haughty manner, and when, at Mr. Prettyman's particular request, she stood to lead the Evening Hymn, she looked like a statue, rather than a living, breathing, and pre-eminently handsome woman. As Mimica had said, Montague Carew was not worthy of her love. He meanwhile stood with folded arms and affectedly unconscious air, leaning against the barn-door watching her, and listening to the full tones of her rich voice, as it began each verse of the well-known hymn. When it was ended, and Mr. Leste had pronounced the blessing, the party began to disperse. Mr. Prettyman and George detained Patrick for a few final words, while Mrs. Prettyman stood near the door to wish their guests good-bye. The sun was setting, and a full tide of liquid gold flooded the barn and the people. Farmer Bezley and the bailiff were looking on.

"If Mr. Le Roy were like Mr. Prettyman, there would be some hope for us," said the former.

"Then the countryside would be pauperised," replied the latter.

"We shall all be pauperised if matters don't mend," remarked Bezley.

"I do the best I can," said the bailiff.

Tea was prepared at the vicarage, which was not far from the farm, and when the poor people had dispersed, their richer brethren walked across a couple of fields to the parson's abode.

"Keep by me," whispered Mimica to George, as she perceived that Mr. Carew moved as if to accompany her, and they hastened on together, while the rest of the company walked in pairs more leisurely from farm to vicarage. Barbara remained behind, professedly to superintend, really to avoid Carew; while he, conscious of this, and with true masculine contradiction, waited for her outside. The amiable Herbert was watching, and gathering up news for his mother.

"Let me help you, Barbra," greeted her as she was about to mount the stile that separated the hedgerows, overshadowed by monster elms, in which the rooks were cawing.

"No, thank you," she replied, climbing over hurriedly.

"I am off to-morrow," he said. "You used to be sorry when I went, and glad when I came."

"Possibly, when we were children," she replied, hastening on.

"It is not like you, Barbra, to cast off your friends because they are grown up. I could point out a dozen to whom you are as constant as the pole-star."

"I have scarcely so many friends, Mr. Carew."

"You are unusually cynical, Barbra. We have been almost more than friends all our lives, and now that circumstances are against me, you turn from me."

"What circumstances? Yours seem unusually prosperous by comparison with mine."

"Well, yes, in a worldly point of view. But your parents don't care for money, and mine do. I am not my own master. You know how well I love you. If you would engage yourself to me I should be yours for ever; I could never change."

"The old story—secrecy. Never!"

They had reached a small wicket gate at the back of the vicarage, whence a gravel path led, beneath trees, to a small shrubbery. He paused as he opened it to let her through. How pale and grand and stately she looked. Few women were so good and so beautiful as Barbara Leste, the Bold Barbra of his boyhood, the true love of his manhood.

"What has come between us?" he asked, forgetting all else but her.

"Mimica," she answered slowly, somewhat disdainfully, yet with melancholy intonation.

Before he could either protest or explain, she had turned and hastened towards the house. He also turned, but not after her. Hastily he skirted the vicarage garden and went into the high road.

She soon found herself surrounded by her younger brothers and sisters, and dragged into the dining-room. A bright and happy party were there assembled. Never had a charitable feast resulted so delightfully as Mr. Prettyman's; for it was impossible not to perceive that some wondrous event had happened to Leila.

"They are engaged! I am sure they are engaged!" whispered Mimica, as Barbara passed her by.

She turned involuntarily towards the door; but no lover had followed her to her home. She was obliged to join in the cheerful talk that went on around her, and to wonder if the short transit from farm to vicarage that had sufficed to estrange her and Montague Carew had also sufficed to unite her more fortunate sister to one who had long admired her.

She hastened across the room to where Leila was handing about the tea, assisted by Mr. Danvers.

"Is it?" she whispered, which enigmatical monosyllables were answered by an "All right" from Leila.

And as far as Leila was concerned, it turned out to be "all right;" but what of Barbara? No Montague Carew again appeared, and they had parted without even shaking hands, after a life-long friendship.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE LE ROY TOWN HOUSE

HOPS and holidays ceased together, but not partridges and pheasants, so the Prettymans continued in the country, and George joined his friend Percy at Sydenham in order to return with him to school. It was his last term. After Christmas he was to go to Woolwich.

A few hours previous to his arrival at Sydenham the Percys were surprised by a visit from Mr. Le Roy. They had not seen him since the eventful day of the Handel Festival. He had gathered from George's letters that he was to be there, and had come expressly to invite him to spend a portion of the following day with him. The reason he gave for the invitation was that George having been at Courtleroy might be able to give him certain information that he was anxious to obtain. The major promised that George should, at least, call upon him.

When George arrived, he appeared quite as desirous of accepting the invitation as Mr. Le Roy had been of giving it, and it was decided that he should go to Kensington to luncheon.

From Sydenham to Victoria, from Victoria to South Kensington, and George soon found himself at Mr. Le Roy's mansion. He was not shy; he thought too little of self to be shy; his manners were as unabashed as his soul, for he had never done anything to be ashamed of, and could look everybody in the face. He was expected, and the be-laced and be-powdered footmen showed him through passages and ante-rooms of bewildering magnificence into an apartment full of musical instruments. He heard sounds of music as the door opened, and when he was announced Mr. Le Roy rose from a grand piano at which he had been playing and received him with what for him seemed warmth. George glanced round the room in amazement. Was this what they called æsthetic? Ceiling and walls were painted by first-class artists, and Apollos, Euterpes, Satyrs, Fauns, and every possible and impossible musician, rustic and polished, was reproduced. The apartment was large and lofty, and contained an organ, as well as piano, innumerable cases of stringed and wind instruments, uncased violins and horns, and piles of music. The fire was on the hearth, and the blue tiles that surrounded it were designed with musical subjects.

Mr. Le Roy regarded George's amazed glances with a slight show of satisfaction.

"You are musical, I know," he said. "What instrument do you play?"

"I am learning the violin," replied George, modestly.

"Let me hear you."

And a violin was at once placed in the boy's hands.

He played a bit of Mozart from memory, delicately and with feeling, and in an instant Mr. Le Roy was accompanying him on the piano with a touch and taste which, to look at him, would have seemed alien to his nature.

"Not bad. Is my niece musical?" he asked.

"She is not so musical as Barbara Leste," replied George; "but I think she could play if she had a better piano and it were kept in tune."

"Really! What can she do? What occupation follow if quite unprovided for, as she must be when the pension ceases?"

"I do not think she has a pension—at least, she has no money. But she says she will go out as lady help or as nurse. She wants to do good. She is very clever, and writes poetry and tales and studies languages."

"I hate women writers. Has Miss Heath taught her nothing?"

"Everything, sir. She paints splendidly. *Padre* says she has a genius for art, and he is a great connoisseur."

"Indeed! He must be very different from *madre*, as you call *la sposa* Prettyman."

"They are very much alike, sir; they are kind to everyone, and the people at Summerlands and Courtleroy wish they would never leave them."

A slight frown wrinkled Mr. Le Roy's forehead.

"Did you see the Carews? You have not mentioned them in your letters?"

"Yes, they called on us, and we have seen them two or three times."

"I suppose my niece does not know them!"

"She has met them sometimes by chance."

Truthful George hesitated for the first time, and his questioner perceived it.

"When did you last see them together? What members of the family does she know?"

"*Padre* gave a supper to the hop-pickers and villagers in Farmer Bezley's barn, and Mimica and Miss Heath came, and Mr. Carew and Herbert, and all the Lestes."

"That seems a strange proceeding. The barn is mine, the hopyard is mine, the village, with slight exceptions, is mine, yet a promiscuous gathering of strangers usurps my domain. Where was Searle?"

"He was there, sir, and very cross he looked. He hasn't a nice expression, and Mimica doesn't like him. But I don't think he had anything to do with the party, and I am sure *padre* did not mean to intrude. He thought Farmer Bezley rented the barn with the farm, and that he might entertain the poor hop-pickers just as we help to entertain the poor of London. The feast only came off just before I left, or I would have written to you about it. I hope you like my letters."

"Yes; they were nice, truthful letters enough. But you did not mention the Carews. Wherefore?"

"Because I heard, sir, that you were offended with them."

"Really!"

As Mr. Le Roy uttered this, his favourite adverb, an expression of supreme ill-humour and contempt darkened his handsome face for a moment, and silence ensued; but he soon broke it.

"You say Miss Marmont does not like Searle. Is that because he is my confidential agent?"

It was now George's turn to be silent. Although his one desire was to be useful to Mimica, and slacken the bonds of tyranny that restrained her powers, he was scarcely diplomatic enough to effect this without offending her uncle, and compromising her with him. Besides, he had an astute interrogator who knew exactly what he wanted to discover. After a pause, however, George replied.

"Mimi wishes you would read her letters instead of Mr. Searle's, because she thinks she explains things differently to him. She is quite sure that if you knew about the tenants and poor people, and how Courtleroy is going to the dogs, and the old servants ask her for things which she cannot do for them, you would go down and see for yourself."

"Really! And what does Miss Heath say?"

"That Mr. Searle probably knows best, and that it must cost a lot of money to keep such a grand house, and servants, and carriages, and an establishment like this. And I suppose it must, sir."

George said this confidentially, first looking at Mr. Le Roy, and then at the luxurious and artistic surroundings. Mr. Le Roy frowned, and said—

"It is very impertinent of dependents to make such remarks at all. Searle has *carte blanche* to satisfy all reasonable demands."

"That is just what Mimi is sure of."

Here luncheon was announced, and Mr. Le Roy led his young guest to the dining-room. If George had been astonished before, he was still more so now. All that money, art, and taste could do, was done here. The table was as sumptuously laid as if there were a party of *bons vivants*, and two men waited as sedulously as if the said *bons vivants* had demanded incessant replenishing of plates and glasses. Yet, did Mr. Le Roy eat sparingly, and George was almost too astonished to eat at all.

"*Padre* would like to be here!" he exclaimed, glancing at the walls covered with pictures, the carved oaken furniture, mantelpiece with modern innovation of ancient shelves, holding china of fabulous value, and painted ceiling.

"Really! He probably affects old pictures. I am tired of dining-rooms full of portraits and the old masters. These are chiefly Millais', Rossetti's, Burne Jones's, Calderon's, Rivière's, Tadema's, Leighton's, and other modern painters."

"If only Mimi could see them! She has copied all the pictures at Courtleroy, and sketched everything in the park."

"What an industrious young person! Yet she wishes to do good in the world as it goes at present. An amateur artist is endurable, even if she be a woman, but your ladies who leave their homes to become domestic servants should be expunged from creation."

"Mimi says she has no home-ties, since Miss Heath has *madre*, and could do without her."

Mr. Le Roy, perceiving that the servants were listening, made no reply, and the remainder of the luncheon was passed in silence. The men were evidently accustomed to be mutes, and glided over the soft carpet like animals on the watch for prey. Harsh sounds jarred on Le Roy's fine organisation, and they were even careful to avoid any collision of silver or of china. He was, in short, what used to be called "a fine gentleman," in the days of that finest of gentlemen, George IV.

After luncheon they went into a library, the windows of which opened upon steps leading to the well-kept gardens at the back of the Gate. On one side was a large, handsome conservatory, whence the choicest exotics sent their delicious perfumes into the library, which was wholly lined with shelves full of valuable books, many of which were priceless from their antiquity; for Le Roy was more of a collector than reader. That is to say, he liked best the works of the day; and the periodicals, newspapers, and books of fiction, travel, and disputation that covered the tables were legion. Before all he delighted in sceptical and agnostic disquisitions, which affected him the more, because he rarely gave vent to his views.

He told George that he intended to drive him back to Sydenham, and employed the interval by asking more questions, which he continued during the drive. It was strange that a cold, cynical, disappointed man of the world should meet with his match in an open-hearted, clear-sighted boy, and that he should be so interested in him as to prolong his interrogatories as much for the mere pleasure of discovering how George would reply to them, as from a sort of curiosity as to what was passing in his old neighbourhood. He pressed him concerning Searle, and referred more than once to what he had said of his present establishment. No one knew better than he did the enormous expense of keeping it up; but then he considered himself enormously rich, and repudiated the notion that there was anyone, human or divine, who had the right to interfere between him and—himself. He chose to live luxuriously, to visit and receive when and whom he liked, to have a great town house, furnished with every appliance for ease and pleasure, and to be his own idol. Who dared to argue that it was his duty to superintend, personally, the property whence he derived his wealth, and to return to the place where he had suffered the one great disappointment of his life, and received that wound to his pride and self-esteem that would not heal? He had never yet found any person, not even his own mother, bold enough to make the attempt, and having been a monarch from infancy, resolved still to rule. But George. How was it that he tolerated this boy, who, unintentionally he knew, spoke home truths that no other individual had ventured to speak, since the days when he governed the nursery as despotically as he now governed, by letter and substitute, the home and domain of which that nursery was once the centre.

He was, however, too cautious to let George perceive that his communications touched him, if, indeed they did, until a chance allusion to Mimica's mother recalled some event that struck a chord on the rusty instrument called his memory.

"Mimica and Miss Heath live in the old schoolroom," George had said. "They like it best because it is full of Mimi's mother's drawings and books, and they make Mimi think that she must be there herself."

"Is there—is there any portrait drawn by Mrs. Marmont in the schoolroom?" asked Mr. Le Roy, with a hoarse and hesitating voice.

"There are two or three, sir. One of Mrs. Le Roy, and one of a sweet young lady——"

"Enough; be silent; we have talked too much," interrupted Mr. Le Roy, and he spoke no more until they reached Major Percy's gate.

Here he dropped George, declining to get out of the carriage himself.

"Good-bye, sir; thank you for my pleasant morning. I am sorry I was so talkative, but *padre* often says I am quite garrulous when my tongue is let loose," said George.

"You must come again when I am not tired, and I will show you some battle pieces in what I call my military academy," returned Le Roy, and so they parted.

(*To be continued.*)

AN ARTIST'S MODEL; OR, JANET'S MISTAKE.

CHAPTER I.

THE little steamer, Glen Alpine, was steaming quietly out of the loveliest loch of one of the western islands of Scotland, having landed two passengers; one of these a farmer returning from a cattle fair, the other a young man who was unmistakably an artist. This was evident from the appreciation with which he noted every picturesque point in the landscape, as much as from the character of his luggage, which Sandy, the boots and general factotum of the "Twa Dogs," was wheeling up to the door of that modest inn.

Having secured a bedroom, Alan Forsaith strolled up the only road of the village to the top of the steep fir-covered hill which overtopped the line of houses skirting the head of the bay. After a long gaze on the headlands and distant islands, his eyes rested on the small church manse and schoolhouse, which were close to the water at the base of the hill, and then on three figures—those of an elderly man and two young girls. The field-glass which he carried told him the man was elderly and infirm; also that the girls were graceful in figure, and becomingly, though simply, dressed.

Alan was of a genial, sociable nature, and the group below looked attractive.

"Is there no nearer way down to the shore than by following this road?" he asked a woman, who stood at her cottage door.

"There's the way the weans go," she answered. "Yon's oor Meg aff to the school. Ye can just follow her."

"The way the weans go" had a pleasant sound, and Alan followed little barefooted Meg down a rough, steep path between the firs.

"What is the minister's name?" he asked his companion.

"Mister Macfarlane."

"And has he a family?"

"There's just the twa young leddies, Miss Janet and Miss Elsie; Mistress Macfarlane was deid before they came to Skarran."

At the shore Meg left him. The two girls had gone into the manse, and Mr. Macfarlane sat alone by the shore with his plaid about him and a book in his hand.

There was no congenial society for the minister in the village, and he was glad to be friendly to a visitor whose appearance was as prepossessing as that of our artist. He noted the sketch-book in Alan's hand, and said pleasantly—

"It is a lovely afternoon, is it not?"

Only too glad to seize the opportunity of making an acquaintance here, where he intended to spend a few weeks in making studies from nature, Alan replied readily to the friendly salutation, and soon the minister and the artist found they had much in common, so that the afternoon passed before either cared to move. They then exchanged cards, upon which Mr. Macfarlane discovered that Alan's father, who was dead, had been a classmate of his own in Edinburgh, and the young man was invited into the manse to the five o'clock dinner.

There was just time to go to the inn and change his clothes. "How very fortunate I am!" he said to himself as he did this, "and how lucky that I can have two such charming figures as a foreground to my sketches."

As he returned to the manse, his mind was busy with the composition of a picture, in which the group of the elderly minister and his graceful daughters, as it had first struck his eye, should form a prominent object. This idea, however, gave way to another which seemed composed ready to his hand, as it met his gaze on approaching the little garden of the house.

It was a simple building of grey stone, in size little superior to many of the surrounding cottages, but bearing signs of refined inmates, with its pretty, well-kept garden, and the bright, attractive look of the windows. At one of these, round which flowers bloomed and creepers twined, sat Elsie Macfarlane, busy at some work, her sweet face and all its surroundings bathed in the soft afternoon light of early autumn.

The vision lasted only a moment, for at the sound of the gate she rose quickly, and disappeared within the room.

Alan was received by the minister with all the cordiality due to the son of an old friend, and presented as such to the twin sisters. At first sight he was struck with the remarkable likeness between the two girls; indeed, it seemed to him that it would be impossible almost to distinguish one from the other. Later on he noticed that Elsie's shy glance fell from eyes of a soft hazel colour, whilst Janet's frank gaze revealed irides of clear dark grey, and the soft brown waving hair of the

"THE VISION LASTED ONLY A MOMENT."

latter was a shade darker than that of her sister, whom she also exceeded in height.

If well worn furniture and faded hangings indicated narrow means and close economies, yet some well chosen flowers and a delicate arrangement of drapery, books, and pictures spoke of grace and refinement, whilst some articles of feminine work told of pleasant womanly occupations, which gave an interest and charm often absent from richer homes.

After the simple dinner was ended, Alan and his new friends adjourned to a little verandah on the west side of the house, where Janet dispensed coffee made by herself; and whilst enjoying the cool evening breeze their intimacy made rapid strides.

"You fortunate people who live in the busy world cannot realise what a pleasure it is to us when one of you comes to our quiet corner," said the minister.

"The pleasure seems to me to be all on my side," answered Alan; "this quiet spot, with its lovely surroundings, seems like Paradise to a poor wayworn pilgrim."

"Ah," said Elsie, "it is not always so calm and peaceful, nor does it look so beautiful later on, when the skies are a leaden grey or black with heavy clouds, and the seas rise and sea-birds shriek." The girl shuddered as she spoke.

"Poor Elsie!" said the stronger Janet; "the stormy days of winter are a sad trial to her. I never can persuade her to see the beauty of nature on days of storm and gloom. Warmth and sunshine seem a necessity to her."

Janet spoke truly. Elsie had been so guarded and fostered by both father and sister, that her character, naturally gentle and dependent, had not developed in strength and power of resistance. She seemed like a delicate lovely flower that could not bear the rough blasts of winter or the cold days of adversity. Janet had always accepted all the difficult tasks as her share in their home life, and she loved her twin sister the more because of her dependence and gentle, clinging nature.

"How attractive she is with her soft, pretty ways," thought Alan, "and how Janet loves her! First rate girl that Janet."

So ran the artist's thoughts as he returned to his inn, delighted with a cordial invitation from the minister to come and see them as often as he felt inclined. "I must try to see them again to-morrow somehow." The moon had risen, and everything looked so beautiful under the new aspect that, tired as he was, Alan could not go to rest without once more climbing up "the way the weans go" to look down on the manse again from the spot where he had stood when his eyes had first rested on it.

Not only on the next but on many successive days did Alan Forsaith manage to see his new friends, for he discovered that he had an intense desire to sketch a picturesque cottage standing just behind the manse, the best view of which was obtained from the tiny orchard belonging to the minister.

Mr. Macfarlane had taken a great liking to Alan, and, as his parochial duties were by no means overwhelming, he spent a good many hours in the artist's company.

"Elsie, my pet," he would say, "shall we just go and see how Mr. Forsaith is getting on with his picture;" or, "Janet, my child, let us go and ask Mr. Forsaith if he is ready for a cup of tea," for the good old man was not happy without one or both of his darlings.

And so it happened that before the picture was finished Alan had become almost like a member of the family, and went in and out of the manse when he pleased, without ceremony. It must be owned that it did please him to do this very often, for day by day the attraction which drew him there grew stronger, and he thought the day, however bright it had been, lacked something if he had not basked, for a few minutes at least, in the pleasant sunshine within the manse.

On his arrival he had incidentally mentioned that he would probably stay on the island for a fortnight, moving from place to place as he found fresh subjects for his sketch book. Three weeks had already passed, and he had not yet exhausted his subjects in the immediate neighbourhood of the manse, and still he did not show the smallest desire to move further inland. The artist's visit was so pleasant an event for the inhabitants of the manse that they were glad it should be prolonged as much as possible.

The two girls were rejoiced to see their father enjoying the long talks he and Alan had together, and the active, robust nature of the young man gave a new impulse to their somewhat monotonous life. All were sorry, therefore, when, one evening, as they sat on the verandah after dinner, Alan said, "I little thought that I should spend all my holiday in this quiet corner, still less that I should find it so hard to tear myself away from it; but it must be done, for my holiday expires in two days' time."

"Two days!" exclaimed Elsie. "Ah, how we shall miss you, shall we not, Janet?"

Janet's face was turned from them; she was busy with the coffee, and apparently did not hear.

"We shall indeed be sorry to lose you," said the minister. "You must come and see us again some time next year, if you can and if you care to do so."

While he and Elsie were helping Alan to decide on the best spot for a final sketch, Janet stole softly away to her own room, not, however, unobserved by Alan.

"Why does she not say something?" he thought. "Does she think that it is high time that I was moving, I wonder?"

Janet, seated at the foot of her bed, with her hands tightly clasped, tried hard to understand her own feelings.

"Why do I feel as though I had received a blow?" she said to herself. "I have always known that he would not stay long. How weak and foolish I am to care so much. Of course I know that it is Elsie whom he will find it hard to leave. Poor Elsie! how she will miss him. Will he say anything to her, I wonder?"

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

An Arithmetical Puzzle.

Subtract 45 from 45, so that 45 may remain.

This may be done in two ways; first, the figures of the top line in the margin, when added, make 45, and if you subtract the second line, the figures of which, when added, also make 45, the result is as shown in the third line, which numbers, when added together, amount to 45.

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9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
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8 6 4 1 9 7 5 3 2
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Here is another solution:—

$$1\,2\,3\,4\,5\,6\,7\,8\,9\,0 = 45$$
$$0\,9\,8\,7\,6\,5\,4\,3\,2\,1 = 45$$
$$2\,4\,6\,9\,1\,3\,5\,6\,9 = 45$$

A Pleasant Word.

It was only a glad "good morning"
As she passed along the way,
But it spread the morning's glory
Over the livelong day.

Carlotta Perry.

Lost and Found.—Why is it that whenever you are *looking for* anything you always find it in the last place you look? Because you always stop looking when you find it.

"Not that Sort!"

There is no cooler man than your simple fellow. While General Thomas, of the United States army, was inspecting some fortifications during the war between North and South, he heard someone shout: "Hello, mister! You! I want to speak to you!" General Thomas turning, found he was the "mister" so politely hailed by an East Tennessean soldier.

"Well, my man," said he; "what do you want with me?"

"I want a furlough, mister, that's what I want," was the reply.

"Why do you want a furlough, my man?" inquired the general.

"Well, I want to go home and see my wife."

"How long is it since you saw her?"

"Ever since I enlisted; nigh on to three months."

"Three months!" exclaimed the commander. "Why, my good fellow, I have not seen my wife for three years!"

The Tennessean looked incredulous, and drawled out, "Wall, you see, me and my wife ain't that sort!"

Eating through £800,000.—There were three Romans name Apicius, each celebrated for devotion to good feeding. The second, who flourished under Tiberius, was the most famous, and enjoys the credit of having shown both discrimination and industry in the gratification of his appetite, so much so that his name has passed into a synonym for an accomplished epicure. After spending about £800,000 on his palate, he balanced his books, and finding that he had not much more than £80,000 left, he hanged himself to avoid living upon such a pittance. Lempriere's version is that he made a mistake in casting up his books, and hanged himself under a false impression of insolvency.

What is True Politeness? — True politeness is perfect ease and freedom. It consists simply in treating others just as you love to be treated yourself.—*Chesterfield.*

Self-flattery.—We should have but little pleasure were we never to flatter ourselves.—*Rochefoucauld.*

Woman as She should Be.—The woman who reads her newspaper every day, and a magazine every month, and who maintains her acquaintance with books, and her love for them, is not apt to find time dragging heavily on her hands. If to this she adds an intelligent interest in the affairs of the world, in education, charity, and those great political questions which involve the welfare of the race, or of classes and nations, she will always have occupation enough for her mind and heart, and will always be the best of company for herself or for any other intelligent human being.

A Gift for a Bazaar.—A shameful hoax was lately perpetrated at the expense of the managers of a bazaar. An offer of a horse and trap was made, and thankfully accepted. One of the committee, who had been duly "advised" by telegram, met the train by which the costly gift was expected, and had the pleasure of receiving a clothes-horse and a mouse-trap.

Receiving and Giving.

That man may last but never lives
Who much receives but nothing gives.—
Gibbons.

EDUCATIONAL.

R. C. S.—You can obtain all information on application to the principal, Arthur Kinsey, Esq., Training College and School for the Deaf, Elmhurst, Castlebar-hill, Ealing, W.; or to the secretary, Dr. Buxton, 298, Regent-street, W. If not eligible for admission, you will at least be directed to some other school conducted on the oral system.

A. L.—There is a College Hall of Residence for women students in London at 1 and 2, Byng-place, Gordon-square, W.C., close to University College. Write to the hon. secretary, Miss Browne, for papers. The fees for board, residence, fire, and light are from £51 to £78 15s. for the University College session. Application for admission must be made to the principal, Miss Grove.

HAJTEBAYKRON.—Perhaps the Garland Essay Club would suit you. The secretary is Miss Routh, 52, Montagu-square, Hyde Park, London, W. It was established in 1879, and there are only nine rules.

TIDES.—For all information respecting the St. John Ambulance Association, write to the secretary, St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell, E.C. If you wish to become a paid nurse you have mistaken the description of institution to which you should apply. Better look for admission into St. Thomas's, St. Mary's (Paddington), Westminster Broad Sanctuary, or Middlesex hospitals. If you go in as a lady student you must pay; if as a nurse, you will be paid.

ADA M. NEWMAN.—Get a small grammar and phrase-book, and after two or three lessons from a master for instruction in the pronunciation you will be able to do the rest yourself; but you need not attempt to pronounce without instruction. The Hanoverian is the best. For French, that of Blois and Tours is superior to what is spoken in any other part of the country.

WEST LINDSEY.—Write to the registrar, University of London. The matriculation examinations are held in January and June. No competitor eligible unless sixteen years old complete. Women are admitted to all degrees without exception by the charter of 1878. The papers will be sent to you on application for them. We thank you for your kind letter.

PRISCILLA.—Shorthand is of value to a woman if she intends to become a reporter, secretary, or writer.

DOROTHY S. should visit an infant-school, and see if she cannot learn something there to help her.

FRENCH.—It would be better for you to purchase a secondhand French grammar, and to find the rules in it for determinating the gender of nouns; they are so numerous, and liable to so many exceptions, that we could not go into the subject. We do not undertake to conduct elementary classes in our correspondence.

GEORGE BROWN GULVAL.—The "Paragraph Bible," pocket edition, with references, notes, prefaces, and maps, is sold at 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., in cloth at 3s.; a larger edition, 4s. As an assistance to you in the Sunday-school, you should get the "Companion to the Bible," 2s. 6d., or the "Bible Reader's Help," 8d., from the same address.

E. L. BARNS.—The Moravian, or United Brethren, have schools in England, at Bedford, Fulneck, and Gomersal, near Leeds; Ockbrook, near Derby; and at Gracehill, near Ballymena, co. Antrim, in Ireland. The chief establishments of the Moravians in Germany are at Herrenhut, a village in Saxony, thirty-five miles east of Dresden. We should think there would be schools there also. We regret that your letter could not have been answered in time.

YORKSHIRE MOTHER.—Certainly, you must insist on instant and absolute obedience, and the lesson should be learnt by the time the child is three years old. Of course, the delay till eight years old occasions a grave difficulty; but it is not too late. Do not make a point of trifles, but in any case of direct rebellion it becomes essential that the child should know once for all that you—not he—is the master. A smart application of your slipper or rod, if there be one, will prove of untold permanent advantage. Do not punish a child for telling an untruth to escape punishment, as it is like flogging a horse for shying; it is a fault of timidity. Do so if the falsehood be injurious to anyone else. At the ages you name they should not talk at table. See our articles on the "Duties of Mothers," page 262, vol. vi. (part for January, 1885).

LULY.—You will obtain all the instruction you need in the series of articles on etiquette and good breeding which have appeared in the G. O. P. If the door opens on your left, take the handle with your right hand. If it opens on your right, take the handle with your left hand. Open the door wide; do not squeeze yourself through a narrow aperture; and hold your head up.

MINSTER YARD must read the article on "How to Improve the Education," vol. ii., pages 794 and 637; and also the articles on the "Essence of Famous Books," vol. vii.

ART.

UASHLT.—You cannot "set paintings." Oils do not require it, as they can be washed with impunity when dry, and water-colours should be protected by glass. After a year or more, oil paintings may be varnished, but that is not being "set." Clean silver with whitening.

EXCELSIOR.—Your little drawing is pretty and gives promise for the future, but you should first study larger subjects, and learn to make steady sweeping touches, or you will get into a cramped style. If you have any friends who have attended drawing-classes, you could get some hints and obtain some copies to study. Be guided by the terms of the competition, and risk nothing questionable.

AN AMATEUR.—Articles on "Water-colour Painting" appeared in the G. O. P., page 124, vol. ii.; "Sketching from Nature," "China Painting," page 340, vol. i. We suppose you are a very recent subscriber to our paper. No colours are permanent on china unless they can be burnt in, or "fired," as it is called.

ONE WHO CAN'T WRITE LETTERS.—We do not understand how you "have not found 'clytie' in several dictionaries," unless those searched happened not to be classical, but ordinary English ones.

M. A. B.—Of course you must show your cards to some publishers or you will never dispose of them, but we could not tell you with what success. No copies would be taken. The portraits of the editor and his staff have already appeared in the G. O. P.—such as they are. We thank you for the pretty card and kind good wishes for our unknown birthday. Your handwriting is legible, but needs to be sloped from right to left, and the strokes of the "t's" passed through them. There is nothing improper in sending your love to men, provided you make a suitable selection for such a tender expression of regard. For instance, you may send it to your grandfather, father, brother, and uncle, and nephew, with the greatest propriety.

A LOVER OF THE G. O. P. and QUEEN ELEANOR.—You should get a shilling manual to give the first instructions in mixing oil-paints and how to use them, as well as water-colours. The reason that oil-painting is so much easier than with water-colour, is that if you fail in any effect you can paint over it, and improve the work as often as you please. The address of one early rising society is, Seymour-grove, Old Trafford, Manchester; secretary, Miss C. Hacking. Price of rules 2d. We are glad you benefited by our prescription.

WORK.

QUEENIE.—£10 to £15 is a fair allowance for dress if not going into evening society. Consult the articles on "Girls' Allowances" in vol. v., pp. 54, 91, 245, and 764. Of course you should make your own clothes to render such an allowance sufficient.

A. ESSENHIGH.—We have not given instructions for macramé lace. We should think blue or dark red would suit you for a dress, with a hat to match. Consult "Dress in Season and in Reason" every month.

SNIFFER.—The fashionable colours for riding-habits are green or blue. We could not limit the price, as it would depend on the tailor you employed.

ONE OF FOUR.—To restore black lace to a good colour see the recipe given on page 303, vol. ii. What wretched handwriting! Why not improve it?

NORTHUMBRIA, GIPSY, EDITH WOODFORD.—We have already given a long and detailed answer on the subject of curing skins, in vol. iii., page 368, to which kindly refer. When the skin is hard and crackly it shows that it has been badly prepared. But most skins cured abroad have to pass through the furrier's hands in England to give them the proper suppleness and softness, and if the skins be valuable you had better employ an experienced person.

L. E. J.—We are much obliged to you for describing a new game, which we shall probably find useful at a future day.

ETHEL.—You will find much useful needlework that children can accomplish by applying to any kindergarten stall.

AN OLD STOCKWELLITE.—Artists' or Berlin black, or one of the many varnishes sold for shoes and boots, might renovate your straw hats better than ink and gum. For black straw hats we prefer gum arabic solution, without ink.

DAISY C. H.—An article on folding serviettes, with diagrams, will probably be given.

G. E. M.—The amount of material to make the plain skirt twenty-two inches wide would be 4½ yards. Alpha's list was published at p. 576, vol. vi.

GRACIE.—Both the buttonholes should be made with two square ends—"across," not "downwards."

CLARA WESTROPP.—The subject of Indian outfitting is such a wide one that we generally advise our readers to get a small manual called "Indian Outfits," published by L. U. Gill, 170, Strand, W.C. The GIRL'S OWN PAPER can be obtained everywhere, we think.

MARY WILSON.—The competitions are not yet announced, and we cannot say.

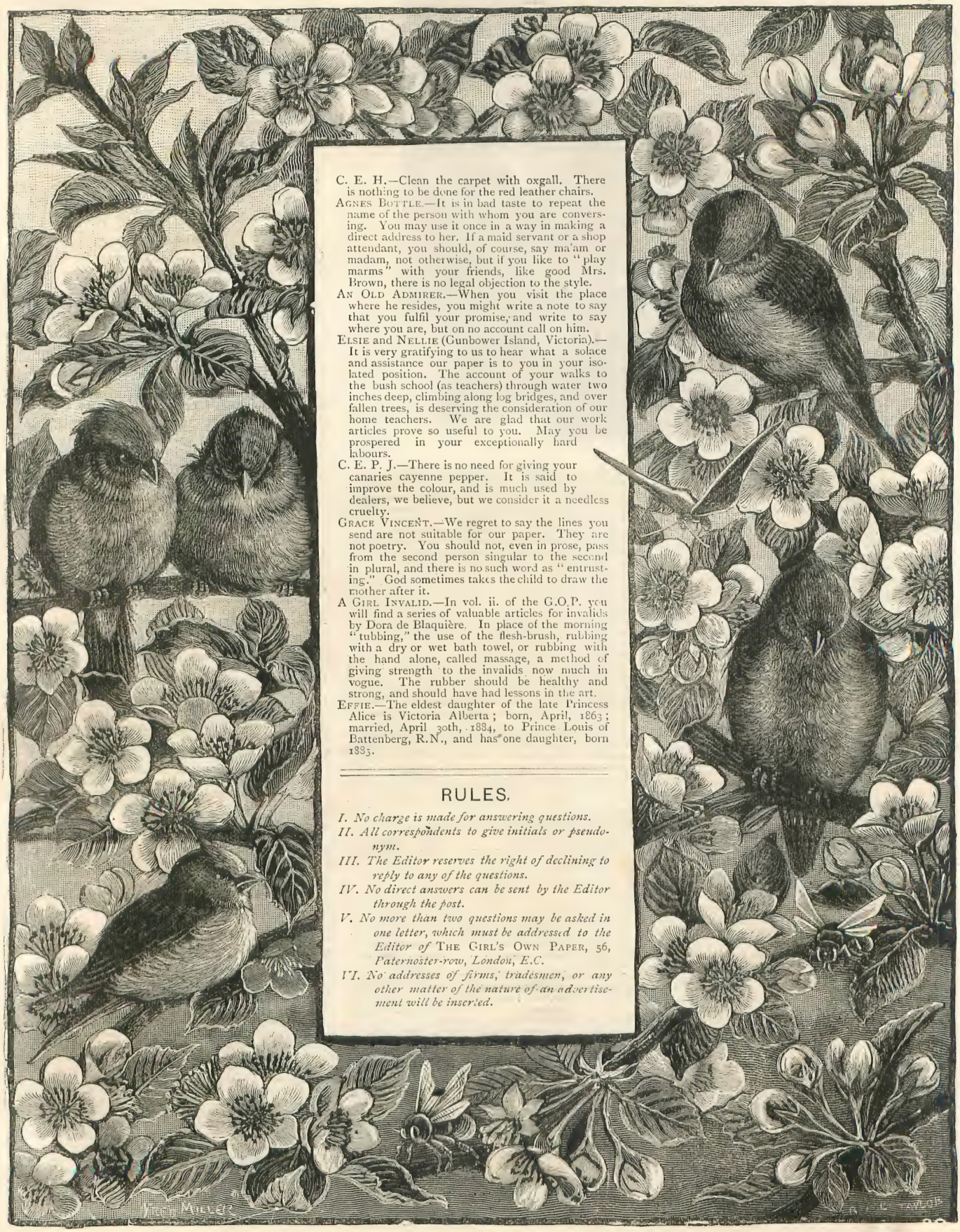
AN OCCASIONAL RIDER cannot do better than take a pair of boys' trousers, and copy them, cutting them out in paper, and fitting to the right size. They are made of cloth, lined to the knee, or a little above, with chamois leather. They should be made with a sewing-machine, if possible.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ELOISE S. P.—The prophet Daniel was of the tribe of Judah, of very illustrious and royal descent. He was, according to Josephus, of the family of Zedekiah, the last king of Judah before the destruction of Jerusalem by Nebuzar-adan. He was carried away captive to Babylon in the fourth year of Jehoiakim, and probably in the eighteenth or twentieth of his age, and, on account of his birth, presence, accomplishments, and wisdom, was selected to stand in the presence of Nebuchadnezzar. His companions were Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, children in whom was no blemish, but well favoured. Never take morphia excepting by a doctor's orders. "Eloise" states that by dipping the stems of cut flowers into liquid ammonia you may change violet flowers into green ones, and white into yellow; but they recover their natural colour in a few hours.

A LOVER OF THE PURITANS.—The Puritan women and girls wore caps very much like those of charity girls of our day. In fact, the whole dress has survived in the dresses of some of the parish school children. The hair was not shown.

EDITH would, perhaps, be better satisfied if she took some more distinctly literary magazine or quarterly.



C. E. H.—Clean the carpet with oxgall. There is nothing to be done for the red leather chairs.

AGNES BOTTLE.—It is in bad taste to repeat the name of the person with whom you are conversing. You may use it once in a way in making a direct address to her. If a maid servant or a shop attendant, you should, of course, say ma'am or madam, not otherwise, but if you like to "play marms" with your friends, like good Mrs. Brown, there is no legal objection to the style.

AN OLD ADMIRER.—When you visit the place where he resides, you might write a note to say that you fulfil your promise, and write to say where you are, but on no account call on him.

ELSIE and NELLIE (Gunbower Island, Victoria).—It is very gratifying to us to hear what a solace and assistance our paper is to you in your isolated position. The account of your walks to the bush school (as teachers) through water two inches deep, climbing along log bridges, and over fallen trees, is deserving the consideration of our home teachers. We are glad that our work articles prove so useful to you. May you be prospered in your exceptionally hard labours.

C. E. P. J.—There is no need for giving your canaries cayenne pepper. It is said to improve the colour, and is much used by dealers, we believe, but we consider it a needless cruelty.

GRACE VINCENT.—We regret to say the lines you send are not suitable for our paper. They are not poetry. You should not, even in prose, pass from the second person singular to the second in plural, and there is no such word as "entrusting." God sometimes takes the child to draw the mother after it.

A GIRL INVALID.—In vol. ii. of the G.O.P. you will find a series of valuable articles for invalids by Dora de Blaquière. In place of the morning "tubbing," the use of the flesh-brush, rubbing with a dry or wet bath towel, or rubbing with the hand alone, called massage, a method of giving strength to the invalids now much in vogue. The rubber should be healthy and strong, and should have had lessons in the art.

EFFIE.—The eldest daughter of the late Princess Alice is Victoria Alberta; born, April, 1863; married, April 30th, 1884, to Prince Louis of Battenberg, R.N., and has one daughter, born 1885.

RULES.

I. No charge is made for answering questions.

II. All correspondents to give initials or pseudonym.

III. The Editor reserves the right of declining to reply to any of the questions.

IV. No direct answers can be sent by the Editor through the post.

V. No more than two questions may be asked in one letter, which must be addressed to the Editor of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, *56, Paternoster-row, London, E.C.*

VI. No addresses of firms, tradesmen, or any other matter of the nature of an advertisement will be inserted.

VOL. VII.—No. 328. APRIL 10, 1886. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

A CHILD'S JOURNAL.

By JETTY VOGEL.

SHE wrote in her little journal,
That was hers but that New Year's Day,
And "Give me some ink, dear auntie,
That never shall fade away;
For I mean to keep this journal
Until I am old and grey."

This was her cry, my darling,
As she bent o'er the snowy page,
And turned to question her auntie
With earnest tones and sage:
But who could look at my darling
And think of grey-haired age?

"How much may I write, dear auntie?
The whole page may I fill?"
And she toiled o'er her little journal
With eager right goodwill,
Till the little brain was aweary
And the fingers wearier still.

When the fair white page was blotted,
She viewed it with dismay.
"How nice it would be, dear auntie
If the blots could fade away,
And the writing last for ever,
For ever and for aye!"

And I thought, as I heard my darling,
How life, with its flying pen,
Since we wrote in our childish journals,
Has filled many a page since then;
And oh! could we cancel the record,
And see the page clear again!

The words of passion and folly;
The wild and reckless deeds,
Whose fruits we are sadly reaping
Though we lightly sowed their seeds:
All these on the pages are written
To sadden the heart that reads.

Ah! my journal! whose spotless pages
I thought I would keep so fair!
The writing is blurred and hurried
And blotted, for all my care,
And the faults, though we wish them faded,
Yet, alas! they are always there.

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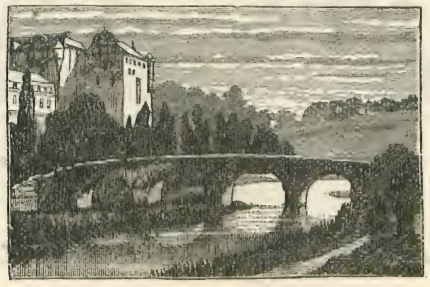
But still in my journal is written
What I would not have decayed;
Of gladness and tender sorrow,
Bright sunshine and grateful shade:
They have all of them left their impress
In letters that never shall fade.

Where the name of a lost beloved
On the journal's page appears,
Though spoken in faltering accents,
And gazed at through blinding tears;
Yet there let it stand for ever
To hallow the lonely years!

And the love that through storm and sunshine
Has guarded me day by day,
The patient love and the goodness
That have borne with me all the way:
All these in the journal are written,
And never shall fade away.



THE GIRLS OF THE WORLD.

FACTS AND FIGURES.

By EMMA BREWER.

CHAPTER V.—*(continued).*

MARRIAGES.

If you desire to see a wedding in Europe at the present time exactly as it was hundreds of years ago, you must go to Styria, of which Gratz is the capital. In parts of this country nothing has been changed with time, neither language, manners, nor customs. There is very little romance about a marriage in this country, and one of love is very rare.

If a young man admires a girl and wishes to make her his wife, he does not woo her himself, but engages an agent to do this for him. This agent, who is generally a friend of both families, begins by making very frequent visits to the girl's home, at which her parents appear to be much surprised, though at the same time they willingly make opportunities for bringing the matter to a favourable issue.

The two things necessary for the bridegroom to be assured of is, that the girl whom he desires to make his wife understands housekeeping thoroughly, and that she possesses means more or less according to her position in life.

As soon as all this is satisfactorily settled, and the assent of the girl and her parents has been won, the agent, or "bitte-man" * as he is called, fixes a day for the bride elect and her parents to pay a visit of inspection to the bridegroom's house, to see if it be suitable for the reception of a wife: no corner is left unseen either in cellar or stable. Of course the bridegroom omits nothing that would show off his house to great advantage, and he often borrows largely of his neighbours for this purpose.

This being satisfactory to the visitors, the amount of dower is fixed and the engagement settled, after which both bride and bridegroom pay many visits to the village pastor to be instructed by him on the religious significance of marriage, which is held in this country to be a sacrament. The pastor, being content with the result of his teaching, the work of issuing invitations commences. This is not done by letter, but by a very important person called "Hochzeitlader" (wedding inviter), who, as the guests live often at great distances, requires fourteen days for his work, and this is how it is done.

He dresses for the occasion in holiday costume, with a hazel stick in his hand, a large bouquet in his hat, and another on his coat, both tied with long flowing red ribbons. Thus equipped he starts on his journey. On arriving at the several houses he stands on the threshold and delivers his message somewhat in the following manner:—

"God be with all in this house. I come laden with a beautiful prayer to you, which is that you will honour the bridal pair, and show your Christian love for them by being present in the church during the ceremony, and at the breakfast which will be set out in——(generally an inn or hotel). The service in church will be at nine o'clock, and the breakfast at midday. The food provided will be simple—a soup, a joint of meat, and some dough nuts—beyond this nothing; yet it will be a beautiful wedding, graced by the presence of many friends."

You can imagine the importance of this man, and how he would be besieged with questions and laden with good things; how he would have the best corner and bed in the solitary farmhouse. I should say it would be enough to spoil any man to have these fourteen days often repeated.

On the wedding-day the bridal pair dress in festive attire, the man with a red silk cravat and large bouquets on his hat and coat, tied with bright silk bows; the girl with a myrtle wreath on her head, a dark dress, generally a black one (light-coloured wedding garments not being considered at all in good taste), and a red silk handkerchief crossed over the chest and tied behind.

First and before all things on the wedding-day there is a full service in the church, to which all friends and guests go in procession. This is a very solemn service, and during the offertory an ancient hymn is sung by the people, the first few lines of which are,

"To the wedding, the wedding, come all ye pious guests,
Oh, hasten, and tarry not, be no one the last,
For Jesus Himself He invites you.
To the wedding, the wedding, come all ye pious guests."

The bride and bridegroom then partake of the Holy Communion, after which the marriage ceremony commences. Before leaving the church a ceremony is gone through, which not even the poorest would forego. It is called receiving the blessing of St. John. The pastor, together with every guest, is provided with a tiny bottle of wine. The former going into the middle of the church, says in a loud voice, "Health and happiness to the bridegroom! Health and happiness to the bride!" everyone saying it after him, and with him putting their lips to the wine.

The last ceremony to be observed in the church is for the principal bridesmaid, who has throughout the whole service carried on the top of her head inside her wreath a plate containing three dough nuts and one or two guldens, to walk into the vestry after the pastor and present unto him this plate, which he graciously accepts. The money is sometimes more and sometimes less, according to the people's circumstances, but the number of the dough nuts never varies.

The return to the house is with music and singing, and the first thing the bride has to do on entering the house is to salt the vegetables, as a sign that she understands cooking. This is always done amid much merriment.

At the end of the meal, which is generally very long and noisy, dancing commences with a peculiar custom handed down from time immemorial. Previous to the wedding day a certain number of cakes are made in the shape of low hats without crowns, and given to the bridesmaids as soon as the breakfast is over, who set to work at once to fix lighted candles round the rim. This being done, they are put on their heads, where they must remain until the candles are burnt out. The wedding day is closed by a division among the guests of the food left from the breakfast, and which is taken home by them, the rule being that nothing must remain in the house.

* Bitten, to beseech.

The weddings of rich and poor are quite alike except in the quality and quantity of the food for the breakfast, but this makes no difference in the happiness of the guests.

Although it would be easy to go on multiplying these quaint marriage customs which obtain in various countries of the world, we must not linger over them, but turn to what statistics have to teach us upon the subject of marriages. You will be surprised to hear that what they have to teach is most interesting, and that the facts they have brought to light are very curious.

First, they use the marriage register as a test of a nation's progress in education. The better the education the more probable it is that the brides and bridegrooms will be able to sign their names to the register. To give you an example we will go back to 1843, when we find that out of a hundred bridegrooms in England thirty-two could not sign their names, and out of a hundred brides in that year forty-nine could not write their names. In 1863 the number of illiterate bridegrooms in every hundred was reduced to twenty-three, and of illiterate brides to thirty-three.

In 1883 we find a still greater reduction, so that throughout England and Wales out of every hundred married there are now only twelve men and fifteen women who are unable to sign their names to the register.

In London the register tells even a better tale, giving only six men and eight women out of each hundred who could not sign their names in 1883.

In Baden the register tells an exceedingly good story of the education of its people. In 1883, out of each 100 bridegrooms 0·07 and of brides 0·1 only were illiterate.

You see by these few examples the means by which statistics arrive at the state of education in a country.

A very curious fact brought to light is that the proportion of marriages to population varies so little in the several countries of the world year after year as almost to lead to the belief that there is no voluntary action at all in the matter, but that marriages are all contracted according to fixed and unalterable laws. Even when bad years come and reduce the number of marriages, if you take an average of five years the numbers adjust themselves as if the order had never been broken.

You will see what I mean by just glancing at the following table, which gives the number of people married in every 1,000 of the population in England and Wales, in France, in Germany, Austria, Hungary, and in Switzerland, in each year since 1875.

	In England and Wales.	In France.	In Germany.	In Switzerland.	In Austria.	In Hungary.
1875	16	16	18	17	17	21
1876	16	15	17	16	16	19
1877	15	15	16	15	15	18
1878	15	15	15	14	15	18
1879	14	15	15	13	15	20
1880	14	14	15	13	15	18
1881	15	15	14	13	16	19
1882	15	14	15	13	16	20
1883	15	15	15	13	15	20

I have not troubled you with decimals, as without them you can see clearly how little the numbers vary.

Another remarkable thing is that the bad years affect only the marriages between bachelors and spinsters, rarely if ever those between single and widowed or between widowers and widows, indicating that the widowed, having homes, have more opportunities of marrying than single people.

Again, there are certain eccentric or what are called abnormal marriages, which go on year after year in every country with the utmost regularity; for example: marriages between women over sixty and men under thirty, and men over seventy and girls under twenty. You would think to look at the number that each land had consented to allow of a certain number every year, neither more nor less. If we did not know to the contrary, we could scarcely persuade ourselves that they were voluntary.

Again, married life is freer from grave crimes than single life. In the latter thirty-three in every 100,000 are guilty, while only eleven in the same number of the married.

The proportion of marriageable men and women in various countries I will show in a little chart at the end.

I should like to close this chapter with neither fact nor figure, but with an earnest desire that those who are married may shine as bright centres of happiness and restfulness in their various homes, and that those who are hoping to marry may take Goethe's advice as to the best way of preparing for the new life they are looking forward to.

"Early let woman learn to serve, for that is her calling;
For by serving alone she attains to ruling—
To the well deserved power which is hers in the household.

* * * * *

To forget herself altogether and live in others alone."

(*To be continued.*)

THE PROPORTION OF MARRIAGEABLE WOMEN TO MEN AND THE NUMBER OF MARRIED PEOPLE IN THE VARIOUS POPULATIONS.

	Single.		Married.		Widowed.	
	Bachelors of Twenty and Upwards.	Spinsters of Fifteen and Upwards.	Men.	Women.	Widowers.	Widows.
England and Wales	6,565,899	6,651,191	4,376,898	4,437,962	437,794	999,046
Ireland	818,632	783,475	696,542	712,525	95,860	253,091
Scotland	500,757	543,271	547,772	560,630	58,990	158,547
Victoria	87,071	97,667	124,654	126,042	12,866	21,743
New South Wales	90,597	68,206	11 ,218	107,833	9,848	16,064
Queensland	26,177	14,420	30,124	30,124	2,270	3,082
South Australia	29,365	26,711	43,955	43,683	2,790	5,860
West Australia	4,858	2,501	4,275	3,976	539	508
Tasmania	11,089	12,733	17,744	17,134	2,378	2,974
New Zealand	60,123	37,126	73,331	72,807	4,964	7,296
France	6,956,601	6,028,797	7,520,186	7,426,105	1,025,731	1,964,557
Italy	7,911,351	7,068,204	5,149,721	5,211,318	571,214	1,322,004
Switzerland	675,678	569,343	458,189	460,998	57,357	124,045
Germany	9,767,052	9,143,239	7,670,931	7,705,754	726,534	1,916,245
Prussia	6,382,475	6,036,029	4,601,924	4,631,620	418,093	1,171,650
Saxony	869,184	863,750	533,848	534,077	39,560	124,265
Bavaria	1,059,120	969,491	881,968	883,853	91,699	201,600
Baden	379,968	384,357	257,676	257,676	27,504	62,358
Spain	4,565,470	4,514,314	3,215,557	3,235,255	352,876	750,257
Belgium	815,960	632,851	878,802	875,561	117,479	203,841
Canada	1,447,414	1,336,982	690,544	689,537	50,895	109,475
British India	56,521,018	36,254,160	54,518,665	54,878,996	5,691,937	20,938,620
British Guiana	64,051	35.555	27,912	25,821	3,062	6,974
Isle of Man	7,453	7,442	8,234	8,086	1,039	2,563
Jersey	6,214	8,458	8,538	9,059	959	3,624
Guernsey	4,689	4,889	6,016	6,295	641	1,674
London	929,223	545,553	641,808	653,601	56,833	173,143
Berlin	335,329	329,695	194,134	194,354	11,871	52,195
Munich	30,693	42,448	38,155	38,338	2,912	11,828
Dresden	31,782	34,876	31,132	30,539	2,366	10,122
Prague	45,476	50,236	28,830	23,560	2,223	10,080
Dublin	65,814	38,865	37,261	38,065	5,022	16,272
Hamburgh	135,245	131,484	79,439	78,218	5,755	20,845
Brussels	13,035	28,425	26,461	26,401	3,016	8,124

ONLY A GIRL-WIFE.

By RUTH LAMB, Author of "Her Own Choice, &c.

CHAPTER XXIII.

JEAN GRAHAM'S illness verified Dr. Crawford's prediction, and proved sufficiently serious. It was found necessary to secure the services of Helen Fraser, who gladly came to Steynes-Cote to help in nursing her old fellow servant.

It was only occasionally that poor Jean's mind wandered, and she alluded to the trouble which had laid her on a sick bed. Her old habitual reticence with regard to her one secret, seemed to exercise an instinctive influence over her during her hours of unconsciousness, and the sound of an unfamiliar voice would always put a stop to her wandering talk.

This was Mrs. Crawford's first experience of sickness, and, to the delight and surprise of her husband, she manifested many excellent qualifications for a nurse's work, of which he had never before suspected the existence. He told her so, and very sweet were such words of praise in the ears of the girl-wife.

"I did not know of them myself, Andrew," she said. "I am afraid if any dormant powers of mine have been roused to action, necessity and Grace Steyne must have all the credit."

"You do yourself less than justice, Ida," replied the doctor; "you have only just begun to understand the need for exertion on your part, and you have striven to supply it heartily and cheerfully. Grace has undoubtedly taught you a great deal, but your own instinctive tenderness and consideration for the sorrows of another, have done more still towards developing the qualities I rejoice to see whenever we meet by poor Jean's bed."

It was when the invalid was showing signs of recovery that Dr. Crawford praised his wife's nursing. Long before that Mrs. Prattely had returned to Shelverton, and having been informed of the state of affairs at Steynes-Cote, had besought her husband's permission to offer her neighbourly help.

"Go and welcome, my dear," said Mr. Prattely. "Do not imagine that I shall object to your offering assistance where it is wanted. What I objected to was your tendering help which was not needed, and encouraging a young wife in habits of uselessness, inaction, and dependence upon others."

"Then you will not mind, dear James, if I bring one or two of the children back with me, in order to relieve Mrs. Crawford."

"Bring three if you choose, Maria; but remember, I draw a line at the baby," replied Mr. Prattely.

"As if I could think of such a youthful visitor. Thank you, dear James; if I can, I shall bring back Doris and the elder boy. I am afraid things will be rather at sixes and sevens at Steynes-Cote. It makes a terrible difference when such a useful creature as Jean Graham is not only compelled to give up work, but requires to be nursed and waited on. Fraser says that his wife is helping, and that Bennett, the head nurse, was sent off at an hour's notice."

"And a good riddance too," said Mr. Prattely, with considerable energy. "That woman's face ought to have been like a danger signal to any mother who thought of engaging her. I am truly glad that the responsibility of introducing Bennett did not rest upon you."

Mrs. Prattely assented, and then went off with willing feet on her neighbourly errand. After a couple of hours' absence she returned alone, a little to her own disappointment, and, though he did not own it, her husband's also. She was, however, brimming over with satisfaction about something, and was not long in telling Mr. Prattely what had given her so much pleasure.

"The children are coming to see us to-morrow, James," she said, "though only for the day. There is really no need to remove them, for Jean Graham's illness is not of an infectious kind, and though serious, the danger is now over. It seems the poor thing had been overwrought, owing to some family trouble whilst in Scotland."

Mr. Prattely was glad to hear that Jean was improving, but he had no time to say more than this, for his wife continued, "And, James, I do believe that Jean's illness and the recent upset about the nurse will be productive of real good at Steynes-Cote. I was perfectly amazed to see how Mrs. Crawford, poor thing! has roused herself to meet this domestic emergency. She told me about everything in such a sweet frank way, reminding me of the time when Doris was born, and I went to stay with her during the doctor's absence. She said I must have found out long ago that when she married she was not in the least fit for the solemn responsibilities pertaining to a wife and mother, and that, indeed, she had only just been awakened to them. She blamed herself for having left her little ones in such unsafe hands, all for want of proper inquiry and care on her own part, and said that she could not be thankful enough that they had escaped without serious harm. I began to sympathise with Mrs. Crawford about Jean's illness, and she actually said that all the trouble which had come of late, the sickness amongst the rest, was a perfect godsend to herself, though she was grieved for the sufferings of her faithful servant; and she wound up in this way, 'You will remember, dear Mrs. Prattely, how you pitied me in those early days, as if I ought to be petted and to live an idle, self-indulgent life, all because my father had been a man of title. And you told me, too, how you had called me 'poor thing!' for being the wife of a country doctor. I was a poor thing, indeed, to live such a butterfly life, instead of striving to be a helpmeet to the good man who had chosen me, and of whose love my great ambition now is that I may in time be worthy.'"

"Bravo, Mrs. Crawford," interposed Mr. Prattely, with enthusiasm. "You must never call her 'poor thing!' after this, Maria."

"Indeed, my dear James, I wish I had never done it. My pitying Mrs. Crawford, instead of congratulating her on the many blessings by which she was surrounded from the first, was a great mistake. You said so, James, and you were right. I am an old wife, but old wives will always find they have something to learn as well as young ones, and I am not ashamed to take a lesson from my husband's lips."

"My dear Maria, only my lips can pay you for such an acknowledgment and the implied compliment," and Mr. Prattely gave his kind-hearted wife more than one lover-like kiss.

"I have a little more to tell you, James," said she, after this pleasant interlude. "You will remember that Mrs. Crawford always comforted herself when she had indulged in any little tasteful extravagance, by thinking that the interest of her five thousand pounds would meet all such expenses. It turns out now that Dr. Crawford has never had a penny except one year's interest, though the principal ought to have been paid on his wedding-day. Instead of the money, Lord Carnelly gave him, almost under pressure, a second mortgage on one of his estates, but the interest has never been paid. And that dear good doctor kept this fact from his wife in order that she might not be troubled by her brother's conduct."

"He made a great mistake, Maria. There should be no half confidences between husband and wife," said Mr. Prattely, in a decided tone.

"*We* feel that, and so do the doctor and Ida now. He treated her too much as his girl-wife, instead of the partner alike of his joys and sorrows. And so you see, wise man as Dr. Crawford is, he must share with his wife the responsibility of the past. Mrs. Crawford would have been preserved from yielding to all those little extravagances if she had known that they were paid for by the fruits of the doctor's hard work, and she never would have kept so large an establishment if she had supposed that to make ends meet the doctor was doing with an assistant less, and nearly working himself to death."

Mrs. Prattely paused for breath, and her husband took the opportunity to express the pleasure with which he heard her tidings.

"But I have not finished, James," she added. "I knew you would be as delighted as myself to hear of this change of mind in my favourite, Ida. There is, however, another individual

who has had a large share in bringing it about, and whom do you think it is?"

Mr. Prattely was not allowed a very long time to fail in guessing, as fail he did, for his wife triumphantly interposed the answer.

"Grace Steyne. You remember her, James? She is the eldest daughter of the Rector of Hillstead Magna, who was Mrs. Fereday's cousin, and used often to visit at Steynes-Cote before her death. She has not stayed with the Crawfords until now, for there is an immense family and an invalid mother at the rectory—just the things to give a girl most valuable domestic experiences."

"If they do not make her old before her time," said Mr. Prattely. "Such experiences might be averaged with advantage both to the 'do-nothings' and the over-burdened."

"True, dear James, and though the arranging of such matters is in Higher hands than ours, much might be done by ourselves if we were bent on fulfilling the law of Christ by bearing one another's burdens. Happily for Grace Steyne, she is a fine bright girl, and has done the work of a woman without losing her youth. I hope you will see her to-morrow. I told her you would be pleased to renew the old acquaintance, though your memory will recall only the child and schoolgirl who used to be with Mrs. Fereday."

Mrs. Prattely paused, then exclaimed—

"I must not forget to tell you of another visitor at Steynes-Cote, a Mr. Carnelly, who is second or third cousin to Mrs. Crawford. She told me how they had met—through Grace Steyne, it seems, though strangers before."

"Through Grace Steyne?" said Mr. Prattely, with considerable emphasis, and with a look of inquiry at his wife.

"You need not ask questions with your eyebrows, my dear James," replied Mrs. Prattely. "I *meant no more than* I said, so please do not weave a story out of my words. Grace Steyne met this Mr. Carnelly at Hillstead, where he was visiting some mutual friends. The young man returned to the place after she came to Steynes-Cote, and having heard that he had a distant cousin in Mrs. Crawford, expressed a wish to make her acquaintance. There you have the whole story."

"Except that having fished for an

"'I AM NOT YOUR JUDGE, MR. CARNELLY,' REPLIED GRACE, WITH QUIET DIGNITY."

invitation he got it, and is Dr. Crawford's guest at this present time."

"Only for the day, but he will probably come again, as they seem to like him very much," said Mrs. Prattely.

"What is he? Did Mrs. Crawford tell you if he followed any profession?"

"I fancy he is nothing at all. Only he is very rich, and a bachelor."

"Not a very flattering summary. Of all hard work, doing nothing is the hardest; and of all lots, to be nothing must be the most terrible," said the gentleman, whose own lot had been cast in what most would consider a pleasant place; probably experience enabled him to speak with authority on this subject.

If Mr. Prattely could have been the proverbial little bird and heard a conversation which took place between Mr. Carnelly and Grace Steyne at the very time when his wife and Ida were exchanging confidences, he would have felt that the young lady agreed with him entirely.

Mrs. Crawford was about to accompany Mr. Carnelly through the grounds—Grace being also of the party—when Mrs. Prattely's arrival recalled her to the house.

So to Grace was deputed the office of guide, and perhaps neither of the remaining two felt the interruption a misfortune, much as the girl guest liked her hostess.

As a matter of course, Mr. Carnelly was charmed with the place, and duly admired its beauties. Then he had to tell Grace all the Hillstead news, and especially all that related to the rectory and its inmates.

"You are very much missed there," he said. "What will be the ultimate result to Watty's garments if you stay away too long, cannot be guessed."

"Was he so very ragged when you saw him last? or are you merely trying to harrow my feelings by describing a state of things which exists only in your own imagination?"

"It is a positive fact, Miss Steyne, that no later ago than yesterday afternoon I witnessed Watty's arrival at the rectory gate after a prolonged absence. I am afraid he had forgotten the dinner hour, for the young people had been granted a whole holiday for nutting purposes. A respectable widow, who I fancy superintends the wardrobe department at present, was awaiting Watty's coming with anxious looks."

"And pray in what guise did Watty present himself?" asked Grace, with pretended concern.

"Minus his jacket, though what remained of it hung on his arm. The absence of a sleeve sufficiently accounts for its not being on both arms. I trust you will be content with a general description of his other garments. Watty had begun to fall from a tree during the aforesaid nutting excursion, but happily he was caught, or I should say, his clothes were, on a lower bough. He suffered no personal inconvenience beyond a temporary suspension of his—occupation I was going to say. But I remember that, with commendable presence of mind, he took advantage of his position to gather and drop into the eager hands of his friends below several clusters of nuts hitherto out of reach. I saw the widow turn Watty round and round with the remark that leather was the only material fit for some people's wear."

This word-picture was too life-like to be an imaginary one, and made Grace laugh heartily. Then Mr. Carnelly, having exhausted all other topics likely to interest Grace, ventured to express the regret he felt on finding her absent from home when he arrived at Hillstead.

"I was surprised when I heard that you were coming into our neighbourhood again," said Grace.

"That says little for Hillstead," replied Mr. Carnelly. "Did you think that I had enjoyed my summer visit so little that I should not wish to see it again? Many people there were very kind and hospitable to me. I do not easily forget those, for instance, who give me porridge in a soup-plate."

"But it is so short a time since you left Hillstead, Mr. Carnelly; and is it not rather too soon to come again for—say—more porridge?" added Grace, mischievously.

"Miss Steyne, I did not think you would be so unkind. You have wounded my self-love by telling me how short the interval has seemed to you since I bade you good-bye at the rectory. To me it has seemed very long."

"I suppose time passes quickly with me because I am always busy," replied Grace.

"Another home-thrust for me," said Mr. Carnelly; and it was difficult to tell from his tone whether he was in jest or earnest. "Do you not see, Miss Steyne, that an allusion to your life of active usefulness, and to the work which gives an extra pair of wings to Father Time, is a tacit reproof to a mere idler? It tells me plainly enough, though without words, that if I were equally well employed my time would not hang heavily on my hands."

"Believe me, Mr. Carnelly," said Grace, earnestly, "I never intended my words to convey such an impression."

"I must believe you, but confess—do you not think my mode of life a very reprehensible one?"

"I am not your judge, Mr. Carnelly," replied Grace, with quiet dignity. "If you ask me whether I think a life spent without any definite aim or employment the kind I should choose to lead, I should say 'No.'"

"I believe all good people unite in blaming persons who, having no need to work in order to gain money, and no ambition to become public characters, choose to lead an idle, dilettante life like mine. I go about, admiring all that is beautiful wherever I see it, and, I trust, not forgetting Him to whose wisdom and goodness I owe the pleasure thus derived. I prefer the society of the good and noble amongst mankind, and I honour where I cannot hope to imitate their works and virtues. Does such a life deserve unlimited censure? Yet as a rule it gets it. But let a man make a colossal fortune by a new kind of soap, or, say, a fresh method of crystallising ginger, and the man who has thus served himself is lauded to the skies."

"If the soap diminishes labour and promotes cleanliness, and the ginger is wholesome as well as pleasant to the palate, the inventor has conferred a benefit on mankind. He deserves to be praised, though in serving others he has made a fortune for himself," replied Grace, stoutly.

"I cannot deny this; but is the other life so blameable?" persisted Mr. Carnelly.

"I am not so wedded to my busy life as to under-value rest. Indeed, I should sometimes like less work and more play," replied Grace, in a half-musing fashion. "But I would say, 'Better a life with too much work than one of the kind you describe.' Mind, I blame no one for thinking differently—I speak for myself; though perhaps if I could get rid of all sense of responsibility with regard to the use of time and such talents as God has given, I should be as comfortably idle as any person."

"Thank you, Miss Steyne," began Mr. Carnelly; but the appearance of Mrs. Crawford prevented his saying more on this subject, and the conversation was turned into another channel.

(*To be continued.*)

STAY-AT-HOME GIRLS.

OUR Y.W.C.A. BRANCH.

By DORA HOPE.

"I HAVE some new work for you to do, girls," said Mrs. Mayhew one morning to Nannie and Elsie. "I took care that you should not hear anything about it till you had quite recovered from the fatigue of the bazaar, but now that you have had a rest I have promised to ask you to start a singing class for girls."

"That means Elsie shall teach and I shall keep order. Very well, mother, I am ready."

"You need not be anxious about keeping order, Nannie, as it is not for rough girls at all. You know there are no large factories here, so that most of the girls of that class go to London, and there is already a girls' night school for the few who remain; but a branch has just been started of the Young Women's Christian Association, and it is in their institute I want you to begin a singing class."

"How strange that we should not have heard anything about the institute before. Where is it, mother, and who is the association for?"

"Our branch is a very small affair at present;

so far no actual meetings have been held, except a young ladies' Bible reading on alternate Tuesday afternoons. You were to have been asked to the first one, but I begged that the invitation might be postponed till your extra bazaar work was done and the committee meetings over; but now I have promised to give you the invitation for this afternoon. Miss Browne, who is to act as secretary, will be there, and if you like you can enroll yourselves as members of the association at once, but do not forget to take your purses with you, as the members pay a subscription of one shilling a year."

"But what is the use of it, mother? What is the object of joining?"

"It is more particularly useful for young women who are living away from home, either engaged as teachers, or in shops, or in service. The special reason why girls like you who are living at home should join is that it gives you so many opportunities of helping and sympathising with other girls who are not quite so fortunately situated. The great idea of the association is to be a union for mutual help of young women of all classes of society, from the richest to the poorest. If you join, you will have a little book given you, with a list of the towns all over the world where there are branches of the association, and the addresses of the respective secretaries; and if ever you find yourself in any of those towns, you have only to show your card of membership to be assured of a welcome to any of the meetings, and whatever advice or assistance the secretary can give you, so that it is exceedingly useful for girls who move about much, especially those who have to take situations of any kind in a strange town away from their friends."

"But I don't see where the singing class comes in," interrupted Elsie.

"And *I* don't see how girls in shops can come to afternoon meetings," added Nannie.

"No, of course not," replied Mrs. Mayhew; "but, as I said, the association is meant for all classes of society; and, as it would be impossible for all to meet at the same time, different meetings have to be arranged to suit the convenience and meet the needs of different sets of girls. For instance, girls like you, living at home, can generally arrange to be at liberty in the afternoon, and you have plenty of other opportunities for both instruction and amusement, so nothing is considered necessary for you but an afternoon meeting to study the Bible together. But, on the other hand, those who are engaged during the day can only attend meetings in the evening, and as some can come on one evening in the week, and some another, it is found necessary in most places to have something every evening. We shall try to do so here, and, as you have had so many advantages in learning music, we thought you might pass on something of what you have learnt to the other girls who have had no chance of learning. But, if you go to the meeting this afternoon, Miss Browne will give you all information much better than I can."

The Bible reading was very much shortened on this particular afternoon, in order to give Miss Browne the opportunity of telling the young ladies present about the proposed institute. She reminded them that in almost all establishments, whether shops, workrooms, or whatever they might be, the young people employed have an hour or two free, at any rate one or two evenings in the week, and naturally, after their long hours of hard work, they want to use the little time at their disposal to get some change of scene and recreation, but, if they are living away from home, they have nowhere to go. As a rule, when they live on the premises, they have nowhere to sit but in their bedrooms, and in the winter a scantily-furnished bedroom without a fire is not attractive, and, besides, it is in the nature of young people to like change. They cannot walk about the streets all the evening, even if the weather was always pleasant, so that in very many cases their free evenings bring them only weariness and low spirits, instead of the rest and recreation they need. In consequence of this almost universal trouble, the members of the Y.W.C.A. try, wherever it is possible, to open rooms or institutes where girls can come and spend their evenings, either reading, sewing, or attending the classes, as they choose. Sometimes, where the members are few, only a single room is taken at first, and supplied with a few books and papers and a bright fire, but in this case Miss Browne said she, and the other members of the committee, had thought the size of the place warranted them in taking all the upper part of a house, which had been offered them, over a shop in the main street of their little town; and it had been decided to invite a very respectable widow woman whom she knew to come and live in one of the rooms, which should be given her rent free, in addition to coals and gas, in return for her services in keeping the rooms clean, lighting the fires, and doing anything else that might be required of her.

She had already had some little circulars printed, which she asked all the young ladies present to distribute amongst their friends, explaining the object of the institute, and stating that these unfurnished rooms had been taken, and that carpets, furniture, books, pictures, and all sorts of household articles, both useful and ornamental, would be required, and that a cart would be sent round on a certain day to collect any articles that ladies might be willing to give.

A further set of tickets had been printed, with invitations to young women to attend a tea at the new institute on a certain evening, when the object of the association would be explained; and Miss Browne, who took for granted that all the young ladies would be willing to help, asked each one to take a certain number of these tickets to distribute, or rather a certain district in which to distribute them. She had already made out a list of the principal streets with shops, and also of all the private dressmaking establishments she could hear of, and to each young lady present one street or district was allotted, with instructions to call at each shop or workroom, and give as many cards as might be required, but most especially not to omit to give also a few words of personal explanation and invitation.

As the institute was not yet furnished, and ordinary table and chairs would be rather in the way, it was arranged to hire tables and forms just for the tea; but a few of the girls undertook to borrow or beg curtains and pictures so as to make the room look as cheerful as possible for the occasion.

Nannie and Elsie were quite ready to do their share of visiting, and the whole company set to work so vigorously that when the evening came for the tea the two rooms arranged for the purpose were overflowing with girls, who had evidently come prepared to be interested and pleased with everything, though with rather vague ideas as to the object for which they had been invited.

If the truth must be told, even the energetic manager of the whole thing, Miss Browne herself, had only vague general ideas as to the scope of the association, but seeing how much something of the sort was needed by the young women in the neighbourhood, she had determined to begin, hoping to gather information as she went on.

Now, however, that this large tea had been decided upon, she felt it was absolutely necessary to have some one with authority to explain the subject to the girls, and so, as the rest of the ladies of Deerham seemed to know even less about the matter than she did, she had written, explaining the circumstances, to the secretary at the offices of the association, 17, Old Cavendish-street, London, W., and had obtained in reply a promise that a lady connected with the association would come down from London and explain the whole subject to her and to the girls.

She had arrived accordingly, and as soon as the tea was cleared away and there had been a little preliminary singing and speaking, this lady produced a large package of members' tickets, handbooks, and all sorts of papers, and being evidently accustomed to similar meetings, soon made every one present thoroughly understand the object and plan of the society.

They knew themselves, she said, far better than she could tell them, many of the difficulties and temptations which beset girls away from home, and especially in large establishments, so that she would pass quickly over that part of the subject, and only explain that their friends in the town thought it would be a help to them to have a place where they might make themselves perfectly at home, and where they would always be welcome at any time, either during the day or till half-past ten at night. But there were other advantages to be obtained, she told them, by joining the association.

Amongst other things, any who wished might join a Benefit Lodge, which would ensure them help in case of sickness. Then those who have no friends with whom they can spend their summer holidays, may pay in during the year to a fund to enable them to go for their holidays to one of the institutes at the seaside, where they will be sure to meet with pleasant companions, and will be made as comfortable as though they were at home. Arrangements are made also to help any who wish to emigrate, and introductions obtained for them in the country to which they go, while those needing situations at home may be helped to obtain them by applying to the Central Employment Agency, so that the association offers help under almost all circumstances, and even those girls who live in foreign lands where there are no institutes, or too far out in the country to belong to a regular branch, may enjoy all these benefits by joining the "Scattered Members' Branch."

One word of warning, the lady added, she must give them before sitting down: that they should never go to London, or any other large town, to take or look for situations, trusting to find lodgings when they arrived, or taking them on the recommendation of people of whom they knew nothing; the danger of doing this would account for one other advantage offered by the society, namely, that any girl who had to go to a strange town, by giving a few days' notice through the local secretary, if there was one, or, if not, by writing direct to the central office, 17, Old Cavendish-street, London, W., could be met at the station by some lady connected with the society, who would take her safely to her destination, or if she had not arranged where to go, would help her to find respectable lodgings.

Miss Browne, after giving the girls a hearty welcome to the new rooms, explained that, as indeed they could see for themselves, the rooms were not yet furnished, but they hoped to have their first consignment of furniture, books, curtains, and so on, the next morning; and she thought that, instead of beginning any regular classes at once, the girls would perhaps be willing for a week or two to spend their time in arranging the things and making up the cushions, mantel-boards, and antimacassars, with which they hoped to make the rather bare-looking apartments into regular cosy sitting-rooms.

The girls having given a very hearty assent to this scheme, she went on to say that, as

soon as everything was in order, they proposed to use one of the small rooms as a library, where those who wished to write letters or read might be sure of quiet. There would also be a lending library, and for those who liked needlework the room was furnished with cupboards, in which they could, if they wished, leave their work from one evening to another.

In the large room where they were then sitting, it was intended to hold classes every evening, but she begged the girls to understand that they were not at all expected to join unless they liked; they would be entirely free to do what they pleased.

She then read out to the girls a list of possible subjects for classes, and asked them to vote, by holding up their hands, which they considered most attractive to begin with, and which would be the most convenient evenings for each subject.

The result was that about six weeks later, when the lady from London came to Deerham again, according to promise, to see how things were going on, she found the institute already a vigorous and flourishing society. The girls had thrown themselves heartily into the work of arranging and decorating the rooms, and, that being finished, had shown themselves most willing to do their share towards the amusement and instruction of all the rest.

Two girls, both book-keepers in their respective businesses, undertook between them to give lessons in the art of keeping accounts to some of the other members, who declared that they had never been able to make any accounts balance. Another, a dressmaker, took a cutting-out class, and gave her pupils, including the two from whom she herself learnt book-keeping, no peace till they had each made themselves a well-fitting garment of some sort.

There was always one lady present each evening who was responsible for the arrangements, though she did not of necessity take any classes herself, and upon her devolved the duty of closing each evening with a short passage of Scripture and a prayer.

Monday was called lecture night, and a programme for the whole session was prepared beforehand with interesting lectures on all sorts of popular subjects, such as health, emigration, celebrated women, and so on.

On another evening Nannie and Elsie held their singing class, and once a week a lesson on sick nursing was given by a lady who had been a hospital nurse for some years. The last half hour on Thursday evenings was spent, by those who wished, in calisthenic exercises, led by a lady who taught the art to several young ladies' schools in the neighbourhood. On Sunday afternoons Miss Browne herself conducted a Bible class, and remained at the institute till time for evening service, so that any girls who wished to consult her on any subject would always feel at liberty to come in for a chat, and it was very seldom that a Sunday passed without one or more of them being invited to stay to tea with her, any fresh ones, who seemed lonely and friendless, being generally singled out for an invitation.

All the members were pressed to join the Bible Reading Union, and those who wished also joined the Prayer Union. For these a special meeting was held once a month, when, in addition to Bible study and prayer, plans were talked over for helping the other young women of the town, who had not as yet been reached by the association.

The institute is still young, but already so many members have joined that the rooms are quite full, and Nannie and Elsie are so impressed by the usefulness of this bond of union between the girls of all classes, that they declare that if ever they hear of a town without a branch of the Y.W.C.A., they will write to some of the ladies living there, and try to stir them up to start a branch at once, or rather they will make Jeannette do it, as she has such a nice way of putting things, and if any one does not know how to set about it, if they will only write for information, there is not a single member of the Deerham Institute who would not be glad to tell them all they know on the subject.

(To be continued.)

AN ARTIST'S MODEL; OR, JANET'S MISTAKE.

CHAPTER II.

ALAN did not speak of love to either of the sisters. He was not in a position which could justify him in asking a girl to leave her sheltered home to go and help him to bear his poverty and share his struggles in the busy world.

Two days passed and he was gone. As the steamer hurried him away from the spot which had grown so dear, he strained his eyes to see the last of the familiar places. He could discern the fisherman's cottage which he had passed every evening as he climbed the hill to take a good-night gaze at the manse, and Ben Voir, the scene of their last excursion, over which a pale crescent moon now hung; then all was lost in haze.

The minister and his two daughters having seen the steamer leave the bay, turned homewards. Elsie and her father stopped at a cottage on the way to visit a poor sick woman, and Janet walked slowly on to the manse, feeling a great void in her heart. At the gate she was overtaken by the postman, who gave her the bag containing the letters for the manse and for some far outlying houses beyond his beat, the owners of which would send down for them when convenient.

Janet stood still for a few moments before opening the door, and looked round. What a change seemed to have passed over the whole scene, and yet an indefinable one. The late afternoon sun shone, the birds sang, the flowers smelt sweetly as before. Yet to her senses all was different. As she stood there with the letter-bag in her hand, a strange feeling of depression came over her—like a foreboding of change and sorrow—and it required a considerable effort to shake it off and enter the house, as she heard her father's voice at the garden gate.

Events seemed to prove that Janet's forebodings had some foundation, for the letter-bag contained tidings which plunged the minister's family into great anxiety. The main portion of his modest income consisted of the yearly interest of a sum of money which had been left to him twenty years back by a distant relative, and had been by the advice of his brother-in-law, a clever man of business, invested in a commercial undertaking which had every appearance of solidity. During twenty years it had appeared to justify his confidence; now, in consequence of a series of unfortunate circumstances, failure had come, and the poor minister was involved in the downfall.

The stipend he received from his cure was almost nominal.

His health being poor, he had accepted the position on account of the lightness of his duties, and because the pure air of the island acted as a tonic to his feeble frame.

The loss of his little fortune, his children's only provision, came on him as a crushing blow.

"Ah," sighed Janet to herself, "I was right in feeling that with Alan all brightness had departed from our home."

From the stunned condition into which the minister's family was thrown by the news of their misfortune, Janet was the first to recover. She plainly saw that the income of the minister must be supplemented in some way. Even with the very strictest economy it would be impossible for them all to live upon his present resources. It was plain also that no means of earning money could present themselves here, and therefore it would be necessary that one of them should seek such means elsewhere. She shrank from the idea of Elsie going out to fight with the world, and, besides, she was the poor old father's darling. No, Elsie should not go. She well knew with what opposition a proposal to leave them would be met by her father and Elsie, and therefore, before opening the subject to them, she wrote to a relation of her mother's, living in London, telling her of the present circumstances, and asking her advice.

Many days passed, and no answer arrived. During that time she busied herself with plans for the comfort of her two dear ones when she should be far from them, and, by apparently chance words and suggestions, endeavoured to prepare their minds for a separation.

At length the looked-for letter came. Mrs. Mansel had delayed writing until she could give Janet some practical help. She had made inquiries amongst her friends, and succeeded in finding Janet an engagement as daily governess in the family of an acquaintance of her own living in London. The salary offered was such as would enable Janet to maintain herself, and, with some self-denial, which she did not shrink from, allow her to send a small proportion of her earnings to the manse.

The parting was terrible; but all thought it to be inevitable, and Mr. Macfarlane and Elsie did their best not to unnerve the brave girl who was going forth alone to work for them.

"May the Almighty watch over you, my brave child. Into His keeping I commit my treasure!" were the good old minister's parting words.

Janet found her work pleasant enough. Her pupils were intelligent and affectionate, and she soon grew fond of them. It was her hours of leisure which tried her most by their loneliness. Her thoughts would fly to the manse as soon as her work was done—the manse now for ever associated with the thought of Alan Forsaith—and as she trod the straight paved streets she longed for a draught of the free, fresh air of the hills and the shore, and the spring of the heather beneath her feet. But she never complained. She wrote home long accounts of the town and its doings, as though she were living the gayest of lives,

"JANET STOOD WITH THE LETTER-BAG IN HER HAND."

while her heart ached for a sight of the dear faces of her loved ones.

The accounts of her father's health were not satisfactory, and Janet feared that Elsie was more anxious about him than she liked to say. At length she wrote a private letter to Elsie, begging for the exact truth, and found that what she dreaded was really the case. Elsie had observed symptoms, which caused her great anxiety.

"If only he could go to Glasgow for good medical advice," she wrote, "all might soon be well; but I cannot see how that is to be managed—the journey is too expensive."

Janet determined that it should be done, though, for the moment, she did not see how; still, by stinting herself a little more, she might, perhaps, manage to send something towards the journey. "If only I could find some means of adding to my earnings," was her constant thought.

She was growing pale and thin with anxiety. The mother of her pupils, Mrs. Delamere, thought she was homesick, and in order to amuse her, invited her to an evening party which she was giving to a select circle of friends.

Janet at first declined, but, being urged, finally consented to go. She was very lonely at first in the large well-lighted rooms, but gradually became interested in watching the people from the quiet corner where she sat. Mr. Delamere was a great patron of art, and several distinguished artists and connoisseurs, whose names were familiar to Janet through newspapers and reviews, were present, and it amused her to identify them either by the servants' announcements or from the conversation around her. Two ladies, seated near her, seemed to know nearly everyone who entered, and they spoke loudly enough for her to overhear what was said; so from them she gathered a good deal of information respecting the people present.

"How well the new picture looks from where we are sitting," said one of them, "though this strong light is not favourable to the soft moonlight effect. I hear that Mr. Delamere gave £500 for it, and is quite satisfied with his bargain."

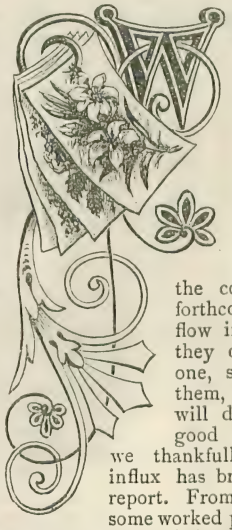
"Ah!" said the other, "there is Alfred Archer explaining its beauties or its defects to Hetty Montressor. I should like to hear what he is saying."

Janet, recognising the name of a well-known art critic, followed the direction of the speaker's gaze with her own, and saw a lady and gentleman standing before a picture which had appeared to attract the attention of each new comer in turn. The gentleman's back was towards her, but the lady's face and figure, as she looked at the picture, were plainly visible to Janet. She was young, fair, and graceful, and as she listened to her companion, with a far off-abstracted expression in her eyes, she reminded Janet so strongly of Elsie in one of her dreamy moods as quite to startle her. Instantly her thoughts flew to her island home. "My darling Elsie!" she murmured to herself, "if you were only here how I should enjoy all this. And poor papa! Ah! if he could only get to Glasgow." Then, forgetting all around her, her brain set busily to work, forming plans for the accomplishment of her desire. All at once a new idea struck her. "How foolish of me not to think of it before. There is poor mamma's pearl necklace, which I have on at this moment. I know it is worth a good deal of money, and I am sure mamma, if she knew, would not mind my parting with it for such an object. I will see about selling it the first thing to-morrow morning." With this resolve she drew herself up from the relaxed position into which she had sunk, lifted from the ground her gaze glowing with enthusiasm and devotion, and suddenly became aware that a gentleman standing near her was looking fixedly at her. He was a slightly-built, delicate-featured, refined-looking man, with soft dark hair falling with studied carelessness about his pale forehead. Perceiving that his earnest gaze somewhat embarrassed Janet, he withdrew it from her face, and sauntered slowly away into the adjoining room. Presently he passed again slowly, just glancing at her as if to ascertain whether she were still there. He then took up his position in front of the new picture and studied it closely.

(*To be concluded.*)

THE PRINCESS LOUISE HOME.

By Anne Beale.



We are delighted to find that the readers of The Girl's Own Paper do not forget their old friends. The girls of the Princess Louise Home are delighted also. They return many grateful thanks for renewed and continued favours. Although the contributions to the forthcoming bazaar do not flow in quite as rapidly as they did to the previous one, still the tide brings them, and when at its full will doubtless give us a good supply. At present we thankfully record what its influx has brought since our last report. From J. E. L. F., a handsome worked plush mantel-border; Reader of the G.O.P., a crocheted shawl; a C. M. M. Hog various articles to the value of £2 0s. 10d.; and one shilling from Helen, the only money donation towards bazaar expenses.

But our gratitude does not stop here. The inmates of the Home are desirous to express it to those good friends who have worked for them especially. The members of the Hampton Court Palace Association for the Aid of Friendless Girls sent them 20 useful garments at Christmas, and their constant allies, the pupils of the South Hampstead High School for Girls, presented them with 100 articles of clothing at the same period. The latter comprised dresses, petticoats, aprons, and what not, and when despatched there were still 19 more dresses on hand. We congratulate the girls of this High School on being able to employ their fingers so usefully, and would venture to compliment its principal and teachers on their part in the good work. Another parcel and money contribution also arrived at the Home at Christmas from Gretta E. Gracie, whose interest had been awakened by The Girl's Own Paper. This was sent from Scotland. How thankful we should be for Christmas! The hearts of two little girls whose parents are in India were stirred to pity for the London children. They held a bazaar, and divided the proceeds amongst five Homes, one of which was the Princess Louise. They sent five guineas to each Home. They are aged respectively eleven and ten, and the conclusion of the pretty note that accompanied the donation was, "Your little friend, Grace M. Sandes."

We cannot conclude our brief report without informing our readers that the new laundry, erected to enable the girls to help to maintain themselves, is completed and in working order. A letter from a gentleman has somehow slipped in amongst those from "our girls" now before us, and it is so suggestive that we must skim the cream of its contents. He sends a box containing one hundredweight of primrose soap for the benefit of the laundry. We hope the young washerwomen will use it to good purpose.

An inquiry is made as to when the bazaar is to take place. Some time in the summer we hope, but the date must depend on the convenience of H.R.H. the Princess Louise, who has kindly promised to open it. We trust it may be held in the grounds of the Home—*i.e.*, Woodhouse, Wanstead. The London address is still the same—

A. Gillham, Esq.,
32, Sackville-street, W.

VARIETIES.

In Company.—How many people would be mute if they were forbidden to speak well of themselves and evil of others?—

Madame de Fontaines.

The Business of Criticism.—They wholly mistake the nature of criticism who think its business is principally to find faults.

—*Dryden.*

Avarice and Pride.

Amongst the famous singers of the days of Queen Anne was Mrs. Tofts, who had a passion for money-making combined with a considerable conceit of herself. These weaknesses were hit off in an epigram attributed to Pope:—

"So bright is thy beauty, so charming thy song,
As had drawn both the beasts and their Orpheus along;
But such is thy avarice, and such is thy pride,
That the beasts must have starved and the poet have died."

A Good Appetite.—When in the Arctic regions Sir W. E. Parry once tried how much food an Esquimaux lad, scarcely full grown, could consume in twenty-four hours. It was as follows:—Four pounds four ounces of frozen seahorse flesh, raw; four pounds four ounces of frozen seahorse flesh, boiled; one pound twelve ounces of bread and bread-dust; one pint and a quarter of rich gravy soup; one tumbler of strong grog; three wine glasses of raw spirits; nine pints of water.

At School.—A schoolgirl says her studies are arithmetic, algebra, geography, astronomy, grammar, English history, general history, etymology, spelling, composition, drawing, reading, writing, and singing by note. It looks as if her education were being sadly neglected. Unless French, Latin, mental philosophy, civil engineering, and hydrostatics are added to her studies she will be totally unfit to assume the duties of a wife and mother a few years hence.

Answer to Double Acrostic (p. 374).

1. L e a H
2. A r m a d i l l O (*c*)
3. M a g d e b u r G (*d*)
4. B e h r i n G

Lamb (*a*). Hogg (*b*).

(*a*) Charles Lamb, author of the "Essays of Elia," had an impediment in his speech.

(*b*) James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, author of "Kilmeny," the "Queen's Wake," etc.

(*c*) "Armado" is the Spanish word for "armed," or "equipped in armour," and its diminutive "armadillo" signifies "the little creature in armour."

(*d*) During the thirty years' war in Germany, Magdeburg (Maiden City) was strongly held in the Lutheran cause, but Count Tilly, the general of the Catholic League, besieged and took it, May 10, 1631. The assault and sack of the city form one of the most appalling episodes of modern history.

ON COPYING THE OLD MASTERS.

By EMILY MACIRONE.

PART III.

"Hallam says that Italy supplied the fire whence other nations in the revival of letters lighted their torches, and this, which was the fact in the most part in letters, is also true to a great extent in the rise and diffusion of art."

AFTER Rubens, we naturally turn to his celebrated pupil, Vandyke (as we have only space to name a few leading names in art), who was born at Antwerp, 1599, and died in London, 1641. On seeing his great capabilities, Rubens strongly advised him to study the works of the great schools of Italian art, as he himself had done; for he had none of the small jealousies of some teachers, who would wish to be the only source of their pupils' greatness, but desired, above all things, their advancement and success.

Vandyke accordingly made the grand tour, and went to Rome, Florence, Bologna, Milan (where he copied the "Cenacolo"), and last, but not least, Venice, where he studied Titian with so much success, that no painter has ever come so near the great Venetian in colouring.

He painted with a full body of colour, but was more cautious in the use of glazing than Titian. There is in the Altieri Palace at Rome a picture by Vandyke in which can be clearly traced the transition from the manner of Rubens to that of Titian. The luminous breadth of colour observable in the works of Titian has been successfully imitated by Vandyke in what is termed his Italian manner, and his pictures of that period possess that character to perfection. His most delicate tints have a richness and warmth resembling the deep tones of Rembrandt. This treatment of the light is supported by deep browns and reds in the shadows and half tints, thereby preventing the light from appearing heavy, and giving it an influence over the whole picture.

Instead of delineating the violent passions and heavy forms of his late master, he sought to emulate the more graceful figures and the softer colouring of the Italian schools, particularly of Titian, and at the same time he endeavoured to give the expression of deeper feelings, of a more tender love, of a more spiritualised sorrow, and a more touching emotion. His subjects have generally a character of outward repose, and are confined within a narrow circle.

Vandyke executed many historical pictures, some of which are of the highest merit, as "The Crucifixion," in the Church of St. Michel, at Ghent. The inexpressibly touching picture of "The Saviour Hanging on the Cross by Moonlight," at the Museum at Antwerp, and another "Crucifixion" at Mechlin, which Sir Joshua Reynolds considered as one of the finest in the world, and as giving the highest idea of Vandyke's powers. He is, however, chiefly distinguished as a portrait painter. He not only knew how to represent nature in general in fine forms, and in warm and beautiful colours, but his peculiar mode of conception enabled him to seize the more refined delicacy of the upper classes, without at the same time failing to mark with life and spirit the nicer traits of character, despite its external polish. The refined and elegant Vandyke added to graces which Rubens disdained to court his own exquisite taste.

Vandyke seldom appeared to advantage when he had several figures on his canvas. Rubens early saw this, and advised him to apply himself to portraits. And we have all the more reason to be grateful that such advice was given, for in the pictures of Vandyke the leading characters of those stirring times live again. The King, Henrietta Maria his Queen, Strafford, Rupert, Maurice, among many others, and the ladies of that splendid and art-loving Court, whose graceful figures are as familiar to us as the friend we parted from yesterday—they are all there, the fair women in their rich and stately robes, jewelled clasps, and dainty lace (for Vandyke was the first who knew how to throw an air of graceful romance over ladies' dresses). The cavaliers in their court robes or their well-worn armour, in which they were proud to fight, and, if needs be, to die for their king. How real they are! What noble presence and high breeding! No, indeed, we would be sorry to exchange these portraits of the witnesses of the great conflict for any number of historical pictures, though, indeed, in one sense they are historical pictures, and an invaluable legacy to future ages.

It is to be deeply regretted that with all the innumerable Vandykes that enrich our private galleries, we have only one English portrait by him, which was bought the other day, in our National Gallery—the Blenheim portrait of Charles I. Vandyke lived at the Palace at Blackfriars. It requires no small stretch of imagination to conjure up a palace there now. The king was very fond of him, and would frequently visit his studio for some relaxation from the growing cares of State. He would come in his royal barge from Westminster, for at that time the silvery Thames was the great highway from the Court to the City; and beautiful the river must have been on a fine summer's evening, covered with the barges of the wealthy, filled with gay companies of ladies and cavaliers, and always accompanied with bands of music. On the banks of the river were gardens and stone terraced walks belonging to the great houses that stood on the ground now covered by the roaring Strand.

The following story of Vandyke is too pretty to be lost.

Walking one day along Snow Hill, Sir Anthony Vandyke, rich in the sunshine of Court favour, saw a painting in a shop window which caught his attention. He learnt the name and address of the artist, a poor address indeed, and mounted stair after stair, to the wretched garret, where he found a starving painter at his easel. The young, handsome face and careworn look in the dark eyes made their impression on the successful Vandyke.

His generous heart felt for a brother artist, and he gave him the right hand of fellowship. The starving artist, William Dobson, was the son of a poor gentleman of good family at St. Albans, and had been bound apprentice to Peake, a picture dealer at Holborn-bridge. Sir Anthony found him worthy of his kindness, he took him away from his mean surroundings and introduced him to the king. From that day Dobson's fortune was made.

Vandyke died at the comparatively early age of 43, and was buried in old St. Paul's, near the tomb of John of Gaunt, 1641.

To those of our readers who practise the art of portrait painting, no apology may be required for offering them an idea of Vandyke's peculiar method. It was the result of a confidential conversation, held with Monsieur Jabac, a celebrated connoisseur with whom Vandyke was intimate at Paris. Of their intimacy there is a sufficient proof, and that is, that he thrice drew Jabac's portrait *con amore*.

Jabac was observing to him one day how little time he bestowed on his portraits.

Vandyke answered that at first he worked hard and took great pains to acquire a reputation, and with a swift hand, against the time that he should work for the kitchen. His general habit was this: He appointed both the day and hour for the person's sitting, and worked not above one hour at any portrait, either in rubbing or in finishing; so that as soon as the hour was past, he rose and made a bow to the sitter, to signify that he had finished; and then appointed another hour on some other day. Whereupon his servant appeared with a fresh palette and pencils, whilst he was receiving another visitor whose hour had been appointed.

By this method he commanded expedition, and always came to his subject with a fresh eye. After having lightly dead-coloured the face, he put the sitter into some attitude which he had before contrived, and on grey paper with white and black crayons he sketched the attitude and drapery, which he designed in a grand manner and with exquisite taste.

After this he gave the drawing to the skilful people that he had about him, to paint from the sitter's own clothes, which at Vandyke's request he had sent to him for that purpose.

When his assistants had copied these draperies, he went over that part of the picture again, and thus, by a shortened process, he displayed all that art and truth which we at this day so much admire in them. He kept persons in his house of both sexes, from whom he painted the hands, and he cultivated a friendship with the ladies who had the most beautiful hands, to allow him to copy them. He was thus enabled to delineate them with a surpassing delicacy and admirable colouring.

He very frequently used a brown colour, composed of peach stones, as a glazing for the hair; query Vandyke *brown?*

From the works of Rubens and Vandyke to those of Rembrandt, 1606 to 1674, the transition is most natural; they were almost of the same period, each unapproachable in their several lines—Rubens representing magnificence, arising from colour; Rembrandt the full empire of light and shade, and of all the tints that float between them.

Like almost all the artists of his time, his aim was not to represent the *beau-idéal* of beauty, but rather to express the tone of his own mind, with its dark feeling of dreamy power and subdued passion. There is something phantasmagoric in this style which reminds one of the tendency of northern art towards the close of the Middle Ages to the marvellous and strange. (It was about this time, 1678, that Bunyan published his wonderful allegory "The Pilgrim's Progress.") His figures never fail to excite in us the poetic tone of mind aimed at by the artist.

In many respects Rembrandt is the opposite of Rubens. The paintings of the latter, despite their heavy sensual forms, always preserve a certain character, as if destined to set off the pomp of the Catholic worship; in

PORTRAIT OF VANDYKE.
By Himself. (From the original etching in the British Museum.)

those of Rembrandt the master seems, as it were, a sturdy and gloomy republican.

His father's mill was doubtless Rembrandt's school: the strong and solitary light, with its impenetrable obscurity around. The characteristic feature of many of Rembrandt's best works is just such an effect as would be produced by the one ray admitted into the lofty chamber of a mill from the small window, its ventilator; and if you throw a few flowers, or even one only, on the floor of a chamber so lighted, immediately in the single ray of light, you will have the example in nature, which will exemplify Rembrandt's principles, or rather practice of colouring.

Some of Rembrandt's portrait backgrounds, though treated with scarcely any attention to form, and from the lowness of their tones presenting only a harmonious mass, are proved on inspection to be full of a variety of hues; the warmth, as usual, increasing with darkness, and with light the cool colour pervading the half-tints. The absence of positive form which generally accompanies this harmonious obscurity in Rembrandt has the effect of increasing the impression of depth.

Hoogstraten (Rembrandt's pupil), saturated with his teaching, says:—"It is, above all, desirable that you should accustom yourself to a lively mode of handling, so as to smartly represent the different planes and surfaces of the objects represented, giving the drawings due emphasis and the colouring a playful freedom, without ever proceeding to polishing or blending, for this annihilates freedom. It is better to aim at softness with a well-nourished brush, and, as Jourdaens used to express it, 'gaily lay on the colours, caring little for the even surface produced by blending.'"

Rembrandt used to varnish in this manner. He said, "Take especial care not to mix the superadded pigment with what is underneath it, except in final operations, where, to conceal your art, the brush is allowed to plough deeply."

Sir George Beaumont says, "There are few things in a picture more unpleasing than perfect smoothness. There are no objects in nature perfectly smooth except polished objects or glass; all other objects are varied by innumerable lights, reflections, and broken tints.* Perhaps no man ever understood this better than Rembrandt; it is this which renders his drag, his scratch with a pencil-stick, and his touch with a palette-knife, so true to nature and so delicious to the eye, and it is the want of this which makes Wovermans, and other painters of high excellence, comparatively insipid. No one can look at a Vanderwerf, or a Carlo Dolce, with their surfaces like a newly-japanned tea-board, without feeling this.

Rembrandt used to return to his work repeatedly; he did not paint it all at once, like Rubens. That indistinctness of tint which colours assume under the influence of twilight is a strong characteristic of his manner, the shadows never being so dark that a black or a blue cannot tell firmly in the midst of them, with a total absence of all harshness.

As he has a mass of shadow in opposition to a mass of light, so he has an accumulation of warm colours in opposition to a mass of cold. With so much indefinite shadow, the smallest warm touches tell with great effect, like the falling of a pin in absolute silence.

Cuyp has this same quality, but on another scale, a uniformity of unbroken tones, with the introduction of colour in a few bright touches, dealt out with the most parsimonious pencil, producing a glitter like so many diamonds.

Witness the Cuyp in the National Gallery (282), where the scarlet coat of the horseman tells with magical effect on the delicate aerial hues of the distant landscape.

This it is that prevents his work from being heavy; the few prominent points of colour do not require the support of backgrounds to give them consequence, and by their being touched upon colours of the same quality, they in like manner avoid the appearance of harshness. In short, the principle of these two great masters, Cuyp and Rembrandt, are the same with this difference.

Cuyp's pictures being on the whole light, his strong darks tell with great power.

Rembrandt's pictures being of low tone, his high lights become most forcible. With him darkness was not only visible, but penetrable.

As Corelli and other musicians are said to have composed their bass first, so the Flemish and Dutch colourists painted their rich shadows first; a flesh-coloured ground being supposed, the outline defined (whether upon or underneath it matters little), and the glowing and brown shadows inserted, it is impossible for the lights to be crude, though they may be comparatively neutral; it is also probable that they will be boldly impasted and freely handled. When the lights are inserted first (before the shadows) they are almost always sure to be too light, and the consequence is, the key is always changing as the darks become increased. It is, therefore, on every account better to establish a maximum of darkness and richness at once, somewhere, as a guide to the eye. It is said that Louis Haghe, the late eminent water-colour painter, would begin his water-colours by painting a piece of positive black on his white paper as a starting-point.

Painters should go to the Dutch school to learn the art of painting. As they would go to a grammar-school to learn languages, they must go to Italy to learn the higher branches of knowledge. We must be contented to make up one idea of perfection from the excellences that are dispersed over the world. A poetical imagination, expression, character, or even correctness of drawing, are seldom united with that power of colouring which would set off those excellences to the best advantage; and in this, perhaps, no school ever excelled the Dutch. An artist, by a close examination of their works, may master the principles in which they wrought—which cost them whole ages, and perhaps the experience of a succession of ages, to ascertain.

We now approach the consideration of the methods of oil painting practised by the great masters of Venice.

The historians of Venetian art date its commencement from the eleventh century, when the Doge Selvo invited some Greek mosaic workers to Venice in 1070 to decorate the church of St. Mark, which was one of the earliest great works of mosaic.

It was the conquest of Constantinople which, by opening an intercourse with the Venetians, gave the first great impulse towards the revival of the arts in the West.

Villehardouin says, "It is my belief that the plunder of that city exceeded all that had been witnessed since the creation of the world." In the Palaces of Bucoleon and Blachernæ, and in the churches as well, the accumulations of centuries collected from all parts of the known world were seized, and at that time silks, furs, tapestries, porcelain, glass, and the arts of the finest metal work, were all Oriental, and the portion that fell to the share of Venice was estimated by Gibbon at a sum equal to about ten times the then revenue of England (1776). Incipient activity and love of adventure abroad, united with the love of art and of pleasure at home. At first the settlers had to fight for the preservation of the soil they built upon, and they never ceased fighting for dominion, till the whole earth acknowledged their supremacy. It is not curious that Venice had to battle with difficulties at the commencement of her career, for all other nations that have achieved eminence have had to go through the same ordeal. Like the Fairy Prince, whose last and best christening gift, after the choicest and most desirable presents had been lavished on him—was—a great deal of hardship.

Under the Vivarini family of Murano, the Venetian school of painting began with the imitation of pure nature.

In the Sala delle Antiche Pitture, in the Academy of Venice, there are many of the works of these masters. They are little inferior to those of the Bellini. No other painters of the fourteenth century in Italy employed such glowing colours, or showed such a predilection for the careful representation of fruits, rich stuffs, architectural canopies, jewels, and landscape backgrounds. In order to understand this you must remember that here, and here alone on the face of the whole globe, was the unique city in which the pomp and pride of worldly life might combine with the lustre of the physical universe to create and stimulate in the artist a sense of the permanent value of colour. The Venetians had no green fields or trees, no garden borders and flowers to teach them the tender suggestiveness, the quaint poetry of isolated or contrasted tints. No; their meadows were the fruitless furrows of the changeful sea, hued like a peacock's neck. They called the pearl shells of the Lido flowers *fior di mare;* nothing distracted their attention from the symphonies of light and colour, which the sky and sea from dawn to sunset presented to them. Cradled and reared amid such infinite varieties of lovely and ever changing colours, the Venetians might well produce their great school of colourists. After Antonella da Messina introduced into Venice the Flemish custom of mixing varnish mediums with pigments, some time elapsed before the Venetians mastered the process. When they did the lessons did not fall on unfruitful ground, and many qualities which had merely germed, expanded into luxuriant life.

* Observe the exquisite colour of the butcher boy's blue coat in Mulready's picture, "Bob Cherry," in South Kensington Museum.

In 1485 Venetian art was in a state of transition. Tempera was no longer the medium in which great masters consented to work, though boys were still taught to paint in it, but oil pigments were applied by men who had lived a great part of their lives in the traditions of tempera.

The careful processes and minute habits of the old system still clung to the votaries of the new, but there was an obvious tendency in the younger generation to use to the full the facilities which oil painting, once acquired, naturally afforded. While the rest of the Venetian painters were with more or less success contentedly following the dry manner of Gian Bellini, it was his two illustrious scholars, Giorgione and Titian, who ardently followed the new system. In the works of Giorgione and Titian at Venice we find the perfect accomplishment of the last great principle we have to consider in the review of the complete development of painting.

Titian was born at Capo del Cadore in the Venetian State, in 1477; died, 1576. As a child he showed an early love for art by painting a Madonna on the side of his house with the juice of flowers in such a manner and with such a feeling for colour as charmed his father and friends.

Titian studied successively with Gentile and Giovanni Bellini, and he is said to have always painted from nature. Like Raphael, he never was above appropriating and applying that which he found good in others, but he did so for the sake of assimilation rather than imitation, and he was in this sense his own master. What he acquired from his knowledge of Greek sculpture he purified by constant comparison with nature, and he formed by this means a style, original in thought and new in technical treatment. In his masterpieces, thought, colour, and sentiment are carried to their ultimate perfection. His great care was to express the general colour, to preserve the masses of light and shade, and to give by opposition the idea of that solidity which is inseparable from natural objects.

Titian, in his portraits, seems to have understood the principles of historical design better than anybody else; every part tells, and has a bearing on the whole. The noble dignity and unaffected simplicity of Titian's portraits arise in some measure from the superior character of the people he painted, in appearance and costume, fitted for the highest walks of historical art. This is one reason that has placed the portraits of Titian as the highest models for imitation and study.

It may be said that many of the heads of Raphael have the same intensity of look, but they lose the fascinating appearance of reality observable in Titian's works. The rich glazings and truth in his colours contribute to this in a high degree, for, although the shadows of the head are often dark, they are of the exact tone of flesh under such circumstances, and from the depth and power of his backgrounds are rendered comparatively luminous.

It was not till Titian took up the pencil that landscape became an important feature in historical compositions. The blue mountains of his home in the Cadore are constantly introduced in his backgrounds. It would be worth an especial visit to the National Gallery to study the beautiful landscapes introduced by Titian in several of his pictures, especially "The Holy Family," and "Christ appearing to St. Mary Magdalen."

To the great Venetian we owe the foundation of a line of art, where landscapes, instead of being merely accessory to the figures, the figures become accessory to them. Rubens, following in his steps, paved the way for the beautiful landscapes of the School of Holland. The example of Titian operated most beneficially on Velasquez, the backgrounds of whose portraits are perfectly Titianesque. Witness background to "The Prince of Spain" in the Dulwich Gallery, and "The Boar Hunt" in the National Gallery.

Fortunately we have a guide as to Titian's manner of working given by Boschini, which he had from Titian's pupil, Palma Giovane.

Titian prepared his pictures with such a mass of colour that it served as a base to build on after. Some of these preparations were made with the resolute strokes of a brush heavily laden with colour. The half tints struck in with pure red earth, the lights with white, modelled into relief by touches of the same brush dipped into black, red, or yellow; the yellow may have been one of the varieties of yellow ochre. Readers will be struck by the absence of blue, but black and white used in cold greys would do duty for blue in a first painting as far as coldness is concerned.

Titian's first paintings were massive in substantial quality of pigment, but exceedingly simple in their colour. In this way he would give the promise of a figure in four strokes. After laying this foundation, he would turn the picture to the wall and leave it there for months; turning it round again to look at it, and scan the parts as he would scan the face of his greatest enemy.

If any portion of it appeared to him to be defective, he would set to work to correct it, applying remedies as a surgeon might apply them, cutting off excrescences here, superabundant flesh there, redressing an arm, adjusting a limb, regardless of the pain which he might cause. In this way he would reduce the whole to a certain symmetry, put it aside, and return to it again and again, till the first quintessence had been covered over with its padding of flesh.

It was contrary to his habit to finish at one painting. He said, "A poet who improvises cannot hope to form pure verses."

But of condiments, in the shape of last touches, he was particularly fond.

Now and then he would take the light into half tint, with a rub of his finger, or a touch of his thumb. He would dab a spot of some dark pigment into some corner to strengthen it, or throw in a reddish stroke, a tear of blood, so to speak, to break the parts superficially.

He glazed everything, *i.e.*, used transparent colours (to glaze a picture has the same effect as if coloured glass were put before it, altering the colour, but not hiding any form).

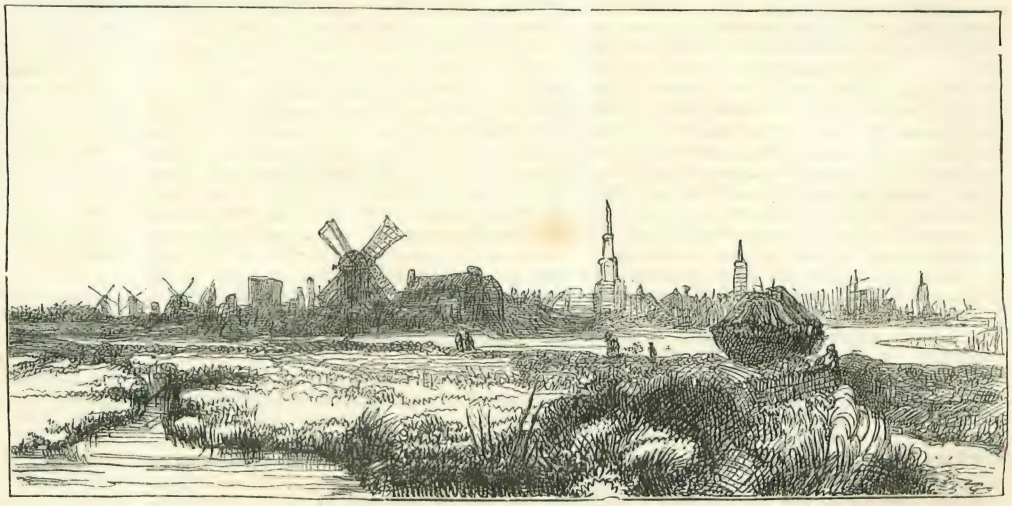
Merimée said he did not know a single picture of Titian's which was not glazed from one end to the other, even in the highest light. He also applied opaque colour over and over again, rubbing it on the canvas with his thumb and finger, which Palma said he preferred to his brushes. In this way, by frequent touches, which were to the solid substance beneath, what the down of the peach is to the skin of the fruit, he gradually gave to his works that bloom and perfection of rich surface which they have always preserved till now, except where they have been cleaned.

We know from a letter by Titian to Charles V. that he had worked on a "Last Supper" for seven years, "*quasi continuamente*," almost continually. This is nearly all we know of Titian's practice. It would have been interesting in the highest degree to know the exact colours which he used, but the universal carelessness about technical matters which has prevailed since art began, reduces us to simple conjecture, and this is the more provoking, as eye-witnesses have actually attempted to give an account of Venetian methods and have stopped short half way, because they took for granted that we should know all that belonged to the practice of the time. And now what would we not give for the information they could so easily have told us?

Haydon says that when Titian's "Bacchus and Ariadne" arrived in England, a bit of colour was chipped off one of the corners, and that the ground was of a snowy whiteness.

Burnet says, "I have had occasion to analyse a portion of the ground of a picture by Titian, painted on wood. This ground was composed of plaster of Paris, with starch and paste, but no glue or size, flour paste being used instead of gelatine. The dead colour was laid on with water-colours and a little size. The Venetians preferred fine cloth as a groundwork for pictures, with a thin composition of size and gesso (plaster of Paris.) When the coats of gesso were perfectly dry, the surface was carefully scraped till it was as white as ivory and as smooth as milk. They then traced the outline and shaded it with brownish ink.

(*To be continued.*)



LANDSCAPE.

By Rembrandt. (From the original etching in the British Museum.)

COURTLEROY.

By ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER XX.

UNIT AND CO.

EARS passed, and George did not again visit Le Roy. We will, however, renew our acquaintance with him at his breakfast-table. We find him reading a letter which suddenly drops from his hand, while an unusual gloom overspreads his face.

"Unit and Co. failed! Lawyers and bankers smashed! Call in the course of the morning. It must be something serious to bring Sellon out of his office," he muttered, half aloud, reading the missive again. Then he swept up the letters, newspapers, and such other matters as the post had brought, and carried them off to his library, leaving his breakfast untouched. It must have been some wonderful stroke of fate that could move him thus suddenly, and the failure of Unit and Co. must touch him nearly, or his dearly-beloved self would never have been merged in half-a-dozen lines of a letter.

When his servants came into the luxurious breakfast-room and saw how matters stood, they were sure something wonderful had happened, and went in search of his valet, Barber, who was the only being they knew who had any influence over him. Barber had been with him over twenty years, and was the medium of communication between him and the rest of his household. It was Barber who gave his orders, and who was almost as fine a gentleman as his master. "Like master like man" might be said of him with truth, for he echoed his master's words almost in his voice to the cook of a morning, and she and the housemaids scuttled off at his approach at all other hours of the day, just as they did when Le Roy himself appeared. But they had an easy place, and all the servants did much as they liked, and would not have left it for the world. Barber, like his master, was musical, and excruciated the ears of the household by scraping on a violin, or blowing the French horn, when Mr. Le Roy happened to be out of the way. No harsh sounds were allowed to invade the sacred precincts of the house during the presence within it of that autocrat. The ashes were removed from the hearth by some occult and noiseless machinery, and the very brooms and scrubbing brushes were made to order, so that the Le Roy temperament might not be unexpectedly excited, even by a hair. The female servants had only seen him at a distance, and had never, so said the head housemaid, "come in contract with him." People who are crossed in love have, from time immemorial, had queer ways of showing it, but Le Roy's was, to say the least of it, Sybaritish if eccentric.

"I am afraid the master must be ill, sir," said the footman, when Barber arrived.

They all called the major-domo "sir," knowing that their exceptionally easy situation depended on their management of him who managed their master. They at least knew when they were well off, a knowledge which the domestics of the present age are supposed not to have acquired; neither, according to them, have their employers.

"Tell the cook to prepare another omelette, boil fresh eggs, and have relays of everything ready," said Barber, surveying the untasted viands with solemnity. He was familiarly called, behind his back, the Methody Parson, or the Minister, on account of his grave manner, his long face, untarnished black suit, and stiff shirt collar. As he left the breakfast-room he picked up a letter which Mr. Le Roy had dropped, and which served as an excuse for entering the library. He found his master seated at the table, with a packet of letters before him, which he appeared to be tearing open one by one. Barber's practised eyes detected that the envelopes had been addressed by a lady.

"Do you know anything of young Mr. Hope, Barber?" asked Mr. Le Roy, as soon as he appeared and laid the letter before him on the library-table without speaking.

"Nothing particular, sir. Major Percy's coachman said he had passed a first-class examination, and had got a commission in the Artillery."

"Will you go to Mr. Prettyman's and inquire about him, Barber? Should he be there, ask him to come here."

"Yes, sir. But your breakfast?"

"Never mind that. How long is it since young Hope was here?"

"Four or five years, sir."

"Four or five years? Impossible!"

"It do seem so, sir; but, *tempus fudgit*—the years pass like days."

"Don't moralise, Barber, but go."

Barber went, walking out of the room as solemnly as he entered it, shrugging his shoulders and saying to himself that time would fly in spite of us.

"Four or five years? impossible!" repeated Mr. Le Roy. "I wonder he has not come. To be sure I did not want him, and have not asked him. Besides, the Percys have been out of the country, and I could not make acquaintance with those commonplace Prettymans. Unit and Co.'s failure may complicate my affairs. I wonder Searle has not written. I will just look through these last letters from Mimica. She can have nothing to complain of now, since I gave Searle those orders."

As Mr. Le Roy said, he had not wanted George Hope during the years which, in their luxurious monotony, had passed so rapidly for him and Barber. Each successive day had been but a repetition of the preceding, and no special event had occurred to mark one more than another. He had ascertained from Searle that Mr. Prettyman had not returned to Summerlands, and he lost his interest in George when he could no longer give him details concerning Courtleroy. Indeed, George had been too hard at work to do more than keep up his correspondence with Mimica, and the years which had been lost to Mr. Le Roy had made a soldier and a man of him.

Before Mr. Le Roy had read even one of Mimica's laconic and carefully-written epistles Mr. Sellon was announced. He was his London solicitor. He was a man of gentlemanlike appearance and singularly good manners, who pleased Mr. Le Roy because he had tact enough not to offend his prejudices or hurtle his peculiarities.

"Will you kindly explain your brief announcement?" said Mr. Le Roy when they were both seated, the one at his table still, the other in an easy chair near a large fire. It was early spring, and the weather was cold and foggy.

"It is a fearful day," said Mr. Sellon, rubbing his hands over the fire as if to gain time. "The fog nearly chokes one."

"I had forgotten the fog in your strange news. It is, in effect, thickening. We will have the gas lighted," returned Le Roy, ringing the bell.

No sooner did the man appear than the gas was aflame, kindled as by magic. Most of the other rooms were lighted by wax candles, and sometimes Le Roy preferred their more subdued light in the library, but on the present occasion he forgot his sensitive organisation and eyesight, and submitted to that invisible screw in the corner of the room which turned density into clearness.

"Now, Mr. Sellon?" he said, interrogatively.

"The fact is that the Units have utterly failed. The lawyers are ruined and the bankers have stopped payment. Prestbury, indeed the whole county, is in commotion; for, as you know, the Units, father and sons, bankers and solicitors, have been generally trusted, and rich and poor did business with them. Unit has been a power in the land for ages."

"I suppose I must have had money in their bank; but Searle is cautious. I wonder he has not written," said Mr. Le Roy, affecting nonchalance, while he handled one of Mimica's letters.

"Is not Searle connected with them? Did he not come to you from their office?" asked the astute lawyer.

"I almost forget. I really know nothing of his history," drawled Le Roy.

"He should have informed you yesterday. Are you sure he is trustworthy?"

"Perfectly. He has been my bailiff for a quarter of a century. I receive my rents and all other moneys regularly, and he manages my property, funded and landed, admirably."

"May I ask if you have any other correspondent, or—or—do your tenants ever write to you or your servants?"

"I fancy they did, but I never read those sort of letters. I enclose them to Searle, who manages admirably. Tenants and dependents are generally discontented, but you know they can always give notice, and I would rather they left me than be personally annoyed."

"Excuse me; but have I not heard that you have a niece who lives at Courtleroy? Does she not write to you?"

"She pestered me with letters at first, but I found she had a vocation, and I hate girls and women with that sort of thing; besides, I hate the sex, as you know."

Mr. Sellon saw the nostril begin to work, and prudently kept silence till Le Roy spoke again.

"The truth is I did not read her letters, and she ceased to write. But of late they have begun again, and I have just been opening them to discover if there is any allusion to this failure. She and George Hope would convert the world between them."

"Is that the young fellow adopted by Prettyman? I hear he has carried everything before him at some military college—won his spurs, or, in modern phrase, his commission, and is off to Africa. Great things are prophesied of him."

"He is musical, too: played Mozart fairly

well. Would you mind glancing through those letters? You need not read them aloud."

Mr. Le Roy passed four or five letters to Sellon, and in so doing moved a missive that he had overlooked and not opened. It was directed in a round hand, and the postmark was Courtleroy. He muttered that he believed it was from the schoolmaster, but condescended to open it. Before extracting the letter from the envelope, however, he was attracted by exclamations from Sellon.

"A scoundrel! evidently a rogue!" he cried. "A clever letter, straightforward, like a man's." Then, when he had read them all, he turned upon Mr. Le Roy, and added, "If only you had listened to your niece in time! She says that Searle is distraining the tenants, turning off the servants, and declaring that he has no money for the household expenses. She asks what they are to do, and in this last letter declares her intention of seeking a situation. There must be something terribly wrong."

"This, also, is from her! She has disguised the direction," said Le Roy, aroused to something like a natural manner, and beginning himself to read the few lines contained in the sheet he held.

"MY DEAR UNCLE,—All sorts of reports are afloat. It is said that your solicitors have failed, and that Mr. Searle is ruined with them. We are all afraid that you must also be a loser. Your obliged niece," &c.

"Brevity is the soul of wit. 'Obliged!' She has chosen a safe term," said Le Roy, passing the note to the lawyer with an annoyed but scornful air.

"She would have made a safer steward than Searle, who has evidently 'wasted your goods,' but will not, I should say, be welcomed by your tenants. If you mean to save your property you must investigate this yourself. You must go to Courtleroy."

Had Mr. Sellon pointed a revolver at his client he could not have startled him more effectually.

"Go to Courtleroy! What will you suggest next?" he asked, in a voice almost sepulchral.

"Nothing. Once there, you will see for yourself. My opinion is that Searle will have ruined you, and that unless you come upon him unexpectedly you will never see or hear of him again."

"Why cannot you go, Mr. Sellon?"

"Impossible. I know nothing of the property or the tenants. You have trusted Searle so implicitly that he alone can help you, and you must at least know something of your own possessions. Besides, if I may remind you, this establishment must be maintained; and to judge from these brief letters, Courtleroy has been denuded to supply our gardens with horticultural treasures. The country does often suffer to maintain the town. Its arteries dry up, for instance, while pouring their best blood into London."

Le Roy winced. He knew well enough that all his tenants and old servants—even his mother—had thus bled for him. But he scarcely thought of them: his one idea was, What could he do without Searle? A sudden thought struck him.

"I cannot go to Courtleroy, but I can have Searle up here," he said.

Mr. Sellon laughed.

"A half-way house to America, and you to pay the expenses," he remarked. "No, you must catch him on the spot, or you'll not catch him at all."

Le Roy rose suddenly and rang the bell violently. He inquired if Barber were returned, and, being answered in the affirmative, requested his presence. The valet appeared instantly. He saw from his master's irritable face that some ill wind blew, and he bethought himself of the best shelter. This he knew he should find in caution.

"What of young Mr. Hope?" asked Mr. Le Roy.

"He is with his regiment in Africa, sir. I saw Mr. and Mrs. Prettyman, and they said he was doing wonderfully well, and had expressed a desire to call on you, sir, only as you had not invited him, he——"

"That is of no consequence, Barber. Did they speak of Courtleroy?"

"Well, sir, the lady would have sent you a message, but the gentleman said she was not well enough acquainted with you for that, as it was no affair of hers."

"What did she say?"

"That all Courtleroy was in an uproar because it was reported that the bailiff was about to leave, his family having left. It was from Miss Heath she heard the news this very morning, and, if I may make so bold——"

"Speak out! What else did Miss Heath say?"

"Well, sir, it isn't quite for me to tell, as Mr. Prettyman remarked, but she did say that it was generally reported that the bailiff and the lawyers had made ducks and drakes of your money, sir, amongst 'em."

"Pack up my things, Barber. I will go to Prestbury by the next train."

Mr. Le Roy had turned livid with suppressed rage; not only the Le Roy nostril, but the imperious family temper worked. Barber stood motionless before him, a pillar of solemnity, being accustomed to similar outbursts occasionally, but not to similar orders. He would have packed up for New Zealand without a word; but Prestbury—his master was mad!

"I will accompany Mr. Le Roy if he will stay for the night express," put in Sellon, quietly, with a glance at Barber, happily unperceived by Le Roy, who, incapable of speech, rose and stamped his foot in insane fury.

Barber disappeared, saying, "I will obey your orders at once, sir;" but feeling sure they would be countermanded.

"Shall I accompany you? I can spare the night, if not the day. I will meet you at Paddington at 6.30," said Sellon.

Le Roy nodded assent; he could not speak. His face was white, his hands were clenched, and his tall figure shook with agitation. A fight between two opposing powers was going on within him: one, the terror of facing the past; the other, the need of meeting the present. Self was the only umpire. Which was the worst—to ignore for a time pride, resentment, the sense of unforgiven wrong, and the hate of years; or to relinquish the luxury, refinement, and ease by which he was surrounded? Assuredly the former.

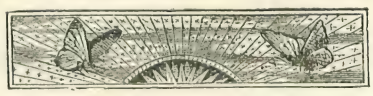
Thus self combating self chose the better part without intending it; but the struggle was awful. Never before had he retraced a step. He might now have to go back through his whole life. Even Mr. Sellon, accustomed to the agony of unfortunate clients, was confounded by the appearance of this man, usually so proudly self-contained. What must he have suffered on that morning in the church at Courtleroy when no promised bride appeared, if after the lapse of so many years he suffered so intensely now?

"Can I do anything for you?" he asked, as he rose, not knowing what to do for the best.

"Paddington—the night express," replied Le Roy, opening the door and waving his guest out.

Then he let his rage have way until it wore itself out.

(To be continued.)



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

ROXBURGHSHIRE and ALICE W.—Read our answers to other correspondents, under the heading "Educational," and you will find plenty of information about hospitals. Premiums are not required. Lady pupils pay for training. Ordinary nurses are paid while under training.

EDITH.—When speaking of your husband to a stranger you may call him "Mr. ——" or "my husband."

ANNA MARIA.—We recommend you to procure our publication entitled "The Heavens and the Earth," by Milner. We have not space to answer all your queries on such a vast subject. We have not had a total eclipse of the sun, visible in London, since 1715, and shall not have one during the present century. That which takes place in August, 1887, will only be seen in the north-east of Germany, south of Russia, and Central Asia. In 1896 a total one will be seen in Greenland, Lapland, and Siberia; and in 1900 there will be another, but only visible in the United States, Spain, Algeria, and Egypt.

ALICE PARISH.—You will have to learn to spell and to write better than you do before you go to a hospital to be trained as a nurse. You have only to look at our "Answers to Correspondents," under "Educational," and you will find your question answered over and over again. You would not be allowed to converse with the patients.

M. K. B.—We perceive that your query is simply one which you were required to answer by your own study for an examination, and therefore decline to answer it. The same question has just been asked by another girl.

SIR HUGH VASSALL, BART.—Ask your grandmamma to lend you her spectacles, that you may decipher our reply to "Mug"—*i.e.*, "We know that Og, the King of Bashan, slept on one (an iron bedstead) nine cubits in length and four in breadth," and that "it was in Rabbath, of the children of Ammon." But where is it related in the Bible, or anywhere else, that Og was "the *first* king" who possessed such an article of furniture? (See p. 193, January part, 1886.)

FORGETFUL.—The h ought generally to be pronounced at the beginning of words. The exceptions are—Heir, heiress, honesty, honourable, hostler—although you say hostelry, not ostelry—hour, humour, and humoursome. In hospital and humble it is always pronounced.

ART.

WINTER.—Leather that has been properly tanned can be changed in colour by dyeing it with any of Judson's dyes.

WEARY ONE.—If you have any talent for painting, and any patience, you will no doubt succeed in learning the art; but whether you will produce pictures that will sell, or will learn enough to be competent to teach others, are results that you cannot foresee with any certainty. We strongly advise you to try, nevertheless. The Croydon School of Art is a branch of the South Kensington, and teaches according to the same method. You could not do better than join it.

THE WRITER.—For oil-painting upon plush, Florentine tapestry medium is the best to employ.

AYACANORA.—Oil paints are used for painting upon satin. If you prefer water-colours you must strengthen them with body-colour.

MARIA JONES.—For tracing upon plush you must outline the design upon tracing cloth, laying white carbonised cloth between the plush and the design, and all upon a piece of glass. Then mark out each line heavily with a knitting needle. This method will transfer the design, but to retain it it should be run over with fine cotton.

YUM YUM.—In order to develop a dry plate, you must exclude all white light, and work with a ruby lamp. Place the plate in a tray of plain hard water, measure out three grains of pyrogallic acid, and dissolve in one ounce of water. Pour this into one developing cup, drop into another three drops of ammonia bromide solution. Take the plate out of the water and put it into another tray. Pour the pyrogallic acid over quickly, so that it covers the plate entirely. Pour the solution from the tray into the cup containing the ammonia bromide drops, and throw the mixture over the plate. The picture will appear in a few seconds.

MISCELLANEOUS.

M. N.—We know of nothing save the Post Office Savings Bank.

SAN.—Your mother's first cousin's son is your second cousin. There would be no objection to your marrying him.

H. W. H.—We should advise your taking legal advice without delay. The will of course must be produced. Unless there be a will he would have *no title to anything*.

RORY O'MORE is advised to get rid of her dog.

A MOTHER.—Your daughter had better get her copy of the G. O. P. through our agents in New York, T. Nelson and Sons, 42, Bleecker-street. We cannot understand her difficulty.

A MORNING STAR.—Amusing reading is good as a recreation, but if indulgence in it interfere with duty, it should be curtailed. It is the same with all such things in life, when they cause us to neglect work and duty they are bad.

LAKE LEMAN.—The only plan to avoid sea-sickness seems to be to partake of a good meal not long before going on board, and to lie down immediately, remaining in a recumbent position till you land.

QUEEN ANNE.—You will find the story of the "Willow Pattern" in vol. ii., page 432.

CLEMATA.—One of the secrets of keeping a maiden-hair fern is to keep it out of draughts; and a friend kindly writes and tells us that watering with cold tea, and putting used tea leaves on the top of the soil of the pot, are both good things to induce them to live and flourish.

HAGAR.—Your poems, "The Martyr's Sleep" and "The Nightingale and the Rose," are not without merit, and promise well, although some lines halt; and the last two lines in every verse of the latter ought to have rhymes. But if you had wished us to entertain any idea of giving them a place in our amateur's page, you should have had them certified.

GINGER.—Whom do you mean by "some one"? The best way to make your brothers and sisters care for you is to be unselfish, thoughtful, and helpful for them, and sweet-tempered. If we had a recipe for quickly making you thinner we should decline to give it. We fear you are a very weak-minded little girl.

M. B. R.—Our correspondents do not give recipes; it is we who do so. Ermine is cleaned like any other white fur, by rubbing wheat flour into it.

DORIS.—Hold the velvet over boiling water the wrong side to the steam, so as to raise the pile where the water spots have fallen.

LILY S.—The address is simply, The Barracks, St. Peter's Port, Guernsey. But if engaged to one of the officers he will write and give you his address himself, and if not engaged to him it would be most forward and indelicate for you to write first to him. Do not think of doing anything so unseemly.

ESSIE H.—The observance of Hallow E'en, or All Hallows' Eve, dates from Druidical times, and had its origin in the fires lighted at the four seasons by them. A festival was also celebrated to Pomona at this season amongst the Romans. What seems to us more important to "Essie H" than curious and antiquarian questions is her spelling and writing. She writes, "custum," "appel," "originial" (instead of original), and "verry," besides putting small letters where the capitals should be used, and *vice versâ*. We are inclined to think she wrote without the knowledge of her nurse or governess.

E. S.—The title Reverend (Latin, venerable) was applied in the first instance to the deacons and priests of the Churches of Rome and England. After the Reformation the Puritans objected to it, and in the present day many ministers of the Dissenting churches have ceased to use it, or to sanction its use.

QUEEN MAUD.—We could not give advice on the subject. The punctuation should be attended to in all manuscripts, of course. Many thanks for the poem. We regret it is so illegible that we cannot decipher it.

A WELSH RABBIT.—If you be a young girl your name should be placed on your mother's card just below hers—*i.e.*, Mrs. Jones, Miss Rachel Jones. Cards are never sent by post.

A "PLESANT" INQUIRER.—We wish we could, on our part, return the compliment, and believe you to be an "imaginary" correspondent, as you are so rude a little girl. We do not care to answer the questions contained in such disrespectful epistles as yours. We recommend you to procure a spelling-book.

PRIMROSE should study the different styles of metrical composition before attempting to write poems. Even if correct in metre, original and beautiful thoughts should run through them to make them deserve the name of poetry. Your mother should decide for you as to your addresses.

LASS O' RICHMOND HILL.—Seasons of deadness and dulness of feeling are common to all Christians whose conversion is undoubtedly genuine, but it is very bad when these seasons are of long duration. You should be more earnest in prayer for Divine help, and not rely on your own strength. Renew your prayers and resolutions, in all humility and self-distrust, at the Lord's Table. Most certainly, the Church you name is not the only Church; there are others that truly believe in and preach the Divinity of our blessed Lord.

MAGGIE.—We are so glad that the G. O. P. gave you so much pleasure at a time when too ill to speak. We hope you will soon be better, and regret that your letters, which we are sure were deserving of notice, were not answered.

MARY LARCOM.—We do not think you are well enough educated to make such a change at present, and we advise you to join a good correspondence class, and prepare for one of the examinations which will give you a certificate. This will also give you employment, and life will be happier with an object in view. We think from your letter you are advanced enough to profit most by the St. George's Hall Classes; apply to the secretary, Randolph-place, Edinburgh, and enclose a stamped envelope for reply, giving full details.

TWO SHANGHAI GIRLS have our hearty thanks for their kind, well-written letter and Christmas good wishes, which we return cordially.

PUFF.—Foolscap paper will do very well to write the quotations upon. You had better send the papers to either father or mother, they would know your handwriting.

MABEL LAURENCE.—We never heard of spirit being used for the purpose. It can be bought of a chemist.

KATE DALE.—The 2nd Jan., 1866, was a Tuesday; the 14th Feb., 1868, was a Friday.

JENNY WREN.—You can hold yourself upright if you choose; no one else can do it for you.

HEPHZIBAH.—Whether you speak first or not depends on the degree of intimacy, and you do not say whether the person is a lady or gentleman.

EARNEST INQUIRER.—We have known several people cure themselves of stuttering by practising reading aloud slowly when alone, and speaking with great care in ordinary life.

HIBERNIA, V.F.W, QUARRY, and THIZBE.—The present Archbishop of Canterbury is Dr. Benson. We think the same style of painting exists under various names, which we cannot advertise here; all of them have been introduced within the last five years. All three notes are ladylike and well expressed.

ANOTHER HIGH SCHOOL GIRL writes to say that the right quotation is "*Frater ave atque vale*," and that it is taken from "Carmen" of Catullas, page 101, line 10, which assertion we have verified. Many thanks.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. VII.—NO. 329.] APRIL 17, 1886. PRICE ONE PENNY.

COURTLEROY.

By ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER XXI.

MIMICA AND THE TENANTS.

COURTLEROY, house and village, was certainly in confusion. Mimica was the centre round which it all seemed to whirl. She was besieged by people from far and near. She was always so helpful herself that they would not believe that she could not help them. During the years which we have allowed to slip by almost without comment, she had become a woman, and had identified herself with her surroundings. Owing, she supposed, to George Hope's interview with her uncle, her life had been made happier by certain concessions of Searle, who supplied her with the funds for housekeeping instead of Mrs. Stone, and paid her pension quarterly. She was thus enabled

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"TAKING A SHORT CUT ACROSS THE FIELDS."

to do more for the poor, and by clever management to appear, at least, like a young lady.

But during the past few months the old state of things had returned, and no funds were forthcoming. Miss Heath and she were seriously contemplating seeking remunerative occupation of some sort or other, and accepting an invitation to the Prettymans' in order to discover it. The brunt of everything fell on Mimica, for Miss Heath, in addition to her usual reticence, was developing a nervous fear of intercourse with her fellow mortals.

On the morning after her uncle and Mr. Sellon had read her letter, Bezley appeared at the house. He was one of her uncle's principal tenants, and often talked to Mimica of Searle's doings, though, he said, not personally interested in them. He was safe enough, for he paid his rent regularly, and kept friends with the bailiff.

"The bankruptcy of Unit and Co. is announced, Miss Marmont," began Bezley, when Mimica met him in the hall. "We don't know what to do with Searle, for he declares it is no affair of his, whereas we are sure as he is as good as one of 'em. I have wrote to Mr. Le Roy, but what's the use? He don't pay no attention."

"So have I, Mr. Bezley. Where is Searle?" replied Mimica.

"Folloring his wife and family to the sea, I take it," returned Bezley, with a chuckle. "They took a lot o' luggage. But he was at home last night."

"If you please, miss, Farmer Marks is asking for you," here interrupted Mrs. Stone.

"What am I to do, Mr. Bezley? I have neither money nor power," asked Mimica.

"It is a comfort just to see you, miss, because you sympathise if you can't do nothing. He is to be sold up to-morrow, and he can't help himself. Times is bad, and you can't get blood out of a stone."

Farmer Marks came in, looking desperate, and asking at once if Mimica had heard from her uncle.

"If we had the means we'd go in a body to London, and put it all before him," he said. "A deputation of tenants might do something. If you was to go, miss, and insist on seeing the squire, you're so persuasive-like that you'd be sure to have your way."

"I'll go to Searle and tell him I will go to London to-morrow if he dares to proceed farther in your case," exclaimed Mimica.

"The Lord bless you!" cried Marks. "My wife's just out of her mind with terror; and there's my eldest boy vows he'll shoot Searle if he has the chance. Everybody's up in arms, and there's no one to help us but you."

Poor Mimica! What was she to do? She had energy and goodwill for anything, but she was so crippled by circumstances that she felt bound hands and feet.

"Pray sit down, Mr. Marks," she said, seeing that the farmer was standing in the middle of the hall, looking hopelessly bewildered. "When is this sale to begin?"

"At two o'clock; and now it is ten. If Madam Le Roy was alive it would never have happened, but the squire has a heart of stone."

"Not so bad as that, friend Marks," put in Bezley. "He had his good parts, and was generous enough. I mind me when we were boys together, and father had Court Farm, that he came to see me every day when I was ill, and brought me all sorts of presents. I'm not like to forget that. But you and I have got the wives of our choice, and the squire was terribly ill-used."

"Ah! Mr. Bezley, you have taken quite a load from my heart," exclaimed Mimica. "If my uncle did that, I feel sure I might make friends with him. I will go to London if Searle will not give in."

Mimica's animated face and resolute manner inspired confidence even in the melancholy Marks, who at best was of a desponding turn of mind.

"We all say that if you could just lay hold of the squire for half an hour you'd surely make him get rid of Searle," he remarked. "But there's no time to lose. What is to become of us?"

"Perhaps you had better go home while I try to see Searle," said Mimica. "Has my uncle much money in Mr. Unit's bank, Mr. Bezley?"

"Nobody knows but the bailiff, Miss Marmont. But all of us are in for it, more or less. We trusted the Units, and banked with them, and did our law with them, and many of the poor trusted their savings to them because they promised higher interest than the Post Office Savings Bank, which only gives two and a half per cent., and——"

"That was all Searle's doing," broke in Marks. "He persuaded my boy to invest the hundred pounds his grandfather left him, in Unit's, and now that's gone. He's sure to shoot him."

"I'll go at once!" cried Mimica. "I see more people turning down the back drive. Will you go to them, Mr. Bezley, and tell them I will do my best both with Mr. Searle and my uncle? I will look in upon you on my way from Court House, Mr. Marks. Try to keep up your spirits for poor Mrs. Marks' and the children's sakes.

"All ruined together, thanks to that blackguard!" ejaculated Marks, as Mimica ran upstairs to put on her things and to explain to Miss Heath.

She was soon on her way to Court House, taking a cut across the fields to avoid the villagers. She fell in with Mr. Leste, and told him whither she was bound. She asked him to accompany her, and he did so, premising that she had better try to see Searle alone, as he was shy of him. They hurried on, and just as they reached a meadow at the back of Searle's house they saw him in his yard about to mount his horse. Mimica literally fled through the field, and caught him before he had mounted. Mr. Leste called after her that he would go on to Marks' farm.

"I must speak to you, Mr. Searle," she said, as well as her breathless state would let her. "It is of no use to make an excuse, for my business is imperative, and concerns my uncle and yourself."

"I have no intention of making an excuse, Miss Marmont," he replied, "though I am pressed for time. Important business calls me to Prestbury."

"I know, I know, Mr. Searle. The Units have come to grief, and that is the reason of all our late trouble and inconvenience. Will you allow me to go into the house?"

Searle was taken aback, but he led the way into his business-room through a passage filled with boxes. Mimica perceived that the house was in confusion.

"My wife has been ill, as you know, Miss Marmont, and my daughters are gone with her to the sea," said Searle, apologetically, glancing at the packages.

Mimica thought they must need much luggage, but said nothing. Once seated in the business-room, she was not long in broaching her subject.

"I have come about poor Marks," she began. "He must not be ruined. You must stop those proceedings, Mr. Searle."

"I cannot, Miss Marmont. It is no affair of mine. He has been in arrears for several years, and won't pay."

"*Can't*, you mean, Mr. Searle. His losses have been great, his crosses greater. Mr. Leste knows that he could not help himself, and so do I."

"I am sorry for him, but he is a helpless fellow, and, come what will, he must pay, for your uncle will have the money; and now that Unit's has stopped payment I can't raise funds at the moment. It is no easy matter to keep the town and country establishments going, and a very difficult one to make the tenants pay up."

"They complain of your increasing the rent, Mr. Searle, and they tell me of more executions in prospect."

Searle's face grew dark.

"They tell you everything, ma'am. It is a pity you are not steward," he muttered between his teeth.

"I wish I were. Marks should not be ruined. But I came to say that if the sale of his stock is allowed to come off I will start for London to-morrow and represent the matter to my uncle. He cannot be as cruel as you make him out to be."

Searle's fist, clenched in anger, fell heavily, though unpremeditatedly on the table, his face grew livid, and he trembled perceptibly; but he commanded himself. He had of late had frequent encounters with Mimica, and began to perceive that she was asserting herself, and had no fear of him or anyone else when she was pleading for the poor or oppressed.

"I have never made out Mr. Le Roy to be cruel, ma'am," he said, when he had recovered himself; "it is I have to bear that character, because I must raise the wind for him. He is odd; not like other gentlemen or—or landlords; and when I say I cannot get the tenants to pay the rent, he says—he says—distrain."

Mimica fixed her singularly penetrating eyes upon Searle, and felt sure he was telling a lie. She knew from George Hope that her uncle was certainly "odd"—that he must need great resources to live as he did, and that it was quite impossible to penetrate his proud reserve; yet she was convinced in her own high-mindedness that her mother's brother would never be guilty of meanness, if only he were to know the "rights of the wrongs" he inflicted. Those words, "the rights of the wrongs," were George's, and set her thinking how best to unravel them.

"Can you put off this sale until I have seen my uncle, Mr. Searle?" she resumed, while his eyes wandered furtively away from hers.

"He will not see you, Miss Marmont."

"He must, for I shall get Mr. Prettyman to take me to him unannounced. Will you stop the sale till I have seen him? Surely that is not much to promise!"

"You cannot understand, ma'am, what a delay involves. The hour is fixed, the bills are out, the people will assemble, the auctioneer arrive, and it would be impossible to stop the sale. Indeed, your going to London would be useless, since the first day's sale would be over."

"I should at least open my uncle's eyes to the state of his tenants. All the people on the Summerlands property are allowed to remain, and have had a large percentage returned on their rents during the late bad years, though Lord and Lady Manville seldom stay there long at a time; and nobody ever heard of trouble among the Monkton people. Sir Joshua gets his rents, too, and is not the most lenient of landlords."

"Really, Miss Marmont, I am only steward—I beg your pardon, bailiff, but people will say steward—and am not in a position to act as I—as I—might wish."

Searle began to move uneasily, rose from his seat, sat down again, and finally said he was obliged to keep an appointment at twelve o'clock, and afterwards to be at Overton Farm, which was where the auction was to take place. He appeared to have forgotten

that he had said he was going to Prestbury.

"I will meet you at Overton, and I hope you may settle to stay the execution," said Mimica. "Mr. Leste has just gone there. He came here with me. He thinks it all very cruel, and if he had but the money would advance the rent himself. He has children, and feels keenly for poor Marks and his family. But then he is a Christian man, and believes every word of the New Testament. I do not know what my uncle is, but you—you go regularly to church, Mr. Searle, and have also children."

Mimica spoke these words without any intention of adding more wounds to those she had already inflicted. But they were all as swords to the bailiff. She did not actually know whether he were merely the instrument in her uncle's hands that he represented himself to be or not, but she knew there was terrible injustice and mismanagement somewhere, and in her straightforward nature she wished to know where the fault lay. She was of those who would have righted the world if she could, and she "kicked against the goads" of her "inactive life," as she termed it. She watched Searle grow pale and red by turns, and finally rise and look out of the window, which was at the side of the house, and commanded the high road. Mimica also rose. In her eagerness to begin the subject uppermost in her mind, she had not before perceived the confusion of the room. Ledgers, tin boxes, parchments, filed bills, papers, were scattered everywhere, and the apartment was generally neat.

"I will not detain you now, Mr. Searle, but if you will come to Overton and stop proceedings you will also stop my visit to London," she said.

"Too late! too late!" he replied, in a hoarse voice. "Who on earth is this?" he added, as a fly and pair suddenly pulled up at his gate. "I—I—cannot see them. Excuse me, Miss Marmont, my horse is waiting."

He pushed by Mimica, who followed him into the yard, saw him mount his horse, and then preceded him to the gate just as two men descended from the fly and met them face to face.

CHAPTER XXII.

SEARLE TAKEN ABACK.

"THERE is Searle on horseback," Mimica heard one man say to the other, as she approached the gate.

Had she glanced behind her she would have seen that Searle nearly fell from his horse at sight of his visitors. She also started back, for surely she had seen one of them before. They were both gentlemen, and this one, as he passed through the gate, held it open for her. He was a tall, thin, stately man, and as their eyes met for a moment she stood hesitating before him, instead of walking out into the road. He also paused, for her appearance was striking enough to arrest any man, even a misanthropic Le Roy. Large, earnest grey eyes, with long black lashes, were turned upon him, and made him, too, start a little, but she soon arrested him entirely with the words, "You are my uncle. I am indeed thankful you are come. I am Mimica Marmont."

She held out her hand and he took it, just as Searle approached, having dismounted.

"Mr. Le Roy! This is a surprise! I hope you are well, sir. I am glad to see you again at Courtleroy," stammered the bailiff.

"How d'ye do, Searle," was Mr. Le Roy's greeting, just as if they had met but yesterday. "This is your new house, eh? May we be allowed to penetrate it? A nice place enough, but not quite in keeping with Courtleroy."

"It is rather in confusion, sir," replied Searle, himself greatly confused. "Allow me to put up my horse."

A man appeared opportunely, who took the horse, while he led the way to the front entrance. Mr. Le Roy glanced about him. His face wore as much surprise as so lofty a countenance could wear, and Mimica watched him with a sudden personal interest that she had never felt before. She followed him, uninvited, into the dining-room, where the mahogany furniture alone remained. Searle apologised for a certain lack of its usual uniformity, as he placed seats for his unwelcome and unexpected visitors. But if their presence was undesired by him, his was evidently more so by his patron, whose features were so compressed by some sudden access of pain, that Mimica was in the act of going towards him when he spoke. The fact was that he saw for the first time the spire of the church through a side window, and would fain have fled, had flight now been possible.

"Mr. Sellon will enter upon the business that brought us here," he said, mastering some powerful emotion as he pointed to the lawyer.

Searle turned a face, white as his neckcloth, towards Mr. Sellon, who bowed. He knew him by name well enough, and his presence filled him with alarm. Mr. Sellon feigned not to notice it, and said that the news of the failures at Prestbury had seemed so serious that he had persuaded Mr. Le Roy to run down himself and have a personal interview with him, Mr. Searle, in order to save time.

"Of course; quite right, sir," muttered Searle.

"Not on your account, Searle; I have faith in you," put in Mr. Le Roy.

"But for the satisfaction of all parties concerned, yourself included," continued Sellon, with a sharp look at Searle, "Mr. Le Roy at first intended to stop at Prestbury and summon you there, but we were told that the people who have been ruined by these failures thronged the bank and office, and besieged the Units so persistently that we got a fly and came on here."

"Poor things!" ejaculated Mimica. "There is nothing but distress everywhere. I am sure,' she added, turning to her uncle, "if you could only see Marks and his family you would pity them, and stop the sale."

"What sale?" he asked, returning her gaze.

"The sale of all they possess in the world to pay the arrears of rent. Perhaps you forget that you ordered it, as well as others soon to follow," she returned, rising in her eager zeal and facing her uncle.

Her back was towards Searle, so that, happily, she could not see the hateful expression of his face.

"What does she mean, Searle?" asked Mr. Le Roy.

"Miss Marmont refers to—to—what I mentioned to you, sir, the necessity of distraining to get—well, sir, to get the money you require. They would not pay without it."

"Indeed, uncle, they could not. The times are bad, and poor Marks and his wife have both been ill, the children are sickly, and they have suffered immense losses. Will you come and judge for yourself? There is just time to save them. It is one o'clock. The sale begins at two."

"Marks! I do not remember the name?" mused Le Roy.

"They have only been at Overton six or seven years. You remember the old tenants, the Simmonses, were ejected because they could not pay. The land is in a bad condition, and the buildings in wretched repair. You will have the farm on your hands if something is not done."

While Mimica spoke her uncle looked hopelessly from her to Searle. She had found her opportunity at last, and did not mean to lose it. Searle had had his for years, and, certainly, in his case he verified the French proverb, "*L'occasion fait le larron.*" She had been so long thrown upon her own meagre resources that she had grown bold and independent. He had so long traded on the resources of others that he had become cowardly and secretive. Sellon looked on with an amused air. He longed to clap and say "bravo" as Mimica poured out her bottled-up complaints.

"Miss Marmont wishes to manage the property," said Searle, with an awful glance at her back.

"So it would seem," said Le Roy, looking coldly at his niece. "What do you say, Sellon?"

"That you can easily judge for yourself. How far off is this farm, Miss Marmont?" replied the lawyer.

Mimica turned her flushed face towards him, and said it was less than a mile.

"What if we all drive there? You have no objection, Mr. Le Roy?" asked Sellon.

"Overton! It is on the Monkton road," returned Mr. Le Roy, slowly. "No, I have no objection," he added, more briskly, remembering that he would turn his back on the church, village, and his old home.

Indeed, he scarcely knew what he was doing or what was actually passing. He was in an awful nightmare: the past and present weighed upon him, and he could no more uplift the one than the other. In his waking dream he forgot the very bearings of the country in which he had spent his best and happiest years, as people are known to forget their native language after long disuse. But he allowed himself to be impelled by Mr. Sellon to the Prestbury fly, and found himself seated in it by the side of Mimica, while Searle and Barber were interchanging the courtesies of Auld Lang Syne without. Searle begged hard to be allowed to walk; but Sellon overruled him, and he had no escape.

"You will not mind a little pressure for ten minutes or so?" said Sellon to Mr. Le Roy, who did mind it, but was too much preoccupied to say so.

He had never before driven four in a fly, and in such strange company, under such apparently awkward circumstances. Not a word was spoken. He fixed his eyes on the once familiar scenes through which they drove, and Mimica, whose whole system was perturbed by what she had accomplished, sat wondering whether he saw the budding beauties of the spring. In all the orchards apple-blossoms were bursting forth; in the cottage gardens the polyanthus and wallflower were beginning to assert themselves; round about the picturesque farms the vine, virginian creeper, and japonica were putting forth their green adornments; in the hedgerows, primroses, celandines, and violets were peeping forth, while above them the hawthorn was in leaf, the blackthorn in flower, and the ferns unfolding their fronds. The graceful larch hung out his tassels in the midst of tender green foliage, and birch, ash, and elm were beginning to renew their youth, while the cautious oak even sent out a few leaves upon trial of the March winds. But the sun had put down the winds, for was it not Lady Day?

"Does he hear the birds?" thought Mimica.

Impossible to say. Their exultant choruses, the lamb's innocent bleat, the happy low of cattle, the cheerful voices of village children fell on his ears, but oh! the past! the past!

A carriage suddenly passed them. Mimica shrank back into her corner, for it contained Sir Joshua and Lady Helena Carew; but her

unconscious uncle continued his gaze into apparent vacancy, unstartled by the proximity of his early friends. Mimica felt convinced that they saw and recognised him. When they turned from the high road into the by-way that led to Overton Farm, he aroused himself, or was aroused, by the recollection that it *joined Monkton. Here* was the boundary line that Lady Helena wished to overstep by the union of her son with Mimica, and here poured in upon the owner of Courtleroy a flood of memories that the sluice gates of years had only served to restrain, and which now overwhelmed him with their liberated waters. He groaned aloud, his nostrils worked, his forehead was wrinkled, and he exclaimed —"Turn back."

Involuntarily Mimica placed her hand on his, and whispered, "For pity's sake think of poor Marks!"

The touch and words recalled him to his present position, and he put his head out of the window as if to recover himself and avoid observation.

But he attracted it. The lane was full of people going to the sale; men on horseback and on foot, who all turned round at the sound of wheels. They were mostly farmers and labourers from far and near, for the stock was to be sold that first day. Some of the older ones recognised Mr. Le Roy, who was wonderfully little altered considering the lapse of time.

"The squire! I say 'tis the squire hisself!" echoed from man to man, and, as if by some sudden contagion, pedestrians and equestrians halted, faced round, and arrested the horses.

"And that's Barber, as sure as I'm alive!" shouted an old man, looking up at the box seat.

It was useless for Le Roy to draw in his head; he had been recognised, and "The squire! the squire! Mr. Le Roy hisself!" echoed through the lane.

In another moment hats were off and waving in the air, and a hearty shout resounded.

"Look at them! speak to them!" cried Mimica, standing up in her excitement, and laying her hands on her uncle's shoulders, her eyes full of tears.

"Miss Marmont! God bless her! She's brought the squire! We shall have justice! Down with Searle!"

"Uncle, speak to them!" repeated Mimica.

"Will you not get out?" pleaded Mr. Sellon, half opening the fly door.

He did get out, and Mimica followed, but he stood hopelessly silent as not knowing what to say, and bewildered by such an unexpected reception. He took off his hat, however, and stood erect amongst them, taller than most. Farmer Bezley was there, on horseback. He dismounted and approached.

"Welcome home, sir. Miss Marmont won't want to go to London now," he said. "My father was at Court Farm when you left us, and now I am its tenant. Perhaps you remember Tom Bezley that you used to condescend to play with?"

Pride, reserve, anger, gave way for a moment, and the squire held out his hand to his old playmate. That delicate member had not been grasped so tightly for many a year; the valuable ring on his little finger inflicted pain on its next neighbour. Emboldened by this sight, several elderly men came forward, and with words of welcome offered their hands. Le Roy gave his.

"We have missed you sore, sir," said one.

"The place hasn't been the same since Madam Le Roy left us," another.

"I hope you are come back for good," a third.

"Shall we walk on? We may be too late," said Mimica.

They proceeded, the centre of the group, the fly following, Sellon keeping watch on Searle. Mimica was on one side of her uncle, Bezley on the other.

"What does all this mean?" asked Mr. Le Roy, who looked about him as a criminal might, escorted by two policemen, and meditating escape.

"Ask him, sir: your bailiff and—confidant," replied Bezley, pointing back to the fly.

Searle, like his master, would doubtless have escaped if he could, but finding that impossible, he was informing the lawyer of the incessant demands made upon him for money by Mr. Le Roy, and the difficulty of meeting them when tenants did not pay. Mr. Sellon acknowledged the truth of this, and proceeded to make inquiries concerning the cause of the failure of the Units. He understood it was speculation, but Searle professed ignorance.

"We must look into the affair together to-morrow," said Sellon. "I shall stay till the evening, when I believe Mr. Le Roy purposes to return to London. You will go with me to Prestbury in the morning. This afternoon we shall have work at Courtleroy. You alone know how much Mr. Le Roy is likely to lose."

"A trifle—a mere trifle. His money could never lie idle, for he wanted it as soon as it came to hand," replied Searle, putting his head out of the fly window as if to avoid further inquiries.

As he did so a shot whizzed past him. He drew back, pale and terrified. Mr. Sellon heard the report, and asked whence it could come.

"That fool of a—a—Tomkins, Sir Joshua's underkeeper, I—I—wager—or—or young master Carew," stammered Searle, scarcely able to articulate, pressing into the corner of the fly and drawing up the sash.

The shot had startled the crowd in advance, just turning into the road that led across a field to the farm. Mr. Le Roy grew as white as his bailiff. Were they going to shoot him in revenge for his long absenteeism? But he was personally reassured by Mimica's involuntary words to Farmer Bezley.

"Searle is in the fly. Do you remember what Farmer Marks said this morning?"

Bezley gave her a warning look, and turned back towards the fly. He walked by its side, watching Searle cowering within.

"What did Farmer Marks say?" asked Mr. Le Roy.

"That Searle's life has been threatened," replied Mimica.

"Why?"

"You will understand directly. See! the sale has begun. Stop it, uncle, for Christ's dear sake!"

He looked round as if to comprehend so emphatic an entreaty. Such words had never before been addressed to him. He was offended by them, but when he saw the flushed, excited, beautiful face of her who spoke them, he yielded to her influence and quickened his pace.

"Miss Marmont! Here is Miss Marmont!" sounded as they approached the farm.

Then they heard "Nineteen pounds for this prime bullock—only nineteen. Twenty—going at twenty."

Mimica hurried her uncle through the crowd that surrounded the auctioneer. He was mounted on a huge cider-barrel, with the customary hammer in his hand.

"Stop! Here comes the squire!" cried several voices at once, and, as if by magic, all eyes were turned from the auctioneer to the two people who, of all the world, could best help the distressed family at Overton Farm.

(*To be continued.*)

THE FIVE DAUGHTERS OF ZELOPHEHAD;

OR,

THE EARLIEST ASSERTORS OF THE RIGHTS OF WOMEN.

By SARSON C. INGHAM, Author of "The White Cross and Dove of Pearls," "Selina's Story," &c.

ALL the teachings of the Old Testament are practical. We nowhere find that man is required to be so rapt in spiritual contemplation as to be forgetful of the necessity of making the best of this world, as well as of that which is to come. To put the shoulder to the wheel and then call upon Hercules was the teaching of the heathen fable. It contained a philosophy which is often found in the pages of the Sacred Book, and, though what we know of the women of Israel is small indeed to what we know of the men, yet we see it frequently exemplified in their lives. They came out strongly upon occasion, notwithstanding their subordination, and it is beautiful to see how some of them blended a high courage and resolute endeavour with exquisite modesty and deference to the will of others.

Now, among these grand women I think we may reckon the five daughters of Zelophehad — Mahlah, Noah, Hoglah, Milcah, and Tirzah. We read of them in the twenty-sixth and twenty-seventh chapters of the book of Numbers: a book full of such touching incidents respecting individuals and families, as afford many striking examples both of the goodness and severity of God.

We should not have known anything of the daughters of Zelophehad had it not been for the circumstances in which they were left at their father's death. The laws of inheritance that had just been passed made no provision for women, independently of their male relatives.

In the goodly land that they were soon to enter upon they could not claim to hold any estate or field in their own right. This to wives and daughters, whose responsibilities were solely social and domestic, was no hardship; but though the daughters of Zelophehad would not have been allowed to want, they had too much spirit and were too self-respecting to relish dependence upon the men, those nearest of kin being only distantly related.

Instead of nursing their discontent in cold, repining quietude, or airing their grievances to their friends and gossips, they resolved upon a step as bold as it was dignified; they determined, in their strong, brave self-

reliance, to go and represent their case where the highest judgment awaited it.

This decision speaks as much for their faith as for their courage. They believed that God would undertake for them, and that Moses and Eleazar and the princes of the congregation would do justice to their petition.

In order then that one might support the other, and give representative force to their claims as a family, they went to the door of the Tabernacle and stood there in the face of Moses and Eleazar and all the congregation of princes.

It could not have been an easy thing to do, and we may imagine that every eye was in a moment turned upon them.

We are not told what these ladies were like; but as names were significant in those days, perhaps the meaning attached to their names may convey some impression of their personal characteristics.

Their father's name signifies the shadow of fear or dread. Was he then a nervous man, or from circumstances very desponding and timid?

His eldest daughter was called Mahlah, Infirmity; the second Noah, Wandering; the third Hoglah, dancing for joy; the fourth Milcah, a queen; the fifth Tirzah, well-pleasing or acceptable.

It was well that their courage did not fail them on the threshold of the holy place.

Before them sat Moses and the high priest, and beside these were the princes and a congregation of seventy elders, all facing the door; because they were not there to worship God, but to undertake the conduct of public affairs.

In words which were brief and to the point, and yet contained a strain of appeal, they made known the position in which they were placed, and claimed the bettering of it as their right.

The premises were good, the conclusion at which they arrived a just and clear-headed one. Their deceased father had been an honourable man. He was not a rebel. If he had been overtaken by death as a judgment, it was for the incredulity that had proved fatal to so many; he had not perished for sedition. But when he died he had no sons; he left only these five daughters.

"Why should the name of our father be done away from among his family because he hath no son? Give unto us, therefore, a possession among the brethren of our father."

Moses was in difficulties, for there was no law to meet the case. He did not therefore dismiss it. It was the beauty of this theocratic government that the laws were not like the laws of the Medes and Persians. Everyone's needs could be considered, and the highest tribunal of all could be appealed to when the earthly arbiter was in doubt. To the high court of heaven, then, Moses referred this question that had arisen concerning the rights of women.

With what suspense must the five sisters have waited to hear what their judgment would be, and when it came how much must the joy of it have been increased by the Divine approval of the steps they had taken to secure their temporal well-being!

"The daughters of Zelophehad speak right. Thou shalt surely give them a possession of an inheritance among their father's brethren, and thou shalt cause the inheritance of their father to pass unto them."

After hearing this they could return to their tents with grateful and contented hearts. No one knows what anxiety and dread had beset them on their way. We know what our own feelings would be if we had to appear in a court of law, or if any little property we might happen to have left us was to become a matter for litigation.

They had come to the Tabernacle empty, but they went away full.

We have in their good success an illustration of the fact that the effect of our deeds extends beyond ourselves and our friends.

True their only object had been their own independence, with a place in Israel and a name; but it must have been some satisfaction to learn that they had done more than this, for other women left as they were, were to receive their father's inheritance. Yet the promise made to them, though it was recognised and honoured as the word of the Lord, brought with it certain difficulties. A question arose as to what should be done if they married into another tribe. The chief fathers in the tribe of Manasseh—those who were of the family of Joseph—came to Moses, either to procure a modification of the privileges of these young ladies, or some compensation for the property which must pass out of their tribe, if by marriage they entered into another tribe.

They reminded Moses that by law the inheritance of their fathers would be alienated from the paternal tribe, and incorporated into that in which the heiress married by right of her husband.

And even though the jubilee was ordained, among other things, to keep estates, tribes, and families distinct, yet theirs would not be reckoned to Manasseh, but to the heiress's husband and his heirs.

Here was a trial for the faith and patience of these hitherto successful candidates for woman's rights. The men who urged the protest were men of much authority and consideration. Their words had weight, although they spoke as if God must have overlooked the complications that would arise if women were allowed to inherit property.

Yet their argument was good. The spirit of it was good also, for it met with no rebuke.

Moses again asked counsel of the Lord and was told that "the tribe of the sons of Joseph had said well." The injustice of which they complained was to be remedied without causing disappointment to the five heiresses. They were, however, to be placed under certain restrictions as regarded marriage, while sufficient liberty of choice was still permitted them. "Let them marry to whom they think best; only to the family of the tribe of their fathers shall they marry. So shall not the children of Israel remove from tribe to tribe."

With that, to the new law for heiresses, a clause is appended, obliging them always to marry in their own tribe, while other maidens were at liberty to marry among the whole congregation.

How fully the laws met the exigencies of the case. Under exceptional circumstances it might have pressed hardly; and if novel-writing had obtained among the Israelites as it has among us, in this day of circulating libraries, the incidents of many a long-drawn romance might have turned on the unhappy accident that the hero of an heiress's imagination was a youth of another tribe.

But we do not find that any of the five daughters of Zelophehad were so unfortunate as to put their hearts in the wrong place. On the contrary, these young ladies of well-regulated mind accepted their limitations and made use of their freedom by marrying their father's brothers' sons.

"And with this ends the commandments and the judgments, which the Lord commanded by the hand of Moses unto the children of Israel, in the plains of Moab, by Jordan near Jericho."

Soon after, the venerable man was called up "dark Beth Peor's hill" to a lonely death and a lonely grave, and to a view of the goodly land which he had mapped out, and, in anticipation, distributed among the princes of the tribes, that they again might divide them among their families by lot.

The motive of those who agitated for the restriction appended to the privilege was no doubt a worldly one, but it was not therefore wrong. Every man wanted to uphold the dignity of his own tribe, and to see it equal, if not superior, to the other tribes; hence every loss of property was deprecated.

God sanctioned also this desire to keep the tribes distinct; but it was that the tribe and family out of which the Messiah should come might be unmistakably that over which the star of prophecy had stood.

About eight years passed away before the land, on which so many hopes were set, was taken and portioned out among the different tribes. Many changes had come about during that time. Joshua stood in the place of Moses, and many had passed into eternity during the long interval. What speculation, what anxiety, would hinge on the partition of the land.

Flowing with milk and honey, it was a delightful change from the wilderness track; but if there was a great deal to enjoy there was also a great deal to overcome. Each had to take the lot that was given him. Each tribe had to abide by its own territory, and in all the adjudication the wisdom and benevolence of God were clearly to be seen. A frontier country for the brave descendants of Machir, the man of war, and the extensive sea-washed south border for the pre-eminent tribe of Judah, out of whom kings were to come.

But what was to be the lot of the five daughters of Zelophehad? Were they forgotten among the thousands of people who were taking their turn to be put into possession? They might have been by Joshua and Eleazar, whose judgments no doubt were in continual requisition among the families who were not decided for by lot. However, they took good care of themselves. They put in their claim, and put it in in time, not coming up, like the poet in Schiller's exquisite little poem, after Jove had given all the world away. With their old simplicity and straightforwardness they said, "The Lord commanded Moses to give us an inheritance among our brethren."

From that authority there could be no appeal. Their title-deed was good. No flaw in it in that court. Joshua at once gave them an inheritance among the brethren of their father.

So ends this little family history. We do not know whether they lived long to enjoy the sweets of property and independence, but we may hope that they did, and that when they passed away from it it was to enter on a better inheritance.

Now, when so much is said about the rights of women, and hysterical lady agitators are trying to raise their voices to a pitch which shall make the public halls ring with the tale of their woes and their indignation against their natural oppressors, it is interesting to look back and see how the first candidates for immunity from feminine disabilities went about the business. They at least have the magical recommendation of success. Yet it may be answered that it was easier for them to gain a hearing than it is for us. So it was. The times we live in are highly favoured, and yet the Jews in the wilderness had a few advantages over us.

The Habeas Corpus Act was in all its force, but there was no High Court of Chancery; no circumlocution offices; no lawyers' fees; no demands for costs.

Above all, there was no weary, heart-breaking suspense. Ask counsel on a thing at sunrise, and at noon the die is cast for the plaintiff or against.

We do not need to refer again to the ex-

ample of promptitude, zeal, and self-reliance, as one worthy of imitation; but we will anticipate some of the questions that may occur to our readers.

Why had the Jewish law no provision for orphan girls who had no brothers? God loves the orphan, and He knew how bitter to many of them must be dependence upon men who were enjoying their father's property.

And then, again, when the privileges they asked for were ceded to them as rights, why was the law so incomplete that it must be mended, as otherwise there might spring out of it tribal injustices?

The law had not to be mended. It was made with reserve, and the addition to it in no way altered it.

He who knows the end from the beginning could have provided against every risk; but that His help is never given to make us independent of the wits and energies He has imparted to us, and of our own reasoning powers.

We are better, nobler, and more complete for having every faculty brought into exercise. Much trial, much difficulty is permitted, much injustice even, to polish and develop us. Only as we put forth our best efforts ought we to assume that God will add His blessing and His help.

He heard the plea of the five orphans, and He heard that of the fathers in Manasseh. The thing was settled beautifully, for the interests of the tribe were secured and the orphans lost nothing.

We may see, too, from the story, that the heart should go with the hand in marriage, and yet the right of choice have its limitations. These exist still. People bring a great deal of misery on themselves by being regardless of such considerations as "a like faith," with equality in social status and in education.

And how contrary it is to God's ordinance for a man to marry for the sake of money, or a woman for the sake of rank, and for parents to push their children into alliances to which they are averse. A broken heart and a married life are no light weight to carry on the conscience.

All the girls who read this paper are heiresses. They are called to a better inheritance than ever Judah had in the earthly Canaan. Are they trying to make sure of it?

Do they esteem it better than riches, or the pleasures of the world, learning, or even the rarer gifts of genius?

No one can take this inheritance from us. However poor we may be, we are rich in the anticipation of it. Let us put in our claim, and never be forgetful of the fact that the "fashion of this world passeth away;" but the city that is made without hands abideth eternal in the heavens.

A GIRL'S RAMBLES THROUGH HAUNTED LONDON;

OR,

ANECDOTES OF THE STREETS OF THE GREAT METROPOLIS.

By JAMES and NANETTE MASON.

VI.—From the Tower to Smithfield.

In this article we propose making our way from the Tower to Smithfield, from a neighbourhood associated with political tragedy to one lastingly connected with religious martyrdom. Our route, however, will not be of the straightest, for "as the crow flies" is never a safe course in dealing with what is picturesque and interesting.

We go up Mark-lane, first of all, the street of streets for those who deal in corn, and turning to the right along Hart-street, come to the church of St. Olave's. Here the wife of Samuel Pepys, the famous diarist, lies interred beside her husband. Everyone has heard, or at any rate ought to have heard, of Pepys, the Secretary to the Admiralty in the reigns of Charles II. and James II., who has left us in his diary the most amusing exhibition of garrulous egotism the world has ever seen.

Mrs. Elizabeth Pepys, to whom her husband, in spite of sundry quarrels, mostly about trifles, was much attached, died in 1669, after an illness of only a few days. The two were married in 1655, when Mrs. Elizabeth was only fifteen years old, and "extreme handsome." A few particulars concerning her, drawn from the diary of the Secretary, may prove interesting as giving some insight into ladies' life and ladies' fashions at a remarkable period in the history of England.

There are many references in the "Diary" to her good looks. On the 10th of July, 1660, for instance, she and her husband were at a wedding. "But of all the beauties there," says Pepys, "my wife was thought the greatest." Shortly after this date she tried to heighten the effect by wearing black patches, then coming into fashion. On the 4th of November the diarist writes: "My wife seemed very pretty to-day, it being the first time I have given her leave to wear a black patch." When he saw the Princess Henrietta, the daughter of Charles I., in the close of the same year, he says, "The Princess Henrietta is very pretty . . . . but my wife, standing near her, with two or three black patches on and well dressed, did seem to me much handsomer than she." He took a pride in seeing her nicely decked out. One Sunday, in the summer of 1661, she gave him special satisfaction. "This day," he says, "my wife put on her black silk gown, which is now laced all over with black gimp lace, as the fashion is, in which she is very pretty."

She was a notable housewife, and, like a good husband, Pepys did full justice to her in her own sphere. The following entries exhibit her busy with both needle and baking-board:—

"1660. November 13th.—Found my wife making of pies and tarts to try her oven with; but, not knowing the nature of it, did heat it too much, and so did a little overbake her things, but knows how to do better another time."

"1666. January 12th.—Returned to my poor wife, who works all day at home like a horse at the making of her hangings for our chamber and the bed."

We have the result of these exertions set down on the 26th of January.

"Pleased mightily," writes Pepys, "with what my poor wife hath been doing these eight or ten days with her own hands, like a drudge, in fitting the new hangings of our bed-chamber of blue and putting the old red ones in my dressing-room."

To Samuel Pepys' economical mind, his wife contrasted favourably with other women. When, in 1667, he gave her as his valentine a turquoise ring set with diamonds, though he was to pay five pounds for it, he says, "I am not much troubled, she costing me but little compared with other wives, and I have not many occasions to spend money on her."

A few evenings after this, his wife "with great pleasure" showed him her stock of jewels. "She reckons," he writes, "that she hath over a hundred and fifty pounds worth of jewels of one kind or another; and," he adds, philosophically, "I am glad of it, for it is fit the wretch should have something to content herself with."

Pepys and his wife unfortunately had to pass through occasional pretty stiff breezes of domestic quarrelling. He was unreasonable; she was jealous; he had a temper; so had she. They had "a great fray" about her learning painting, on the 4th of May, 1666, and the Secretary to the Admiralty makes a determined entry in his "Diary." "Very angry we were, and I resolved all into having my will done without disputing, be the reason what it will; and so I will have it."

Her learning dancing was another cause of trouble.

"12th of May, 1663.—A little angry with my wife for minding nothing now but the dancing-master, having him come twice a day, which is folly."

Then Pepys disturbed the peace by objecting to his wife's long-winded stories.

"I find my wife troubled," he writes on the 12th of May, 1666, "at my checking her last night in a coach in her long stories out of 'Grand Cyrus'"—a much-read book of the period—"which she would tell, though nothing to the purpose, nor in any good manner. This she took unkindly, and I think I was to blame indeed."

On another day in the same year he records that he had another quarrel with his wife about her buying a lace handkerchief without leave. They came to high words, and went to bed angry, and the next morning Pepys says, "Up without being friends with my wife, nor great enemies either, being both quiet and silent."

Quiet and silent enough they are both now, and their squabbles in life appear very insignificant as we think of the two taking their rest together under the roof of this old church.

Before leaving St. Olave's we may notice a brass, to commemorate Ellen Orgone and her husband John, bearing the following often-quoted inscription:—

> "As I was, so be ye;
> As I am, you shall be;
> That I gave, that I have;
> That I spent, that I had;
> Thus I end—all my cost,
> That I left, that I lost."

Leadenhall-street is the next thoroughfare in which we find a site of interest. On the south side of this street stood the house of Nathaniel Bentley, who has obtained notoriety under the name of "Dirty Dick." He was a hardware dealer, who lived here and carried on business under the most extraordinary circumstances of dust and disorder.

In his house there was a room which had remained locked up without being ever opened for a great many years. This mysterious chamber is said to have had its origin in the following circumstance. Bentley was engaged to be married to a young lady, and

previous to the performance of the ceremony, he invited her and several of her relatives to partake of a sumptuous entertainment. Having prepared everything for their reception, he anxiously awaited in this apartment the arrival of his intended bride, when a messenger entered, bringing the melancholy intelligence of her sudden death. This unexpected event had such an effect upon him that he closed up the room, with the resolution that it should never again be opened.

This incident, no doubt, disordered his intellect; from being a man of fashion—in fact, at one time, he was called the "beau of Leadenhall-street"—he became indifferent to neatness in dress or anything else. His warehouse in the beginning of this century was one of the eyesores of the neighbourhood. Its outside perfectly corresponded with the interior, and both with the figure of the extraordinary inhabitant. "The windows were literally as black and covered as thickly with dirt and smoke as the back of a chimney which has not been swept for many years. Of the windows scarcely a pane was left whole, to remedy which several of the window shutters long remained unopened, and the other vacancies were repaired with japanned waiters and tea trays, which Bentley always took good care to chain to the window frames."

Cornhill is a continuation of Leadenhall-street to the west. In Cornhill, at what is now No. 65, the publishing house of Smith, Elder, and Co., now at the West-end, once had its headquarters. It was here that Charlotte and Anne Brontë came in 1848 to prove their separate identity to the publishers who had written to Haworth to say that doubts had been raised as to whether they were not really one and the same person. The publishers did not know they were coming; they were not, in fact, aware whether the "Bells" were men or women, but had always written to them as men.

"On reaching Mr. Smith's," says Mrs. Gaskell, in her "Life of Charlotte Brontë," "Charlotte put his own letter into his hands . . . . . 'Where did you get this?' said he, as if he could not believe that the two young ladies dressed in black, of slight figure and diminutive stature, looking pleased yet agitated, could be the embodied Currer and Acton Bell for whom curiosity had been hunting eagerly in vain." An explanation ensued, though the public remained in the dark for some time longer, till, indeed, a shrewd Yorkshireman, who knew Haworth, divined the secret, and published his discovery.

During this visit the sisters stayed at the Chapter Coffee House, as we mentioned when speaking of Paternoster-row.

We now retrace our steps and pass northwards along Bishopsgate-street. In this street, on the east side, is Crosby Hall, many of the events connected with which are of interest. Richard, Duke of Gloucester and Lord Protector, who afterwards became king of England under the title of Richard III., once stayed in this house and here "drew the Court to him." Here he schemed the death of his nephews, and this is made by Shakespeare to be the place where he induced Anne of Warwick to await his return from the funeral of her father-in-law, the murdered Henry VI. Many will remember Shakespeare's famous scene of the funeral procession, when Gloucester excuses his wickedness to Anne by saying, "But 'twas thy beauty that provoked me." He sees her softened by his profound dissimulation, and adds—

> 'And if thy poor devoted servant may
> But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,
> Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever.
> *Anne.* What is it?
> *Gloucester.* That it may please you leave
> these sad designs
> To him that hath most cause to be a
> mourner,
> And presently repair to Crosby House,"

where he promises to come to her whenever he has solemnly interred the king and wet his grave with his "repentant"—he should have said "crocodile"—tears.

Sir Thomas More lived for some years in Crosby Hall, and after him his devoted daughter, Margaret, and her husband, William Roper, resided here. We spoke of Margaret Roper in connection with her father's execution when we were dealing with the Tower. She was one of the remarkable women of her day, well-skilled in Greek, Latin, and other languages; a proficient in the arts and sciences as then known; and distinguished for her great determination and strength of character. "A tradition," says one writer, "preserved in the Roper family, records that Queen Elizabeth offered her a ducal coronet, which she refused, lest it should be considered as a compromise for what she regarded as the judicial murder of her father."

A rich Mayor of London, a citizen, indeed, of enormous wealth, Sir John Spencer, lived in Crosby-place in the beginning of the seventeenth century. He had an only daughter, who, as the richest heiress in England, and a great beauty into the bargain, had an innumerable number of suitors. Amongst them was a slenderly endowed young nobleman, Lord Compton, and for him the daughter displayed a marked preference; the father, however, did not think much of him, and forbade him to continue his suit.

One day when going downstairs Sir John met the baker's boy, as he supposed, with his covered barrow, and as he seemed a good and obliging lad, he said, "If you are industrious, my man, you'll rise in the world yet," and gave him a sixpence. Now, the baker's boy was Lord Compton in disguise, and in the covered barrow he was carrying off Sir John's handsome daughter.

On discovering how he had been taken in, Sir John vowed that the young man had received the only sixpence he would ever get from him, and refused to be reconciled to his daughter.

Next year, however, Queen Elizabeth effected a reconciliation by a pleasant stratagem. She sent for the knight, and after expressing to him her sentiments—just like his own, too—as to the ingratitude of Miss Spencer, she invited him to join her in standing as sponsor to a newly-born baby in which she took a great interest.

He could hardly refuse, and on the ceremony coming to be performed Sir John assured the queen that having discarded his own daughter he would adopt the child as his son. The parents being introduced, the knight, to his great surprise, discovered that he had adopted his own grandchild. On the death of Sir John his wealth passed to his daughter and her husband, and the husband erected a magnificent tomb to his well-deserving father-in-law, and on the tomb the disobedient daughter is seen kneeling in a tremendous hoop at her father's feet.

In Crosby Hall the Countess of Pembroke, sister to Sir Philip Sidney, once lived; she who is immortalized in Ben Jonson's epitaph:—

> "Underneath this sable hearse
> Lies the subject of all verse,
> Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother:
> Death! ere thou hast slain another
> Fair, and learned, and good as she,
> Time shall throw a dart at thee."

It was for her that Sir Philip Sidney wrote his "Arcadia." She is described by Spenser as

> ". . . most resembling both in shape and
> spirit
> Her brother dear."

A short walk eastwards brings us to Finsbury Circus, where we may pause to recall the legend told to account for the name of this quarter of London. Tradition and an old ballad record that the name Finsbury was first given by two ladies, daughters of a gallant knight who, in the times of the Crusades, went to fight the battles of the Cross,

> "And charged both his daughters
> Unmarried to remain,
> Till he from blessèd Palestine
> Returnèd back again,
> And then two loving husbands
> For them he would attain."

The elder daughter, on the father's departure, became a nun of Bethlehem, and devoted night and day to prayers for his safety,

> "And in the name of Jesus Christ
> A holy cross did build,
> Which some have seen at Bedlam-gate,
> Adjoining to Moorfield."

The younger devoted herself to works of charity and opened a well

> "Where wives and maidens daily came
> To wash from far and near."

So the sisters lived on

> "Till time had changed their beauteous
> cheeks
> And made them wrinkled old."

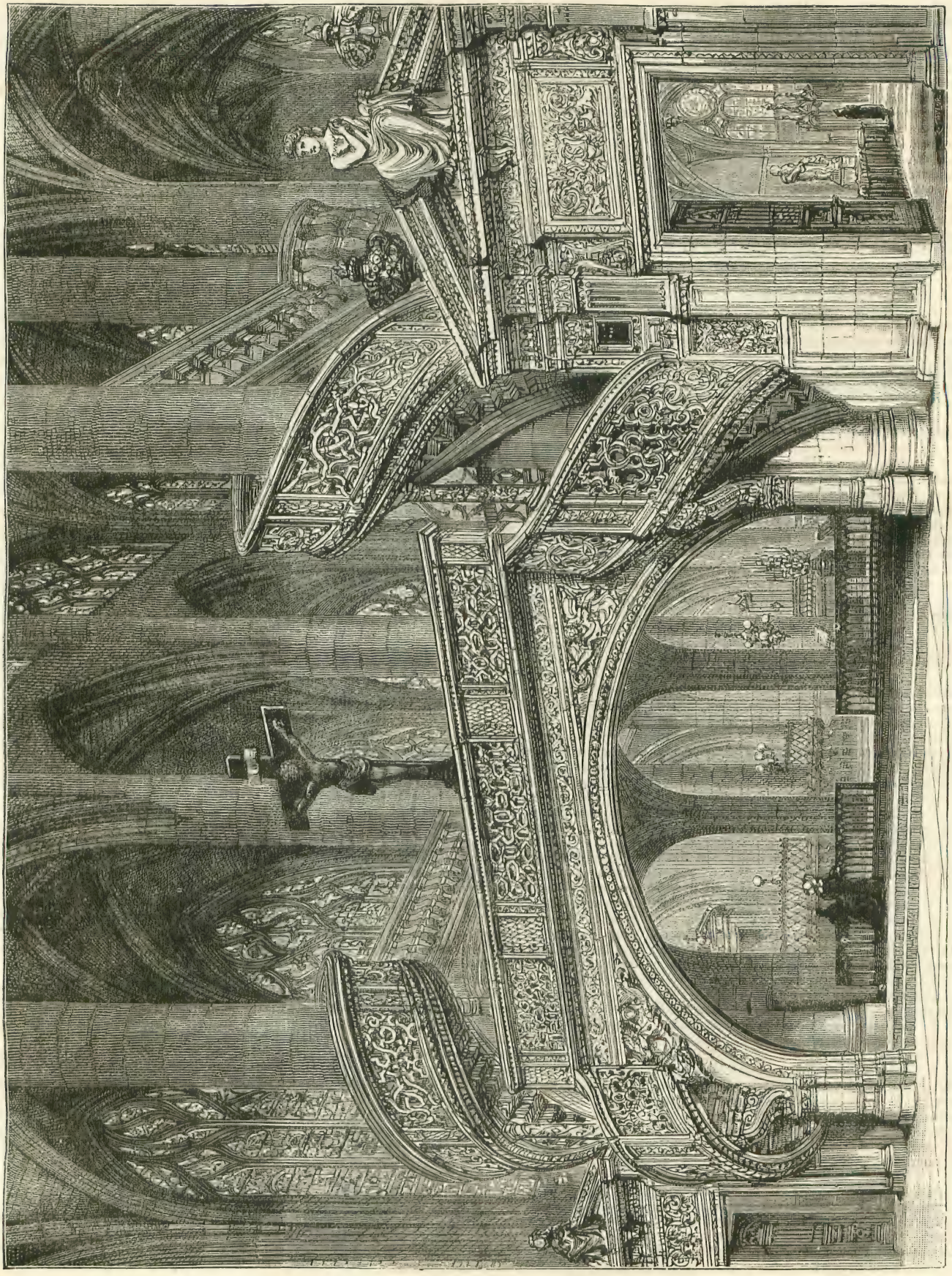
At last the King of England returned from the Crusades; but their father never came, for he had met a warrior's death, fighting against the Saracen foe. His comrades in arms brought back his heart, by the dying man's instructions, to his loving daughters. This they solemnly buried, and they gave the name of their father, Sir John Fines, to its last resting-place, which thus came to be called Fines-bury or Finsbury.

Close to Finsbury-square lies the great Dissenting burial-ground of Bunhill Fields—"the Campo Santo of the Dissenters," as Southey calls it. A girl's pilgrimage may well include a visit here to the graves of John Bunyan, of the "Pilgrim's Progress," and Daniel Defoe, who wrote the famous "Robinson Crusoe." But of special womanly interest is the headstone to Susannah Wesley, mother of John Wesley, the founder of the Methodists, and of Charles Wesley, the first person who was called a Methodist.

The death of this remarkable and exemplary woman happened in 1742. She was then in a good old age, ready and willing to depart. John Wesley had arrived in London from one of his circuits, and found her "on the borders of eternity; but she had no doubt or fear, nor any desire but, as soon as God should call, to depart and to be with Christ." On the third day after his arrival he saw that her change was near, and the account he gives of the end is too striking to be omitted.

"I sate down," he says, "on the bedside. She was in her last conflict, unable to speak, but, I believe, quite sensible. Her look was calm and serene, and her eyes fixed upward, while we commended her soul to God. From three to four the silver cord was losing and the wheel breaking at the cistern; and then, without any struggle, or sigh, or groan, the soul was set at liberty. We stood round the bed and fulfilled her last request, uttered a little before she lost her speech—'Children, as soon as I am released, sing a psalm of praise to God.'"

He performed the funeral service at Bunhill Fields himself, and thus feelingly describes it: "Almost an innumerable company of people being gathered together, about five in the afternoon I committed to the earth the body of my



ST. ETIENNE DU MONT, PARIS.

mother to sleep with her fathers. The portion of Scripture from which I afterwards spoke was, 'I saw a great white throne, and Him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away, and there was found no place for them. And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened, and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works.' It was one of the most solemn assemblies I ever saw, or expect to see, on this side eternity."

"Mrs. Wesley," says Southey, in his life of the most famous of her sons, "had had her share of sorrow. During her husband's life she had struggled with narrow circumstances, and at his death she was left dependent upon her children. Of nineteen children she had wept over the early graves of far the greater number. She had survived her son Samuel, and she had the keener anguish of seeing two of her daughters unhappy, and, perhaps, of foreseeing the unhappiness of the third; an unhappiness the more to be deplored because it was not altogether undeserved."

St. Giles, Cripplegate, is in Fore-street, not far from Finsbury-circus. In this church is the tomb of Constance Whitney, the grand-daughter of Shakespeare's Sir Thomas Lucy, whose deer the great dramatist in his youth is said to have stolen. Constance is shown rising in her shroud from her tomb at the resurrection, and this has given rise to a tradition that "she was buried alive and roused from her trance by the sexton, who opened the coffin to steal one of her rings."

The parish register of St. Giles, Cripplegate, records the marriage of Oliver Cromwell to Elizabeth Bourchier, on the 20th of August, 1620. The bride was the daughter of Sir James Bourchier, a man of some wealth. After thirty-three years of married life a succession of remarkable events landed her husband in the highest station in the land—as Lord Protector of the Commonwealth of England, Scotland, and Ireland. She was Lady Protectress from 1653 to 1658, when Cromwell died. She survived him fourteen years, and died in the house of her son-in-law, Claypole, in Northamptonshire, on the 8th of October, 1672.

Amongst the royalists she had, naturally, every man and woman for an enemy, and at the time the vilest scurrility did duty for loyalty and wit, but we hear no evil report of Elizabeth Cromwell. She was not good-looking, and her ways were rather stingy, but she was a virtuous wife and mother, and a notable housekeeper. "She was an excellent housewife," says a historian not at all well disposed to the Commonwealth party, "as capable of descending to the kitchen with propriety, as she was of acting in her exalted station with dignity; certain it is she acted a much more prudent part as Protectress than Henrietta did as queen. She educated her children with ability and governed her family with address."

The relations between Cromwell and his wife may be inferred from the following short letter sent by the former from Dunbar on the 4th of September, 1650:—"For my beloved wife, Elizabeth Cromwell. . . My dearest,—I have not leisure to write much. But I could chide thee that in many of thy letters thou writest to me, that I should not be unmindful of thee and thy little ones. Truly, if I love you not too well, I think I err not on the other side much. Thou art dearer to me than any creature; let that suffice. . . . . My love to all dear friends.—I rest thine, Oliver Cromwell.

And here is an epistle from Elizabeth Cromwell to her husband, written from London on the 27th December of the same year, an epistle quite unique in its way—"the only letter extant of this heroine," says Carlyle, "and not unworthy of a glance from us." In the original it is frightfully spelt, but spelling was not a strong point with ladies in those days.

"The Lady Elizabeth Cromwell to her husband, the Lord General at Edinburgh. My dearest,—I wonder you should blame me for writing no oftener, when I have sent three for one; I cannot but think they are miscarried. Truly, if I know my own heart, I should as soon neglect myself as to omit the least thought towards you, when, in doing it, I must do it to myself. But when I do write, my dear, I seldom have any satisfactory answer; which makes me think my writing is slighted, as well it may; but I cannot but think your love covers my weakness and infirmities.

"I should rejoice to hear your desire in seeing me; but I desire to submit to the Providence of God—hoping the Lord who hath separated us, and hath often brought us together again, will in His good time bring us again, to the praise of His name. Truly my life is but half a life in your absence, did not the Lord make it up *in Himself, which I* must acknowledge to the praise of His grace. . . . Yours in all faithfulness, Elizabeth Cromwell."

Women were frequently, in the olden time, employed in the very unsuitable occupation of gravediggers, and there was a woman gravedigger at St. Giles, Cripplegate, who used to exhibit the skeleton of Milton the poet, who had been interred in this church, for twopence or threepence a head.

Milton once lived quite near this, in Jewin-street, which we may move on to visit, out of regard for his memory. He was living here when he married his third wife, Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Edward Minshul, in 1664, the year before the Great Plague. She was "a genteel person, of a peaceful and agreeable humour." There was a great difference between her age and the poet's, and she survived him for no fewer than fifty-two years, dying in Cheshire in 1727.

One picturesque feature in the third Mrs. Milton was her beautiful golden hair. Milton intended a compliment to her in his description of Eve in "Paradise Lost," just as he drew the portrait of Adam "not without regard to his own person, of which he had no mean opinion." The "sweet, attractive grace" of Eve is heightened in the poem by her golden hair,

> "She as a veil, down to the slender waist
> Her unadornèd golden tresses wore
> Dishevelled, but in wanton ringlets waved
> As the vine curls her tendrils."

Leaving Jewin-street and crossing Aldersgate-street, we are not long of reaching Smithfield, and with what is connected with that interesting locality we shall begin our next article.

(*To be continued.*)

ARCHITECTURE; OR, THE ART AND HISTORY OF BUILDINGS.

By H. W. BREWER.

VII.—The "Renaissance."

There is no age about which it is more difficult to write fairly than the sixteenth century. Preconceived ideas, prejudices, and national feelings make it next to impossible for anyone to take an unbiassed view of the great questions which then exercised men's minds. That the art of the period should reflect in some measure the momentous changes, the religious and political struggles and vicissitudes, the fearful anxiety and uncertainty for the future, the disruption of ancient ties and the fear and timidity at adopting new and untried ones, is by no means to be wondered at; nor is it strange, under the circumstances, that we should find in the art of the time extraordinary contradictions. There is, however, one feature about the art of the sixteenth century which certainly, at first sight, seems to be such a glaring contradiction to all we know of the history of the time, that it appears quite irreconcilable and unintelligible. It is that, just at the very moment when the influence of Rome in religious and political matters is at the very lowest, when the authority of the Pope is being disputed all over Europe, and when Italy is alternately a prey to France and Germany; when even the city of Rome is sacked by the soldiers of the emperor, its galleries destroyed, libraries burnt, its churches sacked and palaces pillaged—that at this very time Roman art should be carrying everything before it; that the old Gothic style should everywhere in Europe—as well in Protestant as in Catholic countries—be giving way before the new style of architecture, sculpture, and painting introduced from Rome. It is not easy to account for this remarkable phenomenon; it is one of those historical contradictions which cannot be explained or even thoroughly understood. We will, however, give what seem to us to be some of the leading circumstances which may have brought it about.

As we have previously *pointed out, down* to the tenth century all western church architecture seems to have come directly from Rome or Constantinople; but by degrees the northern and western countries of Europe developed the style which we now (for want of a better name) call Gothic, and this style was, as we have shown, so popular, that Italy—nay, even Rome itself—adopted its ornamental features, and it became distinctly "the church architecture of the west." But in Italy Gothic architecture was at best an exotic, and never took deep root; so that, when in the fifteenth century, with the revival of classical learning (forwarded greatly, no doubt, by the introduction of printing) *men* began to study the monuments of antiquity, these great works seemed to them to be more dignified and congruous in style than their own architecture. Now just at this time, moreover, there arose in Italy two really

great architects—Brunelleschi and Leon Batista Alberti. The former erected the great dome of the cathedral of Florence, 1420—1446,* the most surprising constructional work ever achieved by man, when we take into consideration that it was the first dome ever supported upon "a drum" (*i.e.*, a circular perpendicular wall rising above the building upon which it stands). It is also the largest dome ever erected, though that of St. Peter's surpasses it in height. It has but one defect, and that it shares in common with our St. Paul's—a defect which is so gloriously avoided in St. Peter's; it is that, in looking up into Brunelleschi's or Wren's domes we gaze into an atmosphere of gloom, but when we look up into Michael Angelo's dome we look into a heaven of light. Alberti's works are chiefly to be seen at Vercelli and Mantua.

Brunelleschi and Alberti were followed by a perfect constellation of architectural talent. Our space will not admit of our naming these men and their countless works. We must, however, mention Lazzari Bramante (1444—1514) and Baldasari Peruzzi (1481—1536), because these two men really commenced the present church of St. Peter's at Rome. The noble arches supporting the dome are Bramante's work, and the tribune, or western choir,† is the work of Peruzzi; unfortunately, however, Peruzzi did not carry out the internal details of the tribune, and it is only in the grand proportions of this part of the church that we can trace the mighty genius of Peruzzi. If we want to know what he would have done in the way of detail, we must study his magnificent stalls, pavement, and fittings of the cathedral at Sienna.

Giuliano de Sangallo and Raphael made designs for the completion of St. Peter's, but there is great doubt whether anything was erected from their designs though it is evident that the idea of lengthening the nave, so as to convert the plan of the church into a Latin cross, was Raphael's—whereas Bramante had planned a Greek cross. After various changes Michael Angelo was appointed architect, and he returned to the plan of a Greek cross, and designed the superb dome which, however, was not completed until nearly thirty years after his death, which took place in 1563. The transepts and the portion of the nave nearest to the dome were likewise from Michael Angelo's designs, and down to the year 1601 his plans were followed; but the later architects, Carlo Maderno and Fontana, returned to Raphael's plan, and lengthened the nave.

Now, much as men have disputed about St. Peter's—some maintaining that it is the most glorious work that ever proceeded from the hand of man, and others that, taking its size and enormous expense into consideration, it is not an unqualified success—yet all agree that the dome is perfect: at any rate, internally.

Pope and Byron have both sung the praises of this magnificent dome, and their words are worth quoting, as they have both grasped the real method of criticising this wonderful work.

"Thus, when we view some well-proportioned dome
(The world's just wonder, and e'en thine, O Rome!),
No single parts unequally surprise,
All comes united to the admiring eyes;
No monstrous height, or breadth, or length appear:
The whole at once is bold and regular."
—*Pope's "Essay on Criticism."*

Byron's lines point principally to two remarkable peculiarities about St. Peter's:—

"——and haughty dome which vies
In air with earth's chief structures, though their frame
Sits on the firm-set ground—and this the clouds must claim."

"——even so this
Outshining and o'erwhelming edifice
Fools our fond gaze, and, greatest of the great,
Defies at first our nature's littleness,
Till, growing with its growth, we thus dilate
Our spirits to the size of that they contemplate."—*Byron's "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage."*

This refers to the disappointment as to apparent size which people so often experience when they first enter St. Peter's, but which is corrected upon further acquaintance with the building.

It will be seen at once that neither Pope nor Byron criticised the detail, but were both struck at the majesty and general effect of the building. This is really the way to look at St. Peter's; the detail is not worth troubling oneself about, but the general harmony of proportion and the effect of light and shadow are perfect. A Scotch friend of the writer gave an excellent idea of the internal effect of the dome of St. Peter's; he said, "It looks just as if it had cut a great lump out of the sky and shut it up in the building."

We must, however, leave St. Peter's, and endeavour to explain, as far as we can, how it was that the Revived Classical style, after being established in Italy, found its way into France, Spain, Germany, and England.

Now the Renaissance of Italy differed from that of all other countries in this respect: there was no Transition period between Gothic and Renaissance; buildings were either erected in the Italian Gothic or in the re-introduced Classic style, though the earlier examples of the latter style were far more beautiful and pure than they became after the Classic revival had things all its own way. This may be accounted for by the fact that the Early Renaissance architects of Italy were such magnificent artists, whereas the later men, Carlo Maderno, Bernini, and that school, made up by eccentric novelty what they wanted in genius. But in more northern countries and in Spain we find a distinctly Transitional style, partly Gothic and partly Renaissance; and in France, Spain, and the Netherlands, this style developed such extraordinary beauty, such delicacy of detail and elegance, united to such masterly treatment of effect, that it may be regarded as a separate style of architecture from anything that had gone before or which followed after it.

It is difficult to trace exactly how the beautiful Renaissance first arose in France, but it would appear to have originated about the year 1500; and by some writers it is stated that a certain Fra Giacondo introduced what they call the "Blooming style,"* and this, they maintain, was the origin of the French Renaissance; but the difficulty about the matter is that, although almost every Early Renaissance building in France has at some time or another been attributed to this Fra Giacondo, careful investigation has failed in really proving him to have been the architect of any existing building in that country. The beautiful Early Renaissance staircase and courtyard of the Château de Blois, which were pointed out as his work, are not by him; and it is almost certain that the now destroyed Château de Gaillon, erected in 1510, and formerly attributed to Giacondo, was the work of Pierre de Valence (the only portion of this château preserved is a singular kind of gateway, which has been rebuilt at the Ecole des Beaux Arts in Paris), so what the Blooming style was, and what Fra Giacondo really did for French architecture, we are unable to say. In all probability he is only one of the many Italian architects whom the French and English kings, during the sixteenth century, imported for the purpose of forcing the Revived Classical style of Italy down the unwilling throats of their subjects. In France, fortunately, a kind of compromise was arrived at, and buildings, especially churches, were erected which possessed the general outline and arrangement of the Gothic style, combined with very elegant quasi-Classical detail.

The earliest buildings in the Renaissance style are the Palais de Justice at Dijon, 1510, the Palais de Justice at Orleans, the castle at Blois, part of the church of Le Ferte Bernard, the front of the cathedral at Dijon, the church of St. Eustace, commenced in 1532, probably from designs of Philibert Delorme, the churches of Gisors, St. Clotilde at Andelys, and St. Etienne du Mont. This fine work probably dates from about the year 1540, as the choir of the church was very considerably altered, if not entirely rebuilt, after the year 1537. Germain Brice* says that the celebrated Jean Goujon, the most renowned of all the French sculptors, who was killed in the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, carved the crucifix and other statues connected with this work, therefore it must have been erected between 1537 and 1572.

The jube or rood screen of St. Etienne, with its exquisite staircases winding round the columns on either side, the wide elliptic arch supporting its gallery, parapets composed of knotted tracery, and the finely-designed doorways leading into the aisles, form perhaps the most charming examples of this style in existence.

Probably Italian ornamentation was introduced into France, Germany, and England about the same time. Kugler quotes a passage from "Mertain's Prague" to the effect that the Italian style was introduced into Germany and France in the same year, 1489, and that the first buildings erected in the new style were a hall in the palace of the Hradschin at Prague, and a building at Solesme, in France; but the writer has been unable to discover any corroboration of this statement. The earliest existing Renaissance building, as far as Prague is concerned, is evidently the Belvedire erected by Ferdinand I. in the king's garden, a very beautiful example of the style, evidently the work of an Italian, but it cannot be earlier in date than 1558, as Ferdinand was not elected to the empire until that year. It consists of a large hall surrounded externally by an arcade supported upon Ionic columns. Two of the earliest Renaissance buildings in Germany would appear to be the buildings of Otho the Wise at Heidelberg Castle, 1556, and the fine double portico of the Town Hall at Cologne, 1569—1571. It is true that before this date we find examples of stained glass, monuments, and altar-pieces, which show an admixture of classical and Gothic detail. For instance, the shrine of St. Sebald at Nuremburg, 1506—1519, and other monuments by Peter Vischer; and the beautiful tomb of Bishop von Bibera, executed by Tilman Riemenschneider in the cathedral of Wurzburg, 1521, and others, have much Italian detail about them, though in general effect they are Gothic.

In the Netherlands and in England the earliest examples of the Renaissance are also confined to monuments and church furniture. In the side-screens of the choir at Winchester Cathedral, erected by Bishop Fox, the Chantry Chapel of Bishop West at Ely, and Sir Thomas More's chantry at Chelsea, we find friezes and capitals which are classical in character, though mixed up with Gothic

* When two dates are given for any work, the first refers to its commencement and the latter to its completion.

† St. Peter's, like the old basilica churches, is built *west* and east; the high altar being nearer to the west than east end.

* "Blühenden styl."—Kugler.

* "Description de la Ville de Paris, 1752;" a very scarce book.

tracery and mouldings. There can be no doubt that the revived Classic or Renaissance architecture was introduced into England, France, Germany, and the Netherlands by the rulers of the land. We know, for instance, that Louis XII. imported Fra Giacondo; Henry II. of France, Dominico Cortana; and Francis I., Serlio, and others. Maximilian did the same for his superb mausoleum at Innspruck, and Henry VIII. brought over Pietro Torrigiano to erect the tomb of his father, 1512.

The Tudor sovereigns were terrible hands at employing foreigners, and their courtiers followed the example of "their royal master." Hence we find Torrigiano at work at the Rolls Chapel upon the monument of Dr. John Young, Master of the Rolls, a most beautiful work, by the way, and the finest example of terra cotta in England. Then we find Protector Somerset bringing over John of Padua to design Somerset House, and Sir John Thynne, his secretary, employing the same architect at Longleat. The fact is, it was as bad to be an English architect, sculptor, or painter in the days of the Tudors, as it was in later times to be an English musician, though it must not for a moment be supposed that Englishmen could neither build or paint in the sixteenth century. The magnificent chapel of Henry VII. alone, commenced 1503, under Sir Reginald Bray and Prior Bolton, and in all probability their joint design, would alone dispel any doubt upon this point; but in addition to this we find almost countless churches erected and in course of erection at the period of the Reformation. For instance, the exquisite nave and tower of Lavenham Church, Suffolk, 1529; Bath Abbey Church, 1500—1539; St. Stephen's Church, Norwich, 1530; St. James's Church, Bury, 1529; the altars and choir screens of Winchester Cathedral, 1519—1528; Whiston Church, Northamptonshire, 1534; and Trinity College Chapel, Cambridge, 1555.

There is great reason for supposing that Cardinal Wolsey was himself a very accomplished architect. There is a decided and very marked character about all his buildings, and an individuality which can only be accounted for by supposing either that he designed them himself or, at any rate, directed those who did. Two things, however, greatly surprise us: we should naturally have expected from the generally-received view of Wolsey's character to have found a great profusion of ornamentation and a superabundance of detail about his buildings, especially when it is taken into consideration that such a sumptuous treatment would have been quite in the spirit of the age and the style in vogue. And from his intercourse with the king, who, as we have previously pointed out, so greatly favoured the revival of classical architecture; and with the Court of Rome, where that architecture was exclusively in use, we should also have thought that his buildings would have abounded with features borrowed from the new style, even if they were not altogether Italian or Renaissance. But here again we are met by one of those extraordinary contradictions which we have previously alluded to in the art history of the sixteenth century, for, strange to say, Wolsey's buildings are remarkable for the entire absence of any Renaissance or Italian feeling about them, and they also form a contrast to the works of his contemporaries by their severity and sparing use of ornamentation. Moreover, we can only find one case in which the appointment of a foreign architect can be traced to Wolsey. It was in his purchase of a sarcophagus, to serve as his own coffin, from Torrigiano. This sarcophagus, though of Italian marble, is perfectly plain and devoid of ornament. It now contains the body of Lord Nelson, and may be seen in the crypt of St. Paul's.

The earliest work of Wolsey with which we are acquainted is the beautiful tower of Magdalene College, Oxford. It is a most noble work, the proportions of which are studied with an amount of subtlety and a knowledge of optics worthy of the Greeks. Although the effect of the building is rich, yet it is extraordinary when one comes to examine it how very little mere ornament there is about it.

The chapel which Wolsey built at Windsor, and which used to be called Wolsey's Tomb-House, was, before the recent decorations and conversion into a memorial to the late Prince Consort, a finely-proportioned but decidedly plain perpendicular building. His buildings at Christ Church, Oxford, and Hampton Court, also show the result of dignified simplicity and solidity, rather than any striving after magnificence by the use of ornamentation or elaboration. The same may be said to apply to what we know of his buildings at Whitehall. If, as the writer surmises, Wolsey was his own architect, he must be regarded as the last great Gothic architect which England produced.

It is by no means improbable, also, that the attachment to Gothic architecture shown by the University of Oxford, and the fine late Gothic churches erected in Suffolk, may be traced to his influence.

Even after Wolsey's time, however, our English architects and workmen were capable of designing and executing good Gothic work; but unfortunately it was looked upon as a sign of learning to admire classical architecture and to despise that of our own land. The whole age, in fact, was brimful of classical affectation, and we see it exemplified in the inflated and pompous monumental inscriptions of the time, and in the absurd classical allegories and pageants which so delighted Henry VIII., Francis I., and Elizabeth, and with their "salvages," "geni," "gnomes," virtues, and vices, "in the style of the antique."

The Renaissance style was, in fact, patronised alone by the learned, and as the courtiers of the time desired to be considered either learned themselves, or patronisers of learning, they took it up, and either really despised the old Gothic style of their fathers, or pretended to consider it barbarous.

With the people themselves, however, both here and on the Continent, matters were widely different, and their sympathies were entirely with the Gothic style; and although in England few churches were built during the period immediately following the Reformation, yet those which were erected in out-of-the-way places were Gothic, and this continued to be the case even down to the time of the Revolution of 1688. Stene Church, Northamptonshire, 1620; Stanton Harold Church, 1653; Low Ham, Somerset, 1620; parts of Brancepeth Church, Durham; and Charles Church, Plymouth, 1646—1664, are not unpleasing examples of an attempt to keep alive Gothic architecture; and the clerestory of the nave and tower of Chastleton Church, Oxfordshire, rebuilt in 1688, would, without examination, pass for tolerable Gothic.

The tenacity with which the Gothic style held its ground in Belgium is quite remarkable. The magnificent Dominican Church of St. Jacques, at Liège, which is quite pure Gothic without any admixture of Classic, dates from 1522—1558; and the fine Dominican Church of St. Paul at Antwerp dates from 1546; St. Elizabeth Mons, 1516—1580; and the glorious church of St. Waudni, at Mons, was in course of erection as late as 1589. All these buildings are pure Gothic work, and show no Italian influence whatever.

In the Roman Catholic parts of Germany we find the religious orders—the Dominicans, Franciscans, and the Jesuits—using the Gothic down to the year 1700. The great church erected by the last-named order at Cologne may perhaps be regarded as the last really magnificent church erected in the Gothic style. Kugler speaks of it as a "brilliant design, and a most remarkable example of constructive skill." It has a nave 100 feet high and 40 feet wide, and its stone vault is unsupported by buttresses. All the arches are acutely pointed, and although there is a slight admixture of Italian work in the details, were it not that its date is known to be 1629, one would certainly have dated it 120 years earlier. Of course, with the introduction of the Renaissance, architecture ceased to have any religious signification. Roman Catholics, Anglicans, Lutherans, and Calvinists built their churches in any style which suited their taste, just as they do now. As a rule, it may be stated that when the king or court erected a church it was built in the Renaissance or Italian style, and when the people erected it they chose the Gothic style. Thus we see King James I. employing Inigo Jones to disfigure Old St. Paul's by Grecian porticoes, and converting its Gothic pinnacles into classical obelisks, at the very time that that celebrated architect was erecting a Gothic chapel for the benchers of Lincoln's Inn.

Before concluding this portion of our subject, it is advisable that we should just attempt to explain why it is that people are more attached to Gothic architecture, especially in churches, than to the Classic styles. Why is it that when we look at Westminster Abbey or Canterbury Cathedral we all feel such a love for the building, and, much as we may admire St. Peter's or St. Paul's, we do not feel the same emotion? Is it religious sentiment? No, we think not, and for two reasons: one is, that men who have no religious belief whatever feel this influence. One of the most enthusiastic admirers of Gothic churches which the writer has ever met was a French Communist and an avowed atheist. Again, if it were a purely religious sentiment, why should a building erected for the same high purpose in one noble style of architecture affect people in a totally different way from that erected in another style, no less noble and worthy of its purpose? If we admit that a delight in seeing magnificent temples erected to the worship of the Almighty is a religious sentiment, we cannot admit that it could lead us to discriminate between two styles, both of which have been sanctioned by centuries of use amongst Christians.

We take it, that what lies at the root of the matter is rather a poetical than a religious feeling, and we believe that it is to be traced to two causes. One is, undoubtedly, the antiquity of our Gothic churches. We feel, for instance, that if Canterbury or Westminster were destroyed or burnt down, no power on earth, no amount of money, no architectual skill could replace them; but if St. Peter's or St. Paul's were burnt down, provided that careful drawings existed and a sufficient sum of money were at hand, they could be replaced without any very serious loss! The other cause is the intricate subdivision of great Gothic churches, which is the principal element of that mystery which is so captivating to the mind; in fact, the poetry of the building.

There is also another point which must be taken into consideration. A Gothic cathedral is the union of many ideas, and the thoughts of many minds united together in one building; every architect, every carver, nay, almost every mason or workman, has left his individual character stamped upon the portion of the building which he executed; but in a great classical church we see alone the evidence of one master mind—that of the architect; the carver, the mason, and the workmen were only so many machines carrying out his views, and the less individuality they introduced into the work so much the better.

Thus, in a Gothic church the effect is composed of the combination of numerous parts, each possessing an individual interest of its own; but in a great classical church the various parts are of no individual interest except as parts of one single great scheme. And from this it follows that in a Gothic church there is no incongruity or discord produced by variety of dates or styles; the nave may be Norman, the transepts Early English, the choir Decorated, and the towers Perpendicular; but in a classic church such a variety of styles would be incongruous and discordant. We see even at St. Peter's, that although Maderno, Bernini, and the later architects attempted to copy Michael Angelo's style, every variation which they made from the original design is a defect; even the unintentional exhibition of individuality in the detail is a blot, and detracts from the effect of the building. This is one of the reasons why, in point of detail, St. Paul's is more happy than St. Peter's. Wren fortunately lived long enough to superintend the completion of his work, and to prevent incongruities being introduced into its detail by other hands.

From this it will be seen that if we want thoroughly to understand or criticise a great classical church we must confine our attention to the general effect of the whole building, and endeavour to understand what was the precise object which the architect had in view when he designed it; then, having satisfied our minds upon this point, we must attempt to judge the merits of the building from the architect's own standpoint. Do the proportions and general grouping together of the edifice serve to carry out the effect which he must have intended, or do they fail in conveying the right impression? For instance, if the building has a heavy, gloomy aspect, we may take it for granted that the effect of solidity and solemnity intended by the architect has not been successfully achieved—that some particular parts (the columns, for instance) are too thick and clumsy, and serve by their ill proportion to overdo the idea of solidity. If we see that an effect of lightness and airiness is intended—as, for instance, in the interior of the dome of St. Peter's—we must notice how far the architect has scored a success, and where he has failed; because, in a building, however light, however graceful it may be, there must be no appearance of instability or weakness. And here we see the perfection of the dome of St. Peter's; that, although it seems "to hang in air," yet it looks as firmly seated as if it rested upon a rock, while the vast triumphal arches which support it, though massive and solid, produce no effect of heaviness or clumsiness.

Our readers will at once see from this how much more difficult it is to criticise a classical than a Gothic building; that, in fact, to appreciate thoroughly a great Italian church, a very considerable mental process must be gone through; and a fair knowledge of architectural rules is absolutely essential, because all classical buildings are bound to follow certain definite laws of proportion and clearly-defined rules as to "solid and void." And these laws may not be transgressed; they are like the laws of harmony applied to a musical composition in "the strict style." And it is because these laws are not observed in Gothic architecture that Evelyn and other writers in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries—in fact, even the great Sir Christopher himself—thought Gothic architecture barbarous. They said, "here is an architecture which follows no classical rules of proportion, which violates all laws of architectural harmony; uses in the same building arches of various shapes, places 'voids' over 'solids' and crowds solid masses over 'voids'; its construction is a contradiction to every received precedent, and its ornamentation applied at random and without reference to architectural propriety."

All this seems to us to be most absurd, and we say at once it is judging the style by criterions and tests which do not apply to it, the very truth of which it denies, and often contravenes; these laws are applicable enough to classical buildings, but not to the Gothic style, which is bound down by no arbitrary rules or æsthetic principles, owes allegiance to no prescribed laws of proportion, appeals more to the feelings than to the understanding, depends more upon artistic effect than scientific excellence, captivates the mind by its mystery and poetry, and fascinates the eye by its intricacy and variety—it is romance in brick and stone. In short, it may be said that "the Classic styles are the prose of architecture, Gothic is its poetry; the Classic its speech, and Gothic its song."

(*To be continued.*)

AN ARTIST'S MODEL; OR, JANET'S MISTAKE.

CHAPTER III.

"H," said Janet's neighbour, "there is Claud Lester. It is not often that he emerges from his studio, and comes into society. But it is said that he goes everywhere just now; he is looking for a model for Jephthah's daughter in his great Academy picture, as he says the kind of head he wants is not to be found among the professional models."

The name mentioned was that of one of the most distinguished and successful painters of the day, and was well known to Janet. Remembering his earnest gaze at her, it occurred to her to wonder whether it were possible that he should have discovered in her some resemblance to the ideal he was seeking to realise. Then the thought suddenly rushed into her mind—"If it were so, here might be a means of earning money such as she was seeking. But, should she have courage to seek it in this direction?" Feeling a necessity to think the matter over quietly in her own room, she rose hurriedly, found her hostess, and took leave; not, however, unobserved by Claud Lester, who, as soon as she had departed, approached Mrs. Delamere and inquired who she was.

* * * *

To go back to our friend, Alan Forsaith.

On leaving Skarran he went direct to Edinburgh to take up his work where he had left it when starting for his holiday. He wrote a few lines to the minister, telling him of his safe arrival, and speaking in grateful terms of the friendship which had been shown him at the manse; then he resolved to set steadily to work and not write any more until he could tell them that his prospects were brightening.

Six months later he was appointed director of some art classes at a good salary, and his pictures began to sell. Then he wrote again to Mr. Macfarlane, telling him of his good fortune, and asking that some of the family would write and let him know that they were all well. When the time arrived at which he thought he might fairly expect an answer, he became painfully anxious, several more days elapsed, and then his letter was returned to him through the post, having been first forwarded from Skarran to an address in Glasgow, whence it was sent to him endorsed "Gone away; no address."

Alan was fairly bewildered. What could have happened? It was as if the earth had opened and swallowed up for ever these friends with whom he had been so intimate for those precious weeks in the past autumn. He grew restless and unhappy, and resolved, as soon as he could possibly leave his work, he would make a journey to Skarran and to Glasgow and find out what it all meant. Just now, however, the board of management of the institution by which he was employed were arranging to send him on a special mission to London, so his journey north must be delayed for some weeks.

The business in London proved somewhat tedious, as he had constantly to wait for fresh instructions from Edinburgh. The first leisure afternoon he had he turned into the Royal Academy, which was just opened for the season, and wandered listlessly through the crowded rooms, picking out here and there a picture which could be seen without too much trouble. In the large centre room a great crowd was collected round one particular picture. He felt too dispirited to force his way through, so he sat on a sofa opposite and referred to his catalogue. "Ah!" he muttered, "Lester's picture of Jephthah's Daughter. The picture of the season. I wonder if it is worth the trouble of squeezing through the mob for."

While he was hesitating, the crowd opened for a moment to allow a lady to pass out, and he caught a glimpse of the picture. In a moment his attention was arrested, for on the canvas before him he saw depicted the face of Janet Macfarlane, lit up with an expression which he had seen a dozen times when she had been relating or listening to some story of heroism or self-sacrifice—an expression which he thought the noblest he had ever seen on any human face. He waited to obtain a good view of the picture, and the longer he looked the more firmly was he convinced that Janet alone could have sat for it.

He hurried to his hotel, and having ascertained Claud Lester's address from the catalogue, wrote him the following letter.

"Dear Sir,—For some weeks past I have been trying in vain to ascertain the present address of some friends of whom I have lost sight in an unaccountable manner—the family of the Rev. James Macfarlane, late of Skarran. On visiting the Royal Academy to-day, I was struck with the likeness of your figure of Jephthah's Daughter to Miss Macfarlane, which is so remarkable that I am convinced it cannot be accidental. If you can and will help me to find my friends, I shall be extremely grateful for your assistance. With apologies for troubling you—Faithfully yours,

"ALAN FORSAITH."

Having dispatched his letter, he awaited a reply with the utmost impatience. All the

next day he stayed within doors, fearing that he might be absent when it arrived. It did not come till the last post at night, but then it came in a guise it had not occurred to him even to hope for, for the address was written in the clear firm hand of Janet herself.

"Dear Mr. Forsaith (she wrote), Mr. Lester has kindly forwarded to me the letter which you have written to him. How sorry I am that you should have had any trouble or anxiety on our account, It never occurred to any of us that you could have any difficulty in hearing of us. We have sometimes wondered that you did not write, and in all the changes and anxieties that have come upon us we have often wished for your friendly sympathy." She then told him of her father's losses and her own departure from home; and how, before she had quite made up her mind to offer herself as a model to Mr. Lester, he had himself written to her asking her to sit for his Academy picture. That she had found the kindest of friends in Claud Lester and his wife, who had not only enabled her to send her father and Elsie to Glasgow in order that the former might have medical advice, but had induced the minister and his daughter afterwards to come to London by offering Elsie the position of morning governess to their own children.

"And now," Janet went on, "papa is arranging and cataloguing Mr. Lester's library, and is as happy as the day is long. I little thought when leaving the manse last year that I was leaving it never to return. The dear old manse! There are strangers in it now, and I suppose I shall never see it again. Papa says I am to tell you to lose no time in coming to see him, as he longs to shake you by the hand again, and to hear how you have been prospering. You will find us all at home by six o'clock to-morrow."

It need hardly be said that Alan presented himself at the address given in Janet's letter, at the hour mentioned, and received a cordial welcome from the minister and his daughters. He found little change in them, except that perhaps the sisters were not quite so strikingly alike as formerly. Though it was difficult to define where the change lay, unless it were in a sweet gravity, in exchange for which Janet might have parted with some small portion of her girlishness.

Over the evening meal Alan told them how fortune's wheel had turned for him, and received their congratulations on his improved prospects.

"My first thought on receiving my appointment," said Alan, "was a longing for the pleasant words of sympathy which I knew I might reckon on from the friends who had wound themselves so closely round my heart, and who had so generously opened the charmed circle of their home to take me in. Conceive, then, my dismay on receiving back my own letter through the post."

When he began speaking Janet said to herself, "Yes, of course; I am glad his first thought was for Elsie." She looked across at her sister, and saw her radiant with pleasure, but gazing at her with an expression in her eyes that for once Janet could not read.

The meal ended, they grouped themselves round the open window, Janet sitting a little apart, and though the surroundings of the Bayswater lodgings were so different from those in which he had been accustomed to see his friends, it seemed to Alan that the peculiar charm of the manse pervaded also this place. As indeed it did, for wherever these three went they carried with them the hallowing influence of unselfish love.

There was much to tell on both sides, but as the twilight crept over them they grew more silent, and the minister fell first into a dose, and then into a sound sleep. Janet was roused from a reverie to find that Alan had drawn his chair closer to hers, and looking round, saw that Elsie had quietly left the room. There was hardly light enough to show her Alan's face, but there was a tremor in his voice when he spoke.

"Janet," he said, softly, and she started, for it was the first time he had called her by her Christian name; "you know what my improved prospects mean *for me?*"

The kindly twilight hid Janet's pallor as she answered faintly, "I think I do."

Alan moved nearer still and took her hand.

"It means that I dare now lay my heart at the feet of the woman whom I love with all my strength, and ask her to take it into her keeping, and help me to live a life that shall be worthy of her. What will she answer?"

Janet did not move, and for a moment there was silence. At last she said slowly, in a voice which scarcely sounded like her own, "I am not quite sure, but I do not think you have anything to fear."

"Ah! you are not sure? What will decide you?" he said, with suppressed eagerness. "I ought not to press you, but your decision is vital to me. Can you not look down into your heart and see if you have any love for me?" and the hand that held hers trembled.

"My heart!" said Janet, thoroughly roused. "I! *What is it you are saying?* Surely it is Elsie whom you love?"

Alan drew back amazed, then answered gently, "Elsie is as a dear sister, whom I hope always to be allowed to love and cherish, but the one woman in the world for me is Janet."

"Oh, Alan!"

The intonation of these two words was enough for Alan. In a moment Janet was clasped in a close embrace, from which, however, she quickly disengaged herself.

"But Elsie," she said. "If I should be

"'HOW WELL THE NEW PICTURE LOOKS,' SAID ONE OF THEM." (*p.* 442.)

right in my suspicions as to her feelings, Alan, I could not accept a happiness which would cause her pain, supposing she too should have been mistaken."

"But she never was mistaken for a moment," said the soft voice of Elsie in the darkness behind them, and her arm stole lovingly round Janet's neck. "She saw how things were tending from the very first. Oh, Janet, I am so happy, dear. Papa and I often talked it over when you left us by ourselves, and we hoped so much that this might happen. Ah, there you are, papa, waking up at last, and I think you will say it is high time."

THE END.

USEFUL HINTS.

French or Dry Cleaning at Home for Gloves, Ties, Boots (either Satin or Kid), Furs, and Plush.

This method is so simple that, to young ladies who go out a great deal, gloves are a great consideration, and when by such a simple process you can have clean gloves in a few minutes, most ladies would like to learn the method, the cost of which is so trifling. The first thing to do is to procure benzine, or benzoline (the former I prefer), from a chemist; sixpennyworth will clean at least a dozen pairs, and then can be used again, if care be taken that, in returning it to the bottle, no sediment is allowed to return, but wiped from the bowl with a cloth kept for that purpose.

The best thing to scrub the articles on is a common slate and an ordinary nail-brush, and care must be taken that water on no account must be allowed to come near the spirit.

There are two bowls used, one for soaking, the other for rinsing.

After soaking the articles, lay them on the slate and scrub those parts which are the most soiled gently until clean, then rinse them through the clean spirit, and put them on a rounded stick, or a glove stretcher will do if not opened, and rub gently all over until dry, then hang them up on a piece of twine to take the smell out of them.

It is always best to do your cleaning in the day with windows open, so that the air carries off any smell; although not unpleasant, some people object to it. Light or fire should be avoided, as the spirit is inflammable, but with a little ordinary attention there is not the slightest cause for fear.

This method of cleaning is so simple that a child of ten years old could, without the slightest fatigue, clean from twenty to thirty pairs per hour.

The rubbing cloths are made of the commonest kind of coarse towelling, half a yard square, and when these are dirty and require washing, they should be thrown into strong soda water and boiled, and when thoroughly dried are ready for use.

Boot and shoe cleaning is precisely the same as for gloves, only in the case of kid shoes, instead of being dried with a cloth, they are finished with plaster of Paris, the plaster being rubbed on with the hand.

White furs are treated in the same way, and then shaken well to get the powder out and raise the fur nicely.

Dark furs are rinsed in clear spirit after scrubbing, then rubbed nearly dry with a cloth, shaken, and hung up to dry the same as gloves.

I think it best to take the linings out of muffs (not other things), because it is very difficult to get the lining to set smooth afterwards.

Neckties are smoothed over with a warm iron after cleaning, and, as a rule, look equal to new. Furniture coverings can have all grease removed from them by rubbing the part with the brush first, and then quickly with a cloth; if the first application is not sufficient, the second one is a certainty.

This process of cleaning removes dirt and grease of every kind, but not stains. Sometimes a spot of grease on a dress spoils the effect, and some people think nothing will do but to retrim or take the soiled part away; but this spirit, carefully used on the spoilt part, will almost instantaneously remove all trace of grease. M. C.

THERE'S PEGGY!

The following incident is narrated in the autobiography of Richard Lovell Edgeworth, father of the more famous Maria Edgeworth:—"One day," says Mr. Edgeworth, "in one of the crowded streets, I met a poor young girl, who seemed utterly bewildered; she stopped me, to ask if I would tell her the name of the street she was in. Her accent was broad Scotch, and her look and air of perfect simplicity was, I perceived, not assumed, but genuine. I gave her the information she wanted, and asked her where she lived, and if she was in search of any friend's house. She said she did not live any where in London; she was but just arrived from Scotland, and knew nobody who had any house or lodging of their own in town, but she was looking for a friend of the name of Peggy; and Peggy was a Scotch girl, who was born within a mile of the place where she lived in Scotland. Peggy was in service in London, and had written her direction to some house in this street, but the number of the house, and the names of the master or mistress, had been forgotten. The poor girl was determined, she said, to try every house, for she had come all the way from Scotland to see Peggy, and she had no other dependence!

"It seemed a hopeless case. I was so much struck with her simplicity and forlorn condition, that I could not leave her in this perplexity, an utter stranger as she evidently was to the dangers of London. I went with her, though I own without the slightest hope of her succeeding in the object of her search: knocked at every door, and made inquiries at every house. When we came near the end of the street, she was in despair, and cried bitterly; but as one of the last doors opened and as a footman was surlily beginning to answer my questions, she darted past him, exclaiming, 'There's Peggy!' She flew along the passage to a servant girl, whose head had just appeared as she was coming upstairs. I never heard or saw stronger expressions of joy and affection than at this meeting; and I scarcely ever, for any service I have been able in the course of my life to do for my fellow-creatures, received such grateful thanks as I did from this poor Scotch lassy and her Peggy for the little assistance I afforded her."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

Eileen.—"Od," or "odic," is the name invented by Baron von Reichenbach, and applied to what he deemed a new force in nature, which was all pervading, and manifested itself at the poles of magnets, crystals, etc. The theory was long discredited, in spite of Reichenbach's years of patient research, but within the last year or so the subject has been re-investigated, and the investigators consider that there is some truth in these theories after all.

Inquirer.—Kindly read the article entitled "Work for All," pages 25, 119, 179, 347, 518, and 662, vol. v.

Moocheparah.—We never heard of such a restriction on private schools. Ask your informant to give his authority.

Luke and Belinda.—It is very intrusive of any one to ask you whether you were engaged to be married. You may reply to such persons, "Pardon me, but I am sure no such announcement has been made either by my family or myself." It would not be suitable for a girl to become a member of a Young Men's Association. On the contrary, it would be very inexpedient.

L. W.—We do not know the word, but perhaps you mean Camembert, the name of a cheese. Do you mean the Bishop and Clark's rocks, which, we think, are near St. David's? There is an arched rock in the Island of Sark, which is constantly painted.

The Herald of the Grotto.—John Couch Adams was senior wrangler at St. John's, Cambridge, in 1843, and afterwards fellow and tutor. He became Lowndean Professor of Astronomy there in 1856. He may be called the English discoverer of Neptune, as his discovery dates October, 1845, and Le Verrier's the 10th November following. The discoveries being independent, the Royal Astronomical Society gave to each a printed testimonial, instead of awarding the gold medal to either. The difference between education and culture seems to be best described by remembering the difference between digested and assimilated food, and the same undigested. It is very possible to possess an amount of crude knowledge which, unless digested, is of no use in the cultivation of our thoughts and feelings.

Cethegus.—Procopius was a Byzantine historian, born at Cæsarea in the beginning of the sixth century B.C. He was secretary to Belisarius, 527 B.C., and followed him in his campaign against the Vandals, and in the Gothic War was head of the Byzantine navy and commissariat. The Emperor Justinian bestowed high honours upon him, and he wrote the history of Justinian's wars in eight books, with strict impartiality. He died about 565 B.C. The best edition of his works is by Dindorf, in three volumes, published at Bonn, 1833-8. There was also a French edition in the seventeenth century.

Le Capitaine.—You say you are "far away," but do not say where. There is a Society for Studying Languages by Correspondence, of which the hon. secretary is Miss Hedge, East Gates, Colchester, Essex. The words Pall-mall are pronounced Pell-mell, Rollo as Ro-lo. Dumas is French, and the u pronounced as the letter is in that language. The final s is consequently mute. Algernon is divided as Al-ger-non, the emphasis being on the first syllable, and the a and g as in the word algebra.

A Reader.—A period, otherwise called a full stop or dot, is employed underneath an abbreviation when the last or last two letters are written on a higher level than the rest of a word, or when the first letters only are given, as, for instance, after an., the abbreviation of the Latin word annum—year.

ART.

Hetty.—Pampas grass that has become discoloured can be whitened again by putting it in a solution of chloride of lime; first lightly shake the dust from it.

A Bristol Lassie will have no doubt seen Miss Saward's articles on "Mirror Painting," on pages 148 and 219, vol. vii.

Patience.—Instructions on "Painting on Terra-Cotta" were given at page 225, vol. ii.

Nellie M.—You appear to keep your colours in too warm a place. Most gold inks should be used speedily after they are opened, and should be very well corked at all times. The corners of cards being turned down has two significations, viz., that the call has been made in person, or that the card left is intended to include the grown-up daughter or daughters of the house. At present, however, it is more usual to leave a second card in the latter case.

A Cabbage.—It is almost impossible to etch upon unbleached linen. You should etch on dressed jean, using the best marking ink, and Gillott's etching pens. The number of quotations under each separate heading in the prize competition is left to the judgment and industry of the competitor.

San Marco.—See "Lustra Painting," vol. iv., page 373, for directions about colouring. 2. You cannot have read the terms of the prize competition, as foreign quotations are distinctly mentioned in them, page 16, vol. vii.

A Poor Young Girl.—Wedgwood was the founder of English pottery. He was the descendant of a long line of potters, and he discovered a new species of earthenware and porcelain. Hiccoughs may be cured by swallowing three times without breathing, or by remaining perfectly still, and only drawing as much breath as you cannot dispense with for five minutes. A sudden start will sometimes cure it, or a small dose of bi-carbonate of potash, or any anti-acid, or a few drops of peppermint in water, or on sugar. The complaint is caused by acidity or indigestion.

Jessica.—To clean bronze figures, wash them with a sponge dipped in soap and water, and rinse them with beer, leaving the latter to dry on the bronze. Keep the figures in a warm room, near the fire, until dry.

M. L. G.—Many firms accept Christmas and Easter cards, but you must take them yourself to the various offices for approval. There are no forms to be observed. Local stationers will often sell cards on commission.

WORK.

WHITE SNOWDROP.—We cannot repeat a recipe so often declined, having given it already, and we decline giving any for destroying moles on the face. If not warts nor excrescences, leave your face alone.

ANXIOUS INQUIRER can only try, by personal application, to obtain trade orders at some fancy-work shop, or any place where such articles are sold. Her letter is fairly creditable.

STRIPE.—The costume worn by girls at gymnasiums much resembles that for bathing—*i.e.*, trousers and short skirt, with a belt round the waist, only that underclothing is worn in the former case with the exception of stays. You should inquire at the gymnasium about such matters, and about the shoes generally approved.

NELLIE.—Some articles on new underlinen, and how to make it, have been already advertised in our new prospectus, and will appear in the volume for 1886.

OLIVIA and SAUCY CISS.—For directions for making a Tam o' Shanter cap, see page 591, vol. i. We have not given any article on the making of macramé lace.

A LUTON LASS.—Directions for making an alum-basket will be found at page 623, vol. i.

POLL PARROTT writes to say that half a yard of book-muslin, half a yard of white stiff net, and three yards of white ribbon wire will make six caps, with one and a half yards of pillow lace for the trimming of each. She makes her own caps, and finds the above amount will wear a long time, as she washes the material over and over again. Pronounce Massa-chu-setts as divided.

INQUIRER (Manchester).—We believe it is quite true that rat skins are largely used in Paris for making gloves, and are said to be good for the purpose, and exceedingly delicate.

POST OFFICE.—A series of articles on girls' allowances, and how to make the best of them, were given on pages 51, 54, 91, 246, and 764, vol. v.

FAIR-HAIRED DOLLIE.—Get some strong red silk twist, and wax it to thread your coral upon. Clean the silver with very finely-powdered whiting and a little water using a leather to polish it.

DEEDS.—Rustic brackets ornamented with fir cones, acorns, etc., are not difficult to make. The brackets are made first of pine, and varnished or stained with walnut-stain. The fir cones and acorns are fastened on with strong glue, and if you have not a gluepot you had better purchase a small one. The cones may be made thinner with a knife when you glue them on.

QUINADA will find patterns of crochet in wool at pages 80 and 476, vol. iii.

AN ANXIOUS ONE.—Brush and comb bags are generally made of washing materials, such as linen, holland, linen-canvas, etc. Most fancy-work shops have a selection of them.

S. C. B. H.—We should think the inmates of the Home for Incurables, at Putney, would be very glad of your scraps of material. You might go and pay them a visit and take them yourself.

BERTHA had far better purchase the jersey for the small boy. It will fit much better.

MOTHERLESS.—How soon you would be able to learn how to make a dress for yourself depends on yourself and your attention to and application of the instruction given you. Ten lessons of two hours each is the time allowed by a charitable lady, who gives lessons in the art of dressmaking to a few poor girls.

FARTHING BOXES, we think, would be a very good institution in houses where no one can afford more; but we pity the poor who have to wait for their flannel petticoats from such a slow kind of collection. Still, everything that serves to remind us of charity is useful.

BRUNETTE.—Swede gloves may be washed when on the hands with a clean piece of flannel, some curd soap, and a little warm water; draw them off carefully, and let them dry slowly.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MARCH HARE.—Stir the milk and sulphur up well together and drink at once; there is no other way.

FLIP NEWBY must inquire for herself at one of the many vegetarian restaurants, of which she will find the addresses in a London Directory.

PEGGY.—We have answered your question so continually that we decline to weary other readers with endless repetitions. In all such matters there is so great diversity of opinion and action amongst good Christian people that no absolute rule can be laid down for all alike. Be guided by your mother's wishes.

CANISTER.—See "How to Preserve Seaweed," p. 542, vol. iii.

PATIENCE.—English names are often pronounced in a perfectly arbitrary manner, and either the family to which the name may belong should be consulted on the subject of its pronunciation, or local information should be obtained from a well-bred, educated person residing in any place of questionable name, so as to arrive at the proper sound and accentuation of the syllables. If there be no peculiarity of an arbitrary character respecting those of the name you mention, it should be pronounced as "Pych-see;" if otherwise it might be called "Pick-see."

VITA.—We regret that we cannot encourage our girls to send manuscripts for publication, nor even for reading only. Our magazine is not designed as an organ for bringing out amateur productions, and we are well supplied.

A SERIOUS ONE.—We are much obliged for the selections, and regret we cannot make use of them. We think your friend is probably inclined to look on the black side of things, and you must try to turn the other side of the shield to her, and dwell on God's infinite and loving mercy.

A RUSSIAN GIRL is warmly thanked for her kind letter. Vaseline, which is made from petroleum, is considered the very best thing to apply to a horse's skin when the hair has been injured. We think you will have no difficulty in obtaining, being sure to mention what purpose it is intended for, as the kind of vaseline used for animals is stronger, we believe, than that intended for human beings.

W. A. C.—Many thanks for the advice about the maidenhair ferns.

TWAD, SCOTCH LASSIE, and M. D. N. must wait till they are older before they become nurses, so should do their duty now, and take care of their health to be strong when the time comes. They are quite right to wish to do something.

C. DE C.—The ages of women are not given in the Bible, the only exception being, we think, in regard to Sarah. As Ruth had been married before, she was very probably over thirty. The name is probably traditional only.

BAB.—Oatmeal porridge and milk is certainly fattening.

A YOUNG CROW.—People who have "a real talent" for any study very soon show signs of it.

SIR GALAHAD.—The rhymes are imperfect and the feet too numerous in the verses you send, but they show some poetical feeling notwithstanding, and we are sure you had pleasure in writing them, so why not continue?

CLARRIS.—We think it would be wiser to try the effect of electricity before going into a hospital. It is often quite miraculous in its cure of paralysis, particularly in slight cases. Consult a doctor first.

HODGE, LOUISA, HAWTHORNE, and Others.—The address of the secretary of the Children's Scrap Book Society is Mr. Charles Dakin, 29, Tunstall-road, S.W.

M. H. FLOURISH.—To take ironmould from linen, see "Fairy of the Family," page 807, vol. iv. We suppose some one has been hoaxing you, little girl. "Do you know what barnacles are? and are there any living now?" Someone who evidently wished to call you a goose in scientific language. Look under "Barnacle" in any English dictionary.

POP writes to say that a little salt put into the water in which roses are put will preserve them. The 24th March, 1863, was a Tuesday.

VIOLET MANSFIELD had better leave off taking tea at night and drink milk instead.

MARJORIE HOPE S.—Curly hair is frequently short. We should not worry about it if we were you. Many thanks for your letter.

THREE MYSTIFIED MAIDENS.—The tradition of the "Wandering Jew" is derived from the crucifixion of our Lord, when he is supposed to have been the doorkeeper of the Judgment-hall, in the service of Pilate. He is fabled to have struck our Lord, saying, "Get on faster," whereupon our Lord declared, "I am going, but thou shalt tarry till I come." There are various other traditions like the above, and several tales of the return of the "Wandering Jew." Croly wrote a tale called "Salathiel," and Southey the "Curse of Kehama," and founded them on this tradition.

AN ANXIOUS ONE must strive to do such things as please God, and keep Him in all her thoughts, so she will grow near to Him. We will gladly do as she wishes.

ROLFA (New Zealand).—We have read through Rolfa's letter with some difficulty, owing to the numberless small bits of paper of which it was composed. We are much obliged for both her lists. The dress account is too rambling and badly written to be of value.

JUDY.—The quotation,

> "I live for those who love me,
> For those that know me true;"

is by Mrs. G. Linnæus Banks, in Dickinson's "Poetical Illustrations," page 473. Do not write backwards; it makes your writing ugly and vulgar.

TABITHA.—We cannot write privately to our correspondents; we do not undertake to do that. We answer their letters in print. Indeed, so many, like yourself, give no address, and only a fancy name, that it would be impossible. Our correspondent "H. E. J." gave you her statement, and that was sufficient to show that it could be done. So you have only to try, by a careful calculation and strict economy. Perhaps she had some half-worn clothes to begin with.

B. G.—We cannot continue to repeat our advice in reference to the toilet. You will find what you want by reference to the indexes. We regret that we cannot undertake to make searches, we have not the time, and it would fill our space with what would be very uninteresting and useless to the majority of our readers.

HOLLY BERRIES.—You must consult our indexes for both your queries. See our answer to "Tabitha."

TOOTSEY SLOPER.—Your questions have been likewise answered more than once. Look out "Seaweed" in our indexes.

A SCOTCH GIRL.—Of course, if you are away from home and in a situation as governess, you cannot have your name written on your mother's card, and are quite right to get some of your own when you go home and pay visits there. However, you had better return to the ordinary usages of society.

ONE OF YOUR CANADIAN GIRLS.—We do not give addresses, and perhaps you will succeed best in disposing of your stamps if you entrust them to the care of some friend in London.

AN ANXIOUS GIRL.—The homes of which you speak are not houses nor institutions for the reception of young girls, but homes for young women in business, who are earning for themselves. We should advise you to take a situation as under-nurse.

A REGULAR DUNCE is probably careless and inattentive. The only way to become a good speller is to look out every word you are in doubt about, and never write one until satisfied of its correctness.

LIZZIE.—The postage for the magazine can always be ascertained by weighing it. It is at the rate of one halfpenny every two ounces. We have nothing to do with it at all, as you will see if you procure a postal guide. Black shoes can be worn with white dresses, but black stockings must also be used.

WIEN.—No doubt the benefits of the parcel post will sooner or later be extended to all continental nations, and that will be your safest conveyance.

MISS F. DE CAEN wishes to correspond with the "Virginia Girl," who expressed a wish that she could have an English correspondent. As we may gather from the leaflet, tract, or religious poem which Miss F. de Caen encloses, that she holds sentiments of which we fully approve, we do not object to give Virginia Girl" her address, sent for the purpose—*i.e.*, Fort Eyre, Galway, Ireland.

PRISCILLA.—To Christians—that is, to those born and educated in Christian countries—who know the Gospel of Christ, He is the "one and only way." This may suffice for us. We cannot be "wise above that which is written" and revealed, and thus when inquiring into the Divine purposes, either as regards His ancient people or the heathen, who never (or very imperfectly) heard the Gospel, we dare not pronounce an opinion, inasmuch as so little has been revealed on the question. But as regards the latter, we are told that they are "a law unto themselves," and will be judged by the law of conscience. See Romans ii. 12-16 inclusive. In reference to the wholesale conversion of the former in the latter days, see Zachariah xii., xiii., xiv. These are amongst the "deep things of God." As to His dealings with others, "What is that to thee?" "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" "Follow thou Me."

SUBSCRIBER (Southampton).—Starlings are amongst the tamest of our birds—indeed, we may say the most so. In severe winter weather we have known a robin redbreast take food out of the hand when the person who offered it remained for some time perfectly still; but we have seen a starling, uninfluenced by hunger or the temptation of food, voluntarily fly to a lady and perch on her shoulder, and this he did afterwards to her father.

EVA.—Do not be so unhappy about your grandfather's feelings when allusion is made as to the "shady side of fifty." We hope that he has too much good sense to be depressed by it. Doubtless to those whose hearts and whose treasures are above, "at evening-time it shall be light," not shady (Zachariah xiv. 7). But the shade to which people who use the expression refer has reference only to physical deterioration, in looks and strength. Girls are not fully developed until they attain twenty-one or twenty-two years of age, and not even then in a sound mature judgment. English girls do not grow up like tropical plants, as the natives of southern and eastern countries, but they attain to much greater longevity. There are girls, however, who think and act like babies long after they should have learned to behave with a little more common sense and self-respect.

MARION P.—We thank you for your note and the enclosure.

ALMA R. M.—We know of no better "preventive" cure for chilblains than a gentle rubbing with dry mustard-flour at the very first indication of their coming. Be careful also to dry the hands and feet very well, using a piece of dry flannel to finish off. In all such things as that to which your last question refers, you can find no better guides than those who have been given you by God. We are glad you find such happiness in trying to live close to Him.

ROSIE.—The quotation, "'Tis better to have loved and lost," is from Tennyson's "In Memoriam." The New Hospital for Women, 222, Marylebone-road, W., will be very glad of any such contributions.

JIM SNAP.—We fear from your letter that you are encouraging yourself in a most unhappy frame of mind, and, judging from the contents of the four sheets of complaints and fault-finding which you have sent us to wade through, we imagine you have not been quite faultless yourself. Pray earnestly, strive for peace, and endeavour to keep only kind thoughts in your mind for everyone. Try to see where you were wrong, and never mind who besides yourself has been to blame. If you were in fault, that is quite enough for you. We hope that the "peace and goodwill" of Christmas entered your heart, and that you have turned over quite a new leaf with 1886.

A DESPONDING ONE.—We think that people return from India at all seasons of the year, whenever business calls them home.

WHEN our hearts are hot and weary
With life's turmoil and its fret,
When this troubled world of ours
For a while we would forget,
Then the children come about us,
And with tiny, trusting hands,
By some pleasant sunny pathway
Lead us back to morning lands.
Oh, the gay time of their playtime—
Birds and bees, and buds among—
Oh, the merry, merry May-time,
When the world is fresh and young!

Sere and barren grow the pathways
Leading up life's time-worn hill—
We should leave the flowers behind us
By youth's gay and sparkling rill—
If the children did not lead us
Where the tired heart and brain,
In the freshness of their valleys,
Can grow pure and strong again.
Oh, the gay time of their playtime—
Birds and bees, and buds among—
Oh, the merry, merry May-time,
When the world is fresh and young!

HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

VOL. VII.—NO. 330. APRIL 24, 1886. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE MOTTO ON THE PENNON.

"AYE FAITHFUL!"

BY MRS. G. LINNÆUS BANKS.

THE Lady Geraldine sits in her bower,
  Weaving, with fingers dainty and light,
A pennon to wave on the topmost tower,
  Loyally held by her own true knight,
When she goeth a bride, with lands for dower,
  In silk, and samite, and gems bedight,
To reign there in sunshine, shadow, and shower,
  And live her life in her liege lord's sight;
    Aye faithful.

The Lady Geraldine's life hath a morrow:
  Again she sits in her solar high,
And 'broiders a pennon with heart-wrung sorrow,
  But never a teardrop to dim her eye.
Her heart may be sad, her work must be thorough,
  To nerve Sir Launce to conquer or die;
For ne'er must the daughter of old Treforrow
  Daunt her brave lord with a weakling's cry,
    "Aye faithful!"

The Lady Geraldine paces her bower,
  No longer weaving with silken thread
Crest, or motto, or mystic flower,
  But fancies spun in the heart and head.
She had brought her lord, as her chiefest dower,
  The faith of the cross, for which martyrs bled;
She hath sent him forth in its strength and power,
  But the woman weeps in the heroine's stead;
    "Aye faithful!"

For the Lady Geraldine yet comes a morrow,
  When years have circled full three times three;
She had prayed in faith, if she wept in sorrow;
  Sir Launce brings the answer loyallie.
Her love is strong and her joy is thorough,
  She springs to his arms with a cry of glee,
"Thank the Lord!" cries the child of stern Treforrow,
  "He hath brought my crusader back to me;"
    "Aye faithful!"

BRAIDING THE PENNON.

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COURTLEROY.

By ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER XXIII.

AROUSED AT LAST.

"FOR mercy's sake, sir, have pity upon us!" resounded through the air in response to the cry of "Here's the squire!"

In another moment a woman was on her knees at Mr. Le Roy's feet, her hands clasped, her voice choked with sobs. He looked helplessly at Mimica, who entreated the suppliant to rise, and proposed that they should go into the house.

"Stop the sale meanwhile," she whispered to him.

"I do not understand this, but I request that proceedings be stayed while I make inquiries. I am Mr. Le Roy," he said to the auctioneer.

His manner was stately, his voice assured.

"Three cheers for the squoire! he be come whuome," cried a by-stander; and farmstead and meadows re-echoed to a "hip, hip, hip, hurrah!" that stunned the polite ears of him in whose honour they arose.

He hastened after Mimica, who was supporting Mrs. Marks into the house, while the hammer dropped from the hand of the astonished auctioneer.

If Mr. Le Roy still possessed human feelings they were aroused by the sight that met his eyes. Poor Marks was seated on the settle in his once comfortable but now dismantled hall, bowed down with grief. Half-a-dozen children were clinging to him, while their tender pastor, Mr. Leste, was standing over him, trying to comfort him. Barbara was also there, a baby in her arms.

"What is to become of us? Where shall we go?" he was groaning, as Mr. Le Roy entered.

"Look up, my friend. 'The Lord is a stronghold in the day of trouble,'" replied Mr. Leste, in the words of the prophet Joel.

"The Lord have mercy upon us, since man won't," returned poor Marks; then perceiving Mimica, he jumped up, exclaiming, "Oh, Miss Marmont!—dear miss!—are you going to London to see the squire?"

"He is here, Marks," replied Mimica, quietly.

"He has stopped the sale," added the wife, falling on his neck and fainting.

The dawn of hope on despair had overpowered her who had been hitherto the mainstay of the family. All, with the exception of Le Roy, gathered round her, the husband and children believing her dead. Mimica and Barbara laid her on the floor, asking for wine, but there was none. Mr. Leste fetched some water, and that, together with the cry of her infant, placed hastily by Barbara in its cradle, restored her to consciousness.

"Where is he—the squire?" were her first words.

"Here," said Mimica, forcing her uncle forwards.

Never had a proud, reserved, unforgiving man been so situated before. He winced as he stood in the midst of this group, the observed of all. Had he really been the unconscious cause of so much misery? Certainly, if Marks spoke the truth.

"It is no fault of mine, sir, that the rent has not been paid. I have done my best, working early and late. If you will give me time, even now I will pay it by degrees," he began, his sickly face flushing with painful eagerness.

"Who is that gentleman?" whispered Le Roy to Mimica, indicating Mr. Leste, and apparently ignoring the plaint.

"Has he no feeling?" she thought, her own soul absorbed in the farmer's troubles; then aloud, "It is Mr. Leste, our—our—clergyman, who should be our vicar."

He walked towards Mr. Leste, pushing through the flock of children and past Barbara.

"Might I speak to you alone? I am utterly confused by what I hear and see," he said.

"May we go into the parlour, Mrs. Marks?" asked Mr. Leste.

"Yes, sir; but it's all in a muddle, ready for the sale," she replied, making an effort to rise, as if to prepare the room for such distinguished company.

"Never mind; I know the way," said Mr. Leste, kindly. He took Mr. Le Roy into a pretty room. Looking through a stone-framed window into a garden, full of early flowers, some sudden memory overcame the squire, who, turning his back on the parson, stood in the embrasure of the window, gazing at the distant landscape of meads and trees. There was a pond at the bottom of the kitchen garden on one side, and an orchard on the other. It was a sweet, rural spot, of which any owner might be proud; but it was bounded in the extreme distance by Monkton, and the scene recalled the past.

Mr. Le Roy looked stern and pale when he turned from it and faced Mr. Leste.

"Might I ask you to be so good as to explain the state of affairs here and elsewhere?" he said, seating himself in the window. "As briefly as possible, if you please."

Mr. Leste sat down opposite him. The furniture was in confusion, and ticketed for the sale; the room looked desolate and mournful. Mr. Leste knew that his chance companion was patron of the living of which he was curate, and that the present incumbent was old and in failing health; an absentee, in short, like Le Roy himself. He knew also that his parishioners would ask that he should succeed him, and he desired nothing better. Must he tell the truth and probably lose his one chance of improving the temporal condition of his large family? A silent prayer was the answer to this silent question.

"I will be as brief as I can," he began, fixing his eyes on Mr. Le Roy. "Indeed, the whole may be summed up in the one word—absenteeism. Everything amiss in the parish of Courtleroy has been done in your name, and ostensibly with your authority. I greatly fear that when you look into your affairs yourself you will find them complicated, if not irretrievably entangled. As a looker-on, and a hearer of all the complaints in the parish, I have striven to discover the source of the evils, but not having been here when Mrs. Le Roy finally left, and never having had the pleasure of your acquaintance, I found it impossible to trace it."

"What are the evils?" asked Le Roy, sternly.

"Tenements falling to decay, ill-drained land, ejectments—tyranny, in short."

"And the cause?"

"That is known only to yourself and your bailiff, humanly speaking, but to a still Higher Being, speaking as a Christian believer."

Le Roy winced, and the nostril moved ominously.

"And these failures at Prestbury?"

"It is rumoured that you will find yourself deeply involved in them. I hope not, for the sake of your numerous dependents as well as your own."

"I trusted Searle implicitly. What of him?"

"He covers himself entirely with your cloak, Mr. Le Roy. Your niece, Miss Marmont, can give you more information than I can on this head. She is intensely interested in your tenants, and has made a study of the property."

"With a view to future heirship?" asked Le Roy, sarcastically.

"She is far too high-minded to think of that," replied Mr. Leste. "She has sought and found work amongst her surroundings, and is much beloved."

Just as Mr. Leste spoke these words Mimica entered.

"They are mobbing Searle," she said, with agitation. "They have just found out that he is in the fly, and if you don't stop them they will kill him. He has already been fired at. Will you go to them, Mr. Leste?"

The curate hurried off.

"Uncle," continued Mimica, "no one but you can stop this riot. The crowd that came for the auction are besieging the fly, and the gentleman who came with you is trying to keep them at bay by promises in your name, but they will only believe you. I will go with you; they all know me."

The Le Roy spirit was aroused at last. He hastened after Mimica, and threading the crowds outside the house, reached the beleaguered fly. Searle was crouching down out of sight, Sellon was addressing the people from window to window, and Mr. Leste was striving to calm them. As may be imagined, Searle had not intended to be there, and had not been expected. Again a cry of "The squire!" arose, and everyone made way for him and Mimica. He beckoned to the alarmed Barber, who was rejoiced to get off the box, and mounted to his place. Waving his hand, he commanded instantaneous silence. Voice and words came to him unexpectedly. He had imagined that he had nearly lost them.

"If you will all disperse quietly I will look into this," he began. "I have stopped the execution, therefore there will be no sale at Overton, to-day at least. I will see into your grievances with Mr. Searle,"—a hiss—"and—and redress them if I can."

"Too late!" from a voice.

"Never too late!" from another.

Mr. Le Roy paused, looking angered and cowed; he had never before been subjected to contradiction.

"Listen; what would you have more?" remonstrated Mr. Leste, who was striving to quiet the most excited.

"Our savings from Unit's Bank; our money invested by Searle; our——" from the by-standers, interrupted by a movement from Le Roy.

"To-morrow; come to me to-morrow," he said, waving his hand. "Get into the fly, Barber," he added to his valet, who was standing by the wheel.

Mimica was behind, with one hand on the window. She knew that so long as she stood there no harm would happen to Searle. She

heard her uncle tell the driver to turn his horses, and she hastily got into the fly.

"Have patience; all will be well now," she said to those nearest to her, as Barber also entered.

"Three cheers for Miss Marmont," came from somebody—it was Bezley, and the current of opinion turned. "Miss Marmont! Miss Marmont!" reached the ears of Le Roy as he sat down on the seat at the driver's side.

"To Courtleroy," he whispered, for he was really in mortal terror, feeling that so long as Searle was with him he was not safe.

Mr. Leste came towards him.

"May I assure Marks that you will give him time? He will not be satisfied without a direct message," he said.

The farmer was at his heels.

"He shall not be molested again provided I am allowed to get safely out of this disagreeable encounter," replied Le Roy.

Marks heard, and raised his hat. Mr. Le Roy took off his, whether to the farmer or the clergyman he scarcely knew, but the watchful crowd saw it, and uncovered also, as the patient and wearied horses set off at a trot. Mimica waved her handkerchief and nodded from one window, Sellon looked out of the other, and so they covered the retreat of the offending Searle.

Mr. Le Roy glanced back at the farm, and wondered what was to come next. Excitement had for the moment overpowered those buried feelings of his, and he looked with a sort of admiration on the pleasant scene he was leaving. Overton was a picturesque house, built in the now almost obsolete style of woodwork and plaster. The black framework with its white interstices, showed well among their setting of elms and surroundings of meadows, while the garden, orchard, and pond seemed to indicate the well-to-do farmer. The sight of the assembled people, and the recollection of the interrupted sale and troubled family, half opened the eye of the sleepy conscience of the owner, who turned his back upon his property with a slight touch of remorse.

"Drive as fast as you can," he said; and he was thankful to be once more upon the high road.

When they reached Searle's house that worthy requested to be put down, but Mr. Sellon overruled his plea that he had an appointment at Prestbury by quietly informing him that he must first attend to business at Courtleroy.

"It is all on Mr. Le Roy's account," said Searle, who had recovered his natural effrontery. "I have had to bear the burden of his demands. Mr. Barber must have some idea of what they have been."

Whatever idea Barber had he was wise enough to hold his tongue. Besides, he, like his master, was intent on the familiar scenes through which they drove.

Mr. Le Roy had some difficulty in keeping his seat, old memories crowded so thickly upon him. Not that he was recognised. He passed the village church and vicarage, and even went through his own lodge gates as a stranger. The lodge appeared to him dilapidated, the drive grass-grown; but he scarcely realised these facts—he was in a dream. Still, even waking somnolency could not deaden his senses to the fact that Courtleroy, as he approached it, looked shabby. When they pulled up at the door no servants awaited them; the cawing of the rooks was his only welcome home. Although he knew that he was not expected, and that his long absence had been voluntary, he felt chilled by this non-reception. No obsequious domestics to receive him as in London; no affectionate mother and sister, as formerly, here at Courtleroy; nothing but silence and decay. These were his reflections as he looked at his closed doors.

But in another moment a graceful figure stood beneath the portico, and the doors were thrown open, revealing the hall as it used to be, with a bright fire and the other old accessories. It might have been his sister, for Mimica resembled that dead playmate and friend. Barber also got out of the fly, and helped his master to descend from his elevated position.

"I am so glad! so thankful!" said Mimica, holding out both hands as he slowly advanced to the portico.

This involuntary act, and the tears that shone in her clear eyes, re-mastered his pride, and he allowed himself to be led into the hall. Miss Heath was there, who also recalled the past. She approached him with a sort of timid astonishment, which was too meekly unobtrusive to oppress him. She muttered a few words of welcome, touched his limp fingers, and at an aside from Mimica went to inform the housekeeper of the wonderful arrival. Meanwhile Searle, at the instigation of Mr Sellon, had directed the driver to take the fly round to the yard, and lawyer and bailiff did not dismount at the principal entrance. The former had his plans, and kept to them. Barber also went round to the servants' entrance, walking as if afraid to move on, and uplifting hands and eyes, while he muttered concerning the changes he saw on all sides.

Thus Mr. Le Roy and Mimica were left alone. The former went to the fire and stood erect, his back to Mimica. She also remained standing, her hand on the carved oak table in the centre of the saloon. There was a long silence, which he broke at length.

"What is your dinner hour?" he said, turning round and facing Mimica.

Was he startled by her attitude, her beauty, or the resemblance to her mother? He looked at her a moment, sat down, leant his elbows on the arms of the old-fashioned oaken chair, and covered his face with his hands. She moved towards him and stood at his side.

"Dear uncle, I am so sorry for you," she whispered, not knowing what best to do or say.

But he brooked no sympathy.

"Thank you," he said, apathetically, letting his hands fall, turning to the fire, and taking up the poker.

"Will you kindly tell the housekeeper—I beg your pardon, Barber will communicate with her. Where is Barber?"

He rang the bell furiously, and Mimica, fearful of the effect their one female attendant might have on him, went in search of the valet.

(To be continued.)

VARIETIES.

Compensation.

Love came to me and found me sitting lonely;
Love went from me, left me more lonely still.
"Oh, why," I cried, "does Love to us bring only
Some unknown ill?"

My cry despairing, ere for ever flitting,
Recalled a moment the light wanton boy.
"Does it not bring," laughed he, "while sitting lonely,
Some unknown joy?"

—George W. Jones.

Prudent and Imprudent. — No accidents are so unlucky but that the prudent may draw some advantage from them; nor are there any so lucky but that the imprudent may use them for their own ruin.—*Rochefoucauld.*

Little Virtues.—Do not be troubled because you have not great virtues. God made a million spears of grass where He made one tree. The earth is fringed and carpeted, not with forests but with grasses. Only have enough of little virtues and common fidelities, and you need not mourn because you are neither a heroine nor a saint.

Lasting Joys.

Beware what earth calls happiness; beware
All joys but joys that never can expire.

—Edward Young.

How to have Everything.—She who has health has hope, and she who has hope has everything.—*From the Arabic.*

A "Squeaking Abomination."—In the thirteenth century the use of the organ in divine service was deemed profane and scandalous by the Greek and Latin clergy, just as in the seventeenth century the instrument was called a "squeaking abomination" by the Puritans.

On Whistling.—It is a widespread superstition that it is at all times unlucky for women to whistle. According to one legend this idea arose from the circumstance that, while the nails for our Lord's cross were being forged, a woman stood by and whistled. Curiously enough, one very seldom hears any of the fair sex indulging in this recreation, although there is no reason, as it has been often pointed out, why they should not whistle with as much facility as men. One cause, perhaps, of the absence of this custom among women may be, in a measure, due to the distortion of the features which it occasions.

Music in Earnest.

One of Weber's distinguishing excellences was his suiting the sound in his compositions to the sense of the words. His music was twin sister to the poetry—a rare and exquisite quality. In one of the songs in "Oberon," Miss Paton, with all her fine powers and beautiful execution, failed to produce the effect aimed at by the composer.

"I know not how it is," said she, "I never can do this as it should be."

"The reason is," replied Weber, "because you do not know the words."

A grander example of his feeling and judgment in this respect occurred during the performance of a hymn to the Deity. Some of the voices were too prominent. "Hush, hush!" exclaimed the composer, "hush! If you were in the presence of God would you speak loud?"

Literary Women.—The ambition of a woman aiming at literary fame is the deadliest foe to happiness. Man may content himself with the applause of the world and the homage paid to his intellect, but a woman's heart has holier idols.—*George Eliot.*

The Art of Pleasing.—Please the eyes and ears and you will win the heart.—*Chesterfield.*

INSIDE PASSENGERS; OR, THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF LUKE AND BELINDA.

By A LONDON PHYSICIAN.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE ORGAN LOFT.

"I THINK this is a dear little cave; it is so much softer and warmer than that old tooth. The walls are just like red velvet with a very long pile," said Belinda, glancing round. "It seems too nice to walk on, Pill."

'Oh, it won't hurt it. You notice it keeps brushing everything out towards the mouth, so as to keep the ear free from any little grains of dust or dirt that the air might blow up the passage."

"What do you say this passage is called, Pill?"

"The eustachian tube. It leads to the *middle ear*."

"The 'middle ear!' What do you mean? How many ears have I?"

"Well, first of all, there are your two long ones outside, which are the only—(Don't, Belinda, you'll break the drum of my ear if you box it like that!)—ones you have ever seen. Within these, on each side, you have a middle ear, which we shall reach directly, and within this again you have an internal ear that I'm afraid we cannot inspect on this tour—at least, if we did, I'm afraid it would make uncle deaf for life."

"Are you sure we are doing him no harm now? I feel just as if I was trespassing," said Belinda, in fear. "I'm enjoying all this very much, but I wouldn't hurt uncle for the world—not even to get rich," she added.

"I'm not going to steal his gold, Belinda. Did I not tell you I should ask him for it?"

"But you were only joking."

"Indeed I was not. I've come up here on purpose to ask his leave to take it, and you shall tell me his answer."

"Impossible, Pill, you are too ridiculous."

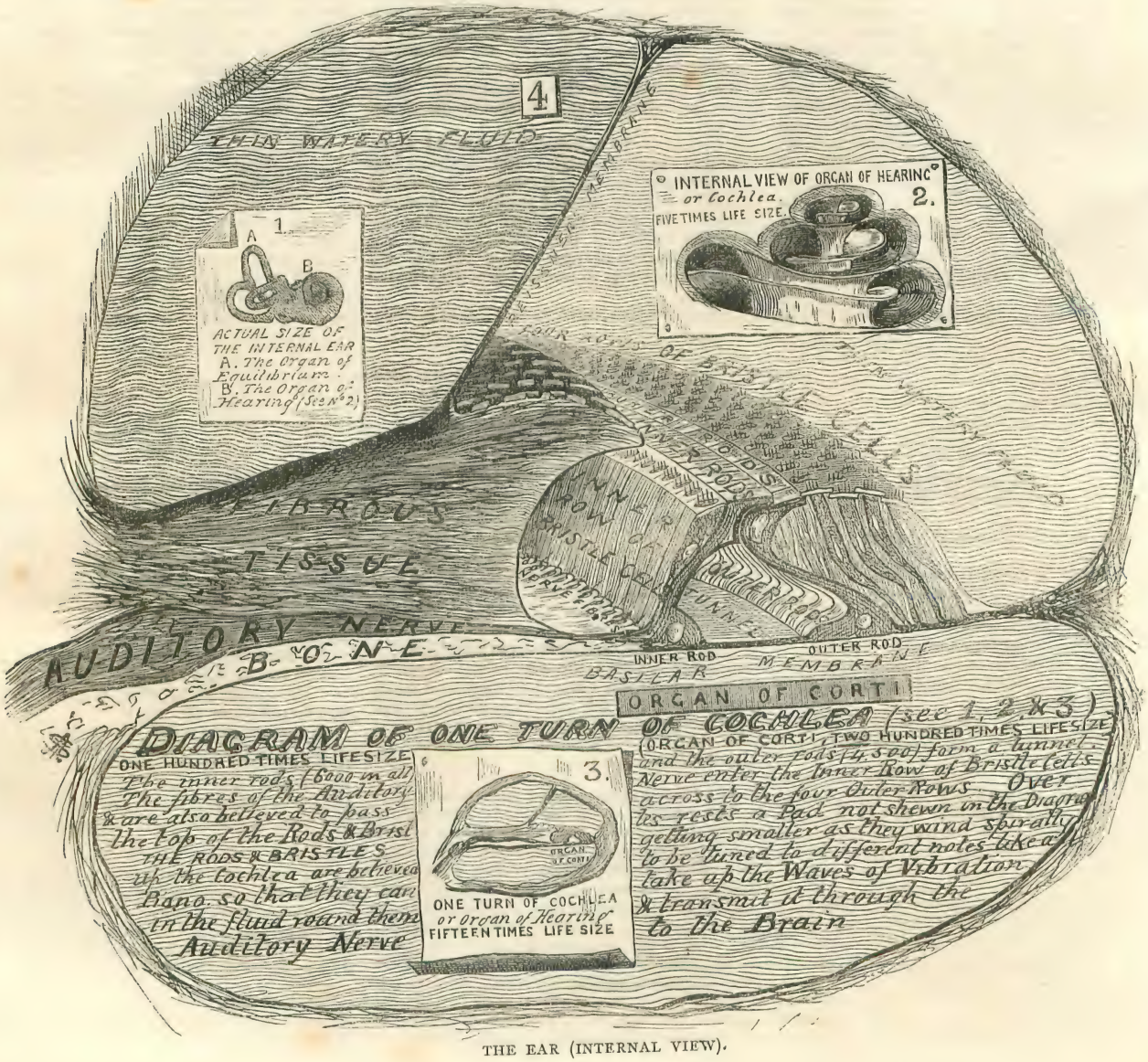
"I never was more serious in my life, Bozy; but here we are at last."

The pair had been steadily walking along the narrow, lofty passage, which was uphill all the way and as slippery as glass from the "live velvet" on the floor.

"What a lovely place!" exclaimed Belinda, clapping her hands with delight in a most undignified manner as the scene burst upon her. "What a dear little house. I should like to live here all my life. But what an awful 'thump, thump' keeps going on over our heads; and whatever is that roaring, rushing sound like a waterfall just below us? Do begin, Pill, and explain all these things hanging about here, and what they all mean."

"Don't be excited, child," shouted Luke, to make himself heard. "It certainly is lovely. The fact is, I've never been here before myself, and I had no idea we should really see everything so plainly. If you will be quiet, and sit down and calm yourself, I will describe it all to you."

"All right, you dear, good boy; go ahead," shouted back Belinda, seating herself on a velvet ledge in a perfect rapture of delight. "I think the inside of our head is ever so much prettier than the outside; but this constant thumping quite frightens me."



THE EAR (INTERNAL VIEW).

No one who has ever stood where Belinda was will have any surprise at her delight at such a sight after emerging from the long, dark passage. The room, or cell, was of an irregular shape some thirty yards long, twenty high, and only about ten broad. It was lighted by a huge oval window, which occupied nearly the whole of one side, glazed with some semi-transparent material that admitted a "dim religious light." On the opposite wall were two very pretty windows, one oval and the other round, each about eight yards across.

The special feature of attraction, however, was a most remarkable chain of bones that, suspended by slings from the roof, stretched right across from the huge window in the outer wall to the oval one in the other. These bones were most curiously shaped (one of them being a perfect stirrup), and were incessantly shaking and rattling as if they had the palsy. Picture these, entirely covered, together with the whole cell, with an exquisitely delicate shade of pink velvet having a very long, silky pile, which, in constant motion, kept incessantly reflecting ripples of silvery light from Luke's lamp, and we shall have some faint idea of what this Robinson Crusoe and Lady Friday were gazing upon.

But if what met the eye was lovely, the sounds that reached the ear were enough to fill the listener with awe. The heavy thud, continued with perfect regularity on the roof overhead, and the roaring rush, like Niagara, beneath their feet, were absolutely overwhelming at first.

"Explain these awful noises, Pill."

"The thumping overhead is the pulsation of uncle's brain, which beats just like the heart, and the rushing under our feet is the sound of the great carotid artery, which is one of the four by which the whole brain is supplied with blood."

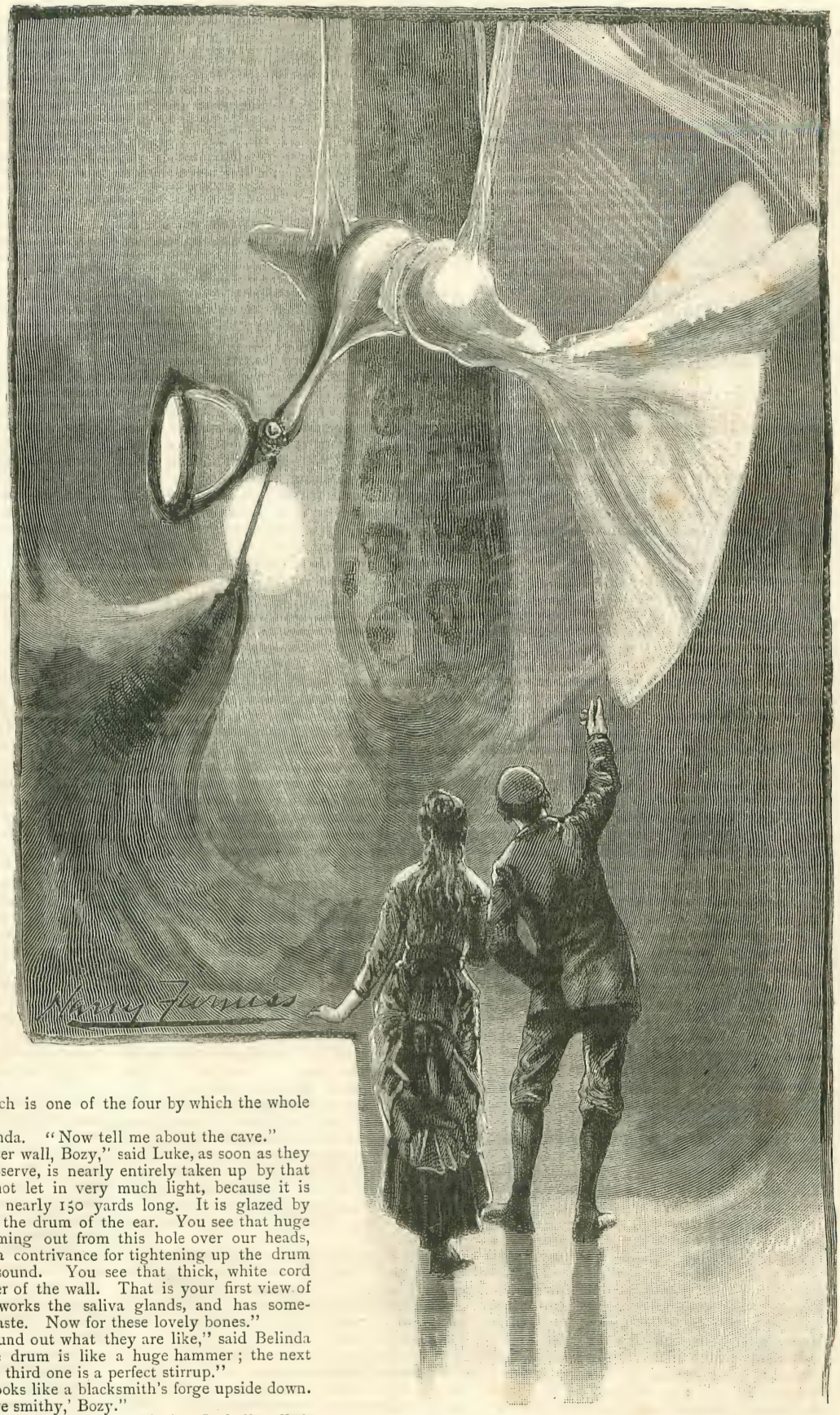
"How wonderful," said Belinda. "Now tell me about the cave."

"We will begin with the outer wall, Bozy," said Luke, as soon as they were seated, "which, as you observe, is nearly entirely taken up by that huge oval window. It does not let in very much light, because it is placed at the end of a passage nearly 150 yards long. It is glazed by stout parchment, and is called the drum of the ear. You see that huge piece of strong, fleshy cord coming out from this hole over our heads, and fastened into it. That is a contrivance for tightening up the drum when needed to deaden the sound. You see that thick, white cord stretched across the top corner of the wall. That is your first view of a living nerve. That nerve works the saliva glands, and has something to do with the sense of taste. Now for these lovely bones."

"Do you know, I've just found out what they are like," said Belinda with glee; "that one next the drum is like a huge hammer; the next is just like an anvil, while that third one is a perfect stirrup."

"I think the whole place looks like a blacksmith's forge upside down. I propose we call it 'the village smithy,' Bozy."

"Certainly not, Pill; you are grossly unpoetical. I shall call it 'the organ loft.' Don't you remember taking me into that one at



"THE HEAVY THUD CONTINUED."

home? That thumping and rushing are just like the bellows going; and all these queer things about are just like what you see in one, only it's not so dusty. But never mind the name. Look at those bones. Are you quite sure I've got any like that?"

"Quite sure, Bozy, or you could not hear my beautiful explanation of them. You have also guessed their correct names. The *malleus*, or hammer-bone is, as you see, fastened by its long handle across the inside of the drum, while its heavy head is suspended by a stout sling from the roof. This head, you observe, is resting on the *incus* or anvil, which is supported in the air by another stout sling fixed to the roof. It has, as you see, two feet, one of which is fastened to the wall behind, while the nearest one is fastened by a universal joint to the head of that really beautiful stirrup. The bottom of the stirrup or *stapes* is firmly fixed to the oval drumhead in the inner wall, and thus these bones make a complete hanging-chain across your organ loft."

"What are they for, Pill?"

"Well, can't you guess, Bozy, when you see them shivering and shaking like that?"

"You know that sound is simply a series of vibrations. All sounds cause the drum of the ear to vibrate, and as it vibrates it shakes the handle of the hammer; that shakes the anvil, and that wags the stirrup, which in its turn causes the inner drumhead to vibrate."

"And what then?"

"Then you see, Bozy, we reach the internal ear, which is very hard to understand. I'll try and explain it as well as I can. First of all, let us finish this cell. That further wall you see has several openings, leading to little caves full of air in that bone which you can feel behind your ear."

"The roof and floor present nothing remarkable. Now for the inner wall. Get up, Bozy, and inspect it. Now, what do you see?"

"First of all, it bulges dreadfully here in front."

"That is the internal ear forcing out the bone."

"Then I see a dear little pyramid of bone here, with a hole at the top, and a strong white cord coming out of the hole and fastened to the neck of the stirrup."

"That is the top of the smallest muscle in the body, called the 'stirrup muscle,' which is hidden inside that pyramid, and which tightens the stirrup against that window when needed."

"Then here are these two splendid windows. That oval one above is nearly blocked up with the end of the huge stirrup fastened against it, but this round one below has nothing but parchment stretched across it."

"Climb up and look in, Bozy," said Luke, handing her the hooks. "What do you see?"

"I don't see anything," said Belinda, pulling herself up, and standing on Luke's shoulders; "it's all dark."

"Well, now listen!" said Luke.

"Yes, Pill, I hear that great rushing sound under my feet."

"I meant listen *to me*. Attention! The internal ear is like a huge periwinkle shell, fixed by its broad end against the other side of this inner wall. Instead, however, of having only one spiral canal like a periwinkle, it has two, winding round two-and-a-half turns to the point of the shell, where they join. They are separated all the way up by a fine membrane. One of these winding canals begins at this round window, the other a short distance behind this oval one. All this inner ear is filled with a watery fluid. You will now see that every vibration being carried by these bones across this middle ear, and repeated on this inner drumhead, is communicated to the water-canals behind, the roof of the lower one of which is formed all the way up by this fine-stretched membrane, running round and round inside the shell. Now comes the most wonderful part. All the way up, resting on this membrane, are some three thousand little hammers, each one fitting accurately into a hollow pad, and looking just like the inside of a piano; and it is supposed that the vibrations in the fluid are taken up by the membrane and hammers, and communicated to the nerves of hearing that proceed to the brain. That is a very rough description, Bozy, but the fact is you could not understand me if I went into it more minutely. Some of the details are more wonderful still."

"I am curious, Pill. Just tell me one or two things, and I'll see if I can understand them."

"Well, you know certain sounds set our teeth on edge. That is supposed to be because the nerve that goes to the teeth and that which runs from the ear lie side by side, and when the latter is jarred by the squeak of a pencil on a slate, it jars its neighbour, which at once tells the teeth what has happened. Now, take the drum of the ear. Instead of being evenly stretched across the opening, it is unevenly stretched, so as to receive vibrations varying from 30 to 5,000 per second. That muscle that you see attached to its inner side is for tightening this drum, so as to deaden the sounds that fall on it. Thus, after a time, we can bear loud noises better. The passage, again, by which we entered is generally closed where it opens into the pharynx. Every time we swallow, however, it opens for a minute, so as to let air into your 'organ loft,' that the pressure may be equal on both sides of the drum. You can prove this by blowing out your cheeks with mouth and nose shut, and swallow, when you will feel a pressure on the drum of the ear from the rush of air from the pharynx up this passage."

"That is not hard, Pill. I quite understand every word."

"Well, I'll tell you two things more. That fine membrane I mentioned, on which all the piano-hammers stand in the internal ear, is believed to be the true organ of hearing, and is supposed to consist of an almost infinite number of fine strings of different lengths and tensions, tuned to vibrate to different notes, and together capable of responding to all the different waves of sound.

"Lastly, light is formed by waves of ether, sound by waves of air; but the former is vastly the more delicate sense. The range of air-waves perceptible as sound to our ears, range from 16 (the deepest bass note) to 40,000 per second; but the ether waves perceptible as light to our eyes range from 456 billion rays per second (which is red) to 667 billions (which is violet). Such a world of wonders as the human ear, to my mind is positive proof of intelligent creation, of infinite wisdom, and of almighty power. Though all ears, from the lowest to the highest, are formed on one general type, the fact to me is rather indicative of one Master Hand having moulded them all, than of their having been simply evolved by force of circumstances. The mind fails to imagine any chain of circumstances by which such an exquisite organ could possibly be produced."

"Well done, Pill; do write all that out. It is splendid."

"You may laugh, Bozy; but it would 'rile' you if you heard all the sucking 'M.D.'s' gravely sitting in judgment on marvels of creation like this, that even now, with the aid of our most powerful microscopes, we do not fully understand."

"Now tell me how we get deaf, Pill."

"The most common cause is from a 'cold in the head,' which swells the lining of the tube we have come up and obstructs it. This prevents the air getting in or out of this middle ear, and so the pressure is unequal on these drums. Neglected and repeated colds lead to permanent thickening of all the lining membrane, and thus, frequently, to incurable deafness. Thus we generally get deaf through the throat. Damp hair and draughts often cause these colds in young ladies."

"Is there no other way of getting deaf?"

"Yes, Bozy, at least two. Generally, as I have said, the middle ear is at fault through this eustachian tube. But it may be from the outer ear or from the inner. From the outer we get deaf by accumulations of wax, or by injury to the drum. It is just as safe to probe your eyes with a pin as to probe your ears, for you are nearly certain to injure the drum, which is no thicker than a sheet of notepaper. The drum may be perforated from disease, or from the concussion of an explosion or loud noise. It is always well to put cotton-wool in the ear at the firing of artillery, &c. One Lord Chief Justice I heard of lost his life through the salt water entering this 'loft' through a hole in the 'drum' while bathing and inflaming it. Boxing ears also sometimes breaks the drum."

"It is a wonder yours are whole then, Pill. Now, what about the inner ear?"

"Oh, that is the most hopeless kind of deafness, and arises from a disease of the nerve of hearing itself, which can seldom be cured, and is often accompanied by the most distressing noises. You will see from all this what nonsense it is to keep dropping things into the outer ear when, if the 'drum' is whole, they cannot possibly reach this 'loft' where the disease generally is."

"What makes our ears ache sometimes?"

"That also is from an inflammation of this middle ear, Bozy."

"Just think of all that those three bones have heard," said Belinda, turning to look at them once more. They gave their first rattle when uncle was born, and his mother said, 'Pretty dear,' or 'what a darling,' and I supposed they have hardly ever stopped since. All poor aunt's loving whispers have been repeated by them, as well as mother's last words to uncle, 'Take care of my poor children.' How they must tear away when a band is playing, or at a political meeting. I could sit here for hours just thinking of all the messages that have been carried between these two drums; but have you told me all yet, Pill?"

"All! not a thousandth part. But it is time we went back. I must tell you one thing first, though. At the back of that oval window, besides the opening to the periwinkle, there are the double openings to three semicircular bony canals filled with fluid, one placed uprightly, the other flat, and the third obliquely. These form another wonderful organ, the organ of equilibrium. We stand upright by means of these three 'spirit' or 'water levels' that tell us insensibly when we are leaning too much in any direction, so that we correct it at once. The moment we lose our consciousness, or faint, therefore, we fall down. There is also a disease where these canals are affected. The person keeps tumbling in one direction or another, exactly according to which canal has gone wrong. There is a subtle connection between hearing and the upright position (as seen in the marching of a regiment with a good band) that explains why the two organs are united."

"Well, I declare, Pill, you really must stop now, I've got quite a headache. Good-bye, you dear, wonderful ear; I'll never forget you, though I may never see you again," said Belinda, waving a last adieu to the hammer, anvil, and stirrup as they kept on shaking as vigorously as ever.

"Stop, Belinda," suddenly said Luke; "with all my talking I had nearly forgotten why we came here. I've got to ask uncle about the gold. If I just speak right in front of this round window he will hear distinctly."

"You don't mean it, Pill!"

"I do, though, Bozy. He won't know we're here. We often imagine we hear voices speaking to us, which perhaps are only from some people at our *fenestrum rotundum*, or round window. He will probably answer instinctively, especially if he's having a nap, as I rather suspect."

"I believe the whole thing is rubbish, Pill; anyhow, we cannot tell what he answers, for we're far enough from his mouth, and surely he cannot talk with his ears!"

"The passage is not above 200 yards long. Just run down it, Belinda, and keep fast hold of this string. When you get to the end (mind you don't tumble over) stand in the doorway and look carefully down at the tongue under the curtain.

"You will feel me give a tug as soon as I ask him the question. Then listen. If you see the tongue move slightly, and you hear nothing, give one tug; he is saying 'No.' If you see the back of the tongue much raised, and hear a sound like a thousand rattlesnakes, give two tugs; he is murmuring 'Yes.'"

Belinda, charmed with the new theory of spirit voices, and with the idea of holding a conversation with her uncle under such remarkable circumstances, took the string, and did exactly as she was told. She flew along the gallery, and soon reached the door.

"May—we—have—some—of—the—gold—out—of—your—tooth—uncle?" said Luke, distinctly into the round window to which he had climbed up. He then pulled the string. He waited in feverish anxiety for some time, when a smart tug nearly made him tumble down, soon followed by another.

"Thank—you—very—much—we—are—quite—safe—don't—look—for—us—any—more—we——" said Luke, again at the window, and then stopped suddenly, as another smart tug that broke the string, and a sharp blast of air, made him jump down. Seized at once with a terrible conviction that some catastrophe had happened, Luke rushed down the passage, and soon gained the entrance.

Belinda had disappeared! No trace of her could be seen, and as Luke, trembling all over, directed his light across the cavern, he saw at a glance, with horror, that the whole scene had changed.

(*To be continued.*)

THE MUSIC FOR THE MONTH.

LET us look back into the times dead and gone, and take a peep at the music of the month of April in past years.

The days of sunshine and shower have witnessed many interesting and important musical events; let us glance at some of them.

In the little Austrian village of Rohrau, a wheelwright is rejoicing over the birth of a son, on the first day of this month. His name is to be Franz Joseph Haydn. Little dreams the poor parent that this new-born babe is to become the father of the modern symphony and of the string quartett. Nearly seventy years after, at the end of this month, *The Creation*, the masterpiece of Haydn's old age, was first performed, and created an extraordinary impression. As we write, we have before us a forget-me-not, plucked one day from Haydn's tomb. Let us not forget, in the midst of the evolutions of these modern and swiftly changing times, that to the dear old "papa" Haydn, as he was called, we owe the symphony, as we at present understand the term, and also the string quartett.

Well, the 18th day of this month is to be remembered. A grand concert was to be given upon this day, nearly 150 years back, in Dublin, for the benefit of the city prison, at which a new work was first presented to the world. Yes, upon this eventful day, *The Messiah* of Handel (composed in 24 days) commenced its career—its noble career of preacher and comforter.

Upon April days also, two years earlier, his *Israel in Egypt*, and a few years later his *Judas Maccabæus*, were first heard. Lastly, he died on the 14th of this month, 1759. What music of the month, had girls but been blessed with a GIRL'S OWN PAPER in those less civilised days! But we have by no means exhausted our stock of events. That great contemporary of Handel, John Sebastian Bach, contributed also to our intellectual feast. Whereas Handel received much of the fruits of his labour and a deal of triumph and success during his lifetime, it was destined for Bach that he should not be understood or appreciated until 100 years after his life-work was ended.

For instance, the *Passion*, as told by St. Matthew, sung first in 1729, in Leipsic (whose famous Conservatoire was opened on an April day), was hidden in oblivion until Mendelssohn re-introduced it to Germany in 1829, and upon April 6th, twenty-four years later, we first heard this great work in London. It was conducted by our great English composer, Sir (then Dr.) Sterndale Bennett, who, by the way, was born in this musical month.

After the days of Handel, Bach, and Haydn, and coming into this century, what April days were those, upon which the first, second, and third *(Eroica)* of Beethoven's gigantic symphonies first fell upon the ears of the astounded Viennese, who scarcely credited his sanity in some of his novel and awe-inspiring effects.

Space does not allow me to enter in detail upon other events of this month in the years that are fled. One day we should be listening to Glück's masterpiece *Iphigénie*, and applauding with Marie Antoinette and the whole aristocracy of Paris. Another day we should be flying in terror through the streets of this very city, Paris, from the tramping mob from Marseilles, shouting, for the first—a pity 'twas not the last—time the new air just composed by Rouget de Lille, and afterwards known only too well as the "Marseillaise."

We have been reminding ourselves of musicians who, with their works, first saw the light upon some April day, and we will conclude our list with the name of one who has done much to popularise those masters and their noble compositions, viz., Charles Hallé, born on the 11th of this month. A month of showers, I grant you; but are there not gleams of blessed sunlight?

NOVELLO AND CO.

The demand for music for female voices in two or three parts, quite unprecedented at the present time, is met by the above old and honourable firm with a large and excellent supply. Among other works we have received:—

Six Trios. By Franz Abt.—This too-prolific writer, whose death is quite recent, has given us in this little collection (op. 411) better music than we find in some of his latest cantatas. There are fewer commonplace phrases and more imitative interest. There is never wanting in the work of Abt a grace and delicacy that fits him for these pieces for female voices.

The Golden City. Pastoral cantata for female voices. By Franz Abt.—One of the best of his works of this class, containing solos and duets, in addition to the three-part choruses. The soprano solo, "Hours that are Golden," is charming. One great cause of weakness seems to be the constant recurrence of melodic sequences, and another appears in the feeble libretto.

There are five other new cantatas very similar to this.

Ten Trios, by Carl Reinecke, are of another mould altogether. These are brimful of musicianly power, and, although simple in material, are worked out and developed with consummate ability. Only six years younger than Abt, he reaches opus 100 in this first set of trios, the charms of which will, we are persuaded, set girls running after the second set, which is already published.

Songs in a Cornfield. Words by Christina Rossetti. Music by Sir G. A. Macfarren.—In the absence of the melodic gift, and, therefore, of all feeling of spontaneity, the interest of musicianship, and the earnest treatment of poverty-stricken notions, will still impress the singers and hearers of this little work set to the most suggestive material of Mrs. Rossetti.

Six Two-Part Songs. By H. Walmsley Little, Mus. Doc.—The Mus. Doc. will suggest something to you terribly learned and dry, so let me undeceive you at once, and say that Dr. Little's two-part songs are simplicity itself. They are graceful, nicely written, and easily learnt. We hope that he will shortly give us some similar work with rather more ambition about it. These six little part-songs, which must have seen several editions, and are very popular, are equally suitable for boys' or ladies' voices, and only cost twopence each.

CURWEN AND SONS.

Freddy and his Fiddle.—One of a series of school cantatas and operettas, published in both staff and sol-fa notations. The one before us is founded upon a Norse legend. Children will enjoy the fun of singing or acting these stories at school meetings.

MARRIOTT AND WILLIAMS.

The Sweetest Music—Left—Hush—How Shall I Woo?—Four songs by Edith Marriott, showing great promise for that lady's future as a composer. They are spontaneous and well harmonised, and the accompaniments are varied and never monotonous. The compass of each song is rather high, the easiest range being from D sharp up to F sharp. The first two are sung by Miss Annie Marriott, the well-known soprano; the other two are for tenor voices.

E. ASCHERBERG AND CO.

The Great Master.—An impressive sacred song. By Odoardo Barri. The solemn words are by Arthur Chapman. Compass, D to F sharp.

Fallen Leaves. Song for contraltos. By Francesco Berger.—A very melancholy song. The poor contraltos get all the autumn and winter on their shoulders. Why should their soprano sisters be allowed all the joys of spring and summer?

A la Hongroise. Morçeau Caractéristique pour le Piano. Par W. Koehler.—An effective piece for lovers of the quaint Hungarian rhythms. On page 4, in the third bar, we are persuaded that the wildest Bohemian would take the G flat for a misprint.

Soldier Jack.—A good stirring song for basses and baritones. By Theo. Bonheur.

SPRING WALKING GOWNS.

DRESS: IN SEASON AND IN REASON.

By A LADY DRESSMAKER.

THE sudden change from winter into almost summer days has turned everyone's attention to re-clothing herself in something befitting the season. There seems to be a quite unexpected demand for mantles which are rough coated, long, and generally striped, fawn being a favourite colour as well as black and brown. There is no trimming required, what little there is being placed round the throat, down the front, and on the sleeves. With all this feeling for long mantles, which seem to take the place of the tight-fitting ulster, there are numberless small mantles and jackets, which are preferred by both young and elderly people, and are frequently made of the material of the dress. Of these the most popular is the "Bernhardt mantle," shown in our last month's issue, and as a paper pattern. This is easily made at home, and offers no difficulty in either the cutting out or making up. Some of these are only shaped capes, the back being shaped and the fronts loose, and hanging straight from the throat. Brocade and velvet are only used for these small mantles, and then are worn only for dress occasions, the trimming being rich beading in leaves, stems, and buds.

In most of the new mantles the fronts do not meet. A lace puffing or bib trimming comes between them, and most of those with sleeves have a deep kind of trimming, like a beaded epaulette, on the shoulders.

For black silk mantles the favourite material is Bengaline or Sicilienne silk, and they are much covered with jetted *passementerie* and lace. For all deep and even for slight mourning dull jet is considered more suitable than the bright, and the *passementerie* and beaded trimmings even are made of mohair, so as to be very black and not at all glossy. Panels of crape and dull jet are used to trim even deep mourning dresses, and many *tabliers* of jet beads are sold. These trimmings will be found very useful to those of my readers who have to "do up" their mourning this spring. A handsome dress that has been covered with crape can be quite renewed by having the crape cleaned, the style of draping changed, and the new trimmings of dull jet introduced. The modern method of "dry cleaning," as invented by the French, is a great assistance to the economical, as dresses can be cleaned without being picked to pieces, though all trimmings should be taken off.

It seems a fortunate thing that the quantities of ribbon, the stiff loops and ends which stand up in a perfect forest above the forehead, leave little room for the birds and parts of birds which have been the ornaments of the winter. So now, perhaps, we may at last see a disposition to spare our poor feathered companions on the earth. Yellow is greatly used as a trimming both for black and coloured bonnets and hats, especially yellow ribbons, and our old friends the yellow and red wallflower have returned to favour, mixed with sprays of forget-me-nots on blue or brown bonnets.

The newest bonnets have perfectly transparent crowns, showing the head through them, and looking in the cold windy weather of last month as if neuralgic headaches were going to be invited as the favourite complaint of the future wearers. This style of transparent crowns came out last summer, but did not take very decidedly. However, this year it seems to be more liked, but when united on a bonnet with very heavy trimming, large jet beads, birds' wings, and heavy masses of ribbon and lace, the thin part of the bonnet seems ill-matched and out of keeping. Very large beads strung upon fine wire form the crowns of some bonnets, others have them made of very thin gilt wire, upon which

thin tulle or gauze is gathered, and even the crowns of open straw bonnets follow, I see, the same fashion, and are left unlined. The brims of most of these transparencies are thick and solid, and may be of velvet drawn in folds, of lace ruches, or satin loops in close masses.

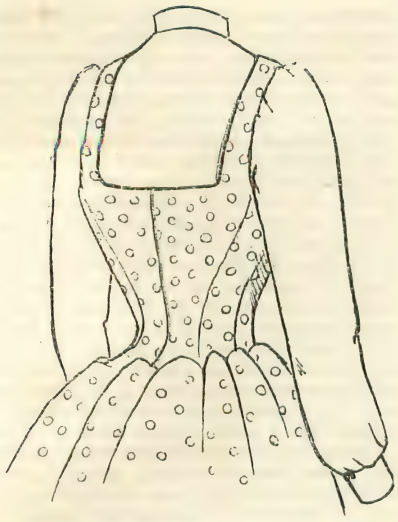
I have not yet touched on the making of dresses, though our two illustrations may be taken as accurate with regard to them. There seems to be a very great feeling for grey this year, and it will, in all probability, be the prevailing hue for the better part of the year, with variations of drab, stone, and almond-colour. The skirts of ordinary dresses are plain, and hang in straight folds, not like tunics nor overskirts, but like one long one. Three of these are shown in the figures on the right-hand of our illustration of indoor dresses. The seated figure shows the other style, that of a *tablier*, with regular folds and a shawl-like point. The figure at the extreme right shows a charming girlish gown, which may be made in white cashmere, nun's-cloth, or white corah silk, and would be suitable for an evening or garden party dress after it had been used as one for confirmation. In the case of it being employed for the latter purpose, the bows on the skirt would be better omitted, as great plainness of apparel is befitting on such an occasion. The figure facing the reader wears one of the newest and most recent models for a skirt. The back drapery is like the front, except that it is slightly puffed at the top. The Swiss band and collar and cuffs are of velvet. The figure standing with her back to us shows the pointed plastron, which is so much worn edged with Rosary beads at the back of the bodice. The seated figure wears a spotted and plain dress of foulard, the front having a *passementerie* trimming of a beaded network.

The out-of-door view contains three figures, two pretty spring jackets, and one of the new striped dresses, all made with great simplicity and suitable for daily wear, either in the country or the town. Stripes and fine lines are quite one of the features of this year's materials, and they are as popular in woollens as in the ginghams, crêpes, and coloured lawns which are prepared in anticipation of a fine bright summer.

The many soft woollen stuffs are not very rough nor coarse on the surface this year, and all the canvases are much finer also than those of last year, most of them being basket woven, with threads that go under and over each other. The designs on them are of a scroll-like pattern. Black materials are coarser than any others, some of them looking like coarse sacking.

The new white muslins are of very beautiful designs, and are covered with an embroidery of a solid kind, which looks quite raised, so as to stand up in high relief. Designs which have berries on them, such as the barberry, rowan, grapes, and also the catkin, are those usually selected. These muslins will be much used for wedding dresses, as well as for evening purposes. And now that all my girls are thinking, I know, of new dresses, I must say a few words. Now that we can wear dresses of all wool materials, we can have them smart and tasteful looking, and cheap as well. If you are particularly anxious about the latter consideration, you must avoid the pitfall of trimmings, and make the material trim itself. You will see in this month's illustration how little decoration and absolute trimming I have shown, and this is the secret of having a cheap dress in the first instance, as these trimmings will be very valuable when the gown becomes an elderly one, and when the worn front needs a plastron to cover it up, or a few deftly placed cascades of lace, vests, and *jabots*, knots of ribbon, and panels of *passementerie*, to cover up and hide wear and tear. A woman who knows much about her fellows always recognises the thrift and talent shown in these carefully retrimmed dresses, and knows the wisdom that spends a couple of pounds in trimmings on an old dress while it is still worth it. She is never mistaken, nor thinks such contrivances extravagance; but how many times do you hear rash judgments

INDOOR DRESSES.



EARLY ENGLISH BODICE.

expressed by those who can only see the pretty effect, and pronounce the economical wearer "extravagant." Men are peculiarly prone to form this kind of crude opinion. Trimmings are all extravagant in their eyes, the only economical gown being a plain cotton with few gathers, built on the most austere lines; whereas the woman or girl who retrims an old dress knows better when she sees that these austere straight lines mean new material, perfect and faultless. Her old dress must be covered up, not unveiled, and the kindly shade of the trimmings will hide the marks of wear and tear.

In selecting your stuff, you will find brown a good wearing colour; but, remember, there is no saving in buying cheap linings, especially so far as your skirt is concerned. A good alpaca is the best skirt foundation, and will repay the first expenditure upon it by its admirable wear; and now that the under part of the dress is all lining, save a very little, it must be sufficiently good to wear out the dress. Most home dressmakers have a "dress-stand," or "dummy," and with that to aid you, it is easy to arrange the drapery so as to be graceful and hang well; indeed, it is nearly impossible to manage without it. The bodices of dresses are plain, pointed in front, with a postilion back (or round-waisted), with a belt. The other new shapes for thin dresses for summer, or for light woollens, are shown in this article, and are given on paper patterns.

The two bodices illustrated as having been selected for the paper patterns of the month show two pretty styles for summer gowns and frocks. The first is a pointed bodice, with a top and sleeves of coloured plain material, the rest of the dress being spotted or figured. The second bodice has a top of figured material and a gathered bodice of plain; and both of these patterns are suitable for any light cotton, or even woollen, stuff, or thin silk.

The bodice with the yoke consists of eight pieces—*i.e.*, two sleeve pieces, front, back, two yoke pieces, belt, and collar. The amount of material required of twenty-two inches wide will be three yards. This pattern is not only suitable for girls, but for any slight figure, some people being so thin that a full bodice is a great improvement to their appearance.

The "Early English bodice" consists of an under-bodice of five pieces (front, back, collar, and upper and lower sleeve) and a plain bodice of four pieces (a front, back, and two side pieces)—in all, nine pieces. The sleeve given is a coat sleeve, but it can, if desired, be made with the deep cuff shown in the design, the cuff being a plain, straight band of material, requiring no pattern.

Both these patterns can be obtained, price one shilling each, of "The Lady Dressmaker," care of Mr. H. G. Davis, 73, Ludgate-hill, E.C., enclosing postal note for the amount.

The following is the list of those already issued:—April, braided loose-fronted jacket; May, velvet bodice; June, Swiss belt and full bodice; July, mantle; August, Norfolk or pleated jacket; September, housemaids' or plain skirt; October, combination garment (underlinen); November, double-breasted out-of-door jacket; December, zouave jacket and bodice; January, princess underdress (bodice and skirt combined); February, polonaise, with waterfall back; March, spring dress bodice; April, divided skirt, and Bernhardt mantle, with sling sleeves; May, bodice with yoke, and Early English bodice.

"The Lady Dressmaker" begs to say that only one medium size is prepared for sale (36 inches chest measure). No turnings are allowed for, and no other paper patterns are prepared save those distinctly advertised for sale. She hopes that great care will be taken by applicants to give their addresses correctly and clearly, adding the county, and, if residing in a village, the nearest post-town. Patterns are forwarded with as little delay as possible, and it is strongly advised that everyone should take the numbers of all postal notes enclosed.

BODICE WITH YOKE.

WOOD ENGRAVING AS AN EMPLOYMENT FOR GIRLS.

By RICHARD TAYLOR.

BEFORE a design can be engraved it has to be drawn on the wood. This was in many cases formerly done by the engraver himself. Now it is a distinct profession; an unfortunate separation, though, for commercial reasons, inevitable. The blocks being planed to so smooth a surface, it is necessary before attempting to draw on one to lay some kind of ground to afford a hold to the pencil, which will otherwise slip about.

For this purpose, some draughtsmen lay on a thin coating of Chinese white with a large brush; others, a prepared white, procurable at the artists' colourmen's. And many take simply a little flake white, or zinc white in powder (sold at every oil-shop), and put it on the block with a small pinch of finely powdered bath-brick and a drop or two of water, into which a little gum arabic has been dissolved, spreading it with the fingers as evenly as possible, and allowing it to dry for a few seconds, then with the ball of the thumb lightly rubbing off as much as they can until the grain of the wood is clearly visible, turning it about that it may not be streaked in any direction. When as even as it can be made, it is left to dry thoroughly.

The great thing is to put as little white as possible, for the sake of both artist and engraver. If there be too much, it pushes up in a heap in front of the pencil every time a vigorous mark is made; if too little, the drawing does not look bright. If too much brickdust be put, the ground will be rough, and the hardest 6 H pencil will make a broad, chalky-looking line; and if too little, it is difficult to lay the ground evenly. Experience only enables the practitioner to know the best proportions. Artists are very diverse in their methods of doing almost everything: some add bath-brick to the Chinese white in the way named; others think it not necessary; some put a little powdered alum or borax with the white, saying it makes the ground less likely to wash up, proceedings which others, again, call "fads."

The design is usually first made on paper, and more or less finished according to the skill or preference of the artist, and varies in exceptional cases from the roughest scrawl, marking only the disposition of figures, etc., to a nearly complete drawing, where the light and shade and everything but the smallest details is carefully delineated.

A piece of tracing paper, a little larger than the block on to which the drawing is to be transferred, is then placed over the drawing, and a tracing made of it; and in cases where only a slight sketch has been made, defects in drawing corrected. A piece of red or black transfer paper is now placed on the surface of the prepared wood, and the tracing (reversed) on the top of that, and firmly secured to the block either with a little gum being put along the sides, or by rubbing them with beeswax and pressing the overlapping margin of the tracing firmly upon them.

The traced design is then gone over lightly with a hard pencil, or ivory tracing-point, made not too sharp, and still further corrections and additions made in the drawing. The paper being removed, the design appears faintly but distinctly drawn on the wood in red or black, according to the colour of the transfer paper used.

The method of finishing from this point differs considerably. Some artists will work over it with the lead pencil, and produce a drawing having much the character of an etching or pen-and-ink sketch, the whole being done with the point, the shades, textures, etc., being expressed by lines suitably undulated and crossed.

This is technically known as a facsimile drawing, from the fact that the engraver has simply to leave the lines strictly as they are; and when printed the engraving should appear exactly like the work of the artist on the block.

Some artists go over the traced line with the lead pencil, and make a complete drawing in outline of the whole subject, and then put in the shades with a wash of Indian ink or other neutral tint, and finish up with the pencil again.

This, perhaps, is the mode in which the greatest variety is attainable, and which suits most subjects best. Others will work up their drawing entirely with washes of Indian ink, but as there is no texture or variety indicated in this way unless in the hands of a skilled engraver, who can put in these essential requisites of good quality, they are liable to look flat and monotonous. Some, again, will draw in the facsimile style, using the point of the brush and lampblack, instead of the lead pencil, and such drawings, if done by a skilful draughtsman, are the simplest of all to engrave; while others, having got their outline traced, will slop about with lampblack and Chinese white, painting out and painting in - feeling about for their forms, and patching them into a recognisable shape, and making really a "body-colour" drawing on the wood. This is the most unsuitable style of work; it is that of the ignorant and amateur draughtsman. It puts on a thick coating of paint which powders all over the drawing when an attempt is made to cut it, and quite prevents the engraver seeing the thickness of the line he is producing, blunts his tools, and does every injury and causes every inconvenience to him that a drawing can; only an approximate resemblance to such a drawing is possible by the engraver, the delicate lines and tones become erased, and the white detached in the process of engraving powdering over the darks, reduces the whole to a more or less unintelligible mass of grey before his task is half finished. Each of the other methods has something to recommend it, and some subjects which it is alone best qualified to represent. Until within the last twelve or fourteen years, all drawings for the engraver were made on wood in one or other of the ways mentioned, but since that time the art of photographing on wood has been discovered, and drawings can now be made on paper or card, at the convenience of the artist, and transferred on to wood by its means. This is a great advantage to one unaccustomed to draw for the engraver, as it leaves all consideration of direction of lines, etc., etc., to the latter, and it is far better that he should have no lines at all to work from, than to have bad ones, expressing false forms and textures.

The discovery has given a great impetus to amateur work, and many persons, learning that technical knowledge is less necessary than formerly, unfortunately believe the power to draw at all may also be dispensed with, and so waste valuable years of their life in attempts which must end in grievous disappointments. Though there are some half-dozen persons who photograph on wood, the art of doing it is itself a secret, each practitioner having made an independent discovery of a method which he follows.

Some of these methods produce better results than others, but all require the artist to draw in a medium that will allow of a faithful reproduction of the delicate tones of his drawing. A little thought on this matter and a knowledge of the colours that will photograph best save much time, and enable the engraver to do justice to the artist and to himself. This discovery allows the artist much more latitude in methods of work, and is a means of saving time by enabling him frequently to utilise the preliminary sketch. As long, too, as he observes the given proportions of the block on to which his subject is to be photographed, he can make his drawing any size he pleases; in this way less finish in detail is admissible, and defects in drawing are less apparent when the whole is reduced.

It is true the large scale frequently tempts him to "sloppy" execution, and to put so many tones of grey into his work as to make it look flat and monotonous when all are retained in the engraving; but still, the advantages to him are very great, and the defects can be easily avoided with a little care.

When making the preliminary drawing on paper, the form of the block given, of course, determines to a great extent the arrangement of the subject, and sometimes demands a great deal of ingenuity and thought to adapt. Besides telling the story, the composition has to be arranged with a view to obtain the greatest breadth of light and shade possible. This is a very important point.

It sometimes happens that a drawing, good in composition and drawing (using the word to mean correct delineation of form), but feeble in effect, has been pushed aside as dry and uninteresting, and many a draughtsman on wood has failed to make the position he deserved through nothing but inattention to the management of his light and shade. Some artists see this fact so clearly that it is the only thing they are solicitous about. They hardly give themselves the trouble to form anything accurately, and yet will so arrange their blots and "touches" that their slovenliness or ignorance is not apparent to a casual observer.

Decision and delineation are the characteristics of all engraving, and effects incompatible with these qualities should not be attempted. The engraver cannot indicate. All form he expresses with definite lines, and though a shapeless patch of colour may not offend in a drawing, yet unless it be so finely engraved that the lines are all but invisible, its untruthfulness will be glaring when it leaves his hands. Work of such artists when printed frequently appears as if spoilt by the engraver, the general effect suggesting a drawing of greater excellence than has been carried out in the details. On the other hand, an artist well educated in form on first coming to wood will sometimes find his knowledge an embarrassment. It tempts him to overload his design with unimportant details, and so cut up his masses that their true relation is destroyed.

In all drawing something has to be left out, and the power to select those details which contain the characteristic facts of a form or picture is only acquired by great study and observation. The drawings on wood by Sir John Gilbert are remarkable examples of this power, and any person liable to the fault here mentioned cannot do better than study them carefully.

Drawing for wood engravers is really adapting one art to the capabilities of another, and is at its best in the hands of those who have obtained a practical acquaintance, however slight, with the technicalities of wood engraving, and more especially of the limits of its powers of expression. They then avoid those effects which, however charming in another medium, the art is incompetent to render, and insist on those which it is peculiarly fitted to represent.

Effects are frequently produced in black and white which are unrealisable by wood-engraving, or only realisable under conditions of printing and cost which are exceptionally attainable. As, too, the art is useless without the aid of the printer, it cannot be considered adapted to its purpose unless his requirements have been taken into account. Work that is to be carefully printed with good ink and on fine paper admits of more elaboration in form and gradation of light and shade than that which has to be "worked off" on common paper at the rate of 1,200 an hour. Black, white, and sufficient middle tint to support and blend these into one another are the only resources open in such a case. Masses of delicate greys and half lights must be excluded, or a dull monotony will be the consequence. To make drawings fitted for this rough usage does not by any means imply inferior skill, but rather the reverse, as they should simply differ in completeness from those intended for careful working: they fall short only. Adapted for their purpose by being deficient, not different as far as they go, they should be as good. They are the same drawings arrested at a stage of their progress.

Artists should always be informed of the kind of printing their work is to have, and judgment should not be pronounced upon it without considering its fitness for the purpose in view; and great injury is sometimes done to them by printing roughly that which they designed for careful execution. Like most other things, drawing for wood-engravers is much subdivided; some artists confining themselves exclusively to the figure, others to landscape or architecture, others to animals. Some artists copy portraits or pictures, others design ornamental work, borders, floral subjects, etc. Some draw only machinery, etc. Each artist, again, is more or less a specialist in the particular branch he follows. Thus there is a wide field open, and those who are incapable of the higher and more artistic work, but endowed with that best substitute for genius – the ability to take pains – may get a good living in one of the inferior employments if modest enough to follow it.

Most unsuccessful draughtsmen—and there are many—are unsuccessful because they aim too high. They estimate their capacity by their wishes, and make no impartial comparison of their own work with that of others. They have not the patience (they avow) to draw pots and pans for a hardware catalogue, and they feel "tied down" if required merely to copy. So they dash at "the figure." As Mr. Ruskin humorously puts it, in a pamphlet written many years ago,* "People reason in some such fashion as this:—'I don't seem quite fit for head manager of the firm of —— and Co,, therefore in all probability I am fit to be Chancellor of the Exchequer.' Whereas they ought to say, 'I don't seem fit to be head manager of the firm of —— and Co., but I daresay I might do something in the small greengrocery business.'"

If they would but try lower and lower, till they find the work their skill could compass, remunerative employment would in most cases be the reward of their humility.

For youths training for the profession there is no better way to obtain a mastery of the materials and that neatness of execution which is essential in all work than by practice in ornamental and what is understood as commercial drawing on wood.

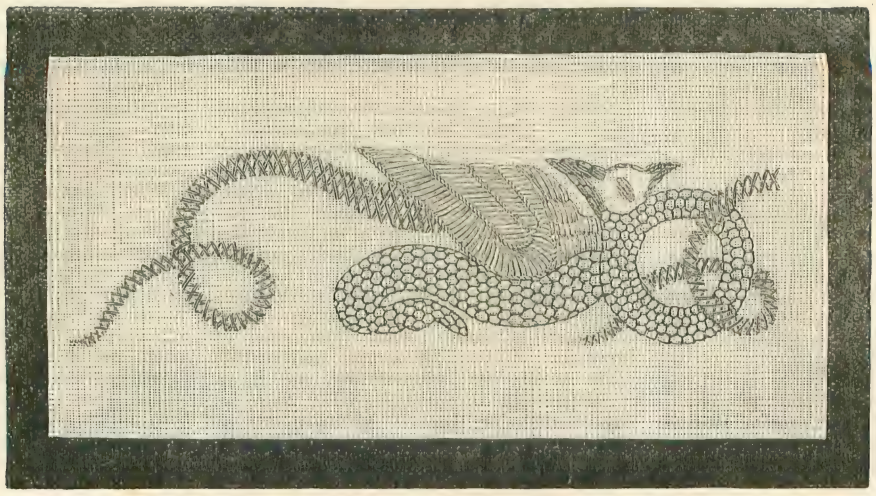
As for remuneration, it is regulated mainly, if not entirely, by the ability of the artist. A man skilled in ornamental architecture or mechanical drawing will earn more than an inferior figure draughtsman, and so on, the best in all cases being sure of constant work.

The highest payments are made to those who can illustrate stories well. Such artists need many talents, and very talented artists are necessarily rare.

Readiness of composition, ability to draw pretty well everything—figures, landscapes, or animals—with equal facility, imagination to conceive and power to individualise the characters described by the author, a certain dramatic instinct in picturing the scenes and situations, a wide experience and retentive memory of manners, costumes, scenes, and things, are some of the essential requisites for this work.

(*To be continued.*)

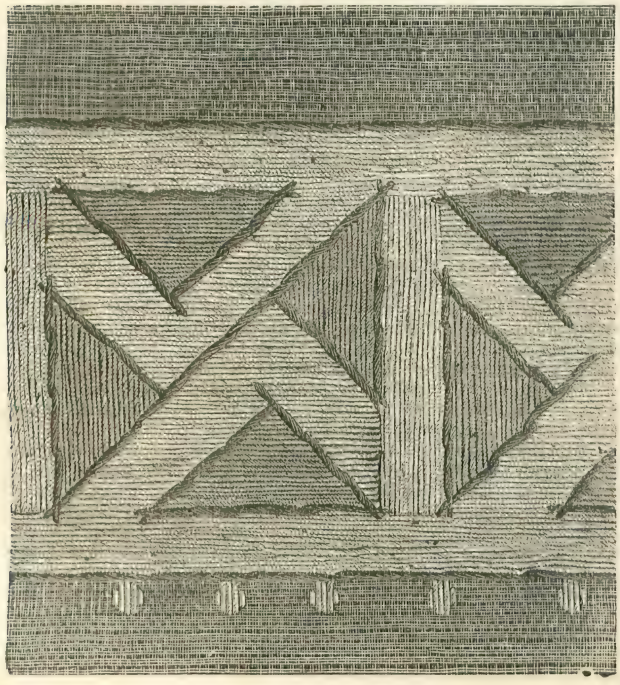
* "Pre-Raphaelitism," 1852 edition, p. 6



THE KELLS DRAGON.

THE KELLS EMBROIDERIES.

It is not improbable that many of the readers of the G.O.P. have had the opportunity of inspecting already at the "International Health Exhibition" the latest efforts to benefit the impoverished Irish, both gentle and simple, made by the founder of the "Donegal Industrial Fund." This endeavour owes its origin to a visit paid by Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Hart to Ireland, in 1883, when, finding so much poverty amongst the peasants of Donegal, and seeing their anxiety to have work, especially within the range of their cottage industries—spinning, knitting, weaving, and embroidery—Mrs. Hart considered that she would be helping them best by giving orders for knitted socks and stockings, for which she would endeavour to find a market in London. So well did the experiment succeed, that the foundress of the fund next turned her thoughts to the revival and extension of the manufacture of Irish homespun tweeds, produced in the cottages of Donegal. Both of these have been commercially successful ventures, many first-class firms in the West-end and wholesale manufacturers having given orders for the hand-knitted socks and stockings, and the demand for the homespun tweeds, dyed with vegetable dyes, far exceeding the present supply. In both these industries Mrs. Hart's own energy has trained her peasant workers to find their own dyes in the bogs and fields; and the hues, in consequence, are the perfection of beauty, in the ancient classic colours, not the modern shades of blues, golds, and yellows, terra-cottas, pinks, reds, and greens. She has also trained them to spin a two and three ply yarn, of great firmness and durability. The knitting, for which the peasant women of Donegal and the north have always been famous, is of the very best and most even quality; so much so, that it is difficult to convince many people that it is really hand-work, and not that by machine. The socks and stockings are knitted both in silk and wool, and range from the finest in both to the strongest and thickest, the dyes used being purely vegetable, and thus both safe and innocuous.



DESIGN FROM CELTIC MISSAL.

The result of these efforts has been that from September, 1884, to September, 1885, £700 has been paid to the Donegal workers for knitting, spinning, weaving, and embroidery, Mrs. Hart now employing from 500 to 600 knitters in Donegal. The holdings there are small, from about five to ten acres; and the people are Irish-speaking and poor in the extreme. The Donegal mountain sheep are like the small Shetland sheep, the wool being of an exceedingly fine kind, and far superior to the Scotch variety.

These homespun tweeds form a very prominent branch of the work of the fund. They are one of the oldest of the Irish cottagers' industries, and though ill-made, rough, and loose in texture, their wearing qualities were something approaching the marvellous, eight years being thought a proper time for a coat of the "Claddagh-cloth" to last by an Irish peasant wearer.

When Mrs. Hart took up the subject, she gave special attention to the selection, stapling, carding, washing, spinning, and weaving of the wool, with such good results, that at the present time these homespun tweeds are being turned out from the old-fashioned hand-looms of the Irish mountain villages which can compete with the Scotch productions in pattern and colour, but even excel them in the quality of the wool. These flannels are quite new to the majority of English people, though well known to the visitors to Connemara and Galway, and the long coat of the peasant and the double cloak of the Irish girl have been immortalised by many a pen and brush.

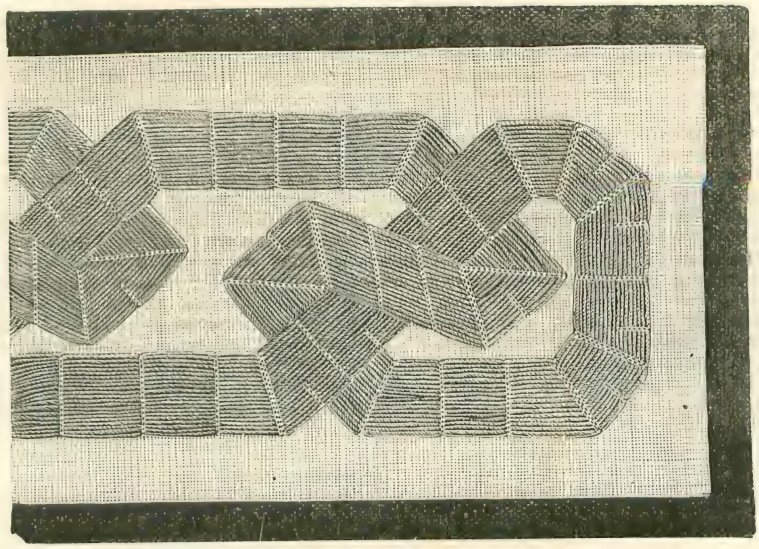
The other old-time industry pertaining to the Irish cottage which it was hoped to revive was white embroidery, or "sprigging," on linen, cotton, and muslin; but, alas! the cheap Swiss or Madeira work has closed the market to this—at present, at least; and Mrs. Hart then originated the idea of the "Kells embroidery," in order to utilise the skill in embroidery for which Irish women have always been remarkable in all ranks of life. This seems almost the greatest effort of the clever foundress, for all ranks can contribute to this embroidery, as the cottage gives spinning and weaving, and the poor and sadly-impoverished Irish women of a high class can eke out slender incomes by the use of their clever hands. The idea of these embroideries is thoroughly Irish in design and materials, and at the Healtheries they were awarded the distinction of a gold medal when exhibited at the sign of "Ye Rose and Shamrock," in "Old London."

The special product of Ireland is flax, and this is acknowledged to be unrivalled in its purity and brilliancy. The next thing was to endeavour to dye the polished linen threads to make them approach the durability and beauty of tint so apparent in old embroidery worked in the East, as well as in France and Sicily. The success which has attended these efforts has been remarkable, the threads shining like silk, and the colouring at once delicate in tint and "old" in the best sense of the word.

I feel quite sure that Penelope and the fair Andromache never clothed themselves, in the old days of Greece, in more lovely shades of blue, red, and gold-colour than can be seen in these Irish dyes. The selection of designs, too, is most happy, as the stitches needed to carry them out are such that the gleam of the polished linen is admirably shown. A great variety of stitches is used, but they are mainly those that can be carried out on the surface of the material; and by this means broad and effective results are obtained, the expenditure of labour being relatively small and the cost of the materials rendered insignificant. The credit of this is attributed by Mrs. Hart to the able assistance of her friend Miss Aimée Carpenter, of Croydon, who has shown much happy inventive ability and artistic skill in adapting the Celtic designs and keeping up the Irish character of the work by selecting from such sources as the "Book of Kells," the "Durrow Bible," and other Celtic MSS. of the seventh century.

The "Kells embroidery" is divided into two branches—the "flax on flax" and the woollen embroideries. As regards the latter, block-printed flannels are used, an example being shown at the depôt, 43, Wigmore-street, W., which is entirely the product of hand labour—hand-spun, hand-woven, and hand-embroidered, the design being hand-block-printed by the peasantry in their cottage homes.

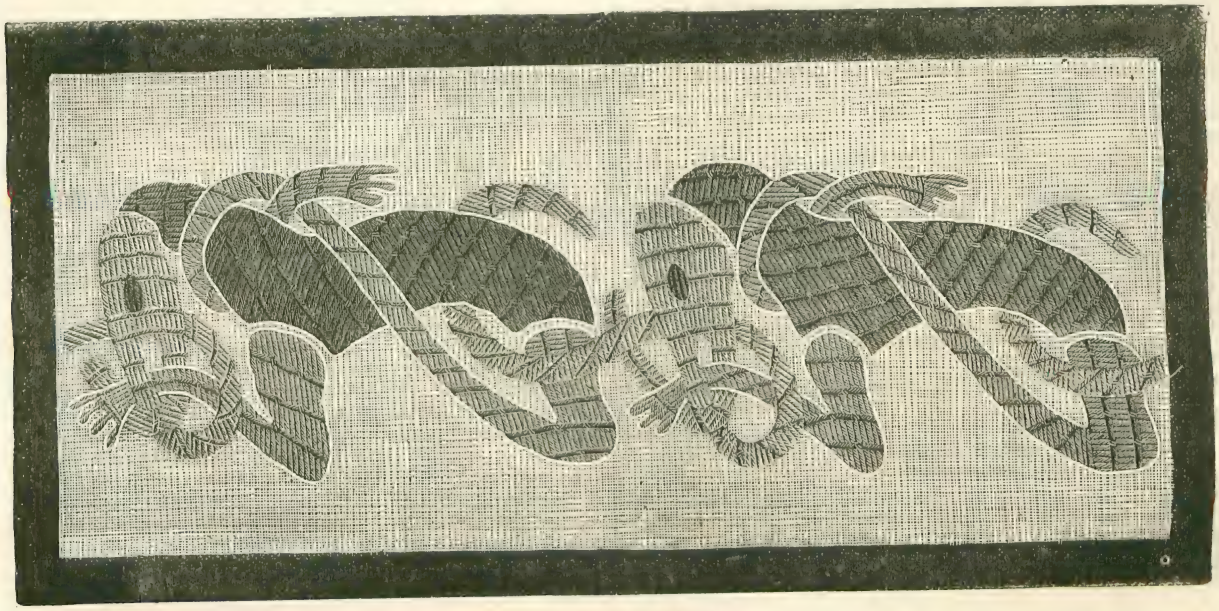
We have illustrated four of the best and most remarkable designs from this embroidery, *i.e.*, the "Runic cable," the "Celtic missal," the "Kells dragon," and the "Kells beastie." The first is worked entirely in darned work, the second in darned work and outlining, the "Kells dragon" in blanket or button-hole stitch—*point croisé*, that kind of backstitch which forms a crossed pattern on one side of the material and two rows of back-stitches on the other. The body of the dragon is filled in with a description of lace-stitch called *point de Bruxelles*, which is really successive rows of buttonhole stitches. The "Kells beastie" is worked entirely in flat "couching," with an outline of gold thread, the colours used being yellow in two shades, and a brown of yellow hue. The "Runic cable" is worked throughout in one colour, and in this way is, I think, most effective.



THE RUNIC CABLE.

But before I leave this most interesting subject, I must, I think, for the better understanding of it, say a few words about the "Book of Kells" and the Celtic designs which have been illustrated, for probably many of my readers have never heard of the first, and never seen nor thought of the last, yet both belong to a time when our history was most interesting. Kells is an ancient town of Ireland, co. Meath, and is thirty-nine miles from Dublin by railway. It was a royal residence down to the sixth century, when King Dermot MacKerval granted it to St. Columba, after which it became a great Christian ecclesiastical centre. It was then called Ceanannus, which was shortened into Kenlis, and then into Kells. St. Columba was the great apostle of the Picts and Scots in the seventh century, and I daresay most of my readers will remember him as the founder of the great monastery at Iona, which, for nearly three centuries, was the centre of Christian life in the north of Great Britain. From this religious centre were planted nearly one hundred monasteries in Europe, as far south as Italy, and from it went out Celtic Christian missionaries to all parts, no less than fifty of them sealing their testimony to Christ with their blood. Eight of these suffered in Norway and Iceland.

When driven from Iona by those cruel invasions of the Danes which brought desolation to England also, the family or order of Columba moved to Kells, and there, for three centuries more, a successor of Columba resided. During these days Ireland was regarded as the centre of Christian knowledge and piety in Europe, and



THE KELLS BEASTIE.

in the immense monasteries all kinds of arts and languages were cultivated. Each monastery, in fact, was a great school, and amongst the things for which they were famous were the numbers of manuscripts they wrote—copies of the Holy Scriptures, of great beauty, which were dispersed over Europe, some of which still form the treasures of Continental libraries. St. Columba himself is said to have written three hundred manuscript copies of the New Testament with his own hand. Nothing could be more beautiful than some of these MSS., which were ornamented after entirely original patterns, peculiar to the early Irish Church, and different from all other MSS. of the time—initial letters, borders, and tessellated pages, by means of small compartments filled with diagonal lines, spirals, interlaced ribbons, knots, and a great variety of animals and birds.

Gold is sparingly used, and there are no body-colour pictures. This style, of which the "Book of Kells" and the Durham book are the finest specimens, was extensively spread by Columba. The first is in the library of Dublin the second in the British Museum. There are also some fine Celtic MSS. in the Lambeth library.

This Runic art is so independent and peculiar that we regard the designs with the keenest interest, and to the eye of the learned they tell their own tale. The involved serpent was the sign of their original faith, no doubt, and later on is wound round a peculiarly-shaped cross, the sign of their conversion. It was sometimes altered into the dragon or beast of our copy, the body and tail being lengthened, and twined, or even split, to vary the pattern. These designs are said to be Indo-Chinese, and mark the Aryan origin of the Celts. In these Celtic designs there are no flowers or leaves; all designs are animal, or the peculiar strings or chords, knitted or plaited, probably borrowed from textiles or metal work, but in all cases peculiar, and not to be mistaken.

And in looking at them we shall be doubly interested if we remember that we are largely Celtic by descent, and if we may believe Mr. Matthew Arnold, it is only the Celtic mixture in us that enabled German England to produce such a poet as Shakespeare. From it we derive our sentiment and wit, our strength of imagination, and reverence for sacred things, our fondness for poetry and music, and our national bravery.

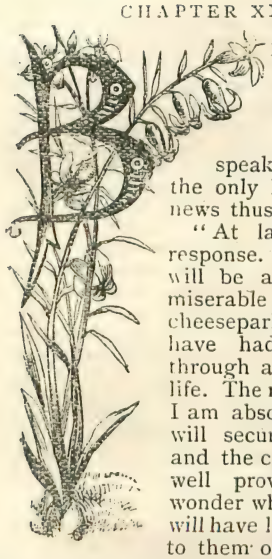
And as it will be seen that success depends on the unity of purpose in work, we may well long for the day when national differences shall cease and love and goodwill prevail.

DORA DE BLAQUIÈRE.

ONLY A GIRL-WIFE.

By RUTH LAMB, Author of "Her Own Choice," &c.

CHAPTER XXIV.



"BEATRICE, Miss Pelham is dead."

Lord Carnelly was the speaker, and his wife the only listener to the news thus conveyed.

"At last," was her response. "Now there will be an end of the miserable pinching and cheeseparing which I have had to practise through all my married life. The money to which I am absolutely entitled will secure this result, and the children will be well provided for. I wonder whether my aunt will have left her savings to them or to me. She has lived on next to nothing. She was too penurious either to spend on herself or to give to others. She never made me a present of anything that was worth a 'thank you' in her whole life. I suppose there can be no mistake about the news," added Lady Carnelly, turning quickly to her husband. "How did you hear it?"

"From Miss Pelham's lawyers. They wrote to me, thinking that I should break the tidings of your lamented aunt's decease less abruptly than could be done by a direct written communication addressed to yourself. The precaution was perhaps scarcely necessary."

"You need not be satirical, Lindsay. I am no hypocrite, and it is scarcely likely that I should be much distressed by the death of a relative who cared nothing for me, and who kept me out of all she could and as long as she could."

"Miss Pelham could scarcely be expected to die before her time in order to accommodate you, Beatrice," said Lord Carnelly.

"Who ever insinuated anything so ridiculous?" replied his wife, whose sense of approaching wealth rendered her more than usually lofty in tone and manner. "She might have helped us from her hoards if she had chosen, but people of my aunt's miserly disposition never can appreciate those of more generous natures than their own."

Sadly as Lord Carnelly listened to his wife's hard words, he could not help feeling that they had a ludicrous side. For a woman like Lady Carnelly, with whom self had always been pre-eminent, to talk of generous natures was almost too absurd. Her lavish expenditure which had brought no home enjoyment, but involved her husband in debt and caused him to live in perpetual dread of importunate creditors, was dignified as generosity by the lips of her who had indulged in it.

Lord Carnelly hardly dared to hope that Miss Pelham's death would bring much relief to him. The money was strictly secured to his wife, and he feared that she might refuse to free him from his embarrassments.

Whilst he mused, Lady Carnelly was silent for a short time, then, turning a triumphant face towards her husband, she said, "Lindsay, I have been calculating how much Miss Pelham must have saved during the last forty years, for she came into her mother's property so long since. I shall very likely get——"

The interruption was abrupt and stern.

"You had much better give up calculating on anything beyond what is absolutely certain. I do not think Miss Pelham would add a penny to it," said Lord Carnelly.

"She might have passed me by if there had been anyone else for it. But I am her nearest relative, and the children come next. My aunt had a good deal of family pride, which would, I think, prevent her from overlooking her own flesh and blood."

"Well, Beatrice, you knew Miss Pelham better than I did. The fact of her wealth often kept me from paying her the attentions that I should have liked to render to the solitary old woman. I did not wish to be misunderstood. If you do get the large savings you spoke of, I trust you will dedicate a few thousands of them to paying our debt to my sister. Poor Ida! The thought that her little fortune went because we were living beyond our means is a perpetual trouble to me."

"Our debt!" exclaimed Lady Carnelly. "You surely do not consider that I have any share in that. Have you forgotten that, when in India, you reminded me that you were Ida's guardian, not I. The idea that I shall find money to replace the fortune for which you are accountable is a little too much."

Lady Carnelly might have considered herself a deeply injured woman, to judge by the expression of her face as she spoke. It quickly changed as, glancing towards the window, she exclaimed, "The blinds have not been drawn down. What will people think of us, if there is a notice of Miss Pelham's death in the *Times*? There may be if the lawyers inserted it at once. Why did you not order the blinds to be pulled down?"

"As the bereavement was on your side of the house, I deemed it better to leave all melancholy details to you, Beatrice. However, I will ring if you wish it," was Lord Carnelly's reply.

It was sarcastic enough, and spoken in the bitterness of his heart, as he thought of the way in which his one request for help had been answered.

The refusal of Lady Carnelly to relieve him from the weight of responsibility on account of Ida's fortune meant more than the continuance of the burden.

What were his troubles and anxieties to her? And yet he had brought them upon himself sooner than refuse her even an unreasonable indulgence, for he had loved this selfish woman who

was still his wife and the mother of his children.

Lord Carnelly was, however, to be relieved in an unexpected manner, though greatly to the mortification and indignation of his wife.

Miss Pelham, though far advanced in years, retained her faculties unimpaired to the last, and was well able to gauge the characters of those with whom she had to do. She was not slow to blame her niece's conduct, and, while she felt the good-humoured contempt which strong natures often entertain for weak ones, and was often heard to censure Lord Carnelly for his folly in yielding to his wife's extravagance, she yet liked the kindly colonel.

Miss Pelham proved both her shrewdness and her regard for her niece's husband by her will. Not one penny of her large savings came into Lady Carnelly's hands. "She will have far more than she will use well and than I would allow her to have if I could help it," the old lady told her lawyers. "Her husband is weak but good-hearted. I have made myself acquainted with his circumstances, and find that he is over head and ears in debt. I mean to free him, and I look to you so to arrange matters that he shall not be able to place himself in a similar fix."

How the lawyers managed this is not for unprofessional persons to narrate. But it was done, and, to Lord Carnelly's deep joy and thankfulness, he found himself freed at a stroke from all his liabilities, through the will of his wife's eccentric relative. If there had been no restraint with regard to future expenditure, past experience would have been enough. Lord Carnelly had known what it was to groan under a load of debt for several past years, and had no inclination to risk it again.

Miss Pelham showed her eccentricity by one legacy in particular. Though the money owing to Mrs. Crawford was paid in full and with compound interest from the date at which it was due, along with the rest of Lord Carnelly's debts, the old lady left an additional five thousand pounds to the doctor. She gave no reason for so doing, but it may well be imagined that she bequeathed it to make amends for any inconvenience which Dr. Crawford and Ida might have suffered through the non-payment of the girl's little fortune at the proper time.

Miss Pelham knew that her niece's extravagance had caused the money to be withheld, and, knowing also Lady Carnelly's disposition, was determined not to trust her to make amends.

The contents of Miss Pelham's will made Lady Carnelly very angry, especially that part which referred to the Crawfords. She found, too, that, large as was the sum bequeathed by her aunt, it fell far short of her calculations.

Miss Pelham's charities had been of a very unostentatious character, and only after her death was it known how many homes had been cheered and mourners comforted by means of the well-timed and discriminating benevolence of her who had been called miserly.

Lord Carnelly had to listen to many bitter words respecting the disposition of Miss Pelham's money. Under the circumstances, he was able to bear the infliction with a grim sense of humour, which almost rendered his wife's tirades enjoyable.

Still, the thought would come, "If only Beatrice were different, how happy we might now be!" Lord Carnelly, at least, was thankful, and humbly anxious that, by God's help, the future might in some degree repair the past.

To Mrs. Crawford, Miss Pelham's unexpected bequest brought great joy. The knowledge so long withheld that Dr. Crawford had never received the money bequeathed to her by her father caused her great trouble. Never during her married life had she felt so much inclined to reproach her husband for want of confidence in her as when he at length told her the truth about her little fortune. Happily, she refrained from uttering the words which were on her lips, for at the same moment the thought came, "For whose sake did my dear husband keep silence? Was it not for mine, and to spare me the pain of knowing that my only brother had betrayed the trust reposed in him?"

One secret was never told—namely, the true story of the jewellery sent as a birthday gift to Ida, but for which Dr. Crawford paid. One of Lord Carnelly's first acts on becoming possessed of the means was to make the gift a real one, by repaying to his brother-in-law the amount of the jeweller's bill. It was not likely that the doctor would ever spoil Ida's pleasure in the possession of the ornaments by telling her one passage in their history.

Need it be told, that on the actual payment of her little fortune Mrs. Crawford at once insisted that the doctor should engage another assistant.

"You work far too hard now, Andrew," she said. "I am not a clever woman of business, but I doubt whether your doing without competent professional help effects a real saving. Your practice occupies your whole time, so it would be impossible for you to extend it without another assistant. You need have no fear that I shall break out into any extravagances, though my little fortune has become a reality instead of a myth."

Dr. Crawford agreed that there was something in what Ida said. He had lately doubted whether he had begun his scheme of domestic retrenchment in the right direction. There could be no true economy in over-taxing his strength and, at the same time, unnecessarily limiting his practice. The doctor therefore announced his intention of filling up the post vacated by Mr. Soames, and was a good deal surprised when Mr. Carnelly applied for it.

"You cannot be in earnest," he said; "for a man of your means to fill such a position would be an anomaly."

"In one sense it would, but not in another. I am a fully-qualified medical man, and have had some experience, though not within the last three years. I can produce testimonials which would, I think, satisfy you; and as to salary, I care nothing," replied Mr. Carnelly.

"But I do," responded the doctor. "Whoever I engage as my assistant will have to be fit for the work and to take his full share of it, as well as the remuneration. It is too absurd to think of your filling the post of medical assistant. If you cared for your profession, why did you give it up?"

"I had two reasons. The one was, that I did not wish to be tied to any particular locality, as I had then travelled very little, and I wanted to see something of other countries. Since then I have had above two years of travel—enough for the present. Is not this satisfactory?"

"Perfectly. Now for your second," said the doctor.

"That I thought it scarcely right, seeing there were so many men struggling to get into practice, for me to enter the arena against them when I had such abundant means of my own. In my travels, however, I strove to increase my professional information, and I believe I have gained, instead of losing, by my wandering and apparently lazy life."

The doctor shook his head.

"The second reason for not practising on your own account holds good to-day unless you have become poorer," he said.

"I almost regret to say that I am richer, for my tastes are too simple to allow of a large expenditure upon myself. You want to know how it is that I am now anxious to become your assistant. It is principally that I may convince a—a person, who, I fear, considers me a very useless individual, that I am capable of steady and continuous effort in the service of my fellow creatures. I might not desire to keep the post for a very long time. I daresay twelve months would suffice.'

The doctor's face assumed an expression of intelligence and amusement. "Would it be forcing your confidence if I ventured to ask, 'Is the person a young lady?'"

The colour which overspread Mr. Carnelly's brow vied with that which Grace Steyne could display upon occasion as he answered, "It is."

"I will not suggest any name," said Dr. Crawford, "but I think it would be quite possible for you to convince her of her mistake, without taking a place as medical assistant. I will be very frank with you, Mr. Carnelly. I will not accept your offer, but I hope to convince you that I am equally your friend in refusing it. I feel sure you would wish me to forget everything but the fact that you had engaged to fulfil certain duties, and I have not the smallest doubt of your ability, or that we should work well together. But there are men who need the salary that would be nothing to you, and the experience they would gain under an older medical man. Besides, you say you would not wish to remain here above twelve months. With such a prospect, ought I to introduce you to my patients, and accustom them to your attendance? People do not like strange faces by sick beds, and object to frequent changes."

"You are right; it would be a mis-

take for you to engage me," said Mr. Carnelly.

Nevertheless he looked as much disappointed as if his livelihood had depended on gaining the post.

When this conversation took place, Mr. Carnelly had paid several visits to Steynes-Cote, where Grace Steyne was still a guest. Hillstead Magna and Shelverton being within a short railway ride on a main line, and with plenty of trains, what could be more easy than for him to keep up friendly relations with his newly-found kinswoman, Mrs. Crawford?

Those who wish to find excuses are never at a loss, and Mr. Carnelly was constantly running over, always with some excellent reason for taking the journey. The small people in the Steynes-Cote nursery invariably set up a shout of welcome as they caught sight of him; and but for the peremptory interference of their mother, that apartment would soon have been blocked by the toys with which he came laden almost daily.

"Cousin David" was equally a favourite with Mrs. Crawford, and speedily won the good will of Mrs. Prattely, whose acquaintance he had made. This good lady was very fond of expatiating on Grace Steyne's excellences, and on one occasion she remarked, enthusiastically, "What a wife she would make for a poor man."

Mr. Carnelly replied, with commendable promptitude, "Why not for a rich one? Should not the girl who bravely bears a heavy weight of responsibility in her youth, have a lighter burden as she grows older?"

"Grace deserves to have," said Mrs. Prattely; "but she is a born worker, and will always take a full share of whatever her hand finds to do."

From which remarks it is not difficult to guess the tendency of Mr. Carnelly's thoughts.

(*To be concluded.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

LOUIE.—Write to the secretary of the Christian Women's Education Union, Miss Caroline Cavendish, 3, Otway-terrace, South Lambeth-road, S.W. A college has been instituted by this society (Westfield, Maresfield-gardens, Hampstead, London, N.W.), which prepares for the degrees of the University of London. There is a students' and a graduates' branch. Name your age, your attainments in a national school, and your wish to qualify as a governess, and you will obtain all necessary information. There will be very little to pay.

MARIAN GREY.—"The Midnight Sky" (illustrated) is an excellent work on astronomy; the price is 7s. 6d. The books of the writer you name are unexceptionable; but it is a waste of time for you to read novels at your age when you should devote your hours for study to history, travels, works of research, biography of celebrated persons, and such like works; the English classics also.

HOUSEKEEPING.

UNE VIOLETTE.—The bitter part of the lemon lies immediately under the yellow rind. We should advise you to peel the lemon with a silver knife very thinly indeed, and then take off all the thick white skin below, till the lemon be left quite clear. In laying an ordinary dinner table, the spoon and fork for the pudding are placed either on each side of the plate, or by some people at the top of the plate, side by side.

TOTAL ABSTAINER.—Dessert d'oyleys are always used when there is dessert, of course. Embroidery and lace are both used for them, and they are also either painted or etched.

KATE B.—The washleather gloves may be cleaned with pipeclay.

TWENTY YEARS OLD.—We think our opinion agrees with yours in many ways on the management of £150 a year, but we do not think meat is necessary more than once a day. There are now so many less expensive and better articles of diet than meat, such as lentils, beans, or peas, which if well prepared have more sustaining power. In London you would not be able to afford more than two rooms, we imagine. Pray do not give reins to your vivid imagination over our answers to correspondents again, as your common sense might tell you that we never advise anyone to lead joyless, half-starved, over-crowded, lonely lives. You have indeed profited little by our efforts, but we give you credit for doing a great deal with small means.

LIZZIE P.—Dirty oil-paintings can be cleaned by taking from the frame, and using half a raw potato to rub them with. The rubbing should be circular, gentle, and firm, not hard. When clean, wipe with a clean sponge and pure water. We have never found this recipe fail, and we have been told it is used in the picture restoring business.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LORNA DOONE.—An old oak chest of the size you name would be far too heavy as a packing-case, and you would have very unnecessary weight to pay for. We do not remember having heard from you before.

PILL.—We regret that the story is not suitable to our pages, and decline it with thanks. We hope you kept a copy of your MS., which we, of course, did not keep, following our usual custom.

LILY OF POLAND.—We should be very glad to oblige all our readers of the G. O. P. who send us verses, but we do not employ them to write for us, and we regret to say that in your case, as in that of the majority of verse-writers, the metre is quite incorrect. You should study prosody and the best metrical compositions.

DEAF.—The 21st of October, 1874, was a Wednesday, and the 9th December, 1876, was a Saturday. You ought to read English history and physical geography and THE GIRL'S OWN. For the rest, you had better be directed by your mother or governess. Why do you inquire of us?

ALICE PHYLLIS H.—Many thanks for your kind note. We are very glad you have such a high opinion of the G. O. P.

GRANNY.—In reference to your sister's condition, we should place her under a magnetic rubber. With regard to the interesting lessons in geography, and "object lessons," we think you should obtain them from the National Society.

EXPECTANT ONE.—Certainly, the father of the child could claim it. But quiet friendly representations might induce him to carry out his late wife's wishes, and his second wife would probably be glad to be spared the trouble of taking it. But you must be cautious to acknowledge his right, and ask him to waive it under the circumstances.

COCKLES.—The question of the tale you mention was explained by the editor of the G.O.P. at least five years ago in the correspondence columns, and your fault-finding is considerably after date.

CIZA W.—Your verses are utterly irregular and incorrect in composition. So sacred a subject as the Divine Redeemer walking upon the water should not be described in such a manner. For instance, observe the lines—

> "The wind it ceased, the vessel did 'skip,'
> To an end was brought their pleasant trip."

SWEET SIXTEEN.—*Ultima Thule* is used to denote the last extremity, or the end of the world. Thule was the most northern point known by the Romans. Some think it to have been Shetland, some Iceland. Virgil says, "*Tibi serviat ultima Thule.*" You have made a mistake in your quotation. We see no difficulty requiring explanation in St. Mark vi. 12.

FLOSSIMO.—Write to Mr. Tarn for the volume you require (at our office). The 30th of August, 1866, was a Thursday.

WELL-MEANER.—We sympathise much with you, and giving vent to feelings in verse is often a great relief. But you will have to study metrical composition, as there must be perfect regularity in the number of syllables and in the placing of the emphasis. We are always glad to hear from our boys. Accept our good wishes.

EDITH.—If accustomed to wash your head every week, and your hair be not very long and thick, so that you can dry it quickly, it is an admirable plan, and we recommend the continuance of the washing; but when there is much difficulty in drying, cold in the head and eyes, earache, or neuralgia might be the result, sooner or later, from such constant and thorough wetting. The partings may always be washed with soap and a little sponge, squeezed out, so as not to wet the long hair. We regret that the poetry is not suitable for our paper.

MELERCON writes, "I have broken the 'marriage-bone' of a fowl with the same person six times, and every time the top has sprung away and left an equal portion in each of our hands! If you know of any meaning attached to this, kindly let me know." We should imagine, from the "top flying off" on every occasion, that it meant you had both "lost your heads," as well as your hearts, so you are on the fair road for representing the "good woman" on the old signboards, and perhaps the other party to the transaction may turn into a modern "headless horseman" in time.

F. E. N. N.—The dress of Olivia, in "The Vicar of Wakefield," was a brocaded or quilted satin petticoat, a chintz dress turned up over it, a white muslin kerchief trimmed with lace at the edge and tied in a bow in front, and the well-known cap of white muslin and lace. The 23rd Feb., 1872, was a Friday.

DEERS' GRASS.—Silkworms' eggs will hatch themselves if they be given sufficient heat, but it is not a good thing to hatch them before the mulberry leaves are ready, as that is the best food for them. They should, therefore, be kept in a cool dry place.

HEADACHE probably eats too late. Her last meal should be at 7 p.m., and she should be in bed by 10 p.m., and up by 7 a.m., should take plenty of exercise without over fatigue, eat plenty of fruit, and take no beer, and but little tea.

LADY CLARICE.—We think "Guy" a dishonourable and unprincipled man to inveigle a girl of seventeen, in your position, into an engagement clandestinely. Your duty is to obey your father and cease to be deceitful and underhand in your dealings with him. A girl of seventeen neither knows what she wants nor what is wise for her in marriage, and would probably not look at the man whom she thought she liked at seventeen when she was twenty-two. Pray act with more conscientiousness and right feeling.

EDIE.—We are informed by the company that they have no longer any vacancies.

GELERT.—Consult a veterinary surgeon for the swelling in the collie's leg. The only way to teach a high-spirited dog to obey is to be kind but very firm. If you show temper and beat the animal, he will lose all confidence in you and appear quite stupid. Feed him on Spratts dogs' biscuits and small bones. A good meal once a day is sufficient, and be careful that water is always to be had. You cannot, we think, train a dog to be a good protector; he is that by nature. He will gladly be your companion if you treat him well and feed him yourself.

M. R. S., OF DAISY-BANK.—Your Belgium bird is moulting. Restrict its diet to canary seed pure, and twice a week a little summer rape, plantain, shepherd's purse, and wild mustard, brown millet and lettuce. A little sweet cake or biscuit, very stale, is also allowable, and a very little hard boiled yolk of egg. But give all these dainties sparingly, and, above all, keep the bird out of a draught and in a warm room, and cover the cage at night.

PICKWICK.—The impressions of ferns may be taken by laying them on sensitive paper and exposing them to the sun's rays for a short time. Printing-ink may be found at a large stationer's.

A SUFFERER had better pay a visit to a dentist, as her teeth evidently need attention.

UNDINE.—A single lady would use her father's coat of arms in a Lozenge, which any good heraldic stationer would engrave for her on being given the coat of arms on a seal.

BALLS.—We know of no cure for a crooked nose after the owner has reached sixteen years of age. It should have been shown to a doctor, and advice taken when at an earlier age. But it is questionable whether anything could have been done. It is rare in girls. Balls has only to read the hundreds of answers we have given to others who write backwards to obtain hers. See our article on the "Art of Penmanship."

ANGELUS D., etc.—Try a little butter to moisten the tar and so remove it; and then use turpentine to remove the butter. We sympathise with your invalid mother, nearly always in bed; no wonder, if the mother of twelve living children. It is not our fault if you have not taken in all our volumes of the G O.P. We cannot set the interests of the majority of our readers aside and go on repeating old recipes and replies.

MILDRED ALISON.—If you be seeking after God and daily desiring and praying for His grace, it is that His Holy Spirit is striving in your heart, and guiding you into the ways of holiness and peace. Thank Him for so doing, as you ought to be very grateful. Turning to God, praying for grace as well as forgiveness, trusting in His atonement as your only hope of salvation, combined with an earnest practical endeavour to check sin, and to please Him in all things, is conversion. It must not be a case of saying, "Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say." Remember that. You have our prayers. Go on praying and striving; thank God for leading you to seek Him, and be at peace.

AN ORPHAN.—An essay club is a society for writing essays, the members guided by certain rules exacting fines and giving prizes. We are sorry the yeast cure has done no good; perhaps a good washing with soap daily would answer your purpose better.

A. R.—If we had a cat that killed robins we should get rid of that cat at once, and send her to reside in a town where she could not get at birds. But if a cat be well fed with regular, comfortable meals, we cannot think she will kill many robins, and we fear you have neglected your cat. We hope she is not turned out of the house at night.

NOIRA.—Inquire of a music seller. The 6th October, 1867, was a Sunday.

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MY BROTHER'S FRIEND.

A New Serial Story by EGLANTON THORNE, Author of "The Old Worcester Jug," "In London Fields," "The Two Crowns," etc.

All rights reserved.] "WE STOOD TALKING ON THE PLATFORM FOR A FEW MINUTES."

CHAPTER I.

MABEL'S LIFE BEGINS.

"ONE'S life does not really *begin till* one has left school."

So said my sister Mabel to me one July day when we were in the train on our way home from school. Mabel was rejoicing in the fact that her school-days were over. She had a most contented air as she sat opposite to me, comfortably placed in the corner of the carriage, her small neat person arrayed in one of the neatest, best-fitting of grey gowns, with daintily white collar and cuffs, and her little face with its pretty, regular features surmounted by a simple but becoming straw hat. The travelling bag by her side, her roll of wraps, her ivory-handled umbrella, all showed the same dainty neatness. Mabel looked what she aspired to be, and what our governess, Miss Carefull, had often called her when holding her up as a pattern to the other girls—a perfect lady.

The girls at our school were sure that Mabel was Miss Carefull's favourite pupil. How could it be otherwise when she did everything so well—her drawing, her singing, her French, all winning her high commendation from their respective professors; when she wrote such a pretty hand, had such good manners, and moved so gracefully; whilst her dancing was such that the dancing master could hardly speak of it without emotion? Our dancing lessons were ever occasions of triumph for Mabel and of humiliation for me. She was the one to be first initiated into every new step, and often were we others bidden to stand still and look on while Miss Carmichael showed us what our dancing should be. It was a pretty sight to see Mabel and the old dancing master go through the slow, stately measures of the minuet. As I watched her movements I felt much pride in my sister's grace and prettiness, and fancied they atoned to some extent for my own awkwardness, which brought upon me frequent exclamations of—"What are you doing, Miss Dorothy? Do you call that a curtsey? Pray, if you are going to dance like that when you go out, never say that I taught you," from my sorely tried instructor. Such of the pupils as cared about dancing were eager for the privilege of dancing with Mabel, and sometimes I sought to do so, thinking I should get on better if she gave me a little help.

But seldom would Mabel accept me as a partner. "It is too dreadful," she would say, "to be dragged round by you, and have you coming down on my toes with your elephantine tread." And such words, though playfully uttered, wounded me so much that I did not soon renew my request.

But though our sisterly intercourse did not flow with unbroken serenity, owing, as Mabel would say, to my "bad temper," I was, in truth, passionately fond of my pretty sister, and did not at all like the idea of returning to school without her.

"You are quite sure that you will not go back to school?" I asked, in reply to Mabel's remark.

"Of course I shall not," said Mabel. "Father told Miss Carefull that I should probably leave at the end of this term. If he says anything to me about it I shall tell him it is high time I left. Girls do not go to school after they are nineteen, and I shall be nineteen next month. I might have been allowed to leave at Christmas."

"I wish he would let me leave too," I exclaimed, with a sudden burst of hope; "I am only eighteen months younger than you, and lots of the girls leave at seventeen."

"Perhaps he would if you were as forward in your studies as some girls are at seventeen," said Mabel, quietly; "but you must know, Dorothy, that you have not come out of the examinations well. Father will be vexed when he hears how low your marks are, for you know he is so anxious that we should be well-educated women."

My hope of leaving school was put to instant death by Mabel's words. I knew that I had been idle and careless in my school work during the half-year, and if my father's attention were drawn to the fact, and Mabel was not likely to hide it from him, he would certainly not be inclined to shorten my schooldays. Besides, I suspected that Mabel would wish me to return to school, leaving her to reign in sole glory at home; and it was part of my sister's general cleverness that she always contrived to gain whatever she wished.

Whilst Mabel spoke, her eyes were studying my appearance, and evidently not with the pleasure with which I surveyed her pretty little person. I was humbly conscious that this was not surprising. I knew it was a trial to Mabel that I was so unlike herself, being as large limbed, awkward, and untidy as she was slight, graceful, and neat.

"Dorothy," she said, leaning forward, and speaking *sotto voce*, that the other passengers who shared the compartment might not hear her remarks, "I never saw anything like the state of shabbiness to which you have brought that gown. No one would think that you had it when I had mine. We must really give up dressing alike. It is too dreadful always to see before me a soiled and creased copy of my own gowns."

No doubt such an experience was very trying to Mabel's delicate sense of propriety. My gown had been cut from the same piece as hers; they had been exactly alike, but now mine was dirty and frayed; in some places badly mended rents were apparent, in others a keen eye could have detected inkstains, and the bodice lacked the stylish shapeliness which Mabel's still retained. But I could not at that moment regard the matter from Mabel's point of view. I was still under the annoyance which her previous words had excited, and I answered snappishly—

"I am sure I should be thankful not to have dresses like yours, for then you could not always be drawing horrid comparisons between them."

"You need not be cross with me about it," said Mabel, complacently; "it is not my fault that your things always get shabby so much more quickly than mine. Oh, Dorothy, your hair is coming down!"

"What a bother my hair is!" I exclaimed, impatiently, as I caught the offending loose end and tried to push it back into its place; "it never will keep up."

"It is very strange," said Mabel, as she put up her hand to pat her own exquisitely neat coil of plaits, "my hair never comes down."

I felt cross, and relapsed into silence. Mabel took a book from her bag and began to read, whilst I sat watching the cornfields and meadows we passed as the train bore us on to Burford, the little Essex town at which we lived. In a few minutes my vexation was forgotten and my mind filled with the delightful thought that I was going back to the dear old home, which I loved so well, though it had for me no association with mother love. My mother had died when I was too young to remember her, and my father had not married again. We three children—my brother Edmund, Mabel, and I—had been taken care of in our younger days by a sister of our father's, but some years earlier our aunt had married, and gone to a distant home of her own, and since then Mabel and I in our holidays had been left pretty much to ourselves, save for the half authoritative oversight of our old servant, Salome, who acted as housekeeper to my father during our absence.

Half of my delight in the prospect of getting home arose from the thought of seeing my brother, who ere this had returned from his college at Cambridge to spend the long vacation at home. I hardly know how to describe the intense love I had ever felt for my brother Edmund. My earliest recollections show me that his kindness to his "little sister" made the sunshine of my young life. I think he was always more to me than my father, who, though goodness itself and failing in no duty towards his children, was more deficient than most men in the knack of soothing and cherishing little children.

Edmund was my hero. Sometimes my heart swelled high with an exultant belief—for which I afterwards blamed myself, because it betokened so mean a spirit—that he loved me better than he loved Mabel. I must do Mabel the justice to say that she never exhibited the least jealousy of Edmund's attachment to me. I do not think she would have minded his loving me best.

Time sped fast as I pondered the delights of the coming holidays, the walks and drives which Edmund and I would have, and the long talks in which he would tell me about his college life and the friends he had made at Cambridge. As I thought thus, the wonder crossed my mind how I should feel if I, like Mabel, were about to leave school. Was it true, as Mabel had said, that

one's real life did not begin till one had left school? My life had not lacked interest hitherto. I loved to remember the sunny days of my childhood. There had been many pleasurable excitements in my schooldays, too, although I had failed to distinguish myself in examinations. What difference would my leaving school make in my life? Only surely that my holidays would lengthen out indefinitely; that I should enjoy more freedom, more leisure to do as I liked. I could not conceive of any greater change; but now, as after long years, I look back on my young self, I know that I did enter upon a new stage of experience, and that my real life may be said to have begun at the time of my leaving school. Up to that time I had simply dreamed and enjoyed, but then I began to make acquaintance with the "changes and chances of this mortal life." Life seems so simple when we are young; it is only when we can look back over the course of many years that we know what a complex thing it is; see how one life blends with another, what trifles affect human destinies, and can weigh the various influences that have entered into our lives and made them what they are.

At that hour I could look forward to the future without a shadow of fear.

Suddenly I startled Mabel by springing up and exclaiming, in the impetuous manner which she thought so unladylike, "Oh, Mab, we are almost there; I can see the castle. And here is the platform and Edmund. Oh, Edmund is here to meet us!"

Mabel quietly put away her book, and gathered her things together. She was never so undignified as to hurry herself.

"Wait till the train stops, Dorothy," she said; "it is hardly worth while to endanger your life for the sake of a few seconds."

The warning was not uncalled for The train had scarcely come to a standstill when I was on the platform eagerly greeting my brother, a tall, slight youth of twenty, with a long neck and sloping shoulders, and by no means good-looking to any eyes save mine. The girls at Miss Carefull's would have called him ugly, and even Mabel considered him plain, though she qualified the term by admitting that his plainness was of an intellectual description. He was very tall, more than six feet in height, though he hardly looked so tall, because he stooped, the result partly of weakness, partly of his student habits.

"Well, Dottie, how are you? Why, how you have grown! I was quite unprepared to see such a giraffe!" he exclaimed, as he saw me.

"Don't be rude," I said, laughingly. "And you can't talk about growing."

"Well, perhaps not," he said. "Ah, here is Mabel, little and good, as usual."

We stood talking on the platform for a few minutes, till Mabel asked Edmund what was to be done with our luggage.

"Oh, Luke is here with the light cart," he said, "and I've got the dog cart; I thought you would not care to walk."

"No, indeed; I would much rather drive," said Mabel.

In a few minutes we had mounted the dog cart, Mabel sitting up beside Edmund, and I on the seat behind, leaning sideways, so that I could see my brother as he drove.

The station was at New Burford, and our home lay at Old Burford, about a mile distant. We drove through the sleepy town with its few shops and many public houses, crossed the bridge, which had a railed and raised footpath on one side, for the benefit of pedestrians, when the river flooded the road, a frequent occurrence in winter, and, following the level country road, soon came to the outlying houses of Old Burford.

A conspicuous object as we approached the place was a large, new-looking mansion, with an extinguisher-shaped turret at each extremity, standing back from the road in its own extensive grounds, which were carefully walled in from the public gaze.

This vulgarly ostentatious-looking building, unlike every other dwelling at Burford, and out of harmony with the homely, rural neighbourhood in which it stood, had been built by a Mr. Steinthorpe, the owner of some saw-mills at Burford. The house had been his hobby, and on it he had expended a considerable portion of the fortune he had amassed in his prosperous business. His own ideas had been carried out in its construction, but their outcome, if satisfactory to himself, was not held in admiration by people in general.

The house had been years in building, and when finished was deemed by everyone, save its owner, to be neither beautiful nor convenient. But whatever the advantages or disadvantages of the dwelling he had planned for himself, Mr. Steinthorpe did not enjoy or suffer them long. Within a year of his taking possession of his new abode he died, leaving his house and property to his only son, with whom he had quarrelled some years earlier, and who had not been seen at Burford since.

"There is that hideous excrescence, 'the Towers!'" I exclaimed, as my eyes fell on "Steinthorpe's Folly," as some people called the place; "I suppose it is still shut up."

"No, indeed; have you not heard? The son, Mr. Howard Steinthorpe, is there now; he is taking the management of the business."

"You don't mean it?" said Mabel. "Why, it was said that the reason he and his father quarrelled was because he refused to have anything to do with the mills."

"Ah, he is wiser now," said Edmund. "He knows that there is money to be made in that business, and he will get the more if he looks into everything for himself. Father says that he seems quite a man of business, wonderfully shrewd and long-sighted."

"Then father has made his acquaintance," said Mabel, quickly.

"Oh, yes; very soon after he arrived he came to father for some information respecting local affairs, and now he often drops into the office for a chat with father. He is not half a bad fellow."

"He must be glad to get a chat with anyone," I observed. "How dreary for the poor man to live all alone in that huge place. Whatever possessed Mr. Steinthorpe to build such a house for himself! If his wife had been living and he had had a large family there would have been some sense in it; but what one man can want with a house like a great public asylum it is beyond me to imagine."

"Oh, he was cracked when he planned that house," said Edmund; "a clever man of business, but insane on that point."

"The house may be better suited to Mr. Howard Steinthorpe than you imagine, Dorothy," said Mabel. "How do you know that he lives there alone? He may be married."

"So he may," I said. "I forgot that he cannot be so very young."

"Well, I can tell you, for your satisfaction, that he is not married," said Edmund, mischievously, "so perhaps, Mab, if you play your cards well, you may be mistress of 'the Towers' some day."

Mabel laughed, and told Edmund not to be absurd.

"Poor Mabel!" I said. "It is to be hoped there is a happier fate in store for you. I would as soon live in a prison as in that great house."

"They say it is lovely inside," said Mabel, her eyes resting gravely on the turreted mansion; "Mr. Steinthorpe spared no expense in furnishing it. There are Turkey carpets, and Persian rugs and curtains, and all sorts of curiosities that he bought on the Continent."

But now we were leaving the Towers behind, and driving past the dear old houses, each one with an individuality of its own that I knew so well. We turned a corner and entered a still quieter road, with a brook running at one side of it, and a long stretch of grass on the other. Two minutes more and Edmund was pulling up his horse before a low, white house with a small flower garden in front, shut in by white-painted wooden palings. Lower down the road, to the right of the house, a large swing gate gave access to the tan-yard and offices, for my father was a tanner.

I sprang from my seat at the back of the vehicle before Edmund could come to my assistance. Salome had opened the door, and stood there smiling a hearty welcome—a hard-featured, wiry-made woman of more than forty years, with a hard set colour in her cheeks, and a shrewd, keen look in her grey eyes. She was a good, high-principled woman, a very particular, old-fashioned housekeeper, and fairly good tempered, as long as she had her own way. She had always been good to us children, never failing to scold us when she considered that we deserved scolding, and in all respects doing her duty by us according to her lights.

In spite of many a skirmish we had together in my childhood, I had learned to love our faithful old Salome, and now I ran up to her and kissed her as I had always been wont to do, although I knew that Mabel thought it very undignified of me to keep to this childish habit.

Just at that moment I heard the tan-yard gate swing back, and turning saw my father standing there with a gentleman, who, of course, must have seen me embracing my old nurse.

"What, children, are you here already?" said my father, coming forward in his shabby office coat; a grey-haired, grey-bearded man, stooping somewhat, and looking worn and weary in the bright sunlight. "It seems but a few minutes since I heard the train passing at the bottom of the meadows."

Mabel had already alighted from the dog cart, and she stepped forward, and in her pretty way asked father how he was, and put up her face to be kissed. I saw the stranger, who, I felt sure, must be Mr. Howard Steinthorpe, look at her with interest as she did so.

Perhaps it was because his companion's exceedingly well-to-do appearance acted as a foil that I thought my father looking so much more grey and worn than usual. Mr. Steinthorpe was a man in the prime of life, with a healthy, vigorous, well-satisfied air, of middle height, and by no means slim of figure, yet hardly to be called stout. He was considered a very handsome man by most persons at Burford, but this was not the impression which his appearance made on me as Mabel and I were now introduced to him, though I gradually became aware that his features were well cut and regular, that his cold blue eyes were all that could be desired in size and shape, and that his fine auburn moustache was in itself a distinction. He was irreproachably dressed, in a style quite superior to anything to which we were accustomed at Burford, and was altogether so well groomed, if I may be allowed to use such a horsey expression, that my poor father, always careless of his personal appearance, looked deplorably shabby by his side. His manners, too, had a finish that Burford manners lacked, but which Mabel and I, fresh from our London boarding school, felt to be the correct thing. Mabel actually coloured with gratification as he bowed low before her. I was less elated by his courtesy, for I was not conscious of deserving admiration, and I fancied I detected a sardonic gleam in his eyes as they met mine.

We exchanged a few polite commonplaces, and then, gracefully expressing a hope that he should see more of us, Mr. Steinthorpe bowed again and went on his way. We entered the house with our father, I with a lurking sense of irritation, which I could hardly have explained.

"Father, dear, it is time I came home to look after you," Mabel said, as she laid her hand caressingly on his arm. "What a shocking coat! You must hand that over to Luke."

"Oh, it is good enough for me," said my father, wearily, as he hung up his hat in the passage. "But I am glad to have you home again, children."

"So that is Mr. Steinthorpe!" Mabel said to me as we went upstairs together. "What a perfect gentleman he is! But I was vexed that he should see us all dusty and untidy from our journey."

"You mean that you are vexed he saw me so untidy," I said. "You looked most proper, as you always do." For I had felt some pride in Mabel as she talked to Mr. Steinthorpe. Although I had not taken to him myself, I was pleased that he should see what a charming little lady my sister was. Mabel appeared gratified by my words.

"He is very good-looking," she observed, as she surveyed her neat little person in the glass.

"Oh, I can't bear his looks," I burst out; "I think he has a dreadful expression. Depend upon it, he is not a man to be trusted."

"You don't mean to say that you have taken one of your unreasonable dislikes?" said Mabel, with an air of patiently enduring my perversity. "I never knew anyone like you for jumping to wild conclusions. You always set yourself against nice people."

"Someone else is jumping to conclusions now," I observed. "How do you know that Mr. Steinthorpe is nice?"

But Mabel vouchsafed me no reply to this question.

(*To be continued.*)

UNPOPULAR GIRLS.

By A MIDDLE AGED WOMAN.

GIRLS have their hopes and ambitions in beginning life as well as their brothers. Some, in these days of Girton and Newnham, aim at fame and intellectual progress; in others the instinct of motherhood is strongly developed. I remember a poor, hardworking girl of eighteen once saying to me, with indescribable earnestness, "The greatest happiness in life must be to have a dear little baby of one's very own. If I had a darling child all to myself to work for and love, I don't think I should care for anything else in the whole world." Her eyes positively sparkled and her cheeks glowed with the imagined delight of a tiny creature to pet and cherish, and, as she said, "to live for."

The commonest ambition of all is, of course, to be married, and have a home of one's own. With some girls, perhaps, the home occupies a larger space in the mental vision than the husband; with others, especially if they happen to have fixed on the hero of their day-dreams, the home falls so far into the background as scarcely to be recognised as a necessity at all. One hope, however, is shared by everyone—the hope of being liked. Admiration and love are, of course, more highly prized than popularity, but they can only be expected from a few, while any girl may reasonably aspire to be liked by the whole circle of her acquaintances. Indeed, probably all young people start in life with the expectation of seeing this aspiration fulfilled. As time goes on many quick-witted young women perceive that they are not liked, and wonder why. They are conscious of meaning well, and often of doing well, but they see that they are less attractive than many of their acquaintances whose virtues, talents, and accomplishments, so far as they can discover, by no means exceed their own. Now, some people, men as well as women, have a natural charm about them which is inexplicable. They fascinate; no one can tell why exactly, but they do. This kind of thing cannot be imitated or acquired; like beauty or genius, it is born with its fortunate possessors, and often stands them in good stead when health, fortune, and character are gone, and their lives wrecked by folly, self-indulgence, or vice.

It is a common practice to tell little children, "If you are good, people will love you." Perhaps this is true—to a certain extent it must be so; but it certainly does not follow when you are grown up that if you are good, people will like you. It must be confessed that morals have much less to do with popularity than manners. Think over your acquaintances. Are the most agreeable persons in all cases those you consider the best, those for whom you have the highest respect? You know very well that they are not. You may regret the fact, but a fact it remains. It is surely, then, worth your while to study to avoid those little ways which make even good people disagreeable, before they become stereotyped into habits. We cannot undertake to teach you to be agreeable, but we may give you a few hints now to escape being disagreeable. To this end keep a strict watch over your tongue. Of conversation it is especially true that

> "Evil is wrought
> By want of thought
> As well as want of heart."

Talk as little as possible about yourself. To you, self is naturally a deeply-interesting subject, but it by no means follows that your friends will find it so. Of course, boasting and direct self-commendation will be eschewed by everyone with any pretensions to good manners. Whatever people think, they do not often say, as I once heard a very worthy woman remark at a charity working party, "I'm the most charitable and unselfishest person that can be."

But many persons, nevertheless, particularly young ones, manage perpetually to bring themselves on the *tapis*. Whatever the subject in hand may be, it is always brought round to themselves—*their* opinion, *their* experience, *their* expectations, what people said about *them*. Or they tell little stories in which they appear to advantage; or repeat compliments which have been paid them, in a deprecatory manner, of course, but still repeating them. Others go on quite a different tack;

they dwell perpetually on their defects, mental or physical. Politeness prevents their hearers showing their utter want of interest. They cannot say, what they feel, "At your age, neither your opinion nor experience can be of importance to anyone but yourself," or, "Yes, your temper is bad, your eyes are green, you are very indolent; it is a pity you do not try to improve." If they are conscientious they cannot endorse the compliments and deny the defects, which would be the shortest and pleasantest way out of the difficulty. Nothing remains but to take the earliest opportunity of escaping the infliction with a determination to keep out of the way of it for the future. All egotism is offensive, but that springing from "the pride that apes humility" is perhaps one of its most irritating manifestations.

The next thing to talking about yourself is talking about your relations. Young mothers are famous for teasing their friends with baby talk, but some girls are quite as great offenders. "My brother at college," "My uncle the Dean," or "My sister who paints," are perpetually in their mouths. Family affection is a pleasant thing to see, and a right thing to encourage, but it is possible to give outsiders too much of what "my people" think and say. On the other hand, take care how you speak of your friends' relatives. People often have a low opinion themselves of their parents, husbands, brothers or sisters, but they do not like to hear others echo this opinion. It may be illogical and inconsistent, but so it is. Family quarrels are generally made up sooner or later, and more or less forgotten, when no one is more unwelcome than the intimate friend who shows by her conversation that she remembers all about the disputes which have now sunk into oblivion. Avoid patronising or slighting expressions in referring to your friends' relatives. You may think this hint superfluous, but I assure you I have heard girls, who consider themselves well-bred, say such things as this: "Your mother was in here this morning; the poor old lady seemed quite in spirits." "Your father? Oh, let the poor old man have what he fancies." An affectionate child does not care to be reminded that her parents are old, and to a dutiful one the half-pitying, half-patronising tone is most offensive, innocent as the person using it may be of any wish or intention of giving offence.

Another unpleasant habit to which some young people are prone is that of giving advice unasked. Older persons, as a rule, are much too prudent to commit themselves in this way. Most people have their own ideas and methods, and dislike being interfered with. A young lady has devised a new costume with her dressmaker; it is nearly finished, perhaps quite, and she is pleased with the effect. A friend comes in and assures her that she ought to add a bow here and rosette there, turn the front to the side and remodel the drapery, and it will be exactly right.

What wonder if the girl and the dressmaker feel something approaching detestation for the well-intentioned friend who has spoiled their pleasure at the very moment of success? A married lady of some standing, who prides herself on her housekeeping, makes the acquaintance of a lively young matron, who has scarcely kept house as many weeks as she has years. The girl, full of her own experiments, assures her friend that her ways are old-fashioned, her tradesmen expensive, and kindly points out how much better and more cheaply things may be done. It does not matter from my point of view, whether she is right or wrong, in either case the elder lady will be hurt if not offended, and will certainly exercise a careful reticence as to her domestic affairs in the younger one's presence for the future, if she does not avoid her altogether. I have met with girls, pleasant and praiseworthy in other respects, who are almost insufferable as companions, in consequence of their mania for advising. Whatever subject may be under discussion—needlework, gardening, cookery, dress or mental improvement—a young lady of the sort I mean is always ready with "I can show you a better way of doing it," "We always do so and so," "My way is much quicker," and so on. This kind of thing may be borne with patience from a senior, though annoying, but from a junior, or even an equal, it is unendurable. Always remember that if people wish for your advice they will ask it; if they refrain from doing so keep it to yourself, however valuable it may be.

One way in which girls often thoughtlessly offend against good taste and good manners is by asking questions. Very few like to be examined as to their feelings, affairs, or intentions. I believe young people frequently ask questions simply for the sake of making conversation, without caring at all for the answers. Many, however, who are inquisitive and prying when young, develop into gossips and mischief-makers, with the natural result that they are dreaded and kept at arm's length by all sensible people. Habits formed in youth are rarely broken through afterwards, and, believe me, no habit is more likely to render you unpopular than that of asking questions. "Where have you been?" "Where are you going?" "How much did you pay for it?" "Where did you get this?" "Who told you that?" frequently reiterated, will assuredly lead your acquaintances to shun you as an ill-bred, troublesome meddler. Mind your own business and leave your neighbours to mind theirs. It is impossible to say how much harm has been done by inopportune questioning. Habits of deceit have been induced and fostered, hopeful prospects have been permanently destroyed, waverers have been driven into wrong doing, and sensitive persons have been set against their best friends by this objectionable climax.

As far as you can, avoid personal remarks altogether. They are seldom acceptable, and give offence oftener than not. Shy people are made uncomfortable by compliments or critical observations on their appearance. Nervous and self-conscious individuals are rendered absolutely miserable by having their little awkwardnesses and peculiarities of manner laughed at or remarked on. It is scarcely necessary to warn you against touching on sore points. You will not, of course, talk of "old maids" or "elderly young ladies" in the presence of women "of a certain age." Neither must you comment on the ugliness of large feet, red hands, a coarse complexion, a squint or any personal defects before people who have the misfortune to suffer from them. Do not be too ready to tell your friends they look ill or well; timid people are frightened by the former, and people who think it "interesting" to look delicate are annoyed by the latter. It is really provoking to a person whose face is flushed by toothache or some other of the so-called minor maladies of life to be met by a hearty congratulation on her blooming looks. Never grumble if you can help it. I quite admit that it is a relief for the time. You feel decidedly better after having aired your grievance, but you have bored your friend, who has, no doubt, plenty of grievances of her own and takes but a limited interest in yours. Do not be a wet blanket either. Who can help disliking the company of a person who always thinks it will rain if you have a special reason for wishing it to be fine; is convinced you will miss your train if the cab comes a minute or two late; predicts certain failure if you are trying an experiment; discovers faults in your newest toy; and, in short, looks persistently on the dark side of things? If you wish your society to be sought after and appreciated, cultivate a hopeful frame of mind and a cheerful exterior, suppress your own troubles, and sympathise heartily in the pleasures of others.

Some girls, few I hope, have a morbid liking for painful subjects, physical or moral. Without absolutely indulging in "improper" conversation, they hover on its borders. Any coarse or nasty story has an attraction for them. Disgusting symptoms in illness, horrible crimes, distressing operations, are favourite topics. To refined women, and still more to refined men, this style of conversation in a young woman is peculiarly repugnant. Better be too fastidious than continually dabbling in the foul pools that must collect in this world of sin and shame.

I have only two more hints to give about the use of the tongue. One is, Do not contradict. If possible, agree with your friend; if not, say nothing. Opposition is always disagreeable; the feeling, "So-and-so is sure to think the opposite of what I do," has checked in the bud many a promising friendship. Of course, there are cases, where principle is concerned, when it is our duty to speak out, whether we are offensive or not, but they do not very often occur, and if we speak moderately, kindly, and politely, we rarely suffer for it in the estimation of our friends if they are worth preserving. This is quite different from continually contradicting about trifling and unimportant matters in everyday life, a common and very reprehensible practice.

Lastly, and this is very important—Do not talk too much. The most brilliant of talkers, such as Macaulay and Rogers, have become wearisome at times, because they did not know when to stop. Sydney Smith on one occasion said Macaulay had been more agreeable than usual because he had had "several brilliant flashes of silence." Think, then, what an intolerable bore perpetual chatter must be which has neither genius nor wit to recommend it. I have seen the youngest and most uninteresting member of a party entirely spoil what might have been a pleasant evening by monopolising the conversation, and consequently reducing to silence those who had something to say worth listening to. A good listener, responsive and appreciative, is often a more valuable acquisition in society than even a fairly good talker. Observe the word "responsive." A listener who sits stolidly silent, never smiling at a joke or assenting to a proposition, showing no sign of hearing what you say, possibly not even answering a question till it is repeated a second time, is by no means a pleasing addition to any company.

I will mention two more habits which, though unconnected with conversation, tend to make some worthy and excellent people unpopular. They may be considered trifling, but in many cases they are a real bar to happy intimacy. The first is a habit of borrowing. This is often troublesome to the lender. Some girls seem invariably short of change; you scarcely ever take a walk with them without a request for a small sum, which they probably forget to return. To remind a friend of a debt is at best a delicate operation, and many girls would rather sustain a slight pecuniary loss than attempt it. Besides, the transaction often escapes the lender's memory as well as the borrower's, and leads to vexations and hopeless confusion in accounts. Persons whose income is strictly "limited," and who can only just make both ends meet, may be put to serious inconvenience in this way.

But other things may be borrowed besides money—books, for instance. We all know how apt we are to borrow books and keep them (by accident of course!) for weeks, months, and even years. Sometimes valuable

works are spoiled by the loss of one volume, or when a book is wanted for reference a space is found where it ought to be, and the owner has no guide to its whereabouts beyond a vague idea that it was "lent to somebody." I have known people so unscrupulous as to borrow a new, brightly bound volume, warp its covers over the fire or in the sun, lend it to their friends without the owner's permission, and at last return it, shabby, faded, and old.

Some women are fond of borrowing bags, portmanteaus, waterproofs, umbrellas, and articles of wearing apparel, forgetful apparently of the fact that these things do not last for ever, and wear out quite soon enough in their owner's service. Bad housekeepers have been known to plague their neighbours by continual requests for small quantities of tea, sugar, flour, coals, and the like "till they can get in their own." It will be remembered that poor Mrs. Carlyle in her letters complains bitterly of Mrs. Leigh Hunt, her next door neighbour, who seems to have carried the practice to abnormal lengths. Few girls, however, are likely to have the opportunity of offending in this way. They do, however, sometimes venture to ask the loan of jewellery and curiosities of value which are lent with many anxious fears for their safety by amiable people, who are too kind and polite to refuse, but who would much prefer to keep their treasures under their own eyes. Of course these observations do not apply when your friends offer to lend without any hints or suggestions from yourselves, but even then, except to relations and very old friends, it is better as a rule to avoid incurring the obligation.

Unpunctuality is a sad drawback in a companion. A girl agrees to call for her friend at a specified time. The friend keeps her waiting just long enough to make her late at church or for class, or to compel her to run all the way to the station to catch the train. This happens not once merely but frequently. Who can be surprised that after a time the girl prefers to walk alone or finds a fresh companion? The causes which lead to unpunctuality are threefold—trying to squeeze too much work into a given time; careless forgetfulness, which makes girls oblivious altogether of engagements; and a habit of dawdling procrastination, which is easily acquired and very difficult to shake off. Whatever the cause may be, the effect is generally fatal to a girl's popularity.

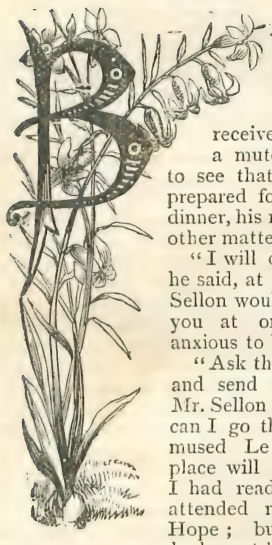
I have but just touched the borders of many important subjects. I have passed by some altogether which are perhaps even more important. Do not imagine that I have set up a warning at every pitfall that lies in your way. Far from this, I have but selected a few that seemed most likely to escape notice. "Little things," you may say, "mere trifles, hardly looking for!" Not so; life is made up of little things. It is but a fly that spoils the pot of ointment, a little blot disfigures the fairest page, and a little failing may so obscure the good points of a girl's disposition in the eyes of her neighbours as to render her a bugbear to be shunned, instead of a treasure to be sought after. And it should never be forgotten that we are bidden by Divine authority to strive after "Whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report."

COURTLEROY.

By ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER XXIV.

DRIVEN TO BAY.



BARBER looked sadly crestfallen when he answered Mr. Le Roy's summons. He received his orders like a mute. He was told to see that everything was prepared for the autocrat—dinner, his room, and sundry other matters.

"I will do my best, sir," he said, at last. "But Mr. Sellon would be glad to see you at once. Searle is anxious to be off."

"Ask them to come here, and send refreshments for Mr. Sellon and me." "How can I go through with it?" mused Le Roy. "This place will kill me. I wish I had read the letters and attended more to George Hope; but Searle must be honest."

Mr. Sellon came in alone. He began upon business at once.

"I find that all your papers are either at Mr. Searle's house or with the Prestbury firm," he said. "I propose to return with him and look into the affairs to-night; to-morrow morning we can all three proceed to Prestbury and see after the Units. I have asked Mr. Searle to give me a bed, as your establishment here is not—well, not quite—equal to your London one, and Miss Marmont is not accustomed to chance visitors. I fear Searle is a scoundrel, and we must not lose sight of him for a moment. I have left him under your man's special care at present lest he escape us. The scene at the farm was ominous, and I think you must be prepared for the worst, since it is impossible to say what excesses he may have been guilty of in your name. Of course, I do not know what you have actually ordered and approved of, but it seems scarcely probable that you can have willingly let your property go to rack and ruin."

"I trusted Searle, and I trust him still!" said Mr. Le Roy, coldly and majestically.

"We shall discover to-morrow whether your confidence has been misplaced or not; to-day you can remain in happy ignorance. I had no idea that you had been living in the dark for the best part of twenty years. The little I have gathered from Miss Marmont proves that a system of extortion and neglect has been carried on here during that period on the plea that money must be secured for Mr. Le Roy's needs at all costs. Excuse my speaking plainly, but you must face it at last."

"I shall return to town to-morrow and leave the affairs between you and Searle," returned Le Roy.

"We shall see," added Sellon, significantly.

"I have ordered—dinner. You will stay?" asked Le Roy, pausing long and doubtfully on the name of the proffered repast.

"No, thank you; I dare not leave the lion's provider, alias the jackall, Searle. He will hunt up food for me, I daresay, knowing that he is in my power, in the same way that he cannot refuse to find me a lair. I wish you a good appetite and a good night's rest."

Mr. Le Roy was offended at Sellon's ironical tone, scarcely understanding that the lawyer was worked up into a state of indignation at what he saw and heard. He rose, however, and opened for him the door which led into the passage.

"You know your way to—to—the library, the business-room, the——Where is Searle?" he asked, with affected indifference.

Barber appeared, his lugubrious face longer and more melancholy than ever.

"Those rooms are no longer habitable, sir; but Mr. Searle won't wait, he is off by the path across the park. There he is, sir! You will catch him if you make haste," he added to Sellon.

"Send my portmanteau in the fly!" cried Sellon, and rushed out of the hall door.

Mr. Le Roy looked after him with some show of interest, but when he saw him overtake Searle he turned from the window. In the centre of the room he saw an elderly woman leaning on a stick. He made a sort of bow, for with all his faults he was a gentleman; but did not recognise her.

"I am right glad to welcome you home again, master," she said, with an attempt at a curtsey. "I'm thankful to a' lived to see this day. You don't remember me, sir, and no wonder, for I'm near seventy now, and when you saw me last I wasn't much over—— I beg your pardon, sir, I didn't mean to speak of that time—indeed, I made a solemn vow not—but rheumatism do make one so forgetful!"

"Mrs. Stone! I beg your pardon," said Le Roy, going towards her, and shaking hands with her, as if some sudden memory impelled him.

He had never so honoured her before, and the good woman's stick slipped, and the rheumatic hip gave way in her attempt at a second curtsey, so that she nearly fell. He was obliged to support her, and the kind act brought tears to her eyes. He helped her to a seat near the table, seeing that she had difficulty in standing.

"Thank you kindly, sir. The doctor says my rheumatism's crownick, and sure enough like an old crow I am. But the offices are damp, and the rain comes into my bedroom. There now, I come to ask about dinner and I'm a talking about myself. I am afraid, sir, that we're not prepared as we ought to be, seeing you were not expected; but if you'll be so good as to make a 'igh tea with the ladies to-night we'll manage better to-morrow. Miss Marmont says we can lay it here, sir, instead of in the schoolroom."

"Why not in the dining-room?" interrupted Mr. Le. Roy.

"Well, sir, it's damp, and there's no fire; and if I may make so bold, this 'all is more comfortable. Miss Marmont has made a porter to draw right across the windows so that it's the 'ottest place in the house in winter, and, as you may remember, sir, the coolest in summer. There now, I'm forgetting again."

He remembered but too well.

"Settle it as you will, only let me have something to eat and drink," he said, between irritation and a sort of desire not to be exacting under the circumstances.

"Yes, sir. There are spring chickens, and early vegetables, and blancmange, and tea or coffee, or both."

"Wine if you please. I hate tea and coffee with meat."

"Well, sir, the ladies are teetotalers—I mean they haven't taken the pledge, but they don't take wine, so they don't chance to have any just now. There's good cider, sir, but Mr. Searle stopped our beer."

Le Roy's face suddenly assumed its most portentous expression. Stone recollected it, and rose with difficulty. She knew that she had said something to annoy him.

"I'll do my very best, sir. It shall be served in half an hour," she added humbly.

"Send Barber," he ordered, as she hobbled out.

But instead of Barber in came the old coachman and gardener. "Hobbled" would have been the word to use again, only repetitions in writing are to be avoided.

"Welcome home, sir. Thank God that you have come," was the involuntary cry of both, as Le Roy, who was standing when they entered, made a duty of necessity, and once more held out that limp white hand of his.

"Lord bless us! You bain't so young as you was, sir, no more than Grant and me," cried Gandy, the gardener; "not but that you be as fine a gentleman as when you went away a-nigh twenty year ago. I hope as the brussels-sprouts and cauliflowers 'll please you. I does my best to keep up the kitchen garden, and Miss Marmont, she's as fond of flowers as madam was, and works like a labourer. 'Twill be a sight for you, master, just come from Lunnon, to see her crocuses, and anemones, and all the spring flowers, as for'ard as they can be. And no thanks to anybody but her. Searle, he don't pay a penny towards the garden."

"If you please, sir, the flydriver says he've baited his horses and would be thankful to go," put in Grant, in a voice so querulous that his master looked at him inquiringly. "He is waiting for his money."

"Pay him, Grant," replied the wearied Le Roy.

"I haven't the money, sir, or I would have gone it. My wages are in arrears; but Searle says, and I daresay he speaks the truth, that I'm past work, and not worth my feed, like poor old Shock. He's alive, still, sir, thanks to Miss Marmont, who coddles him like a child. And she can groom him, and harness and saddle him, and drive him a main deal better than I can. But for her I should be in the workhouse. She won't let me go, and argues with Searle that, after forty years' service, I'm worth my keep."

"She is right," said Le Roy, the nostril working vigorously, and the hand so nervous that a sovereign he had taken from his pocket fell to the ground.

The old man stooped to pick it up, but sovereigns evade rheumatic backs and horny hands; so Mr. Le Roy was compelled to bend his own stiff back to the rescue.

"Pay the man what he asks, Grant. I shall see you both to-morrow," he said, and there was an almost imperceptible inflection in his measured voice.

They departed, and he threw himself into a high-backed cushioned chair, which he drew close to the fire behind a tall screen. His feet on the fender, his arms on the elbowed chair, he resumed a trick of his youth which he had believed cured. He began to bite his polished acorn-shaped nails. Therewith he began to think. As a rule he never thought. He read, he listened, he looked upon the world, he amused himself—all to banish thought. Now that forsaken friend returned to him, uncalled, and would not be dismissed. It was the three old servants that brought him back. In former days there had been a stately housekeeper, but she had accompanied his mother to London. Stone had been cook, and was left in charge when the house was under embellishment. There had also been a head gardener. Where was he? Gandy was undergardener in the old days. But Grant had always been coachman, and remained as such after the fatal day that decided his own career. Unconsciously he began to reckon up their ages, and compare them with his own. Stone and Grant were old people. There was no doubt of that; but Gandy was not old. He remembered him in the gardens as a young man, not so very much older than himself. And yet how bent he was! Of course this was caused by stooping and exposure to the weather, since he (Le Roy) was comparatively young. Gandy's words, "You bain't so young as you was, sir," had wounded his self-love, for he hated of all things the idea of growing old; and no one had ever before ventured to hint at such a possibility. How old was he—not much over fifty? In the prime of life; and everybody asserted that he looked about thirty. He might live to be a hundred, but was that desirable? He had often considered this problem, not in the spirit of the "Is life worth living?" pessimist, for he enjoyed his easy existence; but with a feeble inquiry concerning the hereafter. However he always put that from him. Now his mind was too busy with the present to consider the future. From his three old servants it reverted to Searle, to Mimica, to the scenes of the afternoon, and to his possessions. Why had he been induced to come to Courtleroy, and subject himself to excitement, which always interfered with his digestion? Searle was honest if misguided. He was sure of that. Yet why all these demonstrations against him?

Here his thoughts were stranded, and he fell into a maze of perplexity. Strange to say, that "crossing in love," of which every one else was thinking, never once occurred to him. It had been hammered out of his brain by this later "crossing," just as "one nail knocks out another."

While he was thus musing he was unconscious of what was passing near him. Indeed, he gradually fell into a dose, and being hid by the high screen, he was in a separate establishment. Mimica, Barber, Jane (the rough young housemaid), and even Miss Heath, crept stealthily in and out, laying the big, round oaken table. As to Barber, his finger was continually on his lips, with a "Hush! he sleeps," and Jane was frightened to death at him. How they managed to bring china, glass, and plate forth from their long seclusion, to wash, dust, furbish up the same, to gather spring flowers, and finally to arrange all on table and dumb waiter, none of them could tell. But when it was accomplished even Barber, contemplating it from a distance with folded arms, declared that it would do. Mimica had been at work ever since her return, and she, during her desultory life having studied Courtleroy within and without, knew where to find most things.

Barber, with a solemn grandeur far exceeding his master's, declared his intention of "waiting," since "Mr. Le Roy would never endure that young woman," he said to Miss Heath, pointing to Jane. He knew Miss Heath, and confided in her rather than in Mimica. "He can't bear a sound, he is that nervous and particular," he whispered.

"I remember," returned Miss Heath, who was far more nervous than he.

Happily, Mimica did not know what nerves meant, and overruled Miss Heath's request to absent herself.

"I would rather not be *tête-à-tête* with him this first day, and as we begin so we must go on," she said with shrewd discrimination.

"But my dress and yours, Mimica?" suggested Miss Heath.

"I had forgotten that. We are both neat, and must apologise. He lives alone, and cannot know much about it."

"He is in the habit of dining with peers and peeresses," put in the magnificent Barber.

"We are all peers here, Mr. Barber," laughed Mimica, for this conversation took place outside the hall.

It was between seven and eight o'clock when all was ready. The room looked delightfully comfortable. The "porter," as Stone called it, was drawn across door and windows, a bright lamp stood on the dumb waiter, and candles on the table, the tea and coffee services looked cheerful, and Mimica inwardly prayed that Stone's assurance that the "chickens were done to a *turn*," might prove true.

"Dinner is served, sir," said Barber, behind the screen.

Mr. Le Roy started up with an exclamation and an angry, "I am not dressed."

"Neither are we, uncle," said Mimica, presenting herself. "We did not like to disturb you, and we thought you would kindly excuse our high tea and country ways."

There was a natural grace and dignity about Mimica irresistible even to her uncle. She was dressed in what is called a peacock-blue serge, with lace collar and ruffles, and had a bunch of lilies of the valley in her bodice. She was never seen without flowers.

"Æsthetic!" murmured her uncle, and Barber knew that the first bridge was passed.

Miss Heath was always well dressed and always looked a lady, so Le Roy's nerves were not shattered at a blow. Mimica at the tea-table, and the others on either side, precluded formality. Fortunately Barber carved, so Le Roy was not scandalised or Miss Heath paralysed. Indeed, Le Roy was so vulgarly hungry that he forgot the paucity of the repast in that appetite which seems to come with eating, and to Barber's amazement he declared that he had not eaten such chickens for years. He even drank coffee with some enthusiasm, and behaved himself generally so much like an invited guest that Mimica thought she might like him in time.

There was not much said during the repast, but when it was over Mimica asked if he would like to be alone, adding that his room was ready.

"I have two or three questions that I wish to ask you," he replied, resuming the cold, formal manner.

Miss Heath rose immediately, and with a "Good night, Mr. Le Roy," left uncle and niece together.

(*To be continued.*)

A SCOTTISH LASSIE.

By M. BRAMSTON.

THE fisher folk were at sea, afar from their home by the shore;
None were left but the women and old men too weak for the oar.

Loud the wind roared on the moorland, and drove in the foam like hail;
Up came a laddie with tidings where Jeanie sat mending the sail.

"There's a schuiner fast o' the rocks, and her crew are as gude as dead,
She's a-twa; when the tide comes in she'll gang to pieces," he said.

Jeanie left her mending, and went to the cliff to see.
Strongest, sturdiest, bravest of fisher lassies was she.

"Gin I thocht she'd haud for one hoor I'd fetch the lifeboat," said Jean.
"Ye canna do it i' time, lass, and the swollen burn is between."

"I'll awa'," the lassie said, and she turned to breast the moor,
In the teeth of the gale that was driving the ocean straight on the shore.

Over the fell she climbs, and down by the burn she stands:
Deep it foamed in the dale, but ran shallower over the sands.

Like the River of Death it rushed, but she girded her gown from her knee,
"God gie me strength," she said, "for them that maun droon but for me!"

Over her ancles it came, and up to her waist and her chin—
The waters roared in her ears; each step was a battle to win.

Midstream she stumbled and fell, and her head went under the tide,
But she struggled again to her feet, and fought to the other side.

Drenched, and dizzy, and sickened, her task was but half done yet;
Over the cliff she toiled, unheeding the cold and the wet.

There stands the grey stone cottage, where they keep the lifeboat key;
But her steps grow slower and fainter—"Will I reach it afore I dee?"

Yes, she has reached it! She gasps to the man who opens the door,
"There's a schuiner fast o' the rocks, and she canna last for an hoor."

And a mist comes over her eyes, and she falls at his feet as dead.
"See to the lass!" he shouted, and rushed to the lifeboat shed.

* * * * * *

The schooner went to pieces when the tide came up that e'en,
But her crew were safe in harbour, saved by the hand of Jean.

ONLY A GIRL-WIFE.

By RUTH LAMB, Author of "Her Own Choice," &c.

CHAPTER XXV.

IN the course of a fireside conversation, Dr. Crawford told Ida of her cousin's proposal to become his assistant.

"What a strange notion," exclaimed Mrs. Crawford. "Do you think he was in earnest?"

"I am quite sure he was, and that I disappointed him by refusing to entertain his proposal. Not but what he would be admirably qualified. He must have been a diligent student when a very young man, and he has taken every opportunity of adding to his stores of information since, especially during his recent travels. For reasons which do him honour he gave up practice, but he is most observant, and I am not ashamed to say that I owe him several valuable professional hints."

"I have never done Cousin David justice," said Ida. "I have always classed him amongst the idle, aimless young men of whom, unfortunately, one sees so many, but, at the same time, I have thought him very amiable and loveable."

Dr. Crawford took advantage of the opportunity to tell Ida a good many particulars which had come to his knowledge respecting Mr. Carnelly, and gave her his reasons for withdrawing from practice.

"Carnelly did not tell me this," added the doctor, "but I know, also from the best authority, that several poor but clever youths have been indebted to him for the means of prosecuting their studies, and for being now placed in the positions their abilities fit them to occupy."

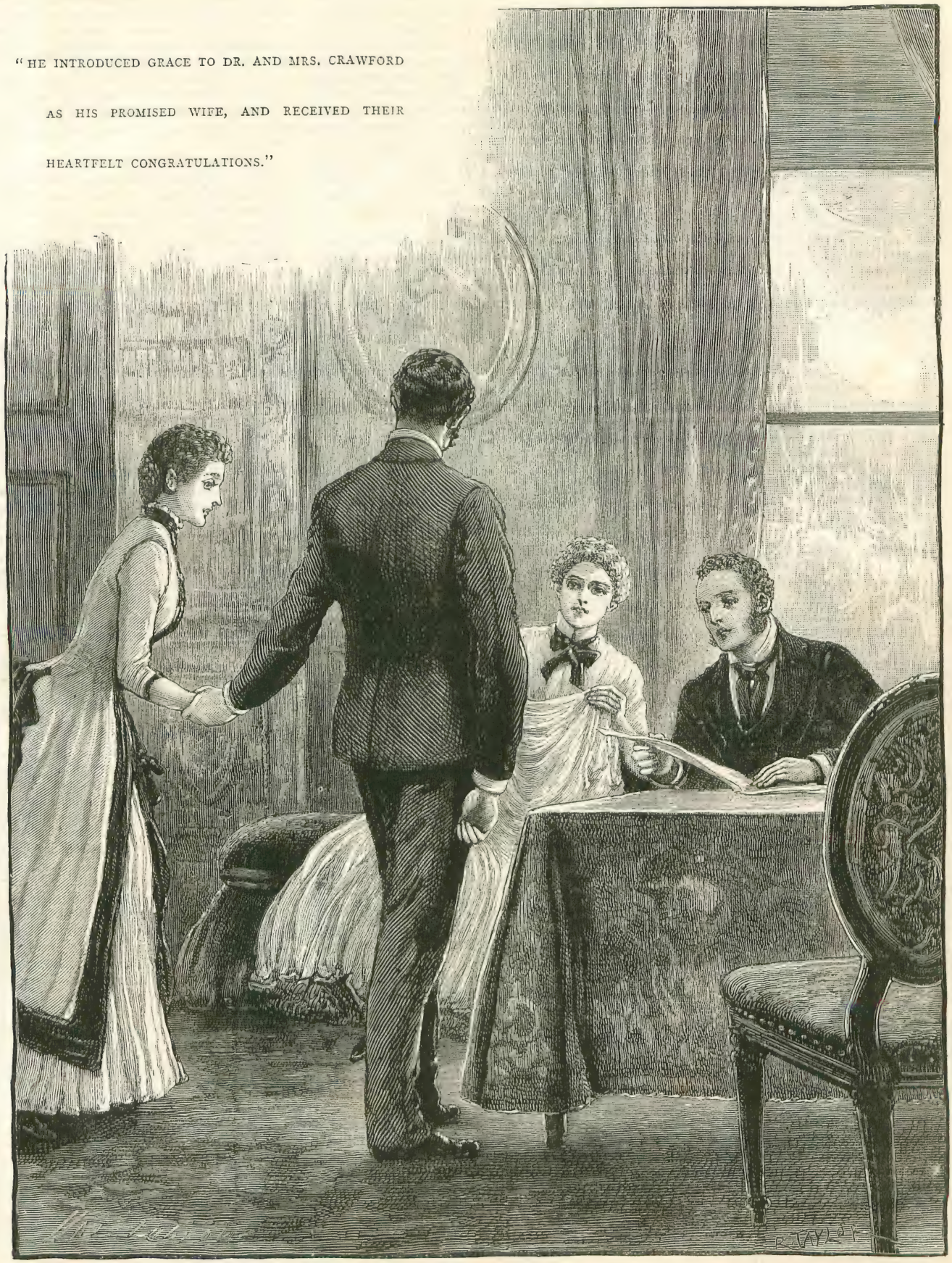
A good deal more was said, and all in Mr. Carnelly's favour. Miss Steyne was present, but did not join in the conversation. Indeed, she was supposed to be deeply engaged in reading, as her head was bent over a book during the whole time. But, as Mrs. Crawford noticed that Grace never turned a leaf until she and the doctor ceased speaking, it is just possible that the girl found it more interesting to listen than to read.

Whether Mr. Carnelly reaped the benefit of this indirect advocacy may be guessed from the fact that the next time they met, Grace lifted her honest face, and with a penitent look thereupon, said, "Mr. Carnelly, I believe I ought to ask your pardon."

"It is granted, Miss Steyne, though I have no idea what you have done to need my forgiveness. Do enlighten me."

And then Grace found herself not a little embarrassed. She had spoken in

"HE INTRODUCED GRACE TO DR. AND MRS. CRAWFORD AS HIS PROMISED WIFE, AND RECEIVED THEIR HEARTFELT CONGRATULATIONS."



her impulsive fashion, and from a knowledge that she had misjudged Mr. Carnelly. She had taken herself to task for having lectured him, but it was not easy to tell him so, and she blushed and stammered in a manner very unlike Grace Steyne.

He seemed determined not to help her at first, but waited quietly for an explanation. Then he only caught a few words, because Grace's lips were quivering, and she seemed unable to express herself with proper dignity. She succeeded at last, and looked bravely up in his face.

"Mr. Carnelly," she said, "almost ever since I have known you I have misjudged you. I have looked upon you as a young man who was contented to lead an idle, useless life, going about from place to place with no better aim than merely to pass precious time in the most agreeable manner. And, though perhaps you may not have noticed it, I have talked at you many a time, as if it were my business to lecture you, or that I had any right to set myself up as your judge. It was presumptuous and self-conceited on my part, and I am ashamed of myself. You know all about it now; please repeat the forgiveness promised beforehand."

Grace and Mr. Carnelly had lately seen a great deal of each other, and the sort of family connection which existed between them through the Crawfords had made their intercourse very frank and unrestrained. Yet scarcely had Grace ended her impulsive speech than she began to wish it unsaid; to wonder if she had been unmaidenly, and to plan an instant escape. And all these thoughts were consequent on an expression which had come into Mr. Carnelly's face as she spoke to him.

She could not run away. That intention was frustrated by a detaining hand which clasped hers, and Mr. Carnelly's answer came in the form of a question.

"Grace, dear Grace, will you accept the office of lecturer for life to one who knows that you deserve the affection of a far better man than himself? You are the only girl I have ever cared for. You had taken partial possession of my heart when, with no little regret, I said farewell to you that night at the rectory. I came back to Hillstead chiefly for your sake, and was bitterly disappointed when I found you were absent. Once introduced at Steynes-Cote, I was able to judge of the good influence you were exercising in my cousin's home, and how soon you had won the goodwill of all around you. Grace, dear, will you not give me an encouraging word?"

The girl hid her blushing face as well as she could with her one disengaged hand, and murmured something about her father and mother.

"I bring their consent with me, on condition that I win yours. Perhaps I was selfish in wishing to gain a 'yes' from you before letting you know that the blessings of your parents will not be withheld. Only, dear Grace, you must give me this hand of your own free will, and your heart with it, or it could have no value in my eyes."

A whispered answer about not being half good enough reached Mr. Carnelly's ears. The hand, not so slender and white as some girls' hands, because it had known real work, lay still in his own, and Cousin David was contented.

A little later still, and, with a glad, proud look on his face, he introduced Grace to Dr. and Mrs. Crawford as his promised wife, and received their heartfelt congratulations, and wishes for a truly blessed union in the future.

So Grace returned to Hillstead the affianced wife of David Carnelly, and Hillstead folk welcomed her back again with open arms, for she had been missed on every side.

"Aye, and what's more, wanted too," said an ancient dame, on whom Grace made an early call after her arrival. "You'll have many a kind wish and many a prayer said for you, my dear, and I only hope the gentleman is good enough to deserve such a wife as you will make him."

Before Grace left Steynes-Cote, Jean Graham's illness had terminated favourably, and she was at her old post again, valued more than ever by her young mistress.

"I shall never leave ye, mem, unless ye send me away," said Jean, on the day she resumed work.

"If I thought only of ourselves, I should rejoice to hear you say so, Jean. But I would rather think of you in a happy home of your own," said Mrs. Crawford.

Jean's eyes filled, and she shook her head.

"I dreamed of one for many a year, and the waking was a sore trial. But it is over now. Such dreams cannot come twice in a lifetime."

If anything could have tempted Jean to break her word, the sight of a visitor who came to Steynes-Cote and asked for her in a shame-faced way might have done so. The visitor was Robert Hamilton.

It was only necessary to look at the woe-begone, down-spirited man to know that he had reaped the fruits of the seed he had sown.

When Robert knew that Jean had left her father's and returned to Steynes-Cote, he was first angry, then troubled. He had meant to punish her for not giving up her own will and sense of right at his wish and bidding, but he was ill prepared for the result of his experiment.

When he heard that Jean had reached Dr. Crawford's only to be laid on a sick bed, his remorse and self-reproach were unbounded. He would have set out for Shelverton at once, only there was no hope that he would be permitted to see her, and day by day he went humbly to the door of her father's house to seek news of Jean.

As to the girl whom he had cruelly intended to play off against his old love, and by her means wound Jean's faithful heart, he could now scarcely endure to see her. This roused the indignation of her friends also, and, upon the whole, Robert Hamilton paid a heavy penalty for his unmanly conduct.

He never knew how much it was to cost him until he stood in Jean Graham's presence and saw the change which illness had wrought in the woman whom after his arbitrary fashion he had loved.

"Jean, my woman," he said, "I've come all this long way to ask your forgiveness. I've done wrong."

"Ye shall not go into that now, Robert. Least said's soonest mended. Bygones shall be bygones. I forgive ye and wish ye well," was Jean's prompt answer.

But though the words and tone were kindly, Robert Hamilton felt chilled by the calmness with which Jean spoke. He hesitated, not daring to ask that she would place her hand in his, as a token of forgiveness. He looked ashamed and grieved, too, for on Jean's face were marks of suffering and age that time had not wrought, and the hair, so smooth and brown but a few weeks before, was plentifully sprinkled with grey. He knew that his unkindness had caused the change, and would have given all he had to undo his work.

Jean took him into a little room that was called hers, and set food before him, having first told Mrs. Crawford who her visitor was.

"Oh, Jean," said her mistress, "can you bear to see that man?"

"He cannot hurt me now," said Jean, and she returned to hear the tale of sorrow and penitence which Robert had to tell. She would have stopped him, for the true-hearted woman had no pleasure in the humiliation of the man whose unkindness had cost her so much. But he would speak and tell her that he would wait for her, if it were for years, so that he might call her his wife at last.

"And how about Elsie Kerr, Robert?"

"As if I ever cared for a foolish, bit lass like that, Jean. I only——"

"I know, I know," cried Jean; "ye need not tell me why ye took up with her. Ye meant to give me heartache, and thought to make me angry and jealous, that so when ye came again and ye wished me to do what conscience said was wrong, I might be afraid to deny ye. And ye never asked yourself what the poor lass might feel that you were making a plaything of. Robert, I have grieved for her as well as for myself; I have grieved for the Rab I once loved more than all beside. But the Rab that I waited for through all those years, and would have waited for to my dying day, thinking of and caring for no other, never really lived, except in my mind and thoughts."

Robert tried to plead with Jean, but all in vain. The man that could be guilty of meanness such as he had practised could have no more place in Jean Graham's heart. So Robert Hamilton returned to his home a sadder and a wiser man; hopeless, too, so far as Jean was concerned.

Soon after, Jean's father decided to give up his farm to his eldest son, and, having saved enough to meet the modest wants of his wife and himself, he came to Shelverton and took up his abode in the pretty Lodge at the entrance of the Steynes-Cote grounds. A young granddaughter accompanied the old couple, and Jean had the additional comfort of

being near her parents, and the pleasure of adding to theirs by going in and out of their home almost daily.

After a six months' engagement, Grace Steyne became the wife of Mr. Carnelly, and, to the great delight of Mrs. Crawford, they fixed upon a charming place about midway between Hillstead and Shelverton as their country home.

Unfortunately, Mr. Carnelly is likely to inherit the family title, for Donald's young life was cut short by a sad accident during a shooting excursion. A fellow sportsman, carrying a loaded gun, was passing through a gap in a hedge, when the trigger was caught by a bough. The gun went off, and poor Donald was so seriously injured that he survived the accident only three days.

Lord and Lady Carnelly in their great sorrow sent for Dr. Crawford, who went at once, and did all that skill could do for the unfortunate young man, but in vain. This trouble has done much to soften Lady Carnelly and to bring her and her husband nearer together, as well as to bridge over the gap between her and the Crawfords. After she and Ida had mourned together beside the grave of poor Donald, it was impossible for the estrangement to last, and the families continued to meet on terms of friendship hitherto unknown.

Lord Carnelly takes comfort from the fact that the title and the estates which go with it will fall into no unworthy hands when they pass from his to Cousin David's.

Mrs. Crawford has long ceased to be a girl-wife. She has tall sons and graceful maidens round her, who call her mother. But, fair as the daughters are, Mrs. Prattely will not allow that even her god-daughter and favourite, Doris, is worthy to be compared to what Mrs. Crawford was when she first came to Steynes-Cote. She is very faithful to her old love.

Perhaps Mrs. Prattely is right. But to Dr. Crawford his wife is fairer by far than she was when she first won his heart. He can speak to her now of those things which are nearest to his own, and instead of looking in vain for sympathy, he sees a light in her face which tells of the divine light in her soul. He knows that whilst entering into all his earthly joys and sorrows, she looks beyond them, and shares in all the aims and hopes which have their fulfilment only when the fashion of this world has passed away for ever.

He remembers how she made a new beginning after her four years of mistakes during their early married life—mistakes for which his own want of entire confidence was as *much to* be blamed as her want of thought. And he thanks God with a full heart that the partner of his maturer years has found the same blessed source of strength as himself, and that in every difficulty they can seek guidance together at the throne of grace.

Not even Mrs. Fereday was ever more beloved in Shelverton than Mrs. Crawford is now. She finds time for loving ministrations amongst the young, the sick, and the poor, and her very grace and beauty gave an additional charm to her efforts for the happiness of others when she first began them.

It is ever so. Those who do much find time to do more, and the more they think and care for others, the more are they blessed in their own lives.

[THE END.]

THE ART OF TRAVELLING.

A NORWEGIAN TOUR.

BEFORE bringing these papers on travelling to a conclusion, I think I may venture on a few more suggestions as to localities for a summer holiday. It is true I have but touched, so to speak, the edge of the subject of either home or foreign travel. I have left out of view, indeed, many places which are popular resorts of English folk, such as the Channel Islands, Normandy, or Brittany, and have suggested remote parts of the Continent. I have passed them by, while naming and extolling the beauties of the Salzkammergut or Böhmer Wald, and possibly have been considered as highly eclectic and devoid of good taste. But then I must remind my readers of what I have stated more than once—that these papers are not intended as a comprehensive and condensed series of guide books to various countries, but rather to invite the attention of those who wish to travel to certain countries and places, so that should they feel inclined to adventure themselves into those regions, they may perhaps gain some hints which will be useful to them.

I purpose in this chapter to add one more country of Europe to those in which I have suggested excursions; a country less known, indeed, than Switzerland, the Rhineland, or the Tyrol, but one which each year draws an increasing number of visitors to its hospitable, though rocky shores—I mean Norway.

The old order is indeed changing. Time was when, from the recesses of the vast fjords, from some of the innumerable viks or creeks, the Viking set sail for the eastern coasts of England, Scotland, and Ireland—to harry, to burn, and to plunder.

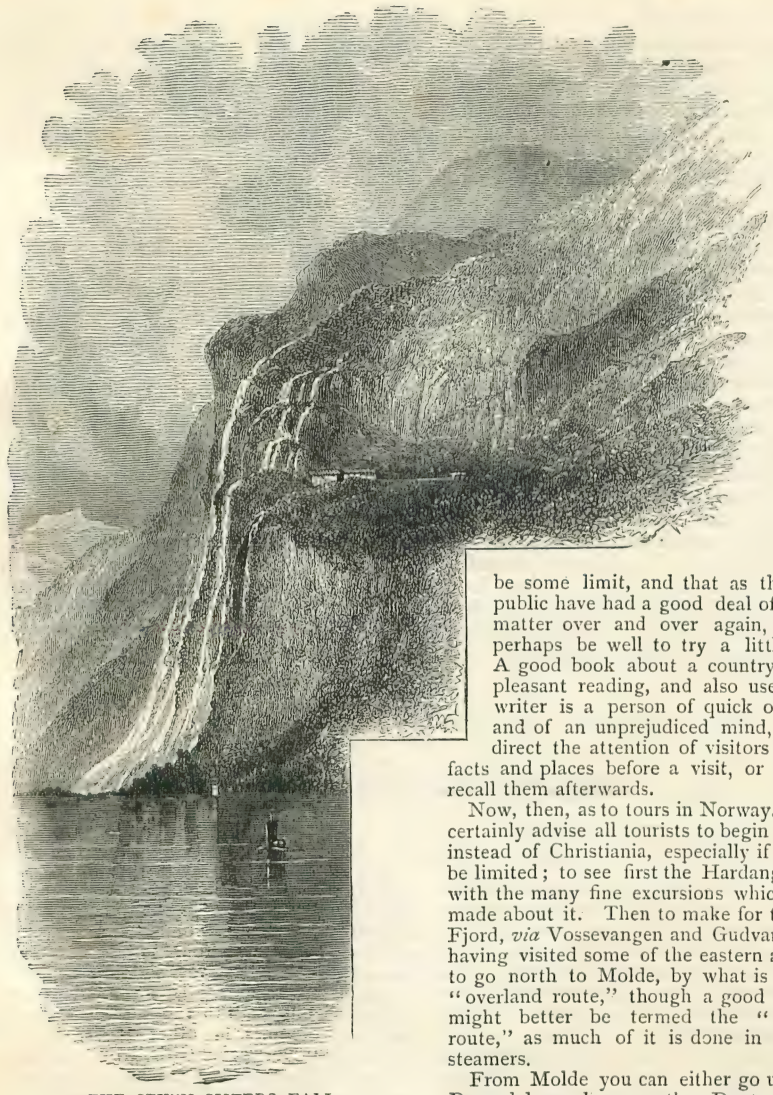
The riches of both church and state were tempting to those "hardy Norsemen." They lightened the treasury of many a monastery and church, and carried back the silver to their distant homes, there to be formed into bridal crowns for many of their fair-haired daughters.

But now the order is reversed. From England, Scotland, and Ireland they go across the seas, not in the rough, but seaworthy, galley of ancient times, but in comfortable steamers, with electric lights and all the "resources of civilisation," to harry, indeed, but only the larder (often a scanty one), and, instead of emptying, to fill the national treasury of "Gamle Norge."

In speaking of Norway, I know I am not dealing with an unknown country to many of my readers. Our last volume was full of it; we had a holiday tour there, beautifully illustrated, which I have no doubt delighted many of our readers. This present volume has added one more to the many sketches of the lives of girls in other lands, by the article on "Norwegian Girls," by Fru Schu. Grieg, the famous composer, has given, in the pages of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, one of his own characteristic pieces. So the ground is not new when I come to speak of Norway.

I may be prejudiced, perhaps, in favour of that land, as it was my first love among foreign countries, visited before Switzerland or Italy, but I must say I have no reason to change my mind on the subject of its attractions. One is often asked, "Is Norway like

THE STOLKJÆRRE.



THE SEVEN SISTERS FALL.

Switzerland? The answer is, "No, Norway is not like Switzerland." The only real answer to the question, "What is Norway like?" is to say, "It is like Norway."

It is like itself—a beauty and charm peculiarly its own, and not to be found in any other country in Europe. True, it has not the "comforts" of Switzerland, the Tyrol, or Italy. There are no long streets of hotels, such as you find at Interlaken; *table d'hôtes*, out of the big towns, are unknown things. Cannons and cow-horns are not found in close proximity to every echo, and, as yet, they have not (as far as I am aware) attempted to illuminate the Vöringsfos or Skjæggedalsfos with Bengal fires, after the manner of the pretty little cascade at Giesbach, where, alas! such an enormity is practised. Yet, in spite of these drawbacks, those who have once been in Norway generally wish to go twice, and those who have been twice are often still unsatisfied.

Literature respecting Norway is advancing at an almost perilous rate. Everyone who has been there seems to think it a solemn duty, even after going over the most frequented routes, which have been over and over again described, to give the long-suffering British public the benefit of their experiences. I say nothing against many of the excellent and charming books which have been published on the subject, but merely suggest that there may be some limit, and that as the reading public have had a good deal of the same matter over and over again, it would perhaps be well to try a little variety. A good book about a country is always pleasant reading, and also useful, if the writer is a person of quick observation and of an unprejudiced mind, as it will direct the attention of visitors to certain facts and places before a visit, or pleasantly recall them afterwards.

Now, then, as to tours in Norway. I would certainly advise all tourists to begin at Bergen instead of Christiania, especially if their time be limited; to see first the Hardanger Fjord, with the many fine excursions which may be made about it. Then to make for the Sogne Fjord, *via* Vossevangen and Gudvangen, and, having visited some of the eastern arms of it, to go north to Molde, by what is called the "overland route," though a good deal of it might better be termed the "over-water route," as much of it is done in boats and steamers.

From Molde you can either go up through Romsdal, and over the Dovre Fjeld to Trondhjem, or to Trondhjem direct by sea in about fourteen hours.

When at Trondhjem you can proceed still further north to see the midnight sun, by the North Cape steamer, or turn south by rail to Christiania. This will show you some of the finest scenery to be met with in Norway, but would require more than a month to do it with any comfort.

You can have a very pleasant tour of, say, three weeks, or less, beginning, as suggested above, at Bergen, seeing the Hardanger and Sogne Fjords, and then proceeding at once eastward to Christiania by the Fille Fjeld and Valders route. Or it can be varied by taking the Sogne Fjord first, and then the Hardanger, and from the latter proceeding to Christiania by the Haukli Fjeld route, through some of the fine scenery of the Telemark.

It is well to remember that, roughly speaking, all the best scenery in Norway lies between Stavanger and Molde on the west, and Kongsberg and Domaas on the east. Of course there is plenty to be found like the Nordland, with its great glaciers and wild coast and island scenery, but those wonderful fjords, great waterfalls, and glacier valleys, which have made Norway so famous, will, as a rule, be found within the limits indicated.

It is not necessary to give any more outline tours in Norway, as those who purpose a visit will be sure to avail themselves of other sources of information which are open to them;* but I am sure those who do go there will enjoy their holiday, if they are ready to fall in with the ways of the country, and not expect the same facilities of travelling which are to be met with in the more well-trodden parts of the Continent.

Sweden offers attractions to tourists which Norway has not, but they are of a kind which will not, perhaps, be as much appreciated as what Norway has to give.

In Sweden man has done a good deal, nature comparatively little; it is very mild after the splendid mountain scenery of Norway, but you will find old cities and churches and more settled forms of life than in Norway. Stockholm is a beautifully situated place, "the Venice of the north," as it has often been called. If a tourist wishes to visit both Sweden and Norway in the same holiday, it is very desirable he should begin with the former; if not, Sweden, which is indeed very pretty in many parts, will seem but tame and uninteresting after coming direct from its grander sister.

It is the same with other parts of Europe. It will never do to see the Rhein for the first time after a visit to Switzerland; it should be seen *en route* to that land; if not, one is sure to be disappointed, and all its beauties will seem but poor and insignificant when compared with the grander forms of nature to be met with among the Alps. So it is with Sweden and Norway; if you want to enjoy the former, to do it proper justice you must see it first, and then wend your way to Norway.

There is one quality for which Norwegians are remarkable among the nations of Europe—that is honesty. It is no libel upon other people to say that the Norwegian, uncontaminated by contact with other nations, is naturally about the most honest man on the face of the earth. Alas! that this should ever cease to be the case, but those who have known Norway longest are often obliged sorrowfully to admit that contact with other nations does not improve the national character for honesty and fairness. Still, in spite of the deterioration which is becoming apparent, it is a comfort to be in a land where you feel quite safe in this respect, and may leave valuables lying about in a way which it would be perilous to do in a more southern clime; but which, indeed, it is wrong to do in any place.

I must not, however, weary my readers with any more remarks on Norway or Norwegians, as I have said more than I intended at the outset. I shall conclude by a few words on a subject which applies equally to all countries of Europe, and which is not a little important to those who travel—I mean language.

The ideal in this respect is, wherever you go to be able to converse with the inhabitants in their native tongue. The actual fact, however, in most instances is, that a veritable smattering of one or two languages is all that is required. It is wonderful, after all, how well one can travel without knowing more than a few phrases of the language of a country. For the wants of daily life but few words are necessary. Some writers have pointed out the remarkably small vocabularies which uneducated people use, and after all how comparatively few words even our greatest authors and orators make use of.

This being so, can we wonder that it is easy to travel with but a small stock of language? A sign will convey a whole sentence, a chain of ideas, nearly as well as a copious flow of language. The story has been told of an Englishman and Chinaman dining together in "the flowery land," neither of whom understood a word of the other's language. The

* The writer of this paper has just published a "Handy Guide to Norway" (Stanford, Charing Cross), which is the most reliable and convenient yet issued.—[Ed. G.O.P.]

former felt anxious as to a certain dish on the table, but, not knowing what to say, touched the dish and exclaimed interrogatively, "Quack quack?" whereupon his companion promptly replied, "Bow wow." No knowledge of the language of China or England was needed there to put the Englishman in possession of the facts of the case.

It is the same all over the world. It is not necessary to know a language to travel in a country; it can be done without, but yet what a difference there is! It is truly a case of "wisdom at one entrance quite shut out," of darkness in place of light. But remember, that a little of a language, as well as a little learning, is a dangerous thing. If you do not feel certain, do not venture, for example, to make a bargain in French, German, or Italian; if you do, it is sure to turn out something different from what was intended. But then there is the phrase-book? Yes, I know that valuable class of work; you have it neatly arranged in columns, your own language first, then selections from the principal languages of Europe; but my quarrel with phrase-books, as a rule, is that they seem to be drawn up for the benefit of people who travel in a widely different manner from the ordinary British tourist. Many of them assume throughout that you are quite certain to have with you a carriage, pair of horses, and several dogs, not to mention the retinue of servants befitting your situation. They assume that you travel for the purpose of inquiring into the various commercial and agricultural pursuits of the nations of Europe; and, besides, you are morally certain to turn to the wrong place in some pressing emergency when most you need the help of the book. A really useful phrase-book comes, indeed, like certain well-known pens, "as a boon and a blessing to men," and many, who are in despair for the correct word, who are "strangers in a strange land," are duly grateful for being helped out of difficulties.

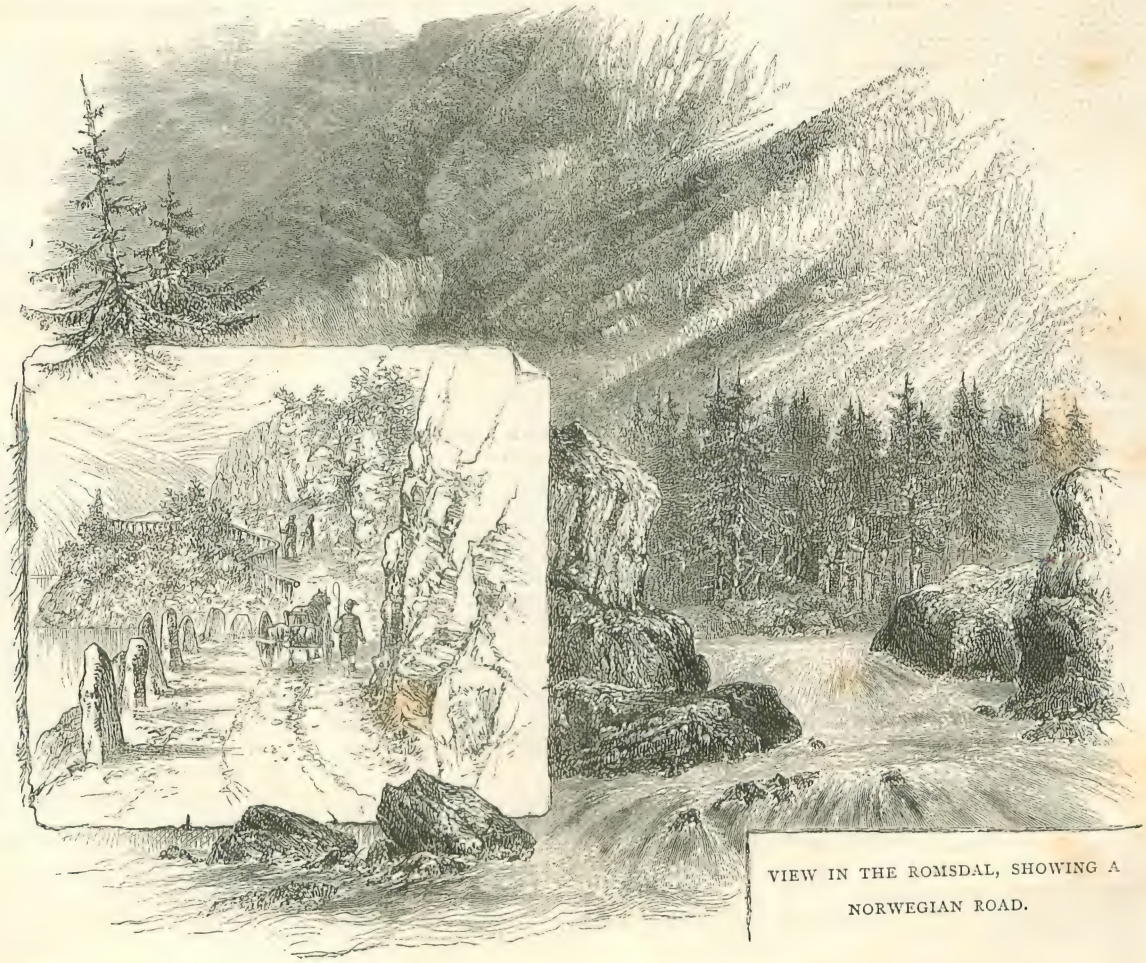
Of course, in these days of widespread education, we may expect to find an increasing number of people each year who are acquainted with foreign languages. It is a vast disadvantage for anyone to be merely the possessor of one language. The man or woman who knows two or three is in a much better position than those who can speak or read but one. They have stores of knowledge open to them which are closed to others, opportunities of learning which may be of wonderful service and advantage in their course through life.

But to return to the practical question of the use and acquirement of such an amount of a foreign language which is required for a tour. I suppose it is hardly right to assume anyone, nowadays, to be absolutely ignorant of French or German? But then, French or German, as learned at school, the French of the grammar and dictionary, has a wonderful knack of becoming useless when you want it in the hurry of travelling, and when you are suddenly called upon to put your knowledge into practice. The young lady who has studied Molière or Lamartine, Schiller or Uhland, may break down utterly if called upon to address some practical remarks to a porter or guard in the middle of a crowd of foreigners rushing to secure places in a train.

For the benefit of those who know nothing of the language of the country they wish to visit (if, indeed, any such persons exist), I would suggest a few practical hints. Do not, in the first place, trouble yourself with grammars. That would be all very well if you intended to really study the language and make yourself acquainted with its literature. My own idea is that a grammar is almost the last thing to be taken up in learning a language. For travelling purposes, the best thing you can do is to make out a list of such words as you are likely to want, and a few simple phrases, also make yourself familiar with the present tenses of the verbs "to be" and "to have," and with these you are more likely to get on well, than if you had diligently studied a grammar for some time, and written out many of those charming little exercises we all know so well, which describe so simply how "the good girl gave the book to the bad boy," or tell us that "the uncle and the aunt are rich."

If this plan is adopted, do not forget to learn accurately the numbers, both cardinal and ordinal; they will be wanted the moment you set your foot in a foreign country. All this, of course, is practical, it is not ideal; but for those who have not the leisure or the inclination to learn properly a new language, it will be a short and easy method by which you can make known your various wants.

I must, however, close these papers. They have run to a greater length than I intended at the outset, but the subject of travelling and



VIEW IN THE ROMSDAL, SHOWING A NORWEGIAN ROAD.

the scenes and experiences of other lands is always (for me, at least) an enticing one. I may once more express the hope that what I have said may be of some use to the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER generally. I know already it has been in some instances, but hope the approaching summer may still further test its usefulness. Let me end with the words of a very wise and learned man, who many years ago wrote a well-known essay on travelling. Here is what Francis Bacon says:—

"When a traveller returneth home, let him not leave the countries where he hath travelled altogether behind him, but maintain a correspondence by letters with those of his acquaintance which are of most worth. And let his travel appear rather in his discourse than in his apparel and gesture. And in his discourse let him be rather advised in his answers than forward to tell stories; and let it appear that he doth not change his country manners for those of foreign parts, but only prick in some flowers of that he hath learned abroad into the customs of his own country."

THOMAS B. WILLSON.

VARIETIES.

THE OLD WOMAN AND THE SAILOR.

A worthy old coloured woman in the city of New York was one day walking along the street quietly smoking her pipe. A jovial sailor, rendered a little mischievous by liquor, came along, and when opposite the old woman, saucily pushed her aside, and with a pass of his hand knocked the pipe out of her mouth. He then halted to hear her fret at his trick, and enjoy a laugh at her expense.

But what was his astonishment when she meekly picked up the pieces of her broken pipe, without the least resentment in her manner, and giving him a dignified look of mingled sorrow, kindness, and pity, said—

"God forgive you my son, as I do!"

It touched a tender chord in the heart of the rude tar. He felt ashamed, condemned, and repentant. The tears started in his eye; he must make reparation. He humbly confessed his error, and thrusting both hands into his full pockets of change, forced the contents upon her, exclaiming, "God bless you, kind mother; I'll never do so again!"

THE DANGEROUS DAYS OF THE YEAR.—In a work published in London in 1616 the following days are noted as "dangerous to begin or take anything in hand, or to take a journey, or any such thing:—

January 1, 2, 4, 5, 10, 15, 17, 19.
February 7, 10, 17, 27, 28.
March 15, 16, 28.
April 7, 10, 16, 20, 21.
May 7, 15, 20.
June 4, 10, 22.
July 15, 20.
August 1, 19, 20, 29, 30.
September 3, 4, 6, 7, 21, 22.
October 4, 16, 24.
November, 5, 6, 28, 29.
December 6, 7, 9, 15, 17, 22.

BEING GENTEEL.—There cannot be a surer proof of low origin or of innate meanness of disposition than to be always talking of being genteel.—*Hazlitt.*

THE HEART AND THE INTELLECT.—We are more sociable and get on better with people by the heart than the intellect.—*La Bruyère.*

OMINOUS WORDS.—The first words heard after making a resolution are supposed, in China, to be ominous.

HOW TO TAKE IMPRESSIONS ON SCULPTURED STONES.

For those girls who live in the neighbourhood of churches and churchyards, it may be useful to know the best method of taking impressions, or what are called "squeezes," of inscriptions. The following is that given by the Rev. W. F. Holland, in "Hints for Travellers," issued under the auspices of the Royal Geographical Society:—

"Many kinds of paper are suitable for this purpose, but that used by engravers is perhaps the best, since it combines a good substance and strength with sufficient power of absorption. The process of taking 'squeezes' is very simple. All dust or dirt should first be removed from the inscription with a rough brush; the paper should then be cut to the requisite size and laid upon it. With a soft, close-haired brush, like a hat-brush, water should now be sprinkled upon the paper, and, when thoroughly wetted, the brush should be used to press it into every portion of the inscription, so that a perfect impression may be taken. The paper should be left upon the inscription till thoroughly dry, and may then be rolled up without fear of spoiling the 'squeeze.' When the paper is thin, several sheets may be added with the use of paste or rice-water until sufficient substance be obtained. I have in this way taken excellent squeezes with merely whitey-brown paper. A store of paper, a few brushes, and a pair of large scissors for cutting the paper are all the materials that are required."

"EXECUTED IN TERRA-COTTA."

Among the visitors to a fine art exhibition were two old ladies fresh from the country. They were engaged in examining with great interest a statue of a young Greek, underneath which were inscribed the words, "Executed in terra-cotta."

"Where is Terra-cotta?" asked the elder of the two, turning to her companion.

"I haven't the least idea," replied the other. "I never heard of the place before."

"Ah, well," observed the first speaker, "it doesn't much signify. The poor man who was executed there is not the less to be pitied wherever it may be."

MOZART AS A MUSICAL PRODIGY.—All juvenile prodigies sink into insignificance in comparison with Mozart. Instances without number have been recorded of children whose happy organisation enabled them to do with ease what many a well-trained artist does with difficulty—analyse any number of simultaneous sounds or recognise any individual one: detect mistakes in the performance of the most intricate and elaborate music, and so on. But Mozart played the clavecin in the presence of innumerable witnesses at the age of four, and between that age and six dedicated to his father a number of minuets and other little pieces, some of which have been preserved. At the age of six he played a concerto at Munich in the presence of the then Elector of Bavaria, and in the same year at Vienna in that of the Emperor Francis I. At seven he astonished a party of musicians, including his own father, who had never lost sight of him for a single day, by taking part at sight in a trio for stringed instruments, having never received a lesson on the violin, nor had any practice save on a small one that had been given to him as a present.—*Hullah.*

A GOOD WORD FOR TIGHT-LACING.—A doctor thinks tight-lacing is a public benefit, because it kills off the foolish girls and leaves the wise ones to grow into women.

BAD-HEARTED.—A man with a bad heart has been sometimes saved by a strong head, but a corrupt woman is lost for ever.—*Coleridge.*

A LADY'S AGE.

"I should so like to have a coin dated the year of my birth," said a maiden lady of uncertain age to a gentleman acquaintance. "Do you think you could get one for me?"

"I am afraid not," he replied. "These old coins are only to be found in valuable collections."

And yet he cannot see why, when he met the lady the next day, she didn't speak to him.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

His mighty influence pervades his country still,
Undauntedly, unflinchingly his course he ran;
He earn'd by struggling, with indomitable will,
This tribute, "One who never fear'd the face of man!"

1. A graceful, beautiful, but savage beast,
That, prowling silently with stealthy tread,
Makes of the flock or herd a midnight feast,
And Mexicans may well its inroads dread.

2. A French Department that derives its name
From its main river; its chief town was form'd
Before the conq'ring Roman eagles came.
Some centuries ago Burgundians storm'd
Its battlements, and strove to gain the town,
Whose women, with the men, fought in defence;
A standard-bearer thought to win renown;
But a brave woman hurl'd the soldier down,
And bore his banner, as a trophy, thence.

3. An officer, from Anglo-Saxon times,
Whose duty is to put the laws in force,
Prevent seditious actions, punish crimes,
And see that commerce holds its wonted course.

4. A Chinese river, and the town that stands
Upon it, guarded by a wall all round;
Its foreign trade employs industrious hands,
And clever, skilled junk-builders most abound.

5. Oh! warrior poet! patriotic fire
Thrill'd through thy veins to see thy land in thrall;
Thou clash'd'st thy sword across thy quiv'ring lyre,
And Germany arous'd her at thy call.

6. A college where aspiring girlhood learns,
To fit her for the struggle in life's race,
All science and all language in their turns,
But sweet home-management finds there no place.

7. The bird, whose exquisitely woven nest
Hangs from a slender bough of orchard tree;
She thus secures the tender fledgelings, lest
Swift-gliding snakes perchance should robbers be.

8. The noble Spaniard who forsook his home,
The Gospel among eastern tribes to preach;
India, Ceylon, Japan beheld him come,
And both by precept and example teach.

XIMENA.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

A CERTIFICATED SCHOOLMISTRESS wishes to inform inquirers that it is not necessary to pass the scholarship examination in order to compete for a certificate, but it is obligatory to teach for a year in a government school under a certified teacher, and to satisfy the inspector that she can teach.

MOUNTAIN ASH.—Mr. Editor thinks on his part that Miss "M. A." cannot read the G.O.P., or she would see that her question has had its answer dozens of times in reply to others. We can only say further that she had better apply at the Military Nurse Training Hospital at Netley, near Southampton, Hants, for all particulars as to terms of admission, vacancies, etc.

W. L. E.—The classes you require are held in the Polytechnic Institution, Regent-street, W.; write to the secretary. Also the St. John's Ambulance Association, St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell, E. C.

ANXIOUS MOTHER.—There is a training school for girls, where they are educated in the duties of domestic service in every capacity, apply to Miss Kemp, 19, Romney-place, Maidstone. At Maidstone girls are admitted from 12 years old on payment of £3 per quarter. Also the Guild of Aid in Home Duties; write to Mrs. Henslow, Zeals Rectory, Bath. Girls of every class are trained there.

SNOWDROP should join the St. George's Hall Correspondence Classes, which prepare candidates for examination. For the prospectus apply to Miss M. R. Walker, Secretary, St. George's Hall, 7, Randolph place, Edinburgh.

A WOULD-BE HELPFUL CHILD.—As you are only fifteen, you would be far more helpful ultimately if you studied to pass some examination, or took up some special line which would lead to something more valuable than a nursery governess-ship.

A POOR RELATION.—Are you not sure the trouble is in yourself and not in your relations? We certainly approve of your wish to be self-supporting, but we advise your getting the help of your family to become so. At eighteen you are not more than half-educated at any rate, and you had better look about you and determine what you will do, and lay your plans before your friends. Read our article on "Work for All" in vol. v., and do not act without asking God's help and blessing, casting away, with His help, all evil tempers and dispositions.

A SCOTCH WORKING LASSIE.—We should think that the lack of facility in writing letters comes from want of practice, first, and secondly from want of attention and thought. Think of anything that will interest the person you are writing to before you begin to write.

PERPLEXED.—The English Chaplain at Paris (of the Embassy Chapel, Rue d'Aguesseau) is the Rev. Howard Gill, whose private address is 5, Rue Daru. Mr. Gill has taken a special interest in the question of Continental schools for English girls, and his pamphlet is to be had at Messrs. Simpkin and Marshall, Stationers' Hall-court. You would do well to write to him.

AMY ROBSART.—You had better get the "Bible Handbook," by Dr. Angus (56, Paternoster-row, E.C.). Write for it to Mr. Tarn. You will find "Practical Hints about the Hair" in the part for July, 1885. You write well. We thank you for your grateful letter.

TUQUE BLEU (Montreal).—We recommend books of travels, illustrated; biography, history, which are all very interesting, and it is also essential that you should read them. You write exceedingly well, and your letter does you credit.

ART.

ANNIE ASHBURN.—To clean a discoloured engraving soak it in cold water, then put it into a solution of chloride of lime, and when the stains have disappeared lay it back in the cold water, and finally dry it between sheets of blotting paper. To make the solution, put half a pound of chloride of lime and one pint of water into a stone jar. Let it stand twenty-four hours, and stir now and then. Strain through muslin, and add a quart of water.

J. PARRY.—Varnish the terra-cotta with copal varnish, allow the first coat to dry, then apply a second, and when that has dried rub the surface gently with powdered pumice-stone and a wet soft flannel pad, wash clean, and if not quite smooth and glossy, repeat the whole process.

ROSALIND.—The reason that your varnishing of the stool did not succeed was that you omitted to put on size in the first instance. Buy some patent size, dissolve it, and lay on an even coating, let it dry, and then varnish with copal varnish. In painting another stool, lay on the size before the dye.

LUCY HOLME.—Apply to the Minerva Painting Society, Miss Parsons, Shernbourne Hall, Lynn, Norfolk. In this society copies of paintings are accepted.

MONARCH.—For painting door panels, use either mahogany, oak, or chestnut that has been well seasoned.

MAYBIRD and STELLA.—Apply to Mr. Graves, in Pall Mall, or Ackermann, in Regent-street. A fee for judging would be expected unless the pictures were left for sale.

E. M. C.—To paint in oils upon satin, mix the colours with megilp, leave the work to dry for a week, then brush some of the best copal varnish over the painting, but do not on any account use it to moisten the colours.

FLORENCE R. N.—For etching on linen, when the articles have to be washed, use Bond's marking ink, but for other purposes employ the best Indian ink you can procure.

SILENT ONE and FLEUR DES ALPES.—See the articles on "Mirror Painting," in the numbers for January and February, 1886. You may either eat strawberries holding them by their stems, or with a fork. If with cream, you may use a spoon.

ADMIRER OF BLACK FOREST.—Frith's photographs are to be obtained at Lipscombe's, fine art publishers, 4, Mansion House-buildings, Queen Victoria-street, E.C.

A YOUNG MESSER.—The foundation of most mediums used in oil-painting, we believe, is size and varnish, but the special compositions are trade secrets, and you had far better go to an artist's colourman and buy a good medium than waste both time and money in concocting what is sure after all to be a failure.

MAISONETTE.—Lardner's transfers may be procured at Whiteley's, Westbourne-grove.

A MAID OF KENT.—A miracle cannot be performed for you. If you "cannot procure gutta percha for barbotine painting in your country town," and "it is impossible to procure anything from London," why did you write to us, and what did you expect us to do? The stains you mention, appearing under the marble, are a sign that the wall at the back is damp.

HOUSEKEEPING.

A YRUE YORY.—Feathers must be kept in a warm kitchen in paper bags till thoroughly dried; then they are stripped from the quills, all the hard pieces being taken out.

LITTLE HOUSEKEEPER.—The reason that floors are not white after scrubbing is that the soap used is rarely well washed off. Plenty of water should be used, and it should be often changed. The monthly parts may be had from the office, 56, Paternoster-Row, E.C.

AN ADMIRER OF THE G. O. P.—The cask containing the beer should be placed in as sunny a spot as possible if to be turned into vinegar. You should have a mincing-machine to make sausages; doing the mincing of meat by hand is so fatiguing.

AN ENGLISH HOUSEKEEPER must remember that the holiday was spent in the country, where eggs, milk, and butter would be cheap. There is much difference in the consumption of such things in each household respectively.

A PERFECT IMP is also rather a "goose" as well, so we should judge from her note.

SMUTT.—We should say the marmalade had not been properly skimmed on the surface while boiling. All jams should be covered whilst hot.

VIOLA.—Mildew may be removed from either linen or cotton by soaping the stains over, and adding a little common salt and juice of lemon, and placing the article on the grass for many hours, watering frequently.

LA CANNEBIERE must go to a paper-hanger's, or where wall-papers are sold, and give the dimensions of her room, and they will tell her the amount of paper required for it. Paint of any colour, already prepared, can be bought at the oil and colour merchant's. The old paint must be washed first with a strong solution of washing soda and water to take off all the grease and dirt.

CLARISSE.—The usual headings for columns in the general expenditure monthly accounts of the household would be Housekeeping, Dress (Rent, Rates, Coal, Service, Gas), (Presents, Holidays, Subscription), House Furnishing, Stables, Gardens. The headings in parentheses to be put in the same column. The items, of course, entered day by day, no more sub-division would be needed.

ROSALIE.—Wet the ink stains with a little lemon-juice or salts of sorrel, first wetting the stain with water.

CON CATHLIN.—Strain the honey from the comb, and when it is all out melt the comb in boiling water; boil for a little while, till all the impurities sink to the bottom, then pour the wax into cool water, and stir it till it cakes on the surface. We have lately given a recipe for Swiss rolls.

L. C. X.—We know of no school of cookery in the north of London. The cost of the training at the South Kensington School of Cookery, for the post of cookery instructor in all branches, is twenty-one guineas for the full course of twenty weeks. There is a training school of cookery at 37a, Albion-street, Leeds, where the diplomas of the Northern Union are given, and the details of the domestic management taught, the fee for the complete course of training being ten guineas; secretary, Mrs. Fenwick.

MUSIC.

A. L. A. M. should go to a newspaper agent, and obtain copies of the musical papers, and choose the one that suits her. All information as to musical examination and studies was given in "Work for All," page 347, in vol. v.

RUBY H., APITUM.—We do not supply our readers with advertisements of music instruction books, nor prices of musical instruments. If you read our answers to correspondents, under the heading "Music," you would not have inquired. You should either write or go to some musical instrument seller, and inquire about a zither. It is a difficult instrument, and it would be well to commence learning it with a master. Your friend should consult his minister or some other member of the "Babtist" chapel. We see no objection ourselves.

VIOLET H.—Girls' hands do not grow in length after nineteen or twenty, but they may in thickness and fat. If you can play to the great satisfaction of your parents, be content. Manuals for teaching shorthand can be purchased for a few pence, and many have acquired the art without a master, but a few lessons at first would be a great help.

BAD LINNET.—We cannot decipher your signature. For directions respecting the making of a metronome see page 10, vol. vi. Our correspondents often give us much needless trouble by forming their letters amiss, and certainly not improving upon the orthodox models.

MISCELLANEOUS.

AN ITALIAN GIRL'S very lengthy epistle was laid aside for consideration. The composition, writing, and spelling of it do her credit, and if the character she pictures is her own, we think she should know herself, after such a strict cross-examination, better than we could do, and be a better judge of the calling she should aspire to follow. To be trustworthy, straightforward, and completely reliable, are the qualities which will help her on.

EBENEZER.—We think the lady you speak of could force her husband to help in the support of herself and child if she became chargeable to the parish for a short time. A lawyer would give her advice; or magistrate. The Sandwell Home, near Birmingham, would be a good place for the boy, we should think.

SWEET (?) SISSIE.—It is by no means necessary for a religious woman to cease loving anything on earth. This is asceticism. But you should "seek first the kingdom of God," and your heavenly Master's will should control yours and guide you in all your ways. But although you talk of not loving anything here below, you immediately afterwards inform us that you love a young man, and although your parents very rarely allow you to speak to him, you allow him to walk home with you. All this is very inconsistent, and we can only say, obtain your parents' consent before you walk with him again.

GIRL OF TWENTY.—You appear a good deal out of health, and we advise you to see a doctor. We cannot prescribe for anyone whom we have not seen, nor could a medical man under such circumstances. It would be mere quackery. Very likely the liver is out of order, and there may be complications.

INVALID.—We regret to say that we cannot publish nor send anyone private addresses of doctors, nor of the patients under treatment. It is also against our rules to give answers otherwise than in our correspondence columns.

PERPLEXED ONE.—The man in question ought to feel ashamed of himself. We have rarely heard of conduct so mean and so selfish. Making £300 per annum, and having his washing done free of expense, he should pay £2 a week for lodging, firing and light, service (by whoever rendered, and more especially if by his two sisters in poor circumstances) and the amount of board supplied to him. You had better tell your father what we say, and what your sister continues to give him out of her poor little allowance. It is for your father to make his own terms with him.

S. A. E. P.—Yes, it is within the range of possibility that you might meet with a suitable husband by means of the agency you name, but it is not a method at all likely to be adopted by desirable men. Besides, what woman of delicate womanly feelings would put herself in the market in so undignified and indelicate a way, to be "trotted out" for the inspection of some strange man, especially one who could not propose in an open, manly way to some friend or acquaintance with the knowledge and approval of her family? The underhand way in which such connections are formed is sufficient ground for suspicion and avoidance of the snare. If so lonely at thirty years of age, surely you might advertise for a home in some widow's or clergyman's family, where you could board, have companionship, and make yourself useful too.

ANXIOUSLY WAITING (a Baptist) must try to realise the fact of God as a Father of infinite love and pity. When she has done this she will be able to leave all such doubts and troubles in His merciful hands, especially commending her beloved ones to Him who is faithful and just. Whether we live, therefore, or die, we are the Lord's.

A SCEPTIC (The Manor House, C— upon M—).—We regret to say that this young person has written us a letter of such a description that she was ashamed to give her address, and did her best, though ineffectually, to obliterate it. Let that speak for itself. She seems to have been very ill-trained in principles of honour and of good-breeding, judging from the character of her epistle. The letters published as such are *bonâ fide*. We decline answering anonymous letters, and recommend Miss "Sceptic" to desist taking in the G. O. P.; it is quite out of her line.

K. M. K.—We are much obliged to you for your account of the Roman bath, at Bath. It is very correct we know, as we visited the remains some little time ago ourselves, and remember it well.

A BREAKING HEART says she has "for years been loving so fondly" a chorister boy, only seventeen years old even now! To how many years back does this romantic devotion date? He must have been quite a small boy. We are not surprised that her mother keeps her in "short frocks and leaves her hair down her back." She ought to keep her in the nursery to play with a boy doll, and send her out safely strapped in a perambulator.

LOVER OF SWEETS (sister to the "Breaking Heart") seems to misplace her affections likewise. Alas! that in both cases it should be on "the desert air," ending in bilious attacks and sick headaches in one case, and blighted heart in the other! We advise "Lover of Sweets" to postpone going out to tea parties till she be older and wiser. She complains she cannot go to church on account of a disordered digestion, which "interferes with her devotions;" while the "Breaking Heart" goes to church, but, all the same, finds her devotions interfered with by the little chorister lad with a "cracked voice!" What an interesting pair of sisters!

LOLLO.—You will find articles on "Girls' Christian Names" at pages 30 and 134, vol. iv. The name Gertrude is from the Gothic, and means "true honour," or "loving honour," or "honourable love." It dates from 1320. The name Shakespeare is spelt in many different ways, but the most general way seems as above.

MIRIAM.—The 3rd December, 1843, was a Sunday.

ENGLAND AND BABY.—Use a little ammonia and water to sponge your black cashmere dress. "Baby" writes pretty well for her age.

A SERVANT.—There are a great many vegetarian dishes that we might adopt with advantage to our health and our digestions. We think "seascape" is one of those popular slangy words which so easily take root in our language.

ELSIE HARRIETTE ARGENT will obtain every information from the Women's Emigration Society, Carteret-street, Queen Anne's-gate. Governesses must be ready to turn their hands to any and everything when they go to the colonies, otherwise they will not be successful. Why not try the Polytechnic classes, Regent-street, or those of the Birkbeck Institute?

COMO should use a little vaseline or glycerine on her skin to prevent its suffering when the weather is dry and frosty.

LOTTIE.—Cards are sent out after a period of mourning, when you feel able to receive visitors, or when the usual time of comparative seclusion has expired. In the case of very intimate friends you would answer letters of condolence, but not otherwise.

S. E. A.—John Forster, historian, biographer, essayist, and journalist, born 1812, died 1876, was the author of lives of Oliver Goldsmith, Sir John Eliot, Walter Savage Landor, Charles Dickens, and Jonathan Swift, which latter was unfinished at his death. He wrote several historical works, and was editor of the *Daily News* (1846), and afterwards of the *Examiner* (1847-1858).

HELEN writes to say that she thinks her mackintosh when muddy is improved by washing with a sponge and lukewarm water with a teaspoonful of ammonia in it.

A WELSH LASSIE.—The passion-flower is supposed to show the instruments of the crucifixion of our Lord.

MOLLY DARLING.—You appear to feed your guinea pigs properly, but, we suppose, do not keep their house clean nor themselves sufficiently warm.

A CONCEITED GIRL.—The wax effigies of many of the English sovereigns are kept at the Abbey, but a written permission from the Dean is required before they are shown. Silly girl to be conceited without any reason, as you own yourself!

A YOUNG AUSTRALIAN GIRL is very fortunate to have a pet name so pretty as "Birdie;" and, with regard to its unsuitability to herself, she must be comforted and remember that little young birds, featherless and without a tail, are not pretty objects at first. Did she ever read Hans Andersen's story of "The Ugly Duckling"?

LETA.—Accept our warm thanks for the much-appreciated testimonial so kindly offered in gratitude for help given by means of our paper. Your letter is indeed gratifying, and we sincerely wish you a most happy New Year.

THE COLONEL'S DARLING.—The ferns from Sydney, so prettily grouped, shall be preserved, having been received with pleasure as a token of appreciation of our work. We wish you all happiness. You should use a better pen, and your handwriting—good and legible—would be improved.

ELSPETH OF GLEN LYON.—The lines you quote are by Charles Kingsley, written in his niece's album. They are these:—

> "Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
> Do lovely things—not dream them all day long—
> And so make life, death, and that vast Forever
> One grand, sweet song."

Your handwriting is exceptionally good.

CARO (Pembrokeshire).—This little girl appears to think it a very fine thing to write an impudent letter, and, what is even worse, an ungrateful one, to those who do so much to instruct, entertain, and assist her in so many ways. We advise her to "pay the additional twopence at school to learn manners!" We also must inform her that nothing could be in worse form than to subscribe herself "Yours, etc."

DEAN.—We have enjoyed and laughed over your letter, and we are glad you enjoy the correspondence columns. Our paper is not translated, and our foreign readers enjoy it in its original tongue, which many of them write as well as you do. You must take more care of the bird in his next moulting season. It looks as if he had been chilled or badly fed. You must keep him very warm and give him a little hard-boiled egg.

CYNTHIA.—We can only advise you to advertise for a partner, and then endeavour to make a connection.

A NEW AUNTIE.—We think your quotation is from Arnold's "Light of Asia."

M. A. M. W. is thanked for her kind note and information.

A FRENCH DESCENDANT.—Your mistress could sign the certificate. Perhaps you might clean the dog by rubbing him with bran.

H. B.—Yes, young geraniums will thrive better indoors in winter than out of doors. People of all ages and of both sexes, respectively, read our paper and find it interesting. You should practise writing copies, and learn to spell; also, never abbreviate words. For instance, you should write "there is," not "there's."

UNHAPPY SEVENTEEN.—We could not undertake to prescribe for your eyes. You should go to an eye infirmary, or any of the great hospitals, and get an opinion and advice.

MONA.—Go to a bookseller, and he will tell you what you want to know on reference to a publisher's list.

JEANNIE.—The ladies you name were guilty of great ill-breeding in leaving you waiting for twenty-five minutes, and added to the rudeness by making no apology. Your aunt was right in saying that you ought to have bowed to the gentleman who did you an act of politeness, and with whom your aunt shook hands on leaving. It would not have involved any future recognition unless under the same circumstances. We thank you for your kindly letter, which does you credit in every way, and we wish you and yours all happiness in this New Year.

YUM-YUM.—If the stain on your prayer-book was caused by the glove, you cannot remove the dye. If from a dirty thumb, possibly a little ether or benzine might remove it; but you may only make matters worse. Get a new jacket.

CARY.—Your little account of "London Two Hundred Years Ago" is very well written, and shows you have given attention to the subjects on which you write.

COUNTERPOINT.—Attach your fan to a girdle round your waist. Your handwriting is very legible, but not graceful.

CHARLOTTE W.—The use of the first person plural, instead of the first singular, dates back to the reign of Cœur de Lion, who adopted it. Possibly he may have introduced it from foreign countries (see "Rymer's Fœdera"). King John employed it in his grants, and it is now universally used amongst sovereign rulers, and always by the press when writing editorially.

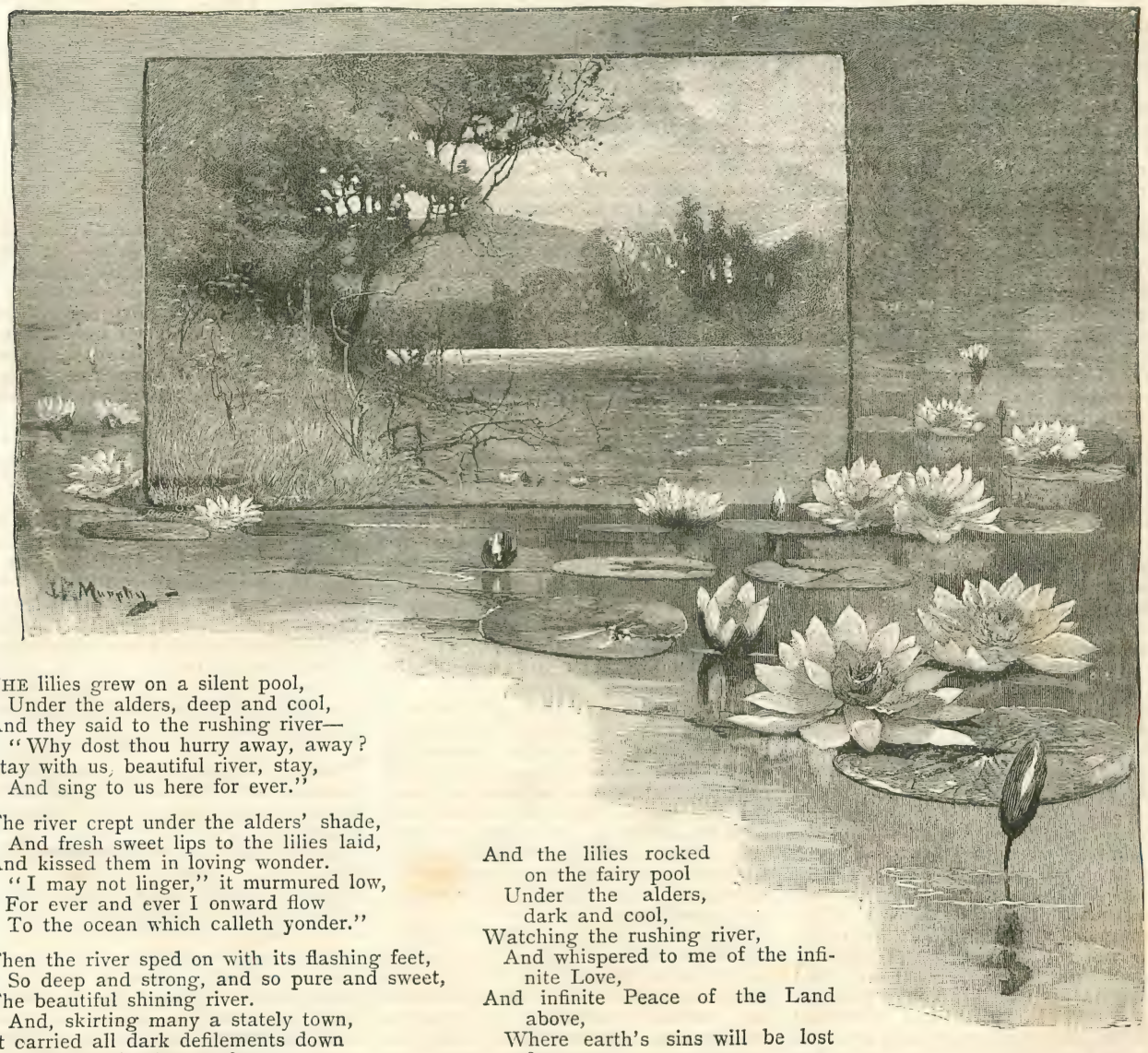
SYBIL.—Sherry is not on the list of total abstinence drinks, although drunk by millions of absolutely temperate people, but it is not a description of wine taken by any but the tolerably rich or the gentry, as it is not a cheap wine. Barristers, when duly qualified to practise their profession, are privileged to wear the special gown and wig. The bar is literally the rail which divides the counsel from the audience.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. VII.—NO. 332. MAY 8, 1886. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

LILIES AND THE RIVER.

BY HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.



THE lilies grew on a silent pool,
Under the alders, deep and cool,
And they said to the rushing river—
"Why dost thou hurry away, away?
Stay with us, beautiful river, stay,
And sing to us here for ever."

The river crept under the alders' shade,
And fresh sweet lips to the lilies laid,
And kissed them in loving wonder.
"I may not linger," it murmured low,
"For ever and ever I onward flow
To the ocean which calleth yonder."

Then the river sped on with its flashing feet,
So deep and strong, and so pure and sweet,
The beautiful shining river.
And, skirting many a stately town,
It carried all dark defilements down
To be lost in the sea for ever.

And the lilies rocked
on the fairy pool
Under the alders,
dark and cool,
Watching the rushing river,
And whispered to me of the infinite Love,
And infinite Peace of the Land above,
Where earth's sins will be lost for ever.

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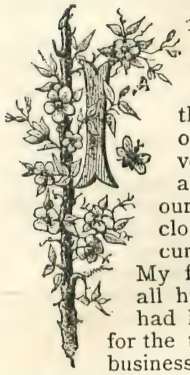
MY BROTHER'S FRIEND.

A New Serial Story by EGLANTON THORNE, Author of "The Old Worcester Jug," "In London Fields," "The Two Crowns," etc.

CHAPTER II.

IN THE OLD HOUSE.



It was delightful to be at home again. As soon as I had made myself tidy I went through the house on a tour of inspection, my favourite cat in my arms, and dear old Rough, our Skye terrier, following closely at my heels. A curious old house it was. My father had lived there all his life, and his father had lived there before him, for the tannery was a very old business, and had been carried on by Carmichaels as long as anyone could remember. A wide stone passage ran though the house, the front door at one end and at the other a door with a pleasant trellised porch giving access to the large, untidy old garden at the back, where flowers grew as they would, or as they could, amidst straggling gooseberry and currant bushes, and gnarled old apple and pear trees of surprising antiquity. To the right of the front door, as one entered the house, was the dining-room—a long, narrow room, furnished with the straightest-backed chairs and sofa in mahogany and horse-hair, and with few ornaments save some black-framed prints on the walls, representing scenes from Scripture, depicted with a liberal breadth of interpretation. Out of this room opened another smaller room, which Mabel liked to call the drawing-room, but which was known by the rest of the household as the summer parlour, because, having a cold aspect, it was little used by us in winter. Even on this July day the air of the room struck chill on me as I entered it, and it had the musty smell rooms are apt to get when they are little used. I liked this apartment the least of any in the house, it had such a stiff, prim appearance, with its spindle-legged chairs ranged against the wall and the round table in the centre, on which Salome had placed at regular distances certain albums and keepsakes supposed to afford entertainment for visitors. But there was one object in that room on which my eyes loved to rest. It was a miniature portrait of my mother, which hung above the mantelpiece.

It represented her as she was at the time of her marriage, a pretty dark girl, with her dark hair falling in long ringlets on her white shoulders. She wore a low-necked, shortwaisted gown. The slender neck clasped by the coral neck lace, and the delicate *petite* features, reminded me of Mabel; but there was also an odd, indefinable look of Edmund in the portrait, and I had been told that the dark eyes resembled my own. I looked at the miniature for a few minutes, then turned away with a sigh. It always saddened me to look on that bright, girlish face and think how soon death had claimed it as his own, for my mother had been but five-and-twenty when she died. I quitted the summer parlour, and passing through the dining-room went across to the room on the other side of the passage—father's room, we called it, though we children had the freedom of it. To me it was the pleasantest room in the house. It had two windows, one looking on to the road, and one at the side commanding a view of the tan-yard. I liked this room because when sitting here I could see everyone who went along our country road, or passed to or from the tan-yard. Mabel disliked the room on account of its proximity to the tan-yard, a place which she desired to ignore, and never willingly entered, for she declared that the smell of the hides made her sick. And certainly on some days the smell of the tanning was stronger than was agreeable, but I was too well used to it for it to trouble me. That somewhat sickly odour had mingled with most of the happy hours of my childhood and made part of the home life which I loved. At this day I cannot pass near a tannery without the familiar scent of the skins bringing back with a painful rush of memory the dearly loved past, now for ever gone from me.

But father's room had another attraction for me in the shape of some large, well-stocked book-shelves. For although I did so badly at school, having no clear perception of the benefit that would accrue to me from mastering the rules of the French grammar, solving the knotty questions on all imaginable subjects proposed by Mangnall, or packing my memory with the dates of occurrences in which I felt no kind of interest, I was yet an ardent lover of books, and here were books that excited and gratified my imagination—Scott's novels and poems, Jane Austen's novels, Miss Martineau's and Miss Edgeworth's tales, Shakespeare's works, and those of many a lesser poet whom I had learned to love. There was of course abundance of more serious reading, but I cared more for the lighter literature.

My father was in this room when I entered; he was generally to be found here when not in his office across the yard. Most of his leisure he spent in reading, for he was a man of quiet, studious habits, shy and reserved even with his children. He would not have been a tanner, I believe, had not his father almost forced him to follow in his steps, for he was little fitted to conduct such a business.

He was not reading when I entered, but stood leaning against the mantelshelf, lost in thought, his face wearing an anxious troubled look, as it seemed to me. My entrance roused him from his meditations, whatever they were. He looked at me for a few moments in his grave, gentle way, and then asked a question which was by no means welcome to me.

"Well, Dorothy, have you brought home a prize?"

"No, father," I answered, with a flush of shame, "but Mabel has two, the first French prize and the first English."

"That is well," he said, looking gratified; "but how is it that you have not done so well?"

"I don't know," I replied, feeling very uncomfortable.

"I am afraid it is the old story," he said, gravely. "You have been idle, Dorothy. My dear, a day may come when you will keenly regret that you have not made the most of the advantages of gaining knowledge which you enjoy at Miss Carefull's. What would you do if you had to earn your own living?"

"Surely there is no fear of that, father?" I said, quickly, for his grave manner stirred some uneasiness within me.

"I cannot tell," he said, almost sadly; "it is well to be prepared for reverses of fortune, my child. I have little doubt that Mabel would do well for herself, but you—what sort of a situation would you be fit for?"

I looked at him blankly. I could hardly believe that my father was speaking seriously. The idea of my ever having to take a situation was most distasteful to my pride, for, in common with the narrow minds of Burford, I imagined that for a young lady of good family to earn money for herself was to descend in the social scale. Vexed with father for uttering such words, I turned from him abruptly and went out to the kitchen, where Salome was busy frying bacon and eggs for our tea, and vigorously scolding Jane, the younger servant, for some act of thoughtlessness.

It was hard for me to entertain the idea my father had suggested, for though we lived simply there was no stint in our household, and I had always believed him to be very well off. Indeed, I had heard it said that my grandfather had left him a large fortune.

I was feeling rather "put out" when I entered the kitchen, but my ill-temper vanished when I saw Salome's generous preparations.

"You dear old thing," I cried. "You've made us some of your delicious teacakes, and oh! there's some of my favourite raspberry jam. It is good to be at home again!"

The old kitchen, with its uneven stone floor, huge fireplace, and its long dresser, bearing such a collection of old china as would have made a connoisseur's mouth water, had been a place dear to me in childhood, and it was dear to me still. It was a large room, having a bow window (not the modern bow) built out into the garden, and a door opening into the same. There was a shelf running round this window holding pots of geraniums and fuchsias,

on whose healthy condition Salome prided herself, and the outside of the window was overhung by a climbing rose tree, one shoot of which had managed to push itself through a crevice in the window frame, and was actually flourishing and bearing roses inside the room. As a child, this large, sunny window had been a place of terror to me in hot weather, on account of the number of bees and wasps which buzzed up and down the panes and revelled amidst Salome's flowers. I remember that one summer the door from the kitchen into the garden was closed for us children as a precaution against our being stung by some vagrant bees who had made their nest outside that door. But I must not linger to describe every nook and corner of my old home. I am apt to forget that the pictures I love to recall can have for no other the interest they have for me.

"Ah! and it is good to see you here," Salome said, in response to my words, whilst I stood looking about the kitchen. "What with the wet summer and everybody grumbling about the crops, and Luke for ever raving about the bad times, it's been as much as I could do sometimes to keep up my spirits. And I doubt not the master's felt the same, for he's been looking most days like as if he had a mountain of care on his shoulders."

"Has he?" I said, wondering if my father could have had anything more than usual to trouble him.

"Yes," continued Salome, "I thought for sure that when Master Edmund came home the master would brighten up a bit, so proud of Master Edmund's cleverness as he is, and well may be, I suppose, for Luke he says that Master Edmund's quite a 'generus.' But lor! it's poor work being clever when one's so thin and delicate as Master Edmund. I expect it was that grieved the master to see him so like his poor, dear mother."

"What do you mean, Salome?" I said, half inclined to laugh, yet not without a thrill of fear lest Salome's words should not be so foolish as I thought them. "Edmund is not delicate."

"Oh, is he not!" said Salome, rather huffed. "You were not here when he went fishing in the river—how I do hate that fishing—and caught such a cold as kept him in bed for a couple of days, coughing fit to kill himself, and his breath so hard and fast, as I could not but think of my poor young mistress."

I felt myself grow white as she spoke. Such a horrible, horrible dread clutched my heart at that moment.

"How is it that I never heard of this?" I exclaimed, with sudden anger; "why did no one tell me?"

"That is more than I can say," returned Salome, her manner showing that she considered it none of her business.

"How long is it since he was ill?" I demanded.

"Oh, a fortnight or, maybe, three weeks," she said.

"He could not have been very bad or I should have heard of it," I said, and I threw the dark idea from me as something too dreadful to be borne. In those days my heart rebelled against the very thought of sorrow. But though I refused to let my mind dwell on it, I could not forget the fear Salome's words had suggested. I went back to the dining room where the table was being laid for tea, feeling as if everyone were conspiring to rob my return home of its usual joyousness.

Mabel stood within the room looking very charming and pretty in contrast to her sombre surroundings. But her face wore a discontented expression as she stood rearranging the things on the tea-table according to her own taste.

"What notions Jane has! Do you see how she has put those salt-cellars? Oh dear!" said Mabel, drawing a long breath, "how shabby and *outré* everything looks at home."

"What does it matter?" I said, feeling that Mabel's vexations were slight compared with the terrible dread that had assailed me.

"Oh! of course you would not care how hugger-mugger a style we lived in," Mabel said.

Her words stung me, and I was about to retort sharply, when my father entered the room, followed by Edmund, and I forgot my irritation as I anxiously studied my brother's appearance.

"Edmund," I said, as we seated ourselves at the table, "Salome says that you were ill a fortnight ago. Why did you not let me know?"

"Ill! Pooh, it was nothing but a cold—not worth making a fuss about; but of course Salome must croak over it. You know what she is. If a fellow cuts his little finger she thinks he will die from loss of blood."

I laughed, and felt reassured as I looked at Edmund. There was a glow of vivid colour in his cheeks, and his eyes were so bright and merry that it seemed absurd to talk of his being delicate.

He chatted away in the most lively fashion as we took our meal, telling us stories of his college life, in which father seemed as much interested as we girls were. Salome was right in saying that father was very proud of his son. From his earliest days Edmund's quickness and cleverness had been surprising. Mother herself had taught him to read by the time he was four years old, and he could do rule of three in "fractions" at an age when most boys have hardly gained insight into the processes of addition and subtraction. My father expected great things from my brother's college course, and it seemed to me that he might well hope to gain honour from Edmund's scholarly attainments.

Though Edmund spoke of himself very modestly, it was evident that he had done well during his first year at Cambridge. But he extolled with real enthusiasm the intellectual power of his friend Ralph Dugdale, of whom I now heard mention for the first time.

"A splendid fellow he is," he said, "one of those long-headed fellows whose brain never seems to tire. If only I had his strength——"

"But you are strong, Ted," I put in, anxiously.

"Oh, yes, I am strong enough," he said, carelessly, "but I sometimes envy that fellow his power of application. If I mistake not we shall see him 'senior wrangler' one of these days. Dugdale is A 1 in mathematics, and yet altogether as jolly a fellow as you could wish to know."

"Is he one of the Hertfordshire Dugdales?" Mabel asked.

"Why yes, he comes from Hertfordshire. But what do you know about him?" asked Edmund, with an air of surprise.

"Is his home at Beechwood, near Weylea?"

"You are right; but how do you know so much about him?" demanded Edmund.

"I have seen the house in which he lives," said Mabel, looking a little important. "I drove past it once with Mrs. Lyell, and she told me a good deal about the Dugdales. She knows them."

"Oh, to be sure, I forgot that you had stayed at Weylea," said Edmund. "So Mrs. Lyell knows the Dugdales."

"Yes, though she is not very intimate with them, I believe. Indeed, she visits no one. I found it rather dull staying with her," said Mabel. "But the Dugdales have a lovely old house; it stands in a sort of park, and there is an avenue of trees leading up to the house. I am sure, from what I saw of it, that it must be a charming place. I am glad you have become acquainted with this Ralph Dugdale, Edmund; he will be a nice friend for you."

"Why? Because his parents live in a lovely old house with an avenue of trees leading up to it?" asked Edmund, satirically.

Mabel reddened.

"You know I did not mean that, Edmund," she said, with dignity.

Somehow we none of us seemed quite at our ease on this the first evening of our reunion. It was as if there was a mischievous spirit moving amongst us, which constantly excited discord. Even the servants came under its influence, for already Mabel had begun to tell Jane how she meant to have things done in future, and to assume the air of being mistress of the house in a way that Salome found it hard to endure.

But the clouds passed with that evening, or if not, I forgot them during the pleasures of the coming days, for the long-delayed warm weather set in at last, and Edmund and I made the most of the summer's glowing hours. Again I went fishing with my brother, a favourite amusement of mine ever since the childish days when, toddling by Edmund's side, I tried to fish in the little brook which ran through the large old garden at the back of our house—a sport we persisted in regardless of prohibition, though it not seldom ended with a tumble into the brook, and results sadly destructive of Salome's peace of mind. Once more we rambled about the old castle, and went for long walks in the pleasant summer evenings. My brother's year at Cambridge had but made him the more interesting companion; there was such a freshness and brightness in his talk. My ideas

of men and things enlarged considerably as I listened to him, and I felt my own ignorance as I had never done before. Of course I often heard mention of Ralph Dugdale. I liked all I heard of him. I made a mental picture of my brother's friend, and felt sure that if ever we met I should like him.

Mabel seldom accompanied us on our walks; she was not fond of walking. She preferred to drive with father to Halstead or Braintree, if business called him to either place, or to call on friends at New Burford, or to sit at home doing the delicate point lace work in which she excelled, or reading the improving books which she had been told that every young lady should read. Our home life was very quiet and uneventful, but it was wonderful how well Mabel adapted herself to it. She was always engaged in some becoming occupation, and never complained of feeling dull. It was different with me. If Edmund went away for a few days, as he did occasionally, the hours hung heavily on my hands, and I could find no outlet for my energy save by taking solitary walks accompanied by Rough. Mr. Steinthorpe came frequently to see father during my holidays, but his visits were made in the office, and I seldom exchanged any words with him. Once or twice, though, it happened that he called late in the afternoon, and father brought him in to take tea with us. I remember what trouble Mabel took in arranging the table and getting everything as nice as possible on those occasions, and how pretty she looked as, with slightly-flushed cheeks but without embarrassment, she presided at the meal in her graceful way. I have no doubt that Mr. Steinthorpe admired her as much as I did. I know he never seemed to care to look or speak to me when Mabel was near, but then I gave him no encouragement to pay me attention, for I did not like him better on fuller acquaintance.

It was dreadful how swiftly my six weeks of holidays sped by. Father was willing that Mabel should remain at home, but he would not hear of my doing so. "It was very important that my education should not be deficient," he said, and he begged me so earnestly not to waste my opportunities that I with tears promised that I really would work hard, and, if possible, make a better appearance in the next examinations.

I cried, too, though from a different cause, when I said good-bye to Mabel. We had never been parted before, and I felt as if I could not bear to go back to school without her. But Mabel, though she embraced me tenderly, did not give way to emotion when we parted. She had always more self-control than I. Besides, she had much pleasure in the prospect that lay before her. She thoroughly enjoyed her position as mistress of father's house, for it had not yet lost its novelty, and her mind was full of the changes and improvements which she meant to effect in the ways of the household. I felt sure that these changes would bring her into collision with Salome, with whom she had already had more than one passage of arms, and I doubted whether she would be able to carry out all her plans. But I need not have doubted.

(*To be continued.*)

STAY-AT-HOME GIRLS.

"FRESH AIR HOMES."

By DORA HOPE.

IN order to understand the great interest taken by our friends the Mayhews in the Fresh Air Home at Dereham, we must go back a little in our history—to the spring of the previous year—before Jeannette had met with her sad accident, and while Nannie and Elsie were still away at school. Jeannette had a great friend and former schoolfellow, who was the daughter of a clergyman in one of the densely-crowded parishes of south-east London, and her accounts of the interesting work she was engaged in amongst her father's parishioners often made Jeannette inclined to grumble that they lived too far from London for her to take any part in work which would have interested her so much, and which, if only they lived in town, would have enabled her to feel herself really of some use in the world.

One day, when she was feeling a little discontented at having nothing particular to do, and being, as she considered, no good to anybody, she received a hurriedly-written note from her friend in London. The note ran as follows:—

"Dearest Jeannie,—I want to know if you can help me with one of our poor families? You have often said you wished you were near enough to work with us, but just now we want help in the country. There is a poor family in a court I visit, of which the mother and three of the children have been very ill, the result of bad drains and overcrowding. The mother is better, and going to work again, though she is not fit for it; but if you could see the white, wizened faces of those poor little children, your kind heart would be touched.

"I should explain that they live in a narrow little court, so close and dirty that if I forget to provide myself with lavender lozenges or camphor, or something of that sort, to eat while I am in there, I come out feeling quite faint and sick; and our good doctor, who has seen the children, says they will never be strong again, probably will not live at all, unless they can have a breath of fresh air.

"Do you remember how the bracing air of your lovely country set me up after my long illness? If you do you will not wonder that I long for these poor little mites to have such a chance of life too. Father says their parents should pay something towards their expenses, and with what others would give, we can undertake to pay 5s. a week each for them, and, of course, all travelling expenses.

"Now, dear Jeannie, do look round without delay, and find some kind-hearted cottager who would take them in, somewhere near you, so that you could look after them now and then; and send me word as soon as possible when you can receive them. I am not going to apologise for the trouble I am giving you, for I know you are as glad to help poor children as I am, so I will only thank you in advance.—Your loving friend,

"HELEN GODDARD."

Jeannette was pondering over this letter, sitting on the low window-seat looking over the long garden bright with the morning sunshine, and across to the river winding away in the distance, when a servant came in to say that her old nurse was waiting to see her.

Mrs. Hull had been nurse to all Mrs. Mayhew's children, till Nannie and Elsie, the last inhabitants of the nursery, were old enough to leave her care, when she had married a small farmer in the neighbourhood. For a few years everything had gone happily with her; but troubles and sickness came, the farm had to be given up, and finally her husband had died, leaving her with the care of a delicate orphan niece, and with only a very small income, the proceeds of an insurance upon his life. Mr. Mayhew had given her the use of a nice four-roomed cottage rent free, and with the help of a little needlework for ladies in the neighbourhood, she had managed to live very comfortably; but now she had come to tell her favourite "Miss Jeannette" that as her niece had quite outgrown her delicacy, she thought it would be better for her in every way that she should take a situation, if her young ladies would kindly recommend her to some of their grand friends in London. Also she added that it would be taking advantage of Mr. Mayhew's kindness for her to keep on the cottage for herself when her niece was gone, and she was left a lone woman again; so if Miss Jeannette would speak to her father for her, she would make so bold as to say she would like to keep it on till she had had time to look round, and then maybe she would meet with some sort of place she could take herself.

"Nurse, were you at church last Sunday evening?" interrupted Jeannette, in the middle of Mrs. Hull's remarks.

"Yes, my dearie, for sure I were," responded the good woman, who never could help lapsing into affectionate expressions when talking to Jeannette alone, though she was most ceremoniously respectful if anyone else was present.

"Then, nurse, you must remember what was said in the sermon about being guided in all our ways, even in very little things, and I do believe you were guided to come here this morning, for I was just praying for wisdom to know who to go to when you came in. Now listen to this, nurse, and see what you think; if you are willing, I am sure father would like you to keep on the cottage."

Thereupon Jeannette read aloud the letter she had just received, and after a long discussion as to ways and means, it was decided that if Mr. and Mrs. Mayhew consented, Mrs. Hull

should postpone seeking a situation till winter, and should take in the poor little children.

All difficulties were soon overcome, and a few necessary additions having been made to the cottage furniture, the children came, and their visit was such a complete and gratifying success, that when they were sent home again at the end of the month, with rosy cheeks and bright eyes, Jeannette wrote to her friend Helen Goddard, to say that they were quite willing to take in relays of children on the same terms all through the summer. Mrs. Hull could not undertake more than six children at a time; indeed, she could only manage that number by getting occasional help in cleaning and washing, and by being relieved of the care of the children during a part of every day. This latter difficulty was overcome by Jeannette's energy in persuading a sufficient number of her friends to undertake the charge of the children on certain fixed days, so that there were two young ladies at the cottage each day in the week.

On fine days they took the children long walks or picnics into the country, and when the weather was too bad for any outdoor amusements, they brought toys and picture books, and taught them to play games, an accomplishment of which they found many of their poor little clients entirely ignorant.

The scheme answered very well, and was continued all the summer, the only stipulation Mrs. Hull made, for her own comfort, being that she should not have children over fourteen years old; she got on with them well enough as long as they were weak and ailing, but as soon as they recovered their health, and with it their animal spirits, their preternatural sharpness and mischievous proclivities were quite too much for good Mrs. Hull, who came to her confidante, Jeannette, one morning, on the verge of despair, to complain that two lads under her charge were "that uncommon knowin', she couldn't keep up-sides with them nohow; and as for imperence! why, if one of them hadn't actually gone and tried on her best bonnet when she had her back turned for a minute!"

Jeannette sympathised with her trials, but she was quite inconsolable till she received a promise that for the future she should not have any boys over twelve, nor girls over fourteen years of age. Another circumstance which disturbed the good woman's notions of cleanliness, was that hardly any of her little charges had a change of clothing. She got over the difficulty by sending them to bed early, and sitting up very late herself to wash and mend their clothes; but Mrs. Mayhew interposed and put a stop to this, on the ground that if her nurse's health gave way, as it certainly would, the whole scheme would have to be given up.

The only alternative was to provide clothes for the children, and Mrs. Mayhew and Jeannette went round to their friends, begging for left-off clothing, or materials which might be made up into little garments. In order to accomplish all the necessary alteration and making up of these clothes, it was decided that for the remainder of the summer a sewing meeting should be held every week, and all the young ladies of the neighbourhood were urged to come and bring their friends. They were willing enough to do this, for the meetings were generally very merry ones, being conducted, on warm days, in a very unceremonious, picnic-like fashion under the fine old chestnut trees in Mr. Mayhew's garden.

When winter drew on, and the last party of children had returned home, Helen Goddard came to pay a short visit to her now invalided friend, and together they talked over plans of possible usefulness for the coming year. Amongst other things, old Nurse Hull and her cottage came in for a good share of consideration.

After several conferences with Mr. and Mrs. Mayhew, and many talks with Mrs. Hull herself, it was agreed that the cottage should be enlarged during the winter months by the addition of rooms sufficient to accommodate ten children, as well as a small bedroom, which they agreed should be reserved for some of the many poor sickly women in Mr. Goddard's parish, who should be sent down for a month each, free of expense, in consideration of their giving their mornings to helping in the work of the house. With this help, and perhaps a charwoman occasionally to help in the scrubbing, Mrs. Hull thought she could manage the work of her household.

The sewing parties were continued through the winter, but not so frequently, as it was considered that by meeting once a month they would get a sufficient stock of clothing prepared to supply the children when they came; and as soon as they began to arrive, any fear of the stock running short was prevented by an offer from the members of the Young Women's Christian Association, to devote one evening a week to making over any clothes the ladies of the neighbourhood would entrust to them.

Helen Goddard, on her part, undertook to start a holiday savings bank amongst the poor children themselves, and to try to induce them, by glowing descriptions of the beauties of Dereham, to lay by for the summer part of the money which even the poorest children always seem able to spend on sweets. But as this would not, of course, repay more than a trifling part of the cost, they agreed that both she and Jeannette should try to get up a subscription list amongst their friends, in the hope of making their "Fresh Air Home" a permanent institution. As soon as the scheme became known amongst their friends in London, it was found that many district visitors and others were willing to give or collect a regular sum every year in return for the privilege of sending down a certain number of children from their own districts.

It was a great grief to Jeannette when spring came and the children began to arrive, that she was not able to go to the station or the cottage herself to greet them; but she had constant and full reports from her sisters and the other friends who managed the Home. Mrs. Hull had none of the business management, nor was she responsible in any way for the amusement or instruction of the children, further than their general orderliness and good behaviour; she was only matron and practical manager.

A small committee was formed, chiefly of married ladies, to make all the necessary arrangements as to the reception of fresh children, the distribution of clothing, payment of expenses, and so on; while another committee of young ladies arranged for the amusements of the children, and Nannie declared "did all the work while the matrons took all the glory." The active work of romping with the children, and leading excursions into the woods, they certainly did; but they did not properly appreciate how much anxiety they were saved by having all cares about money and housekeeping taken from their thoughtless young shoulders.

To save trouble, both to themselves and Mrs. Hull, the senior committee drew up a diet table for the week, in which different preparations of milk took a very prominent place, but the dietary was subject to many variations, which were generally caused by the arrival of presents of fruit, vegetables, meat, cakes, and edibles of all sorts from people in the neighbourhood; and alterations of this kind were left entirely to Mrs. Hull's own discretion. A slate was kept hung up in the kitchen, on which she noted any presents which had come, in order that a proper acknowledgment might be sent to the donor, and the fact made a note of in the Home diary, which was kept posted up by the member of the committee whose turn it was to visit at the cottage that day.

The members of the Boys' Club took a great interest in the Fresh Air Home from the time that their sympathies were first enlisted by Ronald Mayhew on behalf of a patient, little sad-faced crippled boy who was one of the first arrivals for this year. They had volunteered for one of their number to go every evening after work was over, to take him out in the invalid chair, which someone had presented to the Home, and it was wonderful to see how much good was developed in these rough lads when once their feelings were moved; and Mrs. Hull was filled with speechless amazement at the tenderness with which "them great louts of boys" would lift the child; though she would have been less easy in her mind if she could have seen how sometimes, when safely out of her sight, they would lift the little invalid out of his carriage, and, to his delight, "make believe he wasn't lame," by scrambling through hedges and ditches, holding him safely in their strong arms, while they hunted for water-rats, or birds' nests, or anything else dear to boyish minds.

Though this little cripple was always the favourite, the boys became interested in the other children, and taught them to catch butterflies, to climb trees, and sometimes even took one or two of the strongest of them on their excursions to collect insects and plants for their club museum. In addition to this they would often spend a spare half-hour in tidying up the cottage garden, and doing odd jobs of carpentering about the house, and were never wanting in will to do anything within their abilities.

Mr. Morton had from the beginning paid a regular subscription to the funds of the Home, for the privilege of sending down little patients from the hospital at which he was studying, and these children were always confided to Elsie's especial care, but apparently Mr. Morton had not much confidence in her discretion, for he found it necessary to come to Dereham almost every week to see how they were getting on, and to have long talks with Elsie on the state of their health.

A few of the elder girls were not sent back to London at all, but were taken charge of by benevolent ladies in the neighbourhood, who undertook to train them for servants, and find them respectable situations.

Every Sunday afternoon the whole party of children from the cottage came up to see Jeannette, who received them either in the garden, or on wet days in her little morning room, and gave them a very simple Scripture lesson, and sent them home rejoicing, with a cake each for their tea.

It was found in the course of the summer that the number of applicants was always so much in excess of the accommodation at the cottage, that Mrs. Mayhew determined to take charge of a few more. It was impossible to make room for them in the cottage itself, but several clean and respectable women were found in the immediate neighbourhood, who were willing to take charge of one, or sometimes two children each, and in this way some half-dozen additional children could always be received. They were all under the supervision of two ladies of the committee, who visited them at unexpected times, to make sure that they were well fed and kindly cared for.

There was always bitter grief and lamentation when the children were sent back to the dark, dirty slums of London, and Nannie, the tender-hearted, often came home from seeing some of them off at the station, with her own eyes red; but the same day generally brought fresh arrivals, and the grief at speeding the parting, was soon lost in the pleasure of welcoming the coming guest.

(To be continued.)

COURTLEROY.

By ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER XXV.

"AN OUT-AND-OUT ROGUE."

"CAN we not go into the drawing-room or library?" asked Mr. Le Roy of Mimica, when Miss Heath had left them.

"There is no fire, and the rooms are not exactly ready," replied Mimica.

"Will you come with me into them, at least?" he returned.

She assented, glad to get the inspection over by candle-light. She rang, and the bell was answered by Barber. She begged him to see that the table was cleared, while he gravely assured his master that his room was ready, but "not what he was accustomed to."

Mimica took a candle and led the way into the drawing-room. Her uncle shivered as he stood inside the door and glanced round. It was in much the same condition as when Mimica first saw it, for she and Miss Heath had done their best to have occasional fires in it, and to keep it arranged in some sort of state, though they had never occupied it. But the damp was there still, and walls and furniture were affected by it.

"That will do," cried Le Roy, hurrying back to the hall.

They crossed it to reach the large dining-room, which looked still more deplorable. There was mildew on the faces of the pictured Le Roys of old times, and even the portraits of his parents were suffering from the cruel neglect of their only son. He paused before them and frowned.

"I have often tried to wash them, but it will not come off," remarked Mimica, apologetically.

A flush actually mounted to his pale face. Was he beginning to feel shame, or was he only angry that others had neglected what he had ignored? Again he shuddered; and no wonder, for the apartment felt like some subterranean catacomb, the portraits being the buried skeletons.

"Shall we leave the library till to-morrow?" asked Mimica, with a ring of sympathy in her voice.

"No; I wish to see it," he replied frigidly.

This was truly a melancholy place, for damp and worms had taken possession of the books, and not all Mimica's endeavours could eject them.

"This used to be a pleasant room," he muttered, thinking of the luxurious library he had left behind him. "Young Hope said you were a reader."

"Yes; I read and air the books, and dry them by the fire, as I turn over the pages; but Mr. Leste says nothing but constant fires here will avail," replied Mimica.

"Then why are they not lighted?"

"You must ask Searle."

"Ask Searle! Is he the lord of the manor?"

"The tenants say he is. But shall we go back to the hall?"

Mimica felt a sudden pity for her uncle. Something had affected him, for there was an instantaneous change in his manner. He gazed into the farthest corner of the room as if he saw a ghost. It was merely a memory of the past; and his lost love seemed to stand there for the moment, fair to see, as he had seen her shortly before the intended marriage. Mimica returned to the hall; he followed. The indefatigable Barber had made up a splendid fire, replaced various books on the table, and drawn two chairs at convenient distances from the hearth. Here the antlers, old armour, escutcheons, and torn flags of generations of Le Roys looked as they used to do, and Mimica's feminine art had supplied what was wanting to make the large room habitable. The ghost had vanished, and Le Roy sat down with a sigh of relief, pointing to the opposite chair for Mimica. They sat awhile in silence, then he bade her tell him all she knew of Searle.

What a task for a young girl! How could she execute it? She began by enforcing the fact that everything done by the bailiff was done in Le Roy's name and by his authority, and that no one knew who was to blame when people cried for redress and obtained none. As Mimica's sympathies were always with the poor and oppressed, a natural indisposition to accuse Searle vanished as she proceeded, and she gave the history of her residence at Courtleroy with animation and *naïveté*. She began at the beginning, and Mr. Le Roy grew so interested that he actually leaned forward to listen—a position some people declared impossible to him, on account of his stiff back.

It is not necessary to recapitulate Searle's shortcomings, but it was evident to Mimica that they were his own and not her uncle's. His occasional exclamations of annoyance convinced her of that. The house had been left to take care of itself, the servants had been ill-paid, she and Miss Heath had been grudgingly supplied with food and money, the poor neglected, the tenants badgered and oppressed, and all for some end besides the principal one of obtaining funds to supply her uncle's lavish expenditure.

"Of course, I required money, but I knew nothing of all this," he volunteered.

"And no one here knew what Searle meant by curtailing our expenses, and so crippling us that Miss Heath and I think of seeking situations. It was better during the three years that I received my pension from Government; but that ceases now that I have finished my education."

Mimica had natura'ly a satirical turn, and this touch of sarcasm slipped out in spite of her desire to keep to bare narrative.

"Your pension? Surely that was paid regularly to Miss Heath?"

"Only the last few years. I was told to inquire about it, and Searle informed me that it had not been claimed, but that he would see into it. He did so."

"This must be investigated. He must give an account. There mu-t be a mistake."

Le Roy was roused into something like energy. Here was a clear defalcation, since the pension, at least, had not been sacrificed to his demands for money. But he did not choose to allow his niece to suppose that he acknowledged himself victimised or his trust in Searle misplaced.

"Had you allowed me to write to you, I could have enlightened you on many points," continued Mimica, who, in her zeal for justice, forgot discretion.

"Thank you; letters weary me," replied her uncle, relapsing into his usual manner. "I fear I am keeping you up. What time do you breakfast?"

"Generally at eight; but we will have it when you like."

"You breakfast here?"

"No; in the schoolroom. But I will order it here."

"Pray do not. I will arrange for mine with Barber. I am not an early riser, and he knows my ways."

This was a relief to both; yet Mimica was annoyed. She wished to be a comfort and help to her uncle, and felt repulsed. However, she would not be repressed as well, but added, as she rose from her seat—

"I wish I could be of use to you, uncle. I think I could if you would let me. Good night."

She had a low and somewhat pathetic voice, and the tone and words touched Le Roy. He rose also, and took the hand she held out to him. Again a slight flush tinged his cheek. He was not quite so apathetic as he seemed, and kinship is kinship, after all. Besides, she was so like her mother; and he had loved his sister once upon a time, before the blight of that great disappointment fell on his life. He secretly admired the beauty, frankness, and truthfulness of the girl who stood before him, her liquid eyes fixed kindly upon him, as if she longed for the love of one who was her true kith and kin. It was long since he had seen so sweet and fresh a country girl; yet he felt, cynic as he was, that he could put no positive faith in her. Had he not loved just such another specimen of humanity, and had she not deceived him?

"Good night, Mimica," he said, looking down upon the graceful head, and into those eyes upturned to his.

"God bless you, uncle," she returned, and hastened from the room, thankful that he had called her by her name.

"God bless you!" The words rang in his ears. He looked after her, astonished. Was she one of the religious enthusiasts of the age, who went about trying to convert their elders by texts and tracts? No; she wore neither conventual veil nor hallelujah bonnet. No one had bade him be divinely blessed since his mother died; and now a mere child—for as such he looked upon her—had invoked a blessing on his head! He hated cant, yet this seemed real. However, he would not believe it, but took up the poker, split up a piece of coal with a vigour quite unusual to him, and rang a violent peal for his major domo.

Meanwhile, Mimica went upstairs to the room she had vacated for him. It was impossible sufficiently to air and heat either of the state apartments so as to make it safe for sleeping; and she remembered her fever when first she came to Courtleroy, therefore she settled to share Miss Heath's bed for the night. The morrow must take care of itself. She had removed all trace of feminine occupation, and left Barber to make his arrangements. She met him in the passage, hastening to answer his master's summons.

"Is all ready?" she inquired, anxiously.

"As ready as such a chamber can be made, ma'am," he replied, much aggrieved.

She thought it very ready indeed, with its bright fire, unusual show of candles, and dressing-table elaborately arranged with her uncle's ivory and silver-mounted accessories, and a nosegay of spring flowers.

"Anyone could sleep there!" she said to Miss Heath, when she went into the schoolroom. "I hope he will not think my flowers ridiculous. He seems very odd."

"Very," echoed Miss Heath, drily.

"Yet I think I shall make him love me," said Mimica, with youthful hopefulness.

Miss Heath looked inquiringly surprised, but made no response.

"He called me 'Mimica' for the first time."

"Really! How condescending!"

"Milly, when you do speak you are always satirical. I learnt the trick from you. Hush! Here he comes."

The door was ajar, and Mimica placed herself behind it, her finger on her lip, her frame trembling with fear.

"Why have they put me here?" reached her from her uncle's angry voice. "I cannot sleep in this part of the house."

"The other chambers are not aired, sir. It would be as much as *your life is* worth to sleep in either of them. One shall be ready to-morrow," from Barber, in a pacificatory voice.

"I shall not be here to-morrow," cried Le Roy, stamping past the schoolroom with the tread of a dragoon.

In another moment Mimica heard a door slammed fiercely, and there was silence. She did not hear Barber creep, with mouselike tread, down the passage about half an hour afterwards, or know that he preferred slumbering in the big chair by the fire in the hall to trusting his precious life to such dangers as might await it in a shakedown prepared by Mrs. Stone. Enveloped in rugs, no member of that disturbed household slept so peacefully as he.

"I always sleep well, thanks to a good conscience," he said to the housekeeper the next morning.

"Your conscience haven't got the rheumatics like mine, Mr. Barber," she replied, tartly.

These remarks passed while Barber was seeing to his master's breakfast, laid by him in the one reception-room, *i.e.*, the saloon; and Mrs. Stone was superintending Jane's dusting. Mimica came in to see how matters stood, and asked Barber at what hour her uncle had ordered breakfast. He replied, "at nine-thirty, punctual."

"I hope the broiled chicken and the omelette will be ready, ma'am," he added, looking at Mrs. Stone, who hurried off to prepare them.

"How did my uncle sleep, Mr. Barber?" asked Mimica.

"When I took him his hot water, ma'am, he hadn't slept a wink—so he said; but my opinion is he hadn't slept so badly. I always know by his voice. He's musical; and as you know, ma'am, the voice is an instrument easily put out of tune, and want of sleep unstrings it, as you may say. This morning Mr. Le Roy's was in beautiful order. I am a bit of a musician myself, and sympathise."

Mimica laughed merrily, telling Barber that her instrument must be always in tune, since she always slept well.

"Yes, ma'am, I have remarked that your voice resembles Mr. Le Roy's," said Barber, going in search of the broiled chicken and omelette.

Mimica heard her uncle's footsteps on the stairs, and disappeared through one door while he entered by way of a curtain hung to exclude draughts from the staircase. The hall was properly only a summer room, but circumstances, as we know, had adapted it for all seasons. It was a bright but cold March day, and the east winds whistled round about the house, and blew fiercely amongst the trees, causing commotion in the rookery, where the birds were beginning to build.

"How I hate that eternal 'caw,'" muttered Le Roy, as he stood shivering over the fire. "Where is Miss Marmont?" he added, as Barber came in with his savoury-smelling breakfast.

Barber said that she had just been there, and had inquired for him.

Le Roy seated himself, muttering, "No papers, no letters," and began to eat with an appetite.

"His native air is doing him good," thought Barber, as he stood behind his chair. His thoughts were his own, and he smiled grimly as he silently congratulated himself on his universal talents: "Footman, butler, valet, and page-boy all in one."

"Barber, has Miss Marmont a maid?" asked Mr. Le Roy, breaking in on his meditations.

"Well, sir, not to say a maid. There's Mrs. Stone and a girl, and that is the female establishment."

"Ask the girl to tell Miss Marmont I should like to see her."

Barber disappeared, and Mimica soon came in, looking fresh as the morning. Her uncle begged her to excuse his sending for her, but he wished to make two or three inquiries on the subjects they had discussed the previous evening. His manner was irritable, and his usually composed face showed chagrin. Scarcely had she assured him that her only wish was to aid him if she could, when a horse trotted up to the hall door.

"It is Mr. Sellon. I daresay he hasn't breakfasted," she exclaimed, the rider being visible through the windows.

As she opened the door, he jumped off the horse and burst in upon "the autocrat at the breakfast-table."

"Searle has decamped," he cried. "I knew he would."

"When? How?" asked Le Roy, dropping the fork he held.

"Give me time. I have galloped here like mad. It is Searle's horse. Will somebody see to him?"

Mimica was already holding the bridle, and Barber relieved her of it, saying, half aloud, "And now I'm groom!"

"We shall want you, Miss Marmont," said Sellon, sitting down. "May I have a cup of coffee? I have had no breakfast, and have already ridden to Sir Joshua Carew's to get a warrant to apprehend Searle. Your good parson, Mr. Leste, told me he was the nearest magistrate."

Mr. Le Roy's face turned livid, but Sellon affected not to perceive it, and Mimica had slipped out to bid Jane bring in the things necessary for the lawyer's breakfast. Happily, Le Roy was too much preoccupied to notice the somewhat rough-looking maiden when she laid them nervously on the table.

"Searle and I were at the accounts till two o'clock," said Mr. Sellon, losing no time either in eating or speaking. "We had dined previously, for the fellow knows how to live. I had a capital room and too comfortable a bed, for I slept till eight o'clock. When I got downstairs a maid-servant accosted me in some consternation, saying that her master had left the house, and that his bed had not been slept in. I understood. His horse was in the stable, saddled; for the boy told me his master had ordered him to have it ready at five o'clock. But he thought better of it, and took himself off on foot knowing that I have not lost my hearing, and that hoofs make a noise. So I mounted, fell in with Mr. Leste, told him; rode on to Monkton, saw Sir Joshua, told him; got my warrant, and here I am. Now we must all be off to Prestbury, where, Sir Joshua says, affairs are in an awful state. He thinks Searle an out-and-out rogue. He will set the one policeman and the old constable after him, and offer a reward for his apprehension."

"I wish to have no dealings with Sir Joshua Carew," interposed Le Roy, loftily.

"Cannot be avoided. How are we to get to the Summerlands station?" asked Sellon of Mimica.

"Shock only goes at a foot's pace. Could not Searle's horse be harnessed to the pony-carriage?" she replied, considering.

"A capital idea. You have a head on your shoulders, Miss Marmont," said Sellon, admiringly. "There is no time to lose. Will you manage it?"

Mimica looked inquiringly at her uncle, and told him that there was a train in about forty minutes, and no other till the afternoon. He seemed bewildered, and could only say, "Kindly arrange for me." She did so. Grant and she put Searle's horse to the shabby old pony-carriage, *much to Shock's* disgust, who watched the proceedings from his stable and whinnied. It was soon ready; and almost before Mr. Le Roy had time either to think or remonstrate, he found himself by the side of the old coachman in the old machine, as he used to call it, on the way to the new station, with Mimica and Sellon behind him.

(To be continued.)

VARIETIES.

PREPARING THE MIRACLE BEFOREHAND.

Kalkbrenner, the pianoforte composer, was a man of great vanity. One day, in 1834, he called on Professor Marx at Berlin, an influential personage in the musical world. Kalkbrenner was naturally anxious to produce a good impression on the professor.

"In moving terms," says Mr. Dannreuther, in "Grove's *Dictionary of Music*," "he deplored the decay of the good old art of improvisation, saying that since Hummel had retired he was the only one who still cultivated it in the true classical spirit.

"He opens the piano and improvises for a quarter of an hour with fluent fancy and great neatness, interweaving all manner of themes, even a little fugue, much to the professor's edification.

"Next day a parcel of music, just printed at Paris, arrived for review at the office of the musical paper which the professor then edited. The professor, greatly interested, opened the topmost piece, 'Effusio Musica par Fred. Kalkbrenner,' when, lo and behold! he had yesterday's improvisation before him, fugue and all, note for note."

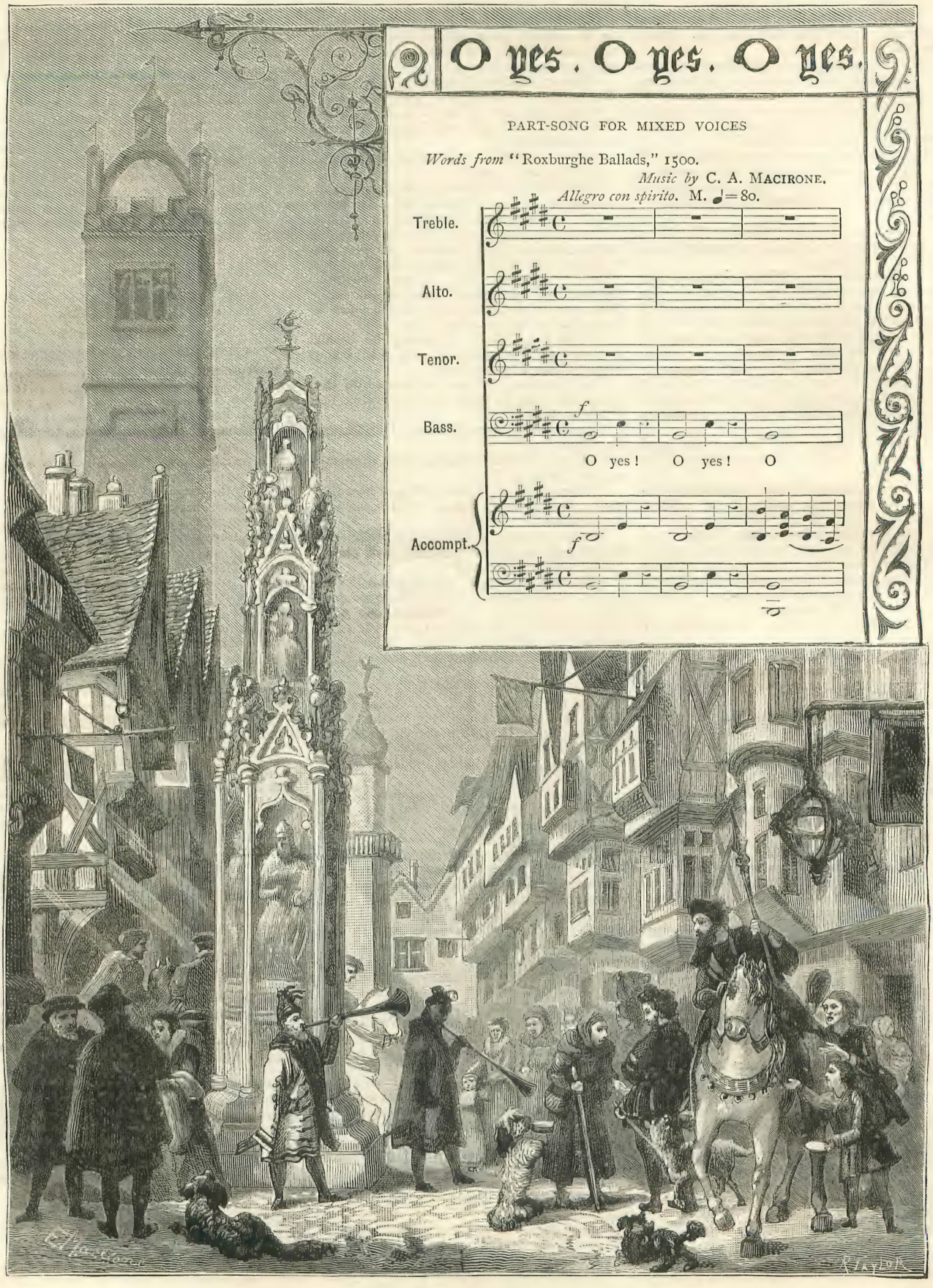
A WORD FOR BARGAIN HUNTERS.—As a rule, there is nothing really cheap. When a price is charged which cannot remunerate the seller of the article were it genuine, the buyer has paid full value for the imitation. She has not procured what is cheap, but has bought goods that are necessarily adulterated and probably dear at the money. Or if she has received them at a rate which is really below their legitimate value, someone else must have paid the difference. The underpaid workman and the poor seamstress have contributed out of their flesh and blood to the "bargain" over which the purchaser may be congratulating herself.

THE APPROACH OF GOOD.—Nothing good bursts forth all at once. The lightning may dart out of a black cloud, but the day sends his bright heralds before him to prepare the world for his coming.—*Archdeacon Hare.*

A FRENCH CRITICISM.—A French writer mentions, as a proof of Shakespeare's attention to particulars, his allusion to the climate of Scotland in the words "Hail! hail! all hail!" "*Grêle! grêle! toute grêle!*"

WOMAN'S WALKING POWERS.—There is one thing calculated to develop all the latent pedestrian ability a woman has in her, and that is, to be caught in a shower with her best bonnet on and no umbrella.

WHAT IS POLITENESS?—Politeness has been well defined as benevolence in small things.—*Lord Macaulay.*



O yes, O yes, O yes.

PART-SONG FOR MIXED VOICES

Words from "Roxburghe Ballads," 1500.

Music by C. A. MACIRONE.

Allegro con spirito. M. ♩=80.

Treble.

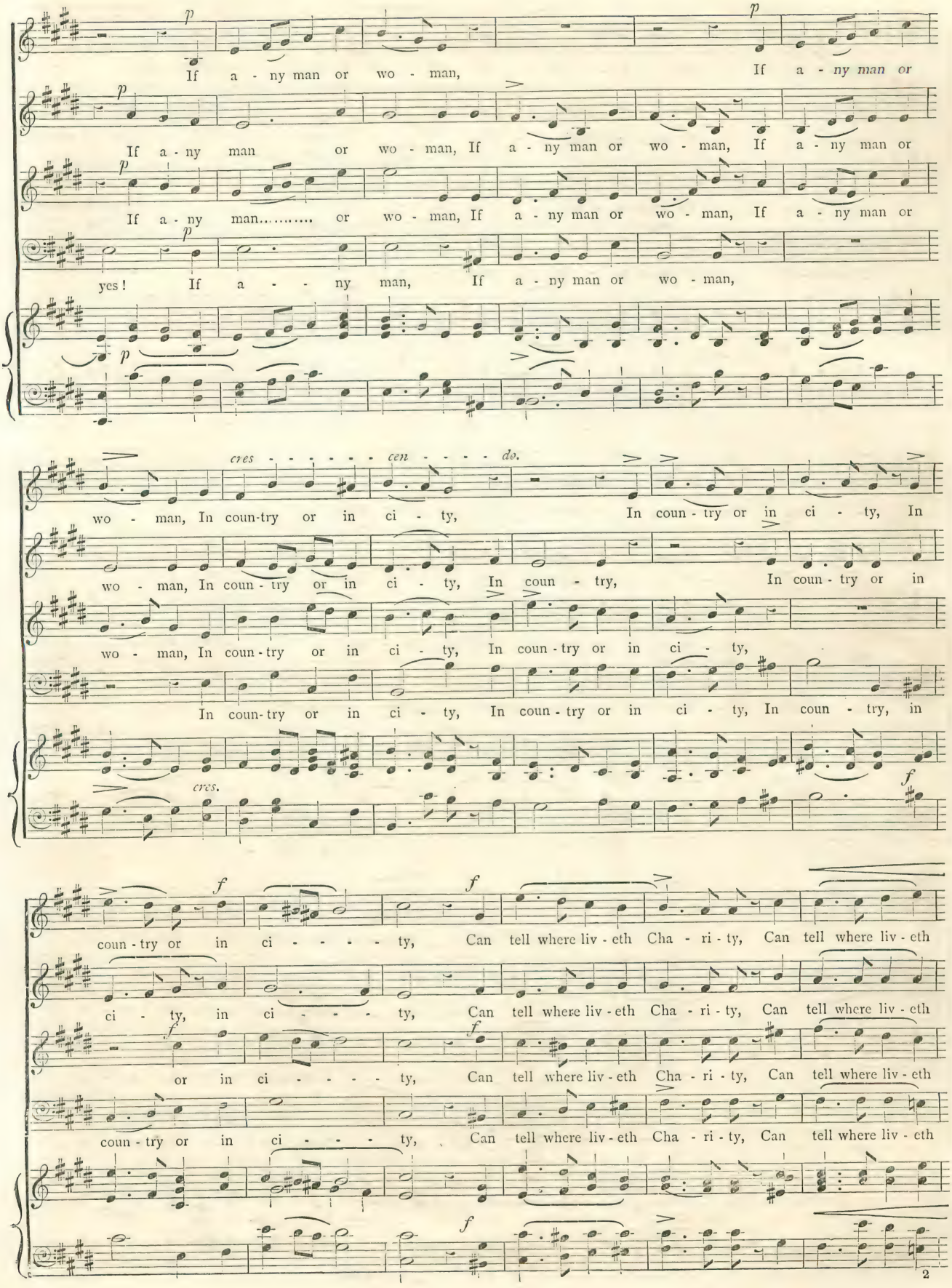
Alto.

Tenor.

Bass. *f*

O yes! O yes! O

Accompt. *f*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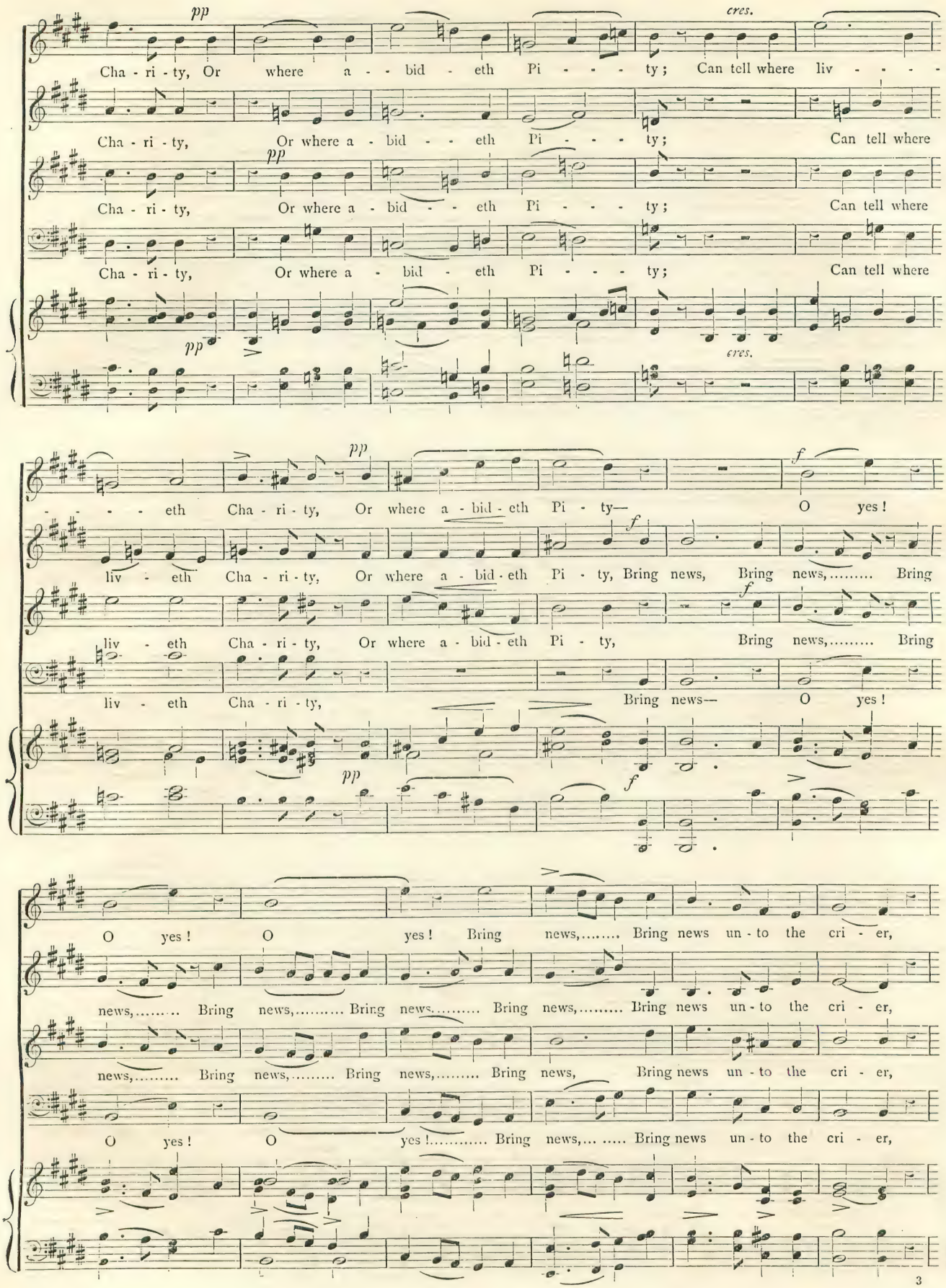
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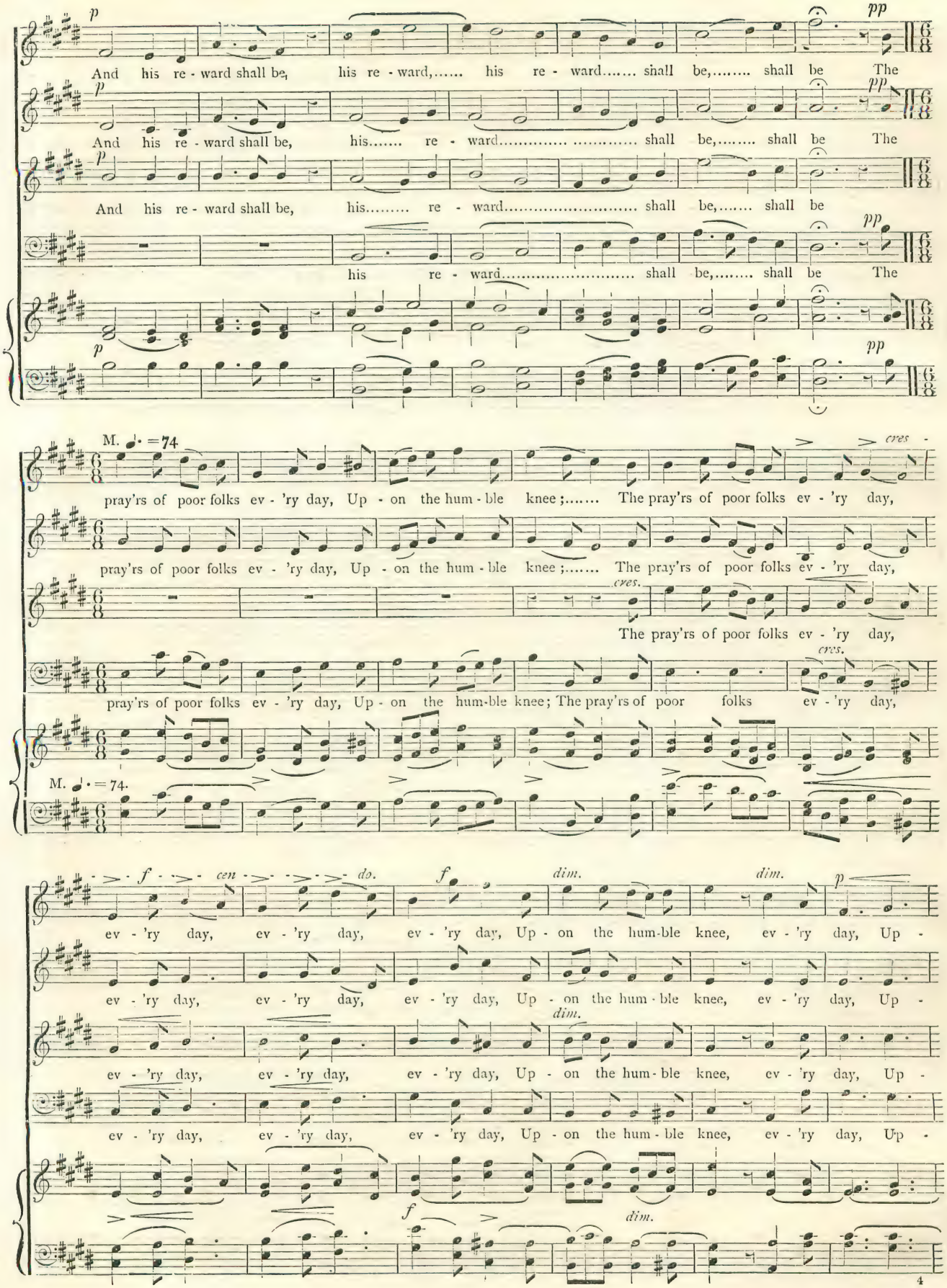
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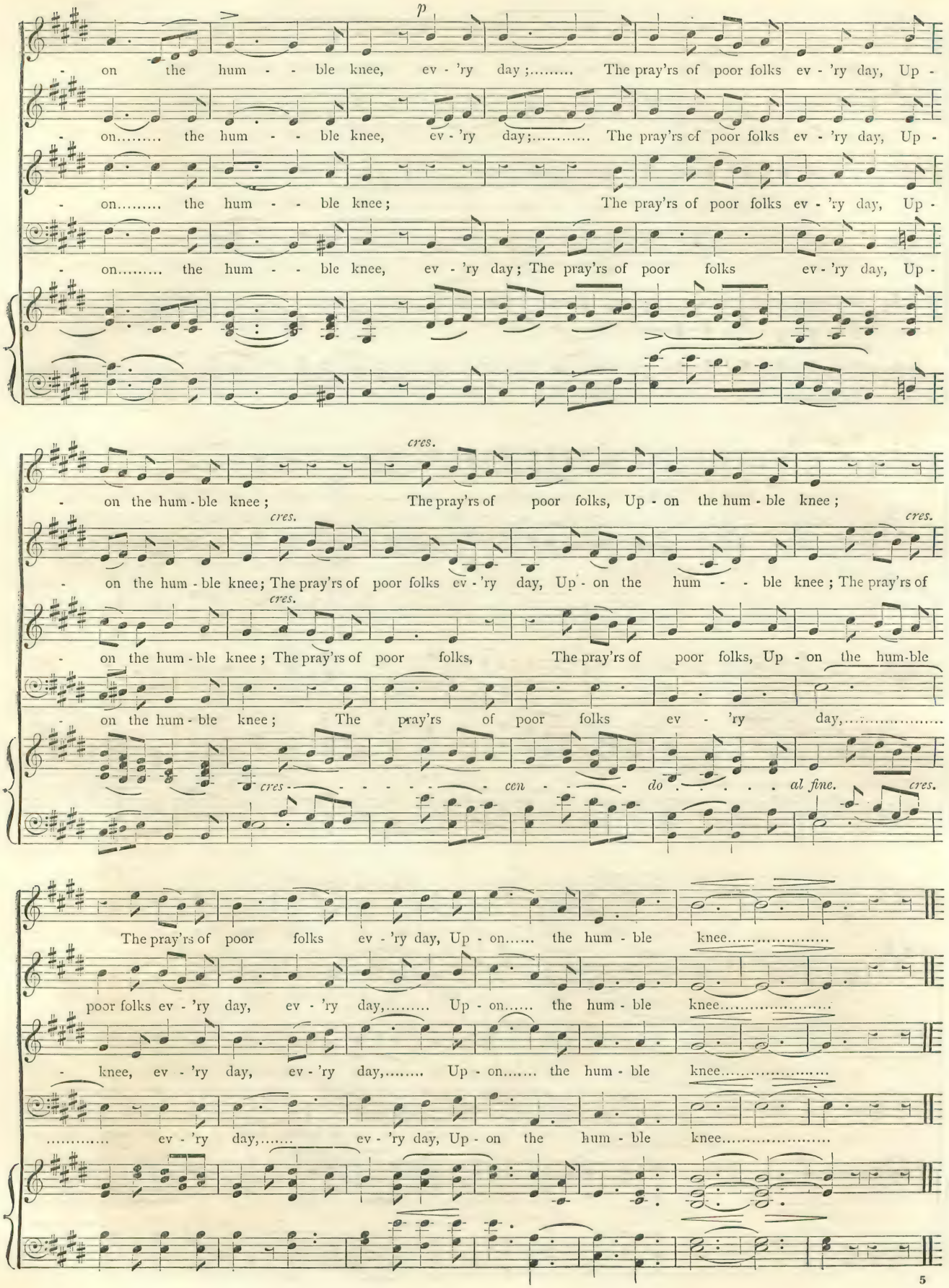
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- on..... the hum - - ble knee, ev - 'ry day;..... The pray'rs of poor folks ev - 'ry day, Up -
- on..... the hum - - ble knee; The pray'rs of poor folks ev - 'ry day, Up -
- on..... the hum - - ble knee, ev - 'ry day; The pray'rs of poor folks ev - 'ry day, Up -
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The pray'rs of poor folks ev - 'ry day, Up - on..... the hum - ble knee.....
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- knee, ev - 'ry day, ev - 'ry day,..... Up - on..... the hum - ble knee.....
..... ev - 'ry day,..... ev - 'ry day, Up - on the hum - ble knee.....

ETHEL RIVERS' AMBITION.

A STORY WITH A WARNING.

CHAPTER I.

If you desired to see any particular person of note in the literary world, you might be tolerably sure of meeting him or her at the fortnightly "at homes" which were held by Professor Rivers at his house in —— Street, London. A scientific man himself, lecturer at the University, with liberty to add to his name innumerable letters, besides being a successful author in his particular line, the host was an introduction to beginners, an adviser to those already launched on the troubled sea of literature, and a delightful companion to the happy people who had reached a similar pinnacle to that to which he had already attained.

Drummond Mildmay, one of the most frequent visitors at the house, could not be classed exactly with either of the above sets. True, he was a literary critic and a successful author, but it was less with the view of furthering his profession than for another cause that he might have been noticed among the crowd filling the drawing-room on the evening with which this story begins.

Martin Rivers was a widower, and his only child, a girl of some twenty years of age, had much to answer for in this particular. Mr. Mildmay had known her father for years, had seen Ethel grow from girlhood to womanhood, and now it was just beginning to dawn upon him that the friendly liking he had always entertained for her was exchanged for a feeling of a deeper kind.

As she moved about among her father's guests she was a pleasant picture enough. Not strictly beautiful, perhaps, but with a figure full of the grace of good health, and a face replete with intelligence and life, though on this particular evening her eyes looked, to Drummond's searching gaze, a little weary. Following her progress from group to group,

"HER DARK EYES KINDLED AS SHE LOOKED ABOUT HER."

he became, unconsciously to himself, decidedly *distrait* in his manner, and the old gentleman who was descanting vigorously upon the merits of a new invention found him an inattentive listener.

However, in a short time Ethel caught his glance, and came towards him with outstretched hand.

"When you can give me a minute or two——" she began, as Drummond's former companion moved away.

"Certainly," replied Mr. Mildmay, willingly. "What can I do for you?"

She gave a quick glance round the spacious room, and, noticing that conversation had fairly become general and that she might venture to relax her duties as hostess a little, she beckoned him to a quieter corner, and began again, eagerly—

"I know, busy as you are, that it is a great deal to ask, but I have been writing a story, and I want your candid opinion upon it."

"You shall have it," said Mr. Mildmay. "What is the story? Not a three-volume novel, I suppose?"

"Two volumes, I think," and Ethel hesitated. "I should like to publish it, of course."

"A first attempt? You are very ambitious, Miss Rivers," and he looked amazed.

"One must have a beginning, and I can't bear to think that I am the only person here who has positively done nothing." And her dark eyes kindled as she looked about her.

"Nothing! You are the only one who would say so," observed Drummond, warmly.

She hardly heeded the remark, but continued, "You cannot tell, Mr. Mildmay, how my heart is set upon becoming an authoress—becoming famous. Will you help me? My father is too engrossed, and, besides, I am afraid to ask him." And Ethel looked apprehensively towards the stern, grey-haired man in the centre of a group near the fireplace.

"If you had asked my advice, you would have begun with something shorter, less pretentious," said Mr. Mildmay, gravely. "But how long have you been about this ——" and he hesitated for a word, concluding with "manuscript?"

"About three weeks; but I have worked hard," replied Ethel.

"Too hard, I am afraid. Don't overdo it," said the young man, kindly.

"You will find the last few pages badly written; I was obliged to finish them in twilight. But I see papa looking in my direction; I must go. Thank you a thousand times! If I do not see you before, I will contrive to give you the papers after supper." And she hurried away.

Drummond was left with a variety of feelings struggling for predominance. It was only natural, he knew, that one brought up as Ethel had been, in the very atmosphere of literature, should let her thoughts and ambitions run in that direction. And though he had none of the old-world notion that such work was in any way wrong or unwomanly, he yet felt that he would rather the girl he loved should not be mixed up with any such struggle as that for literary success must often be. "However, it is not for her living," he thought, and the thought brought a certain satisfaction with it.

As regarded the probable quality of the manuscript he was in the dark, knowing little of Ethel's abilities, save, indeed, that she was well read, well educated, and capable of conversing upon most current topics. "Still, it takes more than that to make an authoress," and he smiled to himself, and wondered why she could not be content with acting the charming hostess she always was, and enjoying the spring-time of her life while she had it. "Are there not enough women forced to earn their bread, who would change with her?"

Drummond Mildmay, keen observer of human nature as he was as a rule, had yet to learn that few earnest-minded women are content to live without work; he did not consider how it sweetens amusement, which last too often palls without it.

Then, as he was drawn into conversation again, he forgot Ethel and her ambition for a while. But the subject was brought to his recollection, when, later in the evening, he took leave of her, and she seized the opportunity to put a neat little roll into his hand, with the tenderness with which one always handles that first-born of the brain, a first literary effort.

"I shall be impatient for your decision," she whispered, and Drummond promised she should not be kept long waiting.

With a pardonable curiosity he opened the packet when he reached his chambers that night. The hour was a late one, but he felt disinclined for sleep, great satisfaction being the sensation uppermost in his mind; satisfaction that Ethel had claimed his help—had shown herself more confidential than usual to him.

Outwardly, the manuscript was very promising, and betrayed no sign of the novice, being carefully and legibly written, properly punctuated and paragraphed, and the pages numbered, and written on but one side of the paper. For some time Ethel had acted as her father's amanuensis, and hence she was fully conversant in the many little matters which the uninitiated would consider of no importance.

But, alas! the subject matter of the story did not justify its neat appearance. Mr. Mildmay had not read far before he was painfully aware that the plot was far-fetched, the characters were untrue to life, the incidents too crowded for art, and the language very often stilted. Talent, nevertheless, the manuscript showed, and imagination enough to give promise of future success. But for the present, as he regretfully thought, being unwilling to throw cold water on her ambitious schemes, Ethel must give up all idea of publishing.

"Wait, wait, wait," he said to himself. "How often has that advice passed my lips, and how unpalatable it always is, and will be in this case, I suppose; nevertheless, Miss Ethel Rivers, it must be the text of my sermon to you to-morrow."

"*L'homme propose, Dieu dispose*," and while Mr. Mildmay slept that night his plans were subverted in a manner totally unexpected and equally sudden. We all agree that we "know not what a day may bring forth," but until some unforeseen event has brought prominently before us the finger of God in our daily lives, we are too apt to forget that our times are in His hands, and not in our own, that we should say, "To-morrow we will do this or that."

(*To be continued.*)

HOW TO EARN A SUMMER HOLIDAY.

By MEDICUS.

"How to earn a summer holiday!" you repeat. "But surely, at this season of the year, there ought to be no thoughts of a holiday in one's mind, for summer is still ahead, and the spring months are not yet over."

Quite true, so far; and for that matter you have not yet forgotten your last pleasant outing. Dreams of days or evenings spent by the soothing sea, of long rambles in the green country, through flowery hedge-bounded lanes, through daisied meads, by streamlet or brook, or over the hills and far away among the heather itself, may still keep floating in your imagination. And yet, for all that, do not be surprised if I tell you that months and months before the holiday you ought to begin to earn it.

I am going to try, in this paper, to tell you how to do so in a rational way. Well, then, to begin with—those fortunate, or unfortunate individuals who are born with silver spoons in their mouths alone excepted—we have all got to work for a living, and glad enough most of us are when we can get work to do.

Now, of course, only those who do work, efficaciously too, have any need of a holiday or any right to have one. I tell you what it is, dear readers, if I myself did not work, and that right hard, during the winter and spring months, it would be altogether impossible for me to enjoy my summer holiday. I would go about it oppressed with that guilty kind of feeling which a schoolboy has when playing truant.

I remember just once playing truant in my younger days. The temptation to do so was this. I had not finished my Latin translation, and I knew my negligence would entail a caning, and besides it was a bright beautiful summer's day, with larks soaring in the sky, with bees humming among the white clover, and as much music coming forth from woodland and copse as if every leaf were a bird. Well, I turned my back upon the school. But do you think I enjoyed myself? Not a bit of it. I tried to fish; the fish refused to rise, the very water in the brook that sparkled so joyously in the sunshine before my wicked resolve to play truant, seemed now, all at once, to turn dark and dreary, and song of bird, and hum of bee, and the beauty of the wild flowers lost all charm for me. Even the poor pennyworth of acid drops I tried to comfort myself with in the afternoon had not a bit of flavour. I believe if the schoolmaster had only known what a cheerless, miserable day I had spent, he would not have caned me so unmercifully next morning.

No, believe me, one never enjoys anything half so much in this world as that which he or she has honestly earned.

Presuming now that I am addressing work-a-day girls, and happily their name is legion, I must tell them that one of the first things to be done in order to earn a holiday is to save money to pay for it.

Perhaps you think I need not have told you that, because the silliest girl knows it. Granted, but even some of the wisest do not act on that knowledge. I have no intention of giving a lecture on thrift, but I want to say a word or two about saving for a holiday from a medical point, or at least a semi-medical point, of view.

I tell you, then, that the mere consciousness that you are saving up, and laying by a little store for a good purpose, gives a kind of peace and comfort to the mind which is most conducive to your health.

"Girls never are, but always to be, blest," says the poet, though he did not quite use those words; but I mean to go farther than that poet, and tell you that joyful anticipation is one of the best tonic medicines that could be imagined.

How is a girl with a very limited income to save money for her summer holiday? She can best answer that question herself, but I may be able to give her some hints.

About dress I know very little; the remarkable variety of tints and colours nowadays confuse and puzzle me; their names are marvellous. I'm not perfectly sure that I can tell a bonnet from a hat, and when I am placed face to face with the names of dress-stuffs, etc., in print, I am worse and worse; I can but rub my ear and chide myself because I never learned Hebrew. "Tulles," "frises," "arrasenes," "ruches," "merveilleuxes," "astrachans," and "aigrettes" are mysterious terms which a slight knowledge of French only helps me to guess at, but from which my Walker's dictionary stands proudly aloof. Nevertheless, I hate to see a "dowdy," as I do despise a "dude," and I can tell at a glance when a girl is well-dressed, and I would not have a girl make herself unhappy by stinting herself in neat apparel in order to save for a summer holiday. To be sure, I do happen to know that some girls can dress well and lady-like on very little, and if such can in this way save money, then well and good; but dress is not my province.

Food? Yes, that is another question. Many working girls have to live abstemiously enough, for, all honour to them, they have often to support an aged parent or an invalid brother from their meagre earnings. Verily, such as these will have their reward.

On the other hand many girls—say in lodgings—live inconsiderately. They do not eat what is best for their health, as well as cheapest for the pocket.

Although I am a great advocate for the use of tea, when good, still I think that for working girls cocoa in the morning is far better, more nourishing, and more economical. What is called cocoatina is considered dear; it is not so in the long run, because a little of it goes a long way; and it has this to recommend it: it is free from too much oil or fat, it sits easy on the stomach, and it can be very quickly made.

I use it constantly, so speak from experience. I am not a very early riser, but am usually in my garden study by seven o'clock. Well, fires are hardly lit by that time in the house, at all events the water is not boiling. But I am independent, for by means of a small methylated spirits of wine machine, and at the cost of considerably less than a farthing, in five minutes' time I have water boiling, and a delicious cup of cocoatina made. It requires but little sugar; that is another advantage.

With bread, butter, and cocoatina, without eggs or anything else, one can make a wholesome breakfast. Eggs are very nourishing, but an egg is not worth more than a penny; when it goes beyond that price one is eating money.

Shop eggs are wholesome and good up to the end of July; after that they are, as a rule, unfit even to fry. Well, but for a healthy girl who has long hours of work before her, something in the shape of a relish may be thought advisable. I cannot recommend bacon; ham is better, though it is expensive. But the herring is king of fish; be it fresh, be it a bloater, a kipper, or red herring, it is nourishing, appetising, delicious, and cheap.

Fish of all kinds are getting cheaper every day, thanks be unto Providence, and the dearer kinds are not necessarily the most nourishing. I would rather my readers should avoid the more oily sorts, with the exception of herring, such as mackerel, salmon, etc.

But what say you to shell-fish for supper? Why, there is the limpet, the humble periwinkle, and the grand, old-fashioned mussel.

I will have more to say about fish as food another day.

Girls who dwell in towns have great choice of dishes, but I would advise them as a rule to avoid too much fatty meat and too much sugar.

To country girls, if not to them alone, I should earnestly recommend as cheap and wholesome diet—diet on which you can live and be healthy, happy, and clear complexioned upon—meal and milk.

Let me explain what I mean. There are many kinds of meal—alas! there are also many kinds of milk. King of meals is that made from the oat. Porridge made of this is most excellent, and with milk contains all the elements of healthy food. It is somewhat heating, however, for indoor work in England, but I propose that you should have it about every fourth day for breakfast, and sometimes for dinner. Made with milk instead of water it is most delicious.

I should propose, then, for breakfasts cheap and wholesome, something like the following:—

Sunday—Oatmeal porridge made with milk.
Monday—Ordinary oatmeal porridge.
Tuesday—Porridge of hominy.
Wednesday—Bread (stale) boiled in milk.
Thursday—Porridge of wheat flour, boiled in milk.
Friday—Bread, butter, cocoa, and a relish.
Saturday—Peas-meal brose.

Now, if so minded, a cup of cocoa, some little relish, such as two or three smoked sprats, can be eaten after any of these porridges.

Peas-meal brose. I must explain how this is made. Buy some good peas-meal or flour—it is very cheap—and keep it in a tin with a closely-fitting lid. To make the brose, put two large table-spoonfuls of the meal into a basin which has been previously heated, add a little salt, and pour boiling water over it, stirring well, as if you were making starch. The brose is made. It should not be too thin, and ought to have a large lump of salt butter floating on it, and thus be eaten warm with milk. If you have time you might boil the peas-meal a few minutes, only remember you are not making soup, but brose, and it should be thick in order to be nourishing.

A biscuit and a glass of milk will make a very good supper, and you will have better and more refreshing sleep after it than if you had dined at a *café royal*.

Potatoes. These are always cheap, but in order really to enjoy them for dinner, remember these instructions: (1) get only the best; (2) see that they are well boiled, and not over boiled, having previously been scraped or pared; (3) after pouring off the water dry them well; (4) with an American or Scotch potato masher pound them till there is not a lump left as big as a pea; (5) add a little salt, and a half cupful of creamy milk; now stir with a fork or stick (hard wood) till they are as white as snow.

You may eat them with meat and some other vegetable; but I can assure you that with butter, pepper, and milk this dish is a dinner fit for a queen.

A cup of tea and a lunch biscuit, or bit of brown bread-and-butter in the afternoon, will refresh you and help you on till supper time.

Now, this is all sensible, sound advice, and you will save money by taking it, and live far more healthfully into the bargain.

I need hardly add that you must take time to your meals, never forgetting that the first act of digestion, namely, the mingling of the food with the solvent saliva, takes place in the mouth, and that without such mingling the food is sure to disagree and cause flatulence, eructations, and all kinds of mischief.

I dare say some of my readers think I preach a great deal too much about the benefits of the morning tub. Well, I cannot help it; but I must here again recommend both that and plenty of out-door pleasant exercise to girls who really wish to earn a holiday, because if you do not keep up your strength, you will not be able to do your work so well, you will not be happy, and you will not be able to enjoy your holiday when you get it. Sea-salt is very cheap, and a handful thrown into the water in the tub the night before makes a most bracing bath, especially for nervous and delicate girls.

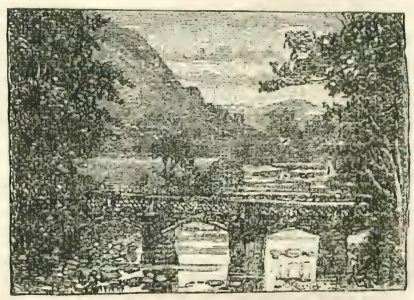
Recreation should not be forgotten. Take it in any form that is most agreeable. I only hint to you that to sit and mope, or even to sit and work and read in the house every night, is neither good for mind or body.

You can, therefore, by economy in food, and probably dress, save money, and thus earn a holiday; there is also a chance of making some by an hour or two of industry in the evenings. But of this you yourselves will be the best judges.

If you can buy or borrow a book on the watering-places and health-resorts of Britain—there is one, I believe, called "Where to Go"—it will be found pleasant to read. You can take your time and consider well which you would prefer.

For my part, I think the seaside is too great a favourite with most; a run down to some beautiful part of the country often does far more good than a week at the seaside—you have more quiet and less excitement, and return to your work with stronger, steadier nerves.

Now the suggestions I have made in this paper are all for your good, and I flatter myself they are worthy of being remembered. I have an earnest desire that the readers of this magazine, for which I have written so many years, should grow up from healthy girls to happy, healthy womanhood.



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

A SISTER.—There is a "Guide to the Civil Service," which would give you the information you need for your mother's use.

TAD DER ALS FREUND.—If you are so delicate you had far better avoid a foreign school.

MISS THOYTS.—We are glad to notice your society, more especially formed for the benefit of farmers' daughters—the Suthamstead Girls' Question Society; subscription, 1s. yearly. Address Miss Thoyts, secretary, Suthamstead, Reading.

GRACE M.—Your verses are not correct. The beat or emphasis does not fall on the same foot in the corresponding lines. The third has an extra foot, the fourth in the third verse has one too few. The beat should fall on the second syllable (to correspond with the rest); in the seventh line of the third verse it falls on the syllable "ry," and in the last line the word "tri-als" must be pronounced "triles" to make the line correct. The worthy mamma should have put the book aside, and let the child take a run in the garden, to restore her nerves and clear away the cobwebs. Persistent study under such conditions is enough to dull the intellect and ruin the health. People treat children as if they were machines only. See our articles on the "Duties of Mothers," and of "Governesses."

MISCELLANEOUS.

A DAUGHTER OF ISRAEL.—Inquire for the music at any music-seller's.

IDA.—The condition of the skin of your hands appears to be constitutional. Local applications will not cure, though they may afford temporary alleviation. You should consult a medical man as to the cause.

FAUST.—Young girls do not require visiting-cards; their names are put on their mother's, below hers.

LÆTUS SORTE MEA.—Use bandages dipped in salt and water for your weak wrists. The proverb, *Ad agni uccello, suo nido è bello*, is Italian, and means, "To every bird his own nest is beautiful."

MYSOTIS must hold her numbed fingers in hot milk, which will do them good. Friction also will be useful.

A. D.—Very strong chicken broth, given in teaspoonfuls, and small bits of ice before and after it, will sometimes check the worst cases of sickness of the stomach.

IDA BESSIE.—Holding the hands in hot water, or the feet, or both, will sometimes do good to a bad nervous headache when the hands are clammy and cold.

PENWIPER.—We do not give private addresses, which can be found in the "Blue Book." You should consult a doctor.

LAPAGERIA ROSA.—Tennis parties are usually invited from 3 p.m. to 6 p.m. During the summer, if very hot, the invitation may be for a later hour.

DOLLY VARDEN'S little story is very well written and spelt, and we should advise her to persevere, in the hope that when she is older she will be able to write something worth reading. It is not quite suitable for the G. O. P. yet.

ONTARIO.—Washing the hair with soda will make it lighter in colour; but the soda makes it brittle. We think you are mistaken in the origin of the amusement of tobogganing. The word is Indian, and the origin in Canada.

S. G.—Apply to the British Home for Incurables, Clapham Rise; the National Hospital for the Paralysed, Queen-square, Bloomsbury, W.C.; or the Royal Hospital for Incurables, West Hill, Putney Heath. Admittance to these institutions is by subscribers' votes.

EUGENIE.—We imagine that your father's nationality is yours also. The 17th June, 1864, was a Friday. Anyone can be naturalised.

ANNETTE DEVEREUX.—Your question about children's hospitals is too vague, and the list of them would be too long to give. What do you mean by "the age required?"

TWO SISTERS should write to the secretary of the Women's Emigration Society, Miss Clune, Carteret-street, Queen Anne's Gate, S.W.

MARION and BOOTLES will find instructions for preserving seaweed at page 542, vol. iii.

CHARLOTTE BROAD.—We know of nothing but the Post Office Savings Bank. But the Governesses' Benevolent Association is a very valuable institution for the savings of governesses, on account of its generous annuities. For poor patients at the Bath General or Mineral Water Hospital admission is free, with £3 deposit and a doctor's certificate.

AN ENGLISH MAIDEN has our best thanks for her kind note and her warm praises of the G. O. P.

WILD IRISH KATHLEEN.—No doubt it would be very interesting to pay a visit to the Holy Land and Egypt, but you are far too young to undertake such a journey. Were you taken by an uncle or aunt the case would be different. There is no opening at Cairo for a little girl of fifteen. You ought to be at school for the next three years, and then you might go to one of the training institutions for preparing young women for missionary work, and then you may be sent out under proper care.

M. RADCLIFFE.—Phosphorus is never found uncombined in nature, but its phosphates are common in mineral, vegetable, and animal matter. The principal earthy component of the bones is phosphate of calcium, which is obtained by the animal from the seeds of plants where the processes of nature have stored up. The bone ash which is left after the burning of bones is the great source of our phosphorus. The latter shines in the dark. You need not feel uneasy about the meat.

A SPRING FLOWER.—Animals in confinement and unable to take their natural exercise, nor to move out of a cold, draughty, or damp spot at will, must need be kept in a warm, comfortable place, and be given as much space for moving about as possible. You should learn to spell correctly.

MABEL STUART.—Your handwriting is not formed, but promises well. In reply to your question, you had better read the first chapter of Genesis, 26-7.

SNOWDONIAN.—Indexes to all the volumes of the G. O. P. can be obtained from our publisher, Mr. Tarn.

M. E. C.—See our article on mourning attire, page 398, vol. ii. At the same time, "necessity has no law," and the same rules do not apply to all classes of society alike. Some cannot afford mourning, and some can wear it just so long as it lasts. Write to Mr. Tarn for the "Companion to the Bible," price half-a-crown.

BOOTLES.—You will find "Mrs. Jarley's Waxworks" in the *Christmas Carillon*, the Christmas Number of the G. O. P.

PANDORA.—If your father really wishes you to go and see him occasionally, he should write a letter and tell you to come, fixing the day and hour.

"IS IT WORTH SENDING?"

HILARY.—We cannot give you any new suggestions as to the ways and means of making money without leaving home. When once your name is "made" you may do so as an author, composer, or painter. We certainly should not prescribe the use of Turkish baths to an apoplectic subject.

MARGARETTA can doubtless obtain all the monthly numbers of our paper that she requires; but she must write to the publisher for them, enclosing the money due.

A DAISY.—You appear to be about the usual height for your age. We do not think the present way of dressing the hair at all vulgar.

WIFIE.—The leaves of an indiarubber plant require washing with water and a sponge every week. It also needs watering every second or third day, and plenty of light. Tepid water is the best to use.

E. T.—German novels are protected in England for two years, we think, and you must have the permission of the author to translate them and publish them in this country. In America, we suppose, there would be no protection, but first-class American houses now prefer to make arrangements with authors. You would have to obtain permission from the German author, writing to him through his publisher.

A SASSENACH.—You should boil the water, and then, if necessary, filter it. Perhaps toast and water would suit you. We cannot advertise drinks. You ought to write roundhand copies daily, holding the pen high up the handle. Your handwriting is very cramped and wretched.

NERO'S POPPEA.—We sympathise with you, and are of your opinion. Send your papers if you like, but we could give no promise of publication. They should be certified. For painting on satin, consult our article, page 66, vol. iv.

YUM-YUM.—Oil the steel ornament well, leave it to soak, and then dip a soft toothbrush in the oil and some fine emery-powder, and rub off the rust.

AUNT MARY.—We do not remember having seen the leaflet you name. You should inquire at one of the Dublin libraries where such religious tracts are printed and issued. The probability is that verses so printed are not to be found in any collections of poems. We are much obliged to you for your very gratifying letter.

YOUNG AUNT.—The initial letters which precede Roman names mean just what they do now, a personal name not always being given in full. Postal orders for various amounts may be had at the small cost (not "poundage") of one penny; but the sum you required is not issued in one order, and thus had to be given in two. We are glad that you found our prescription for the cure of chilblains so satisfactory—*i.e.*, rubbing them gently with dry mustard-flour when they first appear.

CISSIE B.—It is not now the usage to send wedding-cake to friends, or with special exceptions. You may send it to your immediate relatives and the family of your intended husband. Wrap the little box in white paper. The cards enclosed should be your ordinary visiting-cards. Send any cake to the lady of the house.

IMPATIENCE.—Your leisure for private work is very limited, but by getting up at seven you could secure an hour daily for it. In the bright summer mornings you might add another half-hour. The only description of work that you could carry on in the shop would be knitting and crochet, woollen socks, stockings, mittens, comforters, and baby's shoes, gaiters, or outside vests.

E. A. C.—You do not say whether you are willing to pay for the opinion on your manuscript. Readers are always paid for such tedious and trying work.

BULLY BULLFINCH has our best sympathies. The only prescription we can obtain for his severe injuries is that the use of vaseline to heal them will be the most advisable thing. We have inquired of many people, and this seems the only opinion.

VIXEN.—The second volume of the G.O.P. can be obtained by applying to Mr. Tarn, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., and enclosing 7s. 6d., with money for the carriage of it to your home.

D. H.—Your pet toad must be an idiot, or at least very deficient in natural instincts, if it cannot cater for itself; it knows better than you where to find its own food, such as flies, spiders, wood-lice, and such like small game. But you should keep it in a greenhouse, or a garden, or tool-house, with liberty to go out hunting for itself. Of course, if you keep it in the drawing-room, and take it to bed with you at night, as you do your doll, he will soon become as dry, stiff, and inanimate as that is. A toad makes itself very useful in a greenhouse. Being in a warm, dry room would not suit its constitution.

POVERTY.—Poverty of blood may be hereditary or inducedf by poor living, the lowering influen ce of evers or other illness. Perhaps cod-liver oil might benefit you.

YULE LOG.—April 4, 1867, was a Tuesday.

QUEENIE.—We thank you for your gratifying letter. We could not possibly say whether you could make literature a profession. You could not decide that question yourself, either. The spontaneous writing on any subject and the inspiration of original ideas must decide this.

P. H. F.—There is a cripples' home in Marylebone-road, 17A, London, N.W. Write to the secretaries at the homes. Perhaps you might try to place him there.

WHITE ROSE we thank much for her kind and well-written note, which shows her knowledge of English to be correct and wide.

D. V.—Short stories are paid for according to their value, from 30s. to £5 5s. We never advise any of our readers to enter upon the arduous and trying life of a literary woman.

RERR need not worry herself about being stout. At her age (seventeen) girls are often stout, and, unfortunately, become too thin in later years for health or beauty.

LIME TREE must not give way to doubts and fears; but must have faith and hope, and try, with God's help, to look to Him as a Father in the fullest trust.

A SUBSCRIBER.—Many parrots are not healthy when bought, and have already the seeds of some lung disease. Perhaps that is the reason why yours have died. Do you keep them out of draughts?

I. GERTRUDE.—Give the puppy bread-and-milk and but very little meat, and, as soon as possible, give the regular dog-biscuits.

SAM NELL.—Write St. James's-road. There is no absolute rule.

BRIC-A-BRAC could not expect her admirer to have much respect for her if she be willing to take walks with him clandestinely without the knowledge of her parents. Sooner or later such foolish and unwise girls have to repent their folly in setting aside their natural God-given guardians.

A FIELD DAISY.—The 15th of April, 1868, was a Wednesday. We do not know them under that name.

VOL. VII.—NO. 333.] MAY 15, 1886. PRICE ONE PENNY.

ETHEL RIVERS' AMBITION.

A STORY WITH A WARNING.

CHAPTER II.

MR. MILDMAY had scarcely risen next day before a little note was brought to him. Hurriedly and tremblingly written as it was, he but just recognised Ethel Rivers's handwriting.

"Please come to me if you can; papa died in the night. I am half distracted, and hardly know what I am about.

"ETHEL RIVERS."

Poor, piteous letter! How Drummond's warm heart went out towards the writer, as, with all possible speed, he obeyed the imploring summons. The professor's sudden death was not the overwhelming surprise to his friend it was to his daughter, for Mr. Mildmay had for some time been aware that Ethel's father suffered from complaint of the heart, a fact which, with perhaps mistaken tenderness, he had carefully kept from his child.

"Now what, I wonder, will become of her?" thought Drummond, as he was whirled in a hansom cab towards ——— Street. There was no doubt about his own wishes in the matter; but for one circumstance he would have asked her to share his lot as his wife next day, if such a course had been possible. That circumstance was the fact of her abundant means. Her father had, apart from his profession, a good private income, and though he had spent liberally, and lived up to everything, Drummond nevertheless believed that he died a comparatively wealthy man, and he knew, also, that as a matter of course Ethel would inherit all her father's possessions. The very words "fortune hunter" were detestable to the young man, and he knew full well that in the eyes of a censorious world a hasty marriage with her would stamp him as this without delay.

Perhaps, for the first time in his life (for he was devoted to his profession), Mr. Mildmay wished that he had embraced one of a more lucrative and less precarious character. Engrossed in his thoughts, his destination was reached before he was aware, and an array of closely-drawn blinds met his gaze as he hurried up the steps, making the always gloomy house look more so than usual. He was ushered into the dining-room, where a bright fire did its best to enliven the dreariness within and without.

Ethel was not long in joining him. "Thank you for coming so soon," she said, simply. And then as he, awkwardly as he felt, expressed his pain at the news, and his sympathy with her sorrow, she gave way and broke into the first tears she had shed.

Drummond, who had no sisters of his own, and had all a man's horror of, and embarrassment at, a woman's grief, walked away to the window, though there was nothing to see, then back to the fire, putting all possible restraint upon his longings to comfort her, telling himself sternly that this was no time for any demonstrations of affection.

"I did not think I could cry," and Ethel looked up after the lapse of a few minutes. "I want to ask you, must there be an . . . . inquest?"

"I should think not. Has your doctor seen him?" said Drummond, reassuringly.

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"Yes. I have telegraphed for the only relation I have, my father's only sister. But there is so much more to be done—the funeral. . . . and oh! I felt so lonely and helpless," said Ethel, despairingly.

"If you will allow me, I will do everything," rejoined Drummond, eagerly.

She thanked him gratefully. "I have no one to depend upon but you," she said. "My aunt is old and not very strong; I must not and cannot rely upon her."

ETHEL RIVERS.

So Mr. Mildmay took upon himself all the necessary painful arrangements, leaving Ethel as free as possible, that she might obtain the rest and quiet so essential after the shock she had undergone. Though there had been but little confidence between father and daughter, still the professor had been Ethel's all, and besides the pain of his loss, she suffered also from the knowledge that her whole way of living must be changed, though on the subject of her pecuniary circumstances she guessed very little.

So time wore on until the day of the funeral drew near. There was the usual concourse of people at the burial of a man of note—scientific and literary friends came from all parts, and the newspapers noticed the event. After he had paid the last tribute of respect to the dead man's memory, Mr. Mildmay, from motives of delicacy, refrained from intruding again where his help had been so substantial in the hour of need. Hence some days passed before he saw or heard anything of Ethel.

But about a week after the funeral he happened to meet an intimate friend of her father, and heard the astounding news that the professor had left very little but a name behind him.

"After all claims are paid, that is; he had been living too extravagantly. It will be a change for his daughter. I'm sorry for her, poor girl!" And his companion shook Drummond's hand warmly. "For I always fancied Mildmay was smitten in that direction," he thought, noticing the air of bewilderment on the other's face, due to joy, but which he attributed to another cause.

If Mr. Mildmay had been endowed with flying powers, he could hardly have reached —— Street more quickly than he did, after his friend's announcement that afternoon. "The wings of love" did indeed speed his errand. He noticed with regret that the task of dismantling the house, which had been the scene of so many a pleasant and profitable evening to others besides himself, had already commenced, and an elderly lady, Ethel's aunt, was carrying away books and ornaments from the drawing-room, into which he was ushered.

Ethel, too, as she entered the room, said soberly, "I am afraid this is good-bye, for a time, at any rate, Mr. Mildmay."

"You are going away?"

"To live with my aunt in Boxley, a little town in Surrey."

"And how will you like that?" asked Drummond, gravely.

"It is not a matter of liking, but a necessity. I have no other home," said Ethel, evasively. "You have heard, of course, about my father's affairs? They have been town talk, I know."

Mr. Mildmay assented.

"So I am thrown, in a measure, upon my own resources," she resumed. "You remember I gave you a manuscript the—night before it all happened. What do you think of it? Will it sell?"

Drummond would have given almost all he possessed to be able to answer in the affirmative. It was hard for him to be forced to disappoint her at any time, but doubly so now. He accordingly softened his criticism a little. "For a first attempt," he began, "it is very fair. Faults there are, of course."

Her face fell. "It is not worth anything? I shall never make anything at writing?" she broke in impetuously.

"I did not say so; but, Miss Rivers, it is very hard to convince anyone that young girls who have seen nothing but the sunny side of life can write with any force tales of sin, suffering, and trial. You, like others, must wait for experience before you attempt such subjects. 'Suffering before you sing,' as someone says, though God forbid that I should wish you anything of the kind."

It was hard truth. Such must be told at times, but Drummond felt relieved when his uncongenial task was finished. Ethel knit her brows, and fixed her eyes reflectively on the fire.

"I am sorry to have to say this, and you must not let it vex you," he continued more lightly. "You have time before you in which to improve, and, after all, there are other things quite as worth having in life as literary success, you know."

He took her silence for assent.

"And as for being thrown upon your own resources, I hope that such a time will never come. It will not if you will but give me the right to work for you and help you."

Then he spoke of his love for her, and begged her to be his wife.

For a moment Ethel longed to consent; her heart told her that the feeling she already entertained for him would soon be fanned into affection. But in quenching her hopes with regard to her manuscript Mr. Mildmay had bitterly mortified her pride, a very vital part of her character, and she accordingly stifled her real wishes, and replied, with considerable hauteur, that she had no intention of marrying, but resolved to give herself up to a literary career. "For I do not mean to be daunted by a first failure; I will succeed," she said, determinedly.

Drummond's disappointment was deep and sincere. However, his self-respect prevented him showing it unduly, and Mrs. Benton fortunately coming into the room at the moment, he rose to go, merely saying emphatically, as he shook hands with Ethel, "I only hope you will succeed. You may command any help I can give."

And so they parted for a time.

(*To be continued.*)

THE GIRLS OF THE WORLD.

FACTS AND FIGURES.

By EMMA BREWER.

CHAPTER VI.

SICKNESS, POVERTY, RELIGION.

"I was sick and ye visited me."

"The poor shall never cease out of the land."

"With the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation."

FACTS and figures of girl-life in the world would but ill perform their task if they did not give us their experience of the sorrow, sickness, and poverty which, in one form or another, make their way into every home in every land, and which love, with all its power, cannot keep on the outside.

Novels generally close their third and last volume with marriage, as though it were the end of all things. Facts and figures, being the handmaidens of statistics, cannot so regard it, but look upon marriage rather as the centre of life; one part being a period of preparation and training, the other a period of undoubted responsibilities and duties which admit of no shifting or neglect.

It may be that married life may bring with it an amount of happiness that girls in their time of training could scarcely have hoped for; yet, in spite of this happiness, sorrow, sickness, and death imperatively demand admittance into the happy circle, and will often take no denial.

Well for the domestic happiness if the wife in her period of training learned what to do in time of sickness; well for the home over which she now presides if she learned before marriage the value of careful supervision, good nursing, and constant watchfulness; and well indeed if she have learned the art of self-denial, temperate habits, cleanliness, economy, and order. Each and all tend to ward off and minimise the evils which are ever waiting their chance of invading the household.

In every population a certain proportion will always be found of sick in mind and sick in body. The causes of the disease may vary; it may have been transmitted from the parents, it may be the result of accident, or, as is too often the case, neglect, over-indulgence, idleness, or intemperance; but, whatever the cause, the result is suffering.

Our bodies are fearfully and wonderfully made, and if they are to fulfil their mission and do us useful service, we must learn something of their nature, their laws, and their requirements.

We all know that the more delicate and complicated a machinery is the more knowledge and care it requires to keep it in perfect working order; any ignorance or neglect will soon put an end to its usefulness. Exactly so is it with our bodies.

There is an all-important reason why our bodies should be kept in a healthy condition, and that is the great sympathy existing between them and our minds. It is well known that a diseased body acts injuriously upon the mind, and just as surely that mental depression acts prejudicially upon the digestion and the circulation; therefore, for the sake of the mind and spirit, whose dwelling-house the body is, it must be kept pure, healthy, and active.

Sickness and disease are alike common to rich and poor, but the rich can use their wealth to ameliorate their bodily and mental sufferings. It will bring them the best medical aid, the most careful nursing, as well as change of air and scene; in a word, it can surround them with anything and everything that science has discovered for the decrease of mental and physical suffering.

The poor, on the contrary, have nothing in their surroundings and condition to soften and tone down their sufferings, but everything to aggravate them; and it is here, as we shall see, that a good Government comes forward with money, skill, and comfort, such as no efforts of the sick poor or of their class could supply.

Statistics, by means of facts and figures, have placed before us not only the causes of disease, but the means whereby they may be avoided or minimised; they are ever on the alert to spot the mischief and its cure. Evils injurious to health which crop up in the daily occupations, and which have been borne with patience or indifference by generations of workpeople, are being traced to their source, and found to be quite capable of alleviation.

With purer air and better drainage, the giants of fever* are being robbed of much of their power to destroy; and with vaccination and isolation much is done to reduce the ravages of small-pox.

Of all diseases, we have most reason to dread lung disorders, which carry off one-tenth of the women and girls of the world, and are the cause of half the deaths between the age of fifteen and thirty.

Much has been done to reduce the mischief by collecting information as to the causes of lung disease, by investigating the lands where the ravages of the disease are greatest, and by causing to be removed the unhealthy conditions which provoke it, and still further by pointing out to us other lands to which those who are suffering may go and reside and so probably save their lives.

Formerly, consumption, being hopelessly regarded as hereditary, met with no opposition, but went on increasing until it had rooted out all the members of a family. Even now a fearful waste of life by consumption takes place through intemperance, through scanty and unwholesome food, and by the indifference of the working classes to the foul air of their workrooms. "If," says Dr. Guy, "the people had pure air, they would soon cease to regard spirituous liquors necessary to their existence." Habits of intemperance will not suddenly grow into disuse, nor will a desire for pure air be created in a day; the example must be set by the higher classes before we can expect it from the lower. A writer of some knowledge and authority says, "We are apt to look upon insanity as the result of intemperance, whereas in many cases it is just the opposite, viz., intemperance is the result of insanity." I am quite inclined to believe this; otherwise women and girls, knowing the ruin and loss it entails upon them and their belongings, could not and would not dare to yield to the temptation of drink.

It is a curious fact that even where the general health of a land is good a certain number of days of sickness, serious enough to disable from work, is experienced by every individual in a population. The average number of days so lost in a year by males is six, and by females five. There is a slight difference caused by the work in which each person is engaged and at the age in which the work is done, those engaged in light work having slightly the advantage of those occupied in very heavy work; but those who have no special work suffer more days of sickness than either.

There are other sorrows in families besides occasional sickness and disease. There are many who, from their birth or from accident, are wanting in one or more of those faculties with which God has blessed His children. The blind, the deaf mute, the idiot and the lunatic, whether they be in the families of the rich or the poor, excite our tenderness and compassion, but much more do they appeal to our hearts when we find them among the very poor and friendless.

The sick poor is a most appealing phrase, and it is one of the good signs of the nineteenth century that the Governments of the civilised countries of the world regard them as their special care.

You have only to go and see the institutions in the various countries, as I have done, to mark how great a contrast the gentle and efficient treatment they now receive is to that of former years, when the various Governments had not grasped the idea that they were the parents and protectors of the sick and helpless poor.

Of course in articles such as these one can but barely touch the fringe of the various subjects so interesting and important to women and girls, but if I succeed in getting you to think them over I shall have done something.

To begin with the blind. The number of women and girls so afflicted in the various countries of the world you will see in the chart on the next page. It is only within the last half-century that we have been able to obtain any correct estimate of their number. Unhappily, since the first trustworthy returns, they have been found steadily to increase and keep pace with the growth of the population. The blind women and girls may be divided into three classes:* "those possessed of private means, those who live on the kindness and charity of their relations and friends, and those who are paupers," the last being by far the larger division.

It seems strange that in such a wealthy and beneficent country as England there should be no national provision made for the wants of the blind, while in other and less favoured lands they are specially provided for. There are many, thank God, who devote their whole time, talents, and money to alleviate the condition of the blind; among these many are women; one in particular I have in my mind whom the blind of London love and bless.†

It is generally thought to be much happier for the blind not to be shut away from the seeing population. Those who have lost a sense have the greater need of those who are possessed of all their faculties, and by hearing what seeing people are doing, and by conversation and being read to, they are kept up in the affairs of their country and their friends, and have pleasant matter for thought.

It has been thoughtlessly asserted that "blind people have plenty of time to think," forgetting that the time to think will be useless unless they have material given them for thought through the sense of hearing. It is the duty of all who are blessed with eyesight to try and lighten the sorrow of those who are deprived of it, and doubly so where this calamity is combined with poverty.

A large number of blind people, shut out from the sympathy of the seeing world, become insane.

As a rule, blindness is more common among men than women, and if in the age of sixty-five and upwards we find more blind women than men, it is because there are so many more aged women than men in the general population.

Of blind women and girls over fifteen, about nineteen per cent. earn their living, partly or wholly.

A very small number, indeed, of those who are blind were born so.

The number of deaf mutes among our women and girls will be found in the chart. A very small amount of deafness in young children results in dumbness. As an example, the following is stated by Dalby:—A girl, aged four and a half, became suddenly deaf, and in three months she had lost all speech except for two words by which she designated her father and mother. Thus it remained until she was six years old, when, by surgical treatment, her hearing was restored, and in about four months she could speak nearly as well as other children of her age.

The deaf mute owes much to the Abbé de l'Epée, who lived a century and a half ago. He did very much to reduce the teaching of the deaf and dumb to a system. He was much ridiculed for trying "to get access to minds shut up in prison," and his answer is worthy of note. "If," said he, "ideas can be conveyed to the mind independently of sight or sound, it follows that the blind can be taught to read by their fingers, and the deaf and dumb to speak by their hands and hear with their eyes."

There are institutions in every country, although very few are national. In France there are three expressly for girls; the boys' institution in Paris is that founded by the Abbé de l'Epée, but the few hundreds who are instructed are as nothing compared to those who need it. In the United States both the blind and the deaf and dumb are the special care of the Government, and by suitable training and education many of the poor so afflicted are rendered self-supporting.

Perhaps of all the sorrows which make their way into the domestic life none is more acutely felt, none more utterly destructive of happiness, than the development of idiotcy and insanity among the members of a family, and, notwithstanding all that is being done by the Governments of civilised countries, it increases yearly, but more especially among women. The cause of this, you may be quite sure, has been sought for with diligence, and men who have given their lives to the search assure us that the sole preventive against suicide and insanity is to diminish the struggle for life among men and women, and by early training to develop in them well-ordered ideas and plans by which they may be able to attain to and satisfy their ambitious aims. You will not be surprised to hear that as culture develops so does insanity and suicide increase and multiply.

Culture, even while it elevates, arouses passions which strain and disturb the nervous system to such an extent that death seems to the unhappy person the only way out of the misery. It has been ascertained beyond a doubt that education has of late years been carried on at such high pressure as to strain and excite the nervous system of our girls.

Whatever the cause may be—struggle for life, culture, intemperance, unbounded ambition—there is no doubt of the steady increase of insanity, especially among the women and girls. There are twelve per cent. more women insane than men between the age of twenty and fifty, a very serious excess indeed.

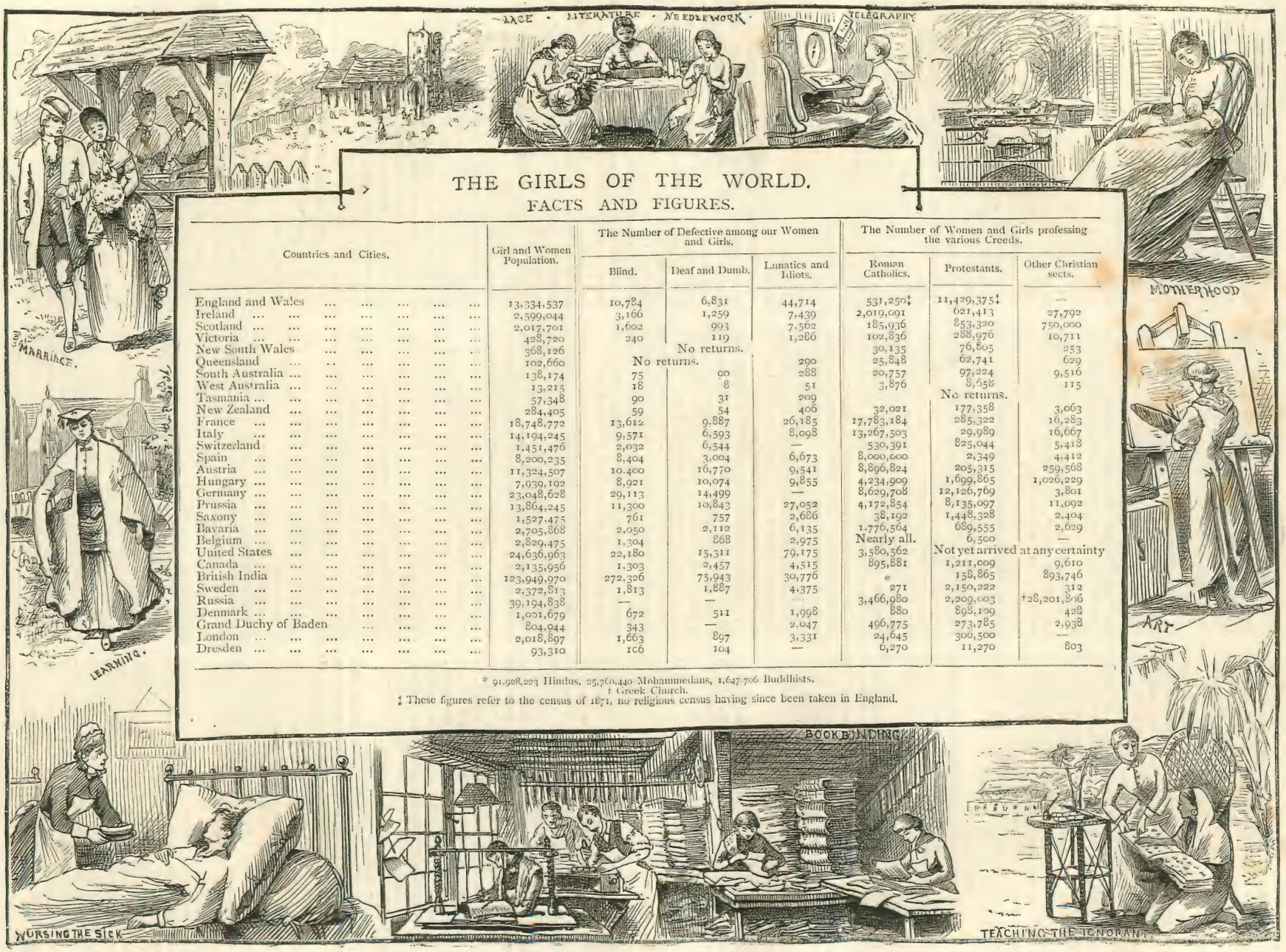
Far back in the ages we find that insanity received very intelligent treatment at the hands of the learned priests of Egypt, and later by the great philosophers and physicians of Greece. Instances are given of the way in which these last treated mental disease. The early morning was divided between gentle exercise and reflection, music and study, followed by conversation, gymnastic exercises, and a simple and temperate diet. A cold bath, reading, and music concluded the day. This mode of treatment was not possible in all cases, but wherever it was practicable it was carried out, and that through many centuries; but during the Dark Ages, and up to the end of the last century, the idiot and insane were treated more like brute beasts than human beings.

The nineteenth century has returned in a great measure to the scientific and humane treatment practised by heathen philosophers

* It is very important to young wives to remember that nothing imbibes and spreads infection like woollen articles, either of dress or furniture.

* Haswell, in his pamphlet on the blind.

† Mrs. Starey.



THE GIRLS OF THE WORLD.

FACTS AND FIGURES.

Countries and Cities.	Girl and Women Population.	The Number of Defective among our Women and Girls.			The Number of Women and Girls professing the various Creeds.		
		Blind.	Deaf and Dumb.	Lunatics and Idiots.	Roman Catholics.	Protestants.	Other Christian sects.
England and Wales	13,334,537	10,784	6,831	44,714	531,250‡	11,429,375‡	—
Ireland	2,599,044	3,166	1,259	7,439	2,019,091	621,413	27,792
Scotland	2,017,701	1,602	993	7,562	185,936	853,320	750,000
Victoria	428,720	240	119	1,286	102,836	288,976	10,711
New South Wales	368,126		No returns.		30,135	76,805	253
Queensland	102,660		No returns.		25,848	62,741	629
South Australia	138,174	75	00	288	20,757	97,224	9,516
West Australia	13,215	18	8	51	3,876	8,658	115
Tasmania	57,348	90	31	209		No returns.	
New Zealand	284,405	59	54	406	32,021	177,358	3,063
France	18,748,772	13,612	9,887	26,185	17,783,184	285,322	16,283
Italy	14,194,245	9,571	6,593	8,098	13,267,503	29,989	16,667
Switzerland	1,451,476	2,032	6,544	—	530,391	825,044	5,418
Spain	8,200,235	8,404	3,004	6,673	8,000,000	2,349	4,412
Austria	11,324,507	10,400	16,770	9,541	8,896,824	205,315	259,568
Hungary	7,939,192	8,921	10,074	9,855	4,234,909	1,699,865	1,026,229
Germany	23,048,628	29,113	14,499	—	8,629,708	12,126,769	3,801
Prussia	13,864,245	11,300	10,843	27,052	4,172,854	8,135,097	11,092
Saxony	1,527,475	761	757	2,686	38,192	1,448,328	2,404
Bavaria	2,705,868	2,050	2,112	6,135	1,776,564	689,555	2,629
Belgium	2,829,475	1,304	868	2,975	Nearly all.	6,500	—
United States	24,636,963	22,180	15,311	79,175	3,580,562	Not yet arrived at any certainty	
Canada	2,135,956	1,303	2,457	4,515	895,881	1,211,609	9,610
British India	123,949,970	272,326	75,943	30,776	*	158,865	893,746
Sweden	2,372,813	1,813	1,887	4,375	271	2,150,222	312
Russia	39,194,838	—	—	—	3,466,980	2,209,603	†28,201,806
Denmark	1,001,679	672	511	1,998	880	898,199	428
Grand Duchy of Baden	804,944	343	—	2,047	496,775	273,785	2,938
London	2,018,897	1,663	897	3,331	24,645	300,500	—
Dresden	93,310	106	104	—	6,270	11,270	803

* 91,928,223 Hindus, 25,760,440 Mohammedans, 1,647,706 Buddhists.
† Greek Church.
‡ These figures refer to the census of 1871, no religious census having since been taken in England.

some 3000 years ago. The influence of music, quiet, unexciting recreation, and moderate employment, together with a generous diet, is the treatment they receive in all our great institutions. I have been over the institutions in this country, in Germany, and in Italy, and am sure of what I say. I remember being specially struck with admiration when going over that in Genoa, and that of Hildesheim. It is, however, to London, the most populous and the most beneficent city in the world, that the honour is due of trying the experiment of separating imbecile and idiot children from the adult insane, and by amusement, education, and occupation making their lives not only bearable, but pleasant and useful. The institutions of the Metropolitan Asylum Board have shown the possibility of making good sailors out of idiot boys, and servants, useful and obliging, out of idiot girls. Their plans for the good of these children have been more successful than they could have dreamed of.

In the United States they have tried the same plans, and with the same results. These children are taught greatly by pictures, colour, and music. As they improve physically, morally, and intellectually, they are taught habits of industry, by means of which a large number become self-supporting.

It seems sad that there are no such institutions for the rich as are supplied and supported for the paupers. The Governments of the various countries have made good their claim to be considered the fathers of the sick poor, in the provisions they have made for their mental and bodily diseases.

Before proceeding to the next subject, I would like to give you, in a couple of sentences, the results of research into the cause and numbers of the blind, the deaf and dumb, and the insane.

"Blindness is very prevalent in Spain, Norway, and Ireland. The deaf and dumb are most numerous in Switzerland and Austria. The increase of insanity is more observed in France and Great Britain than in other countries, and in New York more than any other city. Political excitement may explain the increase in France, and business anxieties the increase in Great Britain."

The causes and percentage of insanity are thus set down :—

Hereditary	14	per cent.
Intemperance	33	,, ,,
Various causes	53	,, ,,
	100	,, ,,

We now come to pauperism, which consists of two classes—paupers who are unable to maintain themselves through want of bodily strength or through mental disease, and those who can work, but either will not or cannot find employment. The right of the first of these classes to our help and compassion is not questioned, and no one will say that the people of any and every country are not willing and ready with their help. Of the second class, however, much has been said, much has been written, and many questions asked which are difficult to answer. I am not the person, neither is this the place, to answer them. One thing is certain that however bad the condition of the poor is at this moment, yet it can be said with certainty that pauperism is decreasing, thereby proving that the general condition of the working classes is improving. It would be very interesting to notice the history of each country's dealing with its poor, but that would take up much space. This little we can say here, that from the earliest times of Christianity till late in the Middle Ages the care of the poor throughout Europe was left to the Church alone. Then it became a matter of State police, and lastly the municipalities undertook the task of relieving both Church and police of these duties. But it was in England, in the reign of Elizabeth, that we first hear of a special house being set aside for the seclusion of the poor, and called a workhouse.

Of our girls and women it may be confidently affirmed that a larger number are yearly becoming occupied with remunerative work, that intemperance is becoming less among the poorer classes, and that now they have become more thrifty the pawnshops are less visited. Still, there is much poverty among us, and the difficulties of getting out of it are very great if one considers how much more the poor have to pay for every article they buy than the rich, who buy in large quantities. For example, a grocer stated to a gentleman who was making inquiries upon this very subject: "The poor come into my shop and purchase the smallest quantity possible; daily, perhaps, half an ounce of tea." They therefore, as he said, have to pay him for the labour of weighing thirty-two quantities instead of one, for the extra amount of paper he uses for the thirty-two packets; then there is the time wasted in running to and from, beside the practice of using all within the little packet at once simply because it is small and the remainder they considered not worth saving. He calculated that the loss they suffered even in the purchase of one pound of tea would have bought them a pound of meat, and, of course, this runs through every article bought in the same manner. But these difficulties will, I hope, grow less as the present race of girls grow up carefully trained in habits of thrift and economy.

We do not intend to conclude these articles with the subject of sickness and poverty, but with the more hopeful picture of the large proportion of girls and women who have openly declared themselves as members of Christ's Church.

Of girls and women, there are in the world, in round numbers :—

106,250,000	Catholics,
59,898,400	Protestants,
42,500,000	members of the Greek Church,
4,250,000	of other Christian denominations,
3,187,000	Jewesses,*
53,125,000	Mohammedans, and
423,055,228	heathen and of no known creed.

Large as the number is that have declared themselves on the side of Christ, you see, by the figures I have just set down for you, how much larger is the number on the other side; therefore, there must be no ceasing of offering up the prayer, "Thy kingdom come," until every woman and girl in the wide world shall have joined the Pilgrim Band who "nightly pitch their moving tent a day's march nearer home."

[THE END.]

MY BROTHER'S FRIEND.

A New Serial Story by EGLANTON THORNE, Author of "The Old Worcester Jug," "In London Fields," "The Two Crowns," etc.

CHAPTER III.

SURPRISES.

I LEFT school for good at the following Easter, rather earlier than I had expected to leave; but father, when, at Christmas, he told me that I was to spend but one more term at Miss Carefull's, did not explain his reasons for thus shortening my school course. I will not dwell upon those last weeks at school. They are not pleasant to recall, for my resolve to study hard and improve to the utmost the advantages I enjoyed bore but little fruit. It was soon forgotten, like most of my good resolutions, and I fell into my old idle, careless ways.

Without Mabel to look after me, I grew more recklessly daring in my deeds, and was constantly in disgrace with Miss Carefull. But the girls seemed to like me in spite of my waywardness; indeed, I fear some of them made the more of me on account of it, fostering in my mind the foolish idea that there was something brave and high-spirited in the way I set Miss Carefull's rules at defiance. Yet when I took my final departure from the school, it was not without a fleeting sense of regret that I said good-bye to Miss Carefull and my old school-life.

My governess kissed me very affectionately when we parted, and I felt touched to think that she could love me in spite of the trouble I had given her.

"I have been a great bother to you, Miss Carefull," I said, with a sudden rush of penitence. "I am sorry for it now; though I suppose you will say I am sorry too late."

"It is too late, certainly, for you to do better at school," she said, rather sadly, "but not too late for you to conquer your careless habits and set about ordering your life in a wise and worthy fashion. Oh, my dear Dorothy, do make up your mind to gain stability of character! What I fear for you is that you will constantly act in a heedless, wayward fashion, and be sorry when it is too late. And there is no greater misery for a human soul than to mourn over sins that cannot be wiped out, and the consequences of which nothing can arrest."

Her words made me look grave, and filled me with secret uneasiness. Surely I should never feel such remorse as she described? And yet, already, how often had I had to deplore the consequences of my foolish, hasty actions!

* The total number of the Hebrew race to-day is about what it was in the days of King David, viz., nearly 7,000,000. Of this number only 13,500 live at Jerusalem.

I listened in silence whilst Miss Carefull went on to give me such good advice about the way in which I should order my time when I settled down at home for good, the books which I should read, the needlework which I should do, and so on.

"I say this to you, dear, because I know you have no mother to guide you," she said; "and a girl never more needs a mother's advice and care than during the years which follow her leaving school."

Ah! my heart told me that Miss Carefull spoke truly when she said this, and my eyes suddenly grew dim with tears as I thought that Mabel and I must lack a mother's tender training for the duties and responsibilities of womanhood.

My governess's words made such an impression on me that it was in a more thoughtful mood than usual that I took the well-known journey home. Like Mabel, when she left school, I felt as if my life were only now really beginning, and much I wondered how its course would run. Needless to say, my future was wholly different from anything I pictured to myself in the day-dreams into which I fell as the train bore me towards Burford.

Mabel was at the station to meet me. I saw her upright, graceful, well-dressed little figure as soon as the platform came in sight. I knew that Edmund would not be there, for he was at Beechwood, in Hertfordshire, on a visit to his friend, Ralph Dugdale. Mabel looked just the same as ever, and I forgot that I had undergone a change since we parted, till her startled stare reminded me of the fact.

"Good gracious, Dorothy, what have you done to your hair?"

"I've only had it cut off," I answered, colouring hotly; "it was such a bother, and now I have no trouble in keeping it tidy."

This wholesale sacrifice of my hair, however, was an impulsive act, which had caused me regret when it was too late. Having been sent by Miss Carefull to the hairdresser's under the care of the French governess, I had conceived the grand idea of being completely shorn of my long tresses, which had brought me so many reprimands on the score of untidiness; and, in spite of the remonstrances of mademoiselle, and the warnings of my fellow pupils, who thought it a very daring act on my part, I insisted on having my own way, and quitted the shop with my hair reduced to a short black crop, giving me the appearance of a schoolboy.

The indignation of Miss Carefull, who had a strong objection to such a style of coiffure for a young lady, and the punishment to which she condemned me, were easier to bear than the amusement I detected in various eyes as they observed my droll look, and my dread of what Mabel and Edmund would say when they saw the change I had undergone. Mabel's words were not pleasant to hear.

"Tidy!" she repeated, almost scornfully. "Do you call it tidy to have your hair sticking out like a broom behind your ears? You have done for yourself now, Dorothy. You have destroyed your chief beauty. You could have done anything with that rich mass of hair you possessed."

"Then you might have told me so before," I exclaimed, much exasperated. "You never called it a beauty whilst I had it. You were always telling me what a fright my hair looked."

"Because you never would keep it tidy," said Mabel, calmly. "But it looks worse than ever now. I shall be ashamed for Mr. Steinthorpe or anybody to see you."

'I am sure I do not care what Mr. Steinthorpe or anybody else may think of my hair!" I exclaimed, angrily.

"Oh, well," said Mabel, "don't let us quarrel just as you have come home."

Quarrel! Had it come to that? Was I on the point of quarrelling with the sister whom I loved so dearly, and whom I had been longing to see for weeks? How was it that whilst I loved and admired Mabel I was never with her long without losing my temper and uttering irritable words?

But if I was quickly made cross, Mabel, as everyone acknowledged, was very sweet-tempered. Though she still regarded my unfortunate hair with disapproving eyes, she chatted to me pleasantly enough as we drove home.

As we neared The Towers Mabel told me that she and father had lately dined there, and been most charmingly entertained by Mr. Steinthorpe.

"He took me over the house," she said, "and some of the rooms are lovely, Dorothy. The house is badly planned, certainly, but he means to make a good many improvements before long. At present most of the rooms are unused, and Mr. Steinthorpe lives almost entirely in the west tower, which he has fitted up for himself in most cosy bachelor fashion."

"I hope he won't ask me to go there," I said, with a scowl; "I can't bear that man."

Mabel looked very grave.

"I wish you would not speak so, Dorothy," she said, after a minute; "it is really very wrong of you to take such dislikes to people. And in this case it is not only wrong but ungrateful. Mr. Steinthorpe is a very good friend to father. There is hardly a day that he does not spend hours in the office with father."

"Is that being a good friend?" I asked. "I should think father would rather have his room than his company."

"You speak so because you do not understand," said Mabel, with an air of patiently bearing with me. "Mr. Steinthorpe is giving father practical help; I believe he has lent him a large sum of money."

I stared at Mabel in amazement.

"Why should he lend him money?" I said. "Father cannot be in want of money."

"I am afraid he is," said Mabel, in a low tone. "I fancy—indeed, I may say I know—that father has got into difficulties in his business. I don't understand it, but I believe there are new methods of tanning now, and father has not gone in for any improvements; he has not kept up with the times, and so the business has gone down, and he has been losing money over it for years, and Mr. Steinthorpe is anxious to help father if he can."

"Oh, dear me," I said, feeling unable to take in all the ideas that Mabel's words suggested. "I never thought that anything could go wrong with the business."

With a flash of new meaning came back to me the words my father had uttered a year ago, when reproving me for my idleness at school. Was this why he had warned me that it was well to be prepared for reverses of fortune?

I longed to question Mabel further concerning the bewildering information she had given me, but we were now at home. As I sprang down from the dog-cart I wondered that the sound of wheels had not brought Salome to the door to welcome me. I went into the house, and, seeing no one about, walked straight to the kitchen in search of Salome. A strange servant in dainty cap and apron stood there, who curtseyed to me in proper country fashion.

"Where is Salome?" I said.

She curtseyed again, but made no reply, probably because she did not understand the question. I went back to the dining-room, where Mabel stood taking off her gloves, and looking about her with her queen-like air. Certainly she had gained considerably in dignity since she left school.

"Where is Salome, Mabel?" I said.

"Salome is not here," said Mabel, looking at me gravely; "she has left us."

"Left us!" I repeated. "What do you mean?"

"I mean," said Mabel, speaking with a slight tightening of the lips, "that Salome lives with us no longer. I was very sorry to be obliged to do so, but there was no help for it—I had to dismiss her. It was impossible to have two mistresses in the house, and as Salome refused to conform to my wishes and do as I bade her, she had to go."

I could hardly believe my ears. I had seen when I was at home at Christmas how determined Salome was to adhere to her old established methods, and how equally determined Mabel was to have things done in her way. The two wills were constantly clashing, greatly to the disturbance of domestic harmony. I had often wondered what the ultimate issue of their conflicts would be, but I had never dreamed of such a result as this: that Mabel would dismiss our faithful old Salome, our nurse in childhood, and the mainstay of our home comfort ever since.

"Mabel," I cried, "you do not mean that you have sent Salome away? Oh, how could you have the heart to do it?"

"It was Salome's own fault that she left," said Mabel, quickly. "She would not do as I wished her."

"Oh, but you might have overlooked it," I exclaimed. "Our old nurse, who has been almost like a mother to us. I cannot bear to think of missing Salome. Where is she, Mabel, and when did she leave?"

"Oh, she is not far off; she is living in that little three-cornered cottage at the top of the road. I believe she will be very comfortable there. She went away early in the year; only a month after you returned to school."

"And why did you never tell me that she was going away?" I demanded.

"Oh, I did not like to tell you; I was afraid you would be grieved," said Mabel, her colour deepening somewhat; "and it is so difficult to explain things in letters; I thought it would be better to wait and tell you about it when you came home."

"You knew I should try to prevent it," I said. "I should have written to father. Oh, how could he let you send Salome away? It was not right, Mabel; you should have borne with her for the sake of the past. Oh, I can never forgive you for sending the poor old thing away. It was enough to break her heart."

"It is easy for you to say that," said Mabel, coldly; "you have not had to manage the house. But, happily, I do not need that you should approve of what I have done. I am satisfied that I have not failed in my duty towards Salome. If she had behaved as she should she might be here now." So saying, Mabel took up her gloves and, with an air of calm dignity, walked from the room. She went to the kitchen to give some directions to the servant, and I went up the narrow, tortuous staircase, shut off by a door from the stone passage, to my bedroom above. There was a long landing upstairs corresponding to the passage beneath, and on to it the bedrooms opened. As is often the case in old houses, the rooms were all connected. I had a little room opening out of Mabel's, but having an independent entrance from the landing. When I entered it now I at once closed the door of communication with my sister's room. Throwing off my hat, I sat down on the low, delightful window-seat, and leaned far out of my lattice, which was framed by a monthly rose-tree which already showed some buds, for the season was mild. I could look right over the far-spreading garden at the back of our house and mark the beauty of my favourite fruit-trees, each now a mass of snowy or pale pink blossoms. I could see the brook which divided the garden into two portions, and the little bridge with its white palings and white gate which gave access to the larger garden to those who did not care for the exertion of leaping the brook, a feat in which I often indulged, notwithstanding its unladylike character. But I looked on it now sadly. It was so strange neither to see Salome's sturdy form in the open space beneath the window nor to hear her voice in the kitchen below. I missed the hearty welcome she had always given me when I came back from school. My home seemed less homelike than usual.

"It was too bad of Mabel," I said to myself; "she ought not to have sent our dear old Salome away." I felt as if I could never forgive Mabel for what she had done, and I was the more vexed because I knew well that no words of mine would ever make Mabel regard her conduct in any other than the light in which she now saw it. Mabel knew nothing of the keen remorse which too often assailed me when I reviewed my past actions. She never appeared to doubt her own wisdom or to wish undone anything that she had done. Whatever others might say, she could always justify her own conduct, and was always sure that she had acted from right motives.

Presently I heard Mabel moving about in her own room, but I did not open the door which separated us. I went down stairs without exchanging more words with her.

As I roamed about the house I could not help observing how Mabel had improved its appearance. She had clever fingers, and tokens of their handywork were to be seen in various directions. Prettily worked covers hid the faded damask of the chairs in the summer-parlour; a table cloth here, an antimacassar there, softened the effect of the stiff, ugly furniture; whilst ferns and flowers brightened each sitting-room. Mabel had exquisite taste, and loved to have everything about her as elegant as possible. And whatever she did, whether the looping of a curtain, or the folding of a dinner-napkin, or the arrangement of her own dainty dress, she seemed to impart to it a grace peculiarly her own. Mabel apparently was endowed with a special faculty for ordering a house not only well, but beautifully.

I was going across to the office to seek father when I caught sight of Mr. Steinthorpe standing in the doorway talking to him. I retreated into father's room and stood by the window, which commanded the yard, to watch till Mr. Steinthorpe took his departure. I had left the door open, and across the passage I could see Mabel moving about in the dining-room, placing flowers upon the tea-table and giving her own finish to the arrangements for the meal. She wore a pretty fawn-coloured gown, set off by a cluster of primroses at the throat, which became her admirably. I had come home as usual with my frocks in the shabbiest state, and I knew that my appearance would contrast vividly and by no means favourably with that of Mabel.

Presently I startled Mabel out of her usual equanimity by rushing across the passage with the announcement—

"Oh, Mab, what do you think? Father is bringing Mr. Steinthorpe in to tea. It is too bad of him; he might think that we should like to be alone on my first evening. That horrid man!"

To my astonishment, Mabel flushed crimson, and for almost the first time in her life she turned upon me with positive anger flashing in her eyes.

"You should not speak so, Dorothy; it is very wrong of you. You pain me very much."

"Pain you!" I repeated, stupidly. "Are you so very fond of Mr. Steinthorpe?"

Mabel turned a little away from me. She had regained self-control; but her face was still aglow with colour as she said, in a constrained manner—

"I had better tell you at once, Dorothy, that I am engaged to marry Mr. Steinthorpe."

No news could have been less expected by me, nor less welcome.

"Mabel!" I said, and stood staring at her, aghast.

I could hardly believe my ears. Mabel was still mechanically arranging the things on the table, though with hands that trembled a little, and I caught the gleam of a splendid diamond ring, the significance of which did not escape me; yet I tried to put the truth from me.

"Oh, Mabel, it cannot be true!" I gasped. "You are never going to marry that horrid man?"

"Dorothy, I will not have it!" cried Mabel, imperiously. "You shall not call him a 'horrid man' to me!"

I was dimly aware that I was behaving very badly, but I could not help it. My first sensations were entirely of dismay.

"How can you like to think of it?" I said, foolishly. "You can't love him, surely, Mabel?"

Mabel flushed again; then she conquered her indignation and gave a little laugh.

"You certainly are the most extraordinary girl, Dorothy. Do you think I should have promised to marry him if I did not love him? I can tell you I am proud and happy to think of being Howard Steinthorpe's wife."

And the air of elation with which she spoke showed that her words were perfectly sincere.

"Shall you have to live at The Towers, Mabel?" I asked, mournfully.

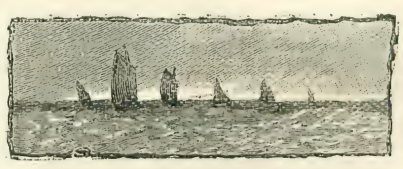
"Of course, I shall live in my husband's house when I am married," said Mabel. "Why, Dorothy, I declare there are tears in your eyes! How odd you are! One would think you might be glad that I am going to be so happy, and that you might say something nice and kind."

"I am sure I hope you will be happy," I faltered. "Forgive me if I seem stupid, but I feel as if I could not believe it. And I can't like the thought of giving you up to Mr. Steinthorpe."

So saying, I put my arms round Mabel and kissed her with mournful tenderness. I could not help regarding her as somewhat of a victim; it was so difficult for me to connect the idea of happiness with her marriage to Mr. Steinthorpe.

Whilst we talked the voices of the gentlemen were heard in the passage, and now their steps approached the dining-room. I had but time to dash the tears from my eyes and make a desperate attempt to look as usual when my father entered, followed by Mr. Steinthorpe. I felt far from ready to receive the latter as my future brother-in-law.

(*To be continued.*)



THE TREES.

(From the German of Louise Hensel.)

By the Rev. JOHN KELLY, Translator of "Hymns of the Present Century."

ALL my Master's works are fair—
No flaw in them is seen;
And yet the dear trees best of all
I love to see, I ween.

They many wholesome lessons teach
For this our pilgrim way,
And upwards often drawing thoughts
To Heaven's bright cloudless day.

"Be strong and brave, O heart of man!"
The old Oak to me cries;
"In faith stand firm and waver not,
Look upward to the skies!"

The Lime says, "Be of gentle mind—
Be peaceful, free from harm,
Extend to every weary one
Thy kind and sheltering arm."

The Apple tree doth warning give—
"Thy faith be no vain show;
Let not the gardener come for fruit,
And empty-handed go!"

The Fir tree whispereth, "O soul!
Be true in joy and woe;
Be thou the same in gentle May,
The same in storm and snow!"

Yet Birch, thou art my favourite tree,
In bridal beauty clad;
When I see thee in roomy place
My heart in me is glad.

In robe of white and crown of green,
O tree, thou standest here!
O Lord, may I before Thy throne
In like array appear!

A GIRL'S RAMBLES THROUGH HAUNTED LONDON;

OR,

ANECDOTES OF THE STREETS OF THE GREAT METROPOLIS.

By JAMES AND NANETTE MASON.

VII.—*From Smithfield to Holborn.*

THE recollections connected with Smithfield are an odd mixture of tragedy and comedy. We may here sigh over the fate of martyrs who at Smithfield made exit from a wicked world, or we may laugh at the recollection of the fun and frolic of Bartholomew Fair, which was held in this open space from the reign of Henry I. down to 1855.

It was at Smithfield that Anne Askew was burned in 1546, as we mentioned when speaking of the Guildhall, where she was tried. Three others suffered at the same time. Before the fire was kindled, says Foxe, "the lord chancellor sent to Anne Askew offering her the king's pardon if she would recant; a letter, said to be written by the king, was put into her hand; but she, refusing to look upon it, made answer, 'I come not hither to deny my Lord and Master.' Then were letters offered to the others, who in like manner refused even to look on them; continuing to cheer and exhort each other by the hope of the glory they were about to enter; whereon the lord mayor, commanding fire to be put to them, cried, with a loud voice, '*Fiat justitia.*' Then were these blessed martyrs compassed in with flames of fire, as holy sacrifices to God and His truth."

That happened in the reign of Henry VIII., and in the reign of his successor, Edward VI., Smithfield witnessed the burning of Jean Bocher, a pious, worthy Kentish woman, whose sole crime was an erroneous opinion on the nature of the incarnation. Jean had been a friend of Anne Askew's. The day before her execution Ridley went to reason with her, but all the effect he produced was to draw from her a sarcasm at the weathercock opinions of the times. "It is not so long ago," she remarked, "since you burned Anne Askew for a piece of bread, yet came yourselves to believe the doctrine for which you burned her; and now you will burn me for a piece of flesh, and in the end you will believe this also." She was, remarks Mr. Froude, "one of the very few victims of the ancient hatred of heresy with which the Reformed Church of England has to charge itself."

In the reign of Queen Mary, when times were changed again, fanaticism sent many Protestants to the stake at Smithfield. Bloody Mary signed the death warrant of no fewer than two hundred and seventy-seven "heretics." The spot generally used in her reign for the burning of Protestants was just opposite the entrance to the gate of St. Bartholomew's Priory. The stake was placed so that the martyr's face was turned towards the east and to the great gate of the priory.

Smithfield was the place for the public execution of criminals convicted of murder, robbery, and such like crimes until the reign of Henry IV., when Tyburn was chosen for the same purpose. A singular and severe punishment was inflicted, in 1541, on a young woman called Mary Davie. She was found guilty of poisoning, and for that crime was boiled to death.

A more cheerful subject is Bartholomew Fair, which was held in Smithfield, and came to an end in 1855, after an existence of seven centuries and a half. It had a business origin, but in later times the features of the fair were eating, drinking, and amusement. Whilst it lasted, Smithfield was crowded with theatrical booths, puppet shows, menageries, swings, refreshment stalls, and exhibitions in caravans of giants and dwarfs, living skeletons, pig-faced ladies, learned horses and cats, and "amazing pigs of knowledge."

The famous Miss Biffin, who, though she had neither hands nor arms, painted miniature portraits with considerable ability, was one of the wonders of Bartholomew Fair in the beginning of this century. She was discovered in the fair by the Earl of Morton, who sat to her for his likeness, always taking away the unfinished picture when he left that he might make sure there was no deception, and that the portrait was really the work of Miss Biffin's shoulder. When it was done, the earl laid it before George III., and was so far successful in interesting royalty in the artist that Miss Biffin not only enjoyed the favour of George III. and of his successor, George IV.,

AMONG THE TREES.

but received a small pension from William IV., with which, at the earl's request, she retired from a caravan life.

A strong woman made her appearance at the fair in 1752. In that year there was, to quote the advertisement, "At the Greyhound, in West Smithfield, the famous Italian Female Samson, who has been applauded in Courts of Europe, and in England at last Bristol Fair. She walks barefoot on a bar of red-hot iron. A block of marble two or three thousand pounds' weight on her person she will throw to a distance of six feet without using her hands."

In 1814 another woman who made a sensation in the fair in the same line of business was the Fireproof Lady, Madam Giradelli, who "put melted lead into her mouth and spat it out marked with her teeth, passed red-hot iron over her body and limbs, her tongue and her hair, thrust her arm into fire, and washed her hands not only in boiling lead, but in boiling oil and aquafortis."

What professed to be a mermaid was exhibited at Bartholomew Fair in 1825. It was only a penny show, but three years before it had attracted fashionable crowds in Piccadilly at the charge of half a crown each person. The imposture was a hideous combination of a dried monkey's head and body and the tail of a fish.

The narrow lane in West Smithfield known as Cock-lane was in 1762 the scene of a celebrated imposture known as the "Cock-lane Ghost." The story is an odd one. A girl of eleven or twelve years old, the daughter of a man named Parsons, the clerk of the neighbouring church of St. Sepulchre's, complained of being disturbed at night by the knocking and scratching of some invisible agent in whatever room she happened to be. The father circulated a report that this spirit-rapping was caused by the uneasy ghost of a young gentlewoman of respectable family buried in the vaults of the church of St. John, Clerkenwell. He invented a conversation code for communicating with the ghost, and in this way learned—or, at least, gave out that he learned—that the spirit charged her husband with poisoning her with a glass of deleterious punch.

The story spread, and the house in Cock-lane was visited by thousands of people, many of them of high rank, and public opinion was divided as to whether the sounds were caused by trickery or really by a visitant from the other world. The floor and wainscot were ripped up, but nothing could be discovered.

The ghost at last promised that she would convince unbelievers by giving raps on the coffin in the vault of St. John's Church. But the inquirers who went there—and Dr. Samuel Johnson was one of them—were disappointed. The spirit was solemnly required to perform her promise, but she was not a woman of her word; there was nothing but silence.

Sensible people became convinced that, as Dr. Johnson puts it, Parsons' daughter "had some art of making or counterfeiting a particular noise, and that there was no agency of any higher cause." A few months after the scene in the vault, those who took an active part in the imposture were tried at Guildhall and convicted of a conspiracy against the life and character of the husband of the dead woman whose ghost was credited with making such a disturbance. Some of them were fined and others were imprisoned. The father of the girl was set three several times in the pillory and imprisoned for two years. He appears to have had a spite against the husband of the pretended ghost, in consequence of some money transactions.

The girl ultimately confessed as much as that the trick had been carried on by means of ventriloquism—a faculty then little understood. She died in 1807, having been twice married.

One of the original people connected with Clerkenwell, which lies to the north of Smithfield, was the widow of Christopher Monk, the second Duke of Albemarle. She died at Newcastle House, Clerkenwell, in 1738. At the duke's death she was left an immense fortune, and riches appear to have turned her crazy. She vowed that if she married again it would be to no other than a sovereign prince. Her second husband was actually the first Duke of Montague, but he gained her hand by making her believe that he was the Emperor of China! As might be expected from such a beginning, it was anything but a happy union; but the Duke of Montague died, and the mad duchess survived him for thirty years. She kept up the idea of royal magnificence to the last, and insisted on being always served on bended knee.

Going southwards from Smithfield we make our next halt in Newgate-street, and looking through the rails at Christ's Hospital remember how the monastery of Grey Friars, which used to occupy the site of the hospital, was a favourite burying-place of the Queens of England, and other illustrious ladies. Amongst these were Margaret, the second wife of Edward I.; Isabel, the wife of Edward II.; Joan of the Tower, her daughter, who married David II., King of Scots; and Isabel, Baroness Fitzwarren, Queen of the Isle of Man.

The prison of Newgate will ever be famous in the records of philanthropy on account of the labours within its gloomy walls of Mrs. Fry, a true heroine, the aim of whose life was to transform criminals and outcasts into God-fearing men and women. The state of Newgate when she first visited the female prisoners there, in 1813, was almost beyond belief. In two wards and two cells, of which the extent did not exceed a hundred and ninety square yards, no fewer than three hundred women and children were confined. Some of the women were tried, others were still unconvicted, but all lived together and fared alike: they lived, cooked, and washed in these four rooms. Their bed was on the floor, some of the boards of which, raised for the purpose, served for a pillow. Such clothing as they had was in rags. Nothing was given them to do, and they fought, drank, and gambled without restraint. The governor of Newgate always entered this portion of the prison reluctantly, and to reform the reckless crew seemed one of the most hopeless things in the world.

But Mrs. Fry tried it. Writing on the 16th of February, 1813, she thus speaks of her third visit:—"Yesterday we were some hours at Newgate with the poor female felons, attending to their outward necessities; we had been twice previously. Before we went away dear Anna Buxton uttered a few words in supplication, and, very unexpectedly to myself, I did also. I heard weeping, and I thought they appeared much tendered. A very solemn quiet was observed. It was a striking scene—the poor people on their knees around us in their deplorable condition."

In April, 1817, Mrs. Fry, in company with the wife of a clergyman and eleven members of the Society of Friends, formed "An Association for the Improvement of the Female Prisoners in Newgate." Its object was declared to be "to provide for the clothing, the instruction, and the employment of the women, to introduce them to a knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, and to form in them, as much as possible, those habits of order, sobriety, and industry which may render them docile and peaceable whilst in prison, and respectable when they leave it."

Mrs. Fry and her friends worked hard—"they literally lived among the prisoners"—and the effect of their self-denying labours was soon apparent. The inmates of the prison, from being like wild beasts, soon appeared harmless and kind. The improvement which the Association effected even in the short space of a fortnight was wonderful. A gentleman who then visited Newgate thus describes what he saw:—

"I went, and requested permission to see Mrs. Fry, which was shortly obtained, and I was conducted by a turnkey to the entrance of the women's wards. On my approach, no loud or dissonant sounds or angry voices indicated that I was about to enter a place which, I was credibly assured, had long had for one of its titles that of 'Hell above ground.' The courtyard into which I was admitted, instead of being peopled with beings scarcely human—blaspheming, fighting, tearing each other's hair, or gaming with a filthy pack of cards for the very clothes they wore, which often did not suffice even for decency—presented a scene where stillness and propriety reigned.

"I was conducted by a decently-dressed person, the newly-appointed yard's-woman, to the door of a ward, where, at the head of a long table, sat a lady belonging to the Society of Friends. She was reading aloud to about sixteen women, prisoners, who were engaged in needlework around it. Each wore a clean-looking blue apron and bib, with a ticket, having a number on it, suspended from her neck by a red tape. They all rose on my entrance, curtsied respectfully, and then, at a signal given, resumed their seats and employments. Instead of a scowl, leer, or ill-suppressed laugh, I observed on their countenances an air of self-respect and gravity, a sort of consciousness of their improved character and the altered position in which they were placed. I afterwards visited the other wards, which were the counterparts of the first."

When the women convicts left for Botany Bay—these were the days of Botany Bay—Mrs. Fry and her companion made it a rule to accompany them to Deptford, see them on board, give them Bibles, establish a school for the children, and provide them with work for the voyage. One who chanced to meet Mrs. Fry as she returned from a convict ship records the indescribable charm that seemed to accompany all the actions of "this beautiful, persuasive, and heavenly-minded woman." "To see her," he adds, "was to love her; to hear her was to feel as if a guardian angel had bade you follow that teaching which could alone subdue the temptations and evils of this life and secure a Redeemer's love in eternity."

It is pleasing to be able to add that Mrs. Fry's philanthropic labours were never allowed by her to interfere with what ought to be the first care of every wife and mother—duty to her own family. She was as good a wife and mother as she was a prisoner's friend. Her offspring was numerous, and she herself records that when the King of Prussia paid her a visit at her residence in Upton-lane, she presented to him seven of her sons and sons-in-law, eight of her daughters and daughters-in-law, and twenty-five of her grandchildren.

In the churchyard of St. Sepulchre's, within a stone's throw of Newgate, lies buried Captain John Smith, a famous soldier of fortune, with whose name will ever be associated that of the Indian princess, Pocahontas, who once saved his life. Smith, during the early settlement of Virginia, had fallen into the hands of the Indians, and had been sentenced to death. His execution, however, was not immediate, and whilst awaiting his end he calmly amused himself in stringing beads, which he gave to Pocahontas, the daughter of the chief, Powhatan, a girl of twelve years of age. She was an engaging child; her beauty of face and form and her noble spirit, combined with gentleness, gave her a place so far in advance of the other maidens of her people that she was known as "the nonpareil of the country."

At last the day of Captain Smith's doom was fixed; he was to die under the blows of the tomahawk. He bowed his neck to receive the fatal stroke; the tomahawk was lifted; but just at that moment Pocahontas, obeying an impulse of mercy, sprang to his side, threw her arms about him, and, laying her head upon his, interposed between him and death. Her devotion and entreaties spared his life, and the Indians resolved to treat him as a friend. He was shortly afterwards permitted to return to his own people, and his captivity ultimately proved of great service to the colony, for he was able to establish a peaceful intercourse between the English and the tribes who acknowledged the sway of the father of Pocahontas.

The great City improvement of the Holborn Viaduct swept away a street called Skinner-street, which used to run by the south side of St. Sepulchre's. In Skinner-street William Godwin, the author of "Caleb Williams," had a shop for several years, and we mention him that we may allude to the chief event of his life, his marriage with the celebrated Mary Wollstonecraft. It was an original union. Both being of opinion that it is possible for two persons to be too uniformly in each other's society, Godwin took an apartment about twenty doors from the house they occupied in Somers Town, and there for the greater part of every day he pursued his studies and literary occupations.

"We also agreed," he says, "in condemning the notion that a man and his wife cannot visit in mixed society but in company with each other, and we rather sought occasions of deviating from than of complying with this rule. By these means, though for the most part we spent the latter part of each day in one another's society, yet we were in no danger of satiety. We seemed to combine, in a considerable degree, the novelty and lively sensation of a visit with the more delicious and heartfelt pleasures of domestic life." It was a marriage that provided a haven of rest for Mary Wollstonecraft after the storms of her early career; but it only lasted about eighteen months, when she died in giving birth to a child, who grew to womanhood, and became the wife of the poet Shelley, and the author of "Frankenstein."

Two marriages of interest are connected with the church of St. Andrew's, Holborn, the first church of England after St. Sepulchre's that we come to going west. On the 3rd of July, 1638, Colonel Hutchinson was married here to Lucy Apsley, the second daughter of Sir Allen Apsley, who till the time of his death, in 1630, was Lieutenant of the Tower. Mrs. Hutchinson is well-known through her "Memoirs" of the life of her husband, a charming book by a noble woman.

There have been many instances of love at first sight, but in Colonel Hutchinson's case it was love before first sight. The way it happened was this:—He had gone to Richmond to stay for a short time with his music-master, a man who stood high in his profession, and in the musician's house was a younger daughter of Sir Allen Apsley. She was boarding there for the practice of the lute, and till the return of her mother, who had gone into Wiltshire to complete a treaty, in which some progress had been made, about the marriage of her elder daughter, Lucy.

"This young girl," says Mrs. Hutchinson, "that was left in the house with Mr. Hutchinson was a very child, her elder sister at that time being scarcely past it, but a child of such pleasantness and vivacity of spirit that Mr. Hutchinson took pleasure in hearing her practise, and would fall in a discourse with her.

"She, having the keys of her mother's house, some half a mile distant, would sometimes ask Mr. Hutchinson, when she went over, to walk along with her. One day when he was there, looking upon an odd by-shelf in her sister's closet, he found a few Latin books. Asking whose they were, he was told they were her elder sister's; whereupon, inquiring more after her, he begun to be sorry she was gone before he had seen her, and gone upon such an account he was not likely to see her.

"Then he grew to love to hear mention of her, and the other gentlewomen who had been her companions used to talk much to him of her, telling him how reserved and studious she was, and other things which they esteemed no advantage; but it so much inflamed Mr. Hutchinson's desire of seeing her that he began to wonder that his heart, which had ever had such an indifferency for the most excellent of womankind, should have so strong impulses towards a stranger he never saw; and, certainly, it was of the Lord (though he perceived it not) who had ordained him, through so many providences, to be yolked with her, in whom he found so much satisfaction." Such a hold had the phantom Miss Lucy taken of him that when one day the news arrived as they sat at table that led all the company to declare that she was actually married, he turned pale as death, and had to retire from the room to hide his agitation.

But the company was mistaken; Miss Lucy came back unmarried. Mr. Hutchinson found his expectations more than realised, and as for the young lady, in the quaint words of the "Memoirs," "she was surprised with some unusual liking in her soul" when she first cast eyes on him.

They soon became engaged, but, unfortunately, the day before the friends on both sides met to celebrate the marriage, she fell ill of the small-pox. "First her life was almost in desperate hazard, and then the disease, for the present, made her the most deformed person that could be seen for a great while after she recovered. Yet Mr. Hutchinson was nothing troubled at it, but married her as soon as she was able to quit the chamber, when the priest and all that saw her were affrighted to look on her; but God recompensed his justice and constancy by restoring her, though she was longer than ordinary before she recovered, as well as before."

The parish registry of St. Andrew's, Holborn, contains the entry of a marriage that turned out very differently—the ill-starred union between Lady Hatton (the wealthy widow of Sir William Hatton) and Sir Edward Coke, the great lawyer, which took place in 1598. There never was much love lost on either side, and from the very beginning Lady Hatton affected great contempt for her husband, who, by the way, was old enough to have been her father. She was imperious, officious, and vindictive, and her second instalment of matrimonial life was marked by some most amusing squabbles.

The honeymoon was not long over when Lady Hatton forbade her spouse to enter her Holborn house (which stood not far from St. Andrew's Church) except by a back door. For many years the stern lawyer submitted to be henpecked in silence. At length, however, he was driven to have recourse to law, for while he was professionally engaged in London his wife was in the country dismantling his house at Stoke. She collected all his plate and other valuable movables, and carried them off to one of the residences which had been left her by her first husband.

Unfortunately for him, Sir Edward had not the patience to wait for the decision of the Courts. He took the law in his own hands, and forcibly entered Lady Hatton's houses in search of his property, and in recovering it carried off some of hers.

This gave rise to an action on her part. "Stop," she said to the Court, "his high, tyrannical courses; for I have suffered beyond the measure of any wife, mother, nay, of any ordinary woman in this kingdom, without respect to my father, my birth, my fortunes, with which I have so highly raised him."

Sir Edward might at first have been in the right, but he had acted so as to put himself in the wrong. Judgment was given in favour of Lady Hatton, and a reconciliation took place, Sir Edward expressing himself as hopeful that "she would still prove a very good wife."

The following year, however, there was another dispute, and the subject of it was their only child, a girl about fourteen years of age. Sir Edward wished her to marry Sir John Villiers (brother of Buckingham, the favourite of King James), and neither the girl nor her mother was willing.

He told them one night that he was determined that the marriage should come off, and on waking next morning found that Lady Hatton and her daughter had left the house at midnight. After several days he learned that they were concealed at Oatlands, a house rented by a cousin of Lady Hatton's.

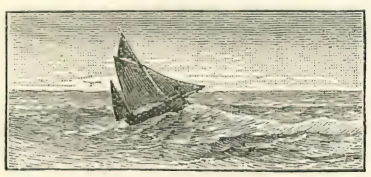
Sir Edward then got together a dozen strong men, all well armed, and, without taking any trouble about a warrant, posted down to Oatlands, and after two hours' resistance took the house by assault and battery. He carried off his daughter in triumph to Stoke, locked her up in an upper room, and put the key in his pocket.

Lady Hatton made an attempt to recover her daughter by force, but it was unsuccessful, and landed her in prison, much to her husband's delight. With his wife in prison and his daughter under lock and key, he, to use his own words, "had got upon his wings again."

Both wife and daughter now promised a legal consent to the marriage, which took place at Hampton Court, in 1617, in the presence of the king and queen and all the leading nobility of England. Lady Hatton, however, was prudently kept in confinement till it was over.

The domestic broils of Sir Edward came to an end only with his life. Lady Hatton pursued him with rancorous hatred, and openly avowed her impatience for his death. He died on the 3rd of September, 1634, in the eighty-fourth year of his age.

(*To be continued.*)



INSIDE PASSENGERS; OR, THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF LUKE AND BELINDA.

By A LONDON PHYSICIAN.

CHAPTER IX.

A CATASTROPHE.

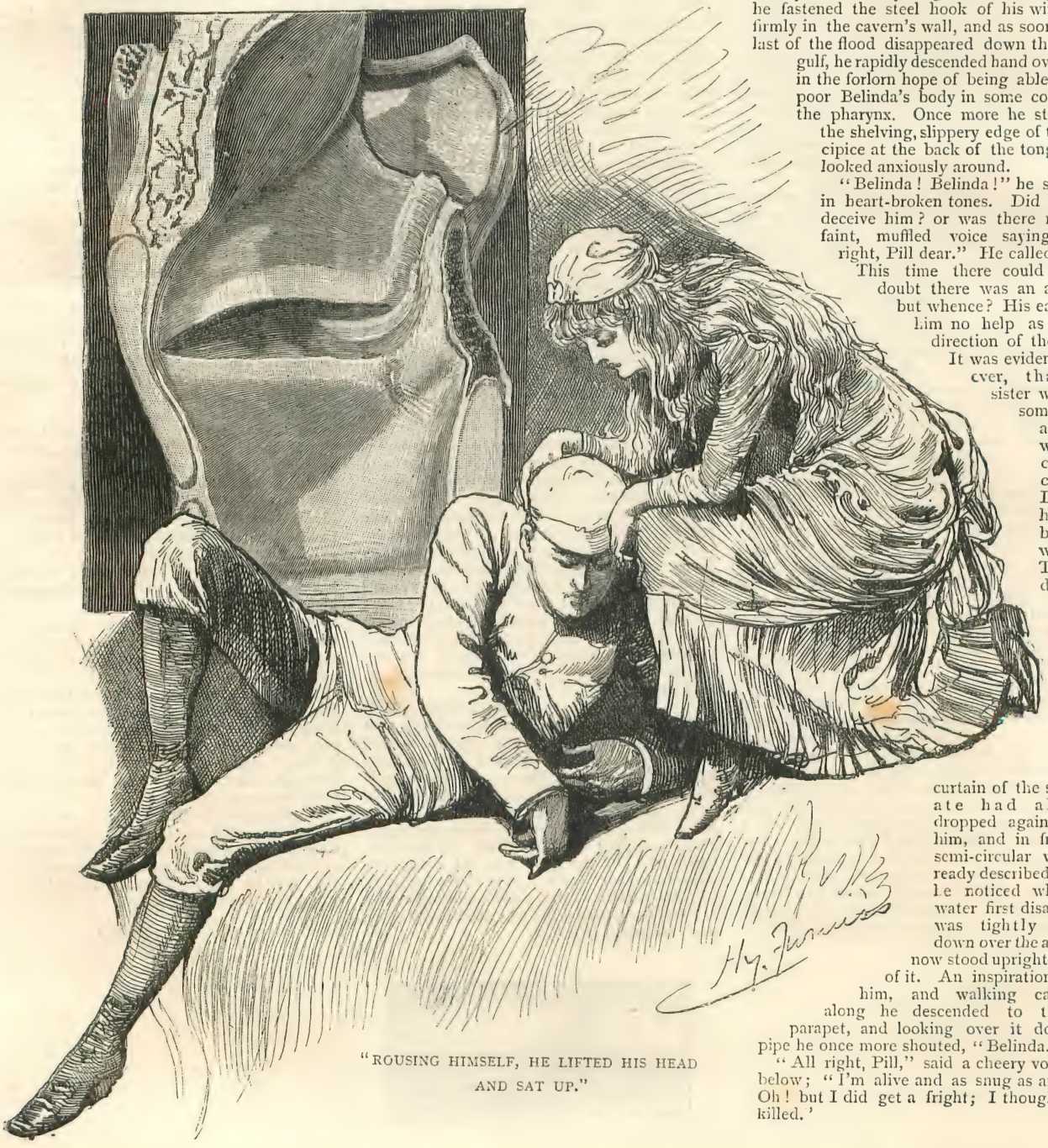
LUKE gazed with awe at the altered aspect of his uncle's throat. The vast fleshy curtain dividing it from the mouth in front, raised by some unseen power, stretched horizontally just level with his head, reaching back to the posterior wall of the pharynx, and cutting off all communication with the nose above, and, indeed (but for being a little more raised on his side), with the eustachian tubes as well, while the whole of the cavity of the mouth, which he could now plainly see, together with the pharynx was filled with a tossing, whirling stream of turbid water, that, reaching nearly up to his feet, was rushing and eddying like a maelstrom down the dark abyss at the rear. At first sight Luke's impression was that his uncle was dying, and this, with Belinda's disappearance, who was probably drowned, filled him with anguish, and he, somewhat unfairly, charged himself with being the unlucky author of the double catastrophe by undertaking such a rash and hazardous journey. He soon, however, discovered that his uncle was not dying, but only drinking what, from the somewhat muddy appearance of the torrent, Luke rightly guessed to be beer. Relieved from one fear, the other only returned with double force. He shouted his sister's name once or twice, with no other answer than the echo from the lofty roof.

"She's drowned in that dreadful whirlpool; I know she is, and it's all my fault," sobbed poor Luke, completely breaking down in his grief for his beloved Bozy. "Whatever possessed me to let her leave my side in such a place?"

Overcome with grief, Luke looked in a helpless sort of way all round the cavern, illuminating each part in turn with the electric ray, until at last as he turned it downward again he found to his joy the waters were abating. Ready to risk everything for his darling sister, he fastened the steel hook of his wire rope firmly in the cavern's wall, and as soon as the last of the flood disappeared down the black gulf, he rapidly descended hand over hand in the forlorn hope of being able to find poor Belinda's body in some corner of the pharynx. Once more he stood on the shelving, slippery edge of the precipice at the back of the tongue and looked anxiously around.

"Belinda! Belinda!" he shouted, in heart-broken tones. Did his ears deceive him? or was there really a faint, muffled voice saying "All right, Pill dear." He called again. This time there could be no doubt there was an answer; but whence? His ears gave him no help as to the direction of the voice. It was evident, however, that his sister was alive somewhere, and that was sufficient to cause Luke's heart to bound with joy. The pendulous curtain of the soft palate had already dropped again behind him, and in front the semi-circular wall (already described), which he noticed when the water first disappeared was tightly closed down over the air shaft; now stood upright in front of it. An inspiration seized him, and walking cautiously along he descended to the low parapet, and looking over it down the pipe he once more shouted, "Belinda."

"All right, Pill," said a cheery voice from below; "I'm alive and as snug as anything. Oh! but I did get a fright; I thought I was killed.'



"ROUSING HIMSELF, HE LIFTED HIS HEAD AND SAT UP."

"Where are you?" said Luke, looking down with his light.

"Here," shouted the lost one. About fifty yards from the mouth the large air shaft was nearly closed by two broad, white, glistening bands, which, stretching across from each side, left only a small triangular space some fifteen yards broad in the middle. The sides of these bands were partly concealed from view by the soft red walls of the shaft; but what interested and delighted Luke, however, was the sight of his sister's hands visible beyond the overhanging sides, waving vigorously a red sash.

"All right," said Luke, as soon as this token appeared, "I'll be with you in a moment."

The fifty yards were, however, a little too far even for Luke to jump, so he ran back, jerked his hook off the wall above, and, fixing it securely on the edge of the shaft, rapidly descended hand over hand till he stood on the silvery ledge. Only for an instant though, for, as his feet touched it, the floor slid from beneath them, a deafening clap of thunder was heard, and Luke was hurled upwards with such violence, that, had he not been standing near the sides, he would have been driven right against the cavern's roof; but as it was his head came in forcible contact with the soft red overhanging wall already spoken of, and down he fell again, half-stunned, rolling off the white floor into a recess at the side till now concealed from his view.

When he recovered he found himself with his head on Belinda's lap, who was saying in a doleful voice, "My poor Pill, my poor Pill!" and going off into a general state of shakes, accompanied by short gasps that might be sobs, but that sounded to Luke's recurring senses suspiciously like laughs. Rousing himself, he lifted his head and sat up. There was Belinda, kneeling in front of him, her face illuminated with the light he still carried, and which, curiously enough, had not been put out, and evidently laughing.

"I'm glad to see you so merry, Bozy," said Luke, rather ruefully, "but I've had an awful shaking in mind and body. What with losing you, and the force of that explosion, I feel anybody but myself."

"I had my share too, Pill," said Belinda, "but as you see, I've recovered, and so will you."

"Tell me, Bozy, where we are, exactly, and how you got here."

"We're in the dearest, duckiest little cave I ever saw, Pill, opening on to one of those treacherous bands that were nearly the death of both of us. However I'm alive I really cannot understand. If everything were not so soft and spongy I certainly must have been dashed in pieces."

"Well, however in the world did you get here?"

"Pretty much as you did, Pill, only a little faster. I was standing, you know, at the end of that tube when, just after I heard the rattlesnakes, the floor moved, and before I knew where I was, down I fell. Well, I gave myself up for lost, and shrieked awfully. Somehow, when I reached the tongue I slided about, and by the greatest miracle tumbled down here instead of down that precipice behind. I fell on the same white band, which exploded, just as it did with you, banged me up against that red ledge, and down I rolled here. But I had no kind brother to comfort me, and, what was worse, something shut down tightly over the top of the shaft, and I had no light, and very little air, while overhead was the most fearful rushing and gurgling. I thought uncle was dying, and all the time, Pill, there was such a dreadful rocking and heaving that I felt quite sick."

"I thought he was dying, too, Bozy. But what an escape you had; if you had fallen a second later you must have been drowned. We're both a good deal shaken, though; we had better pull ourselves together a bit first, and then have our dinner."

So saying, Luke pulled out a flat tin box, and, cautiously opening it, took out two small squares like dice, and handing one to Belinda, put the other in his mouth.

"What is it?" said Belinda, eyeing it suspiciously. "I hope it won't make us grow large, or else we'll choke uncle on the spot, for this is where he breathes."

"What rubbish, Bozy," said Luke, who had now quite recovered. "Besides being ill-bred, don't you know it's very rude to ask a doctor what he is going to give you? I hand this to you as a medical man, not as your brother."

"All the same, I will not eat it till I know what it is," said the unbelieving one.

"There again, Belinda, you show the sadly confusing effects of your fall. You must not eat it; you must swallow it. Why? Why? Because that's the whole beauty of it. If you must know, this is entirely a new combination of improved Cockle's Pills (made with Pears' soap) and Eno's fruit salt. The round pill is in the middle, and the angles are formed of the compressed salt, which, dissolving off first when swallowed, prepares the patient for the pill inside. I think it's a lovely idea. The whole acts as a pick-me-up."

"I wish it would pick me up out of this hole, Pill, that I do," said Belinda, as she swallowed it with a wry face.

"Resignation in the presence of adverse circumstances, Bozy, is a quality of inestimable value. Having now restored our shattered nerves, let us dine."

"I can't make this place out. First, I'm roasting hot, and then shivering with cold," said Belinda.

"That," replied Luke, "is because the Black Sea air that uncle is probably inspiring is very cold, while the air he expires that rushes up this tube is quite warm. Come a little further out of that awful draught, Bozy, and you'll be all right. In this secluded cave, free from all the cares of this busy world outside, we can contentedly regale ourselves on the contents of my left hand coat-pocket, thankful that we have been spared a miserable and painful death in the bronchi of our un-kuncle. Oh, dear, whatever is this?"

The cause of the "kunc" in the last word was a blow in the back from a sudden bulging out of the soft red wall against which Luke was leaning.

The query that followed it was from a sensation that the above cave and air shaft was being forcibly carried upwards and forwards.

At the same time the couple saw, to their horror, the top of the shaft closed by the falling down of the epiglottis or movable wall in front of it, and, still worse, two huge, fleshy pyramids, to the base of which the white bands were attached, and which are situated side by side at the back of the shaft, began slowly to revolve on their base, and then approximate the bands to each other till the chink between was nearly closed up. To crown all, a fearful crashing sound above was heard, like a dozen boiler sheds all at work hammering at once. Luke regained his self-possession first, and his cheeks, which had turned ashy pale, gradually regained the hue of health.

"There's that awful heaving again, Pill," said Belinda. "How do you like it? Doesn't it make you sick? I can't imagine why uncle does it."

"We are certainly well shaken, Bozy," said Luke, "but we're not yet taken, so fear not, for we could not be in a safer place. That movement of the walls comes from the passage of food behind, down the gullet. This awful heaving (which, I regret to say, is still going on) is an essential part of the act of swallowing, and is caused by the forcible drawing upwards and forwards of the whole air shaft towards the tongue out of the way of the food, which, together with the shutting of the epiglottis as a lid, enables all that is swallowed to shoot over it and down the widened gullet behind. That awful crashing sound is the grinding of the teeth together, while those pillars that move so silently round are called the aretynoid cartilages, which draw together or separate these vocal cords below. Now they close them, so that even if anything should get in at the top of the shaft it could not fall into the lungs, but would tumble on these bands, and then be coughed up. It is evident that uncle, after nearly drowning us by drinking, is torturing us by dining."

"I hope he'll stop soon, Pill; I do feel so ill. It really is most unfeeling of him to give us all this suffering for his own enjoyment."

"We shall soon get used to it, Bozy. Meanwhile let us revenge ourselves on any ladies and gentlemen who may be inside our windpipe, and jog them up and down by dining ourselves. You shall have a whole H.F.D. to-day, and as much hot coffee as you can drink without spilling, and after dinner, when this 'ship in a storm' business has stopped, we'll have a little chat about uncle's larynx before retiring to roost."

The simple, yet satisfying meal being over, and after a time the motion gradually ceasing, the pair of adventurers, being still weary (in spite of Cockle-cum-Eno), reclined lazily against the soft red walls, which were covered with the same "live velvet" that had gained Belinda's admiration in the regions above.

The electric light had been removed from Luke's forehead, and swung by a grappling hook from the low roof in front of them, casting its soft radiance all round the cave and into the huge air shaft beyond.

"First of all," said Belinda, with a long yawn, "the old question, where are we?"

"I know where we are," said Luke, doubtfully. "I've read about it, I'm sure. It's called—something to do with the larynx."

"Pill," said Belinda, solemnly, "aren't you ashamed of yourself to begin a lecture like that? If you've nothing better to say, I shall go to sleep. You explained the swallowing very well; why can't you go on?"

"Well, Bozy, if you had had a duster full of chalk dust, tied up into a hard ball, banging about your ears all lecture time, you wouldn't remember much of it yourself. I recollect distinctly the day old White was lecturing on the larynx there was a regular shindy. Give me just five minutes before I begin to refresh my memory."

"Oh, certainly," said Belinda, politely, making herself comfortable. "I'll give you ten, if you like it, if you'll only say something worth hearing when you do begin."

Luke pulled out a small volume printed in very small type, and set himself to "read up" the larynx. He had just reached the description of the cave, when, looking up, he saw Belinda's head making the most vicious and sudden lunges towards her knees, and threatening to dispose of all her teeth.

"Belinda!"

"What?"

"Nothing, only we'll go to sleep now. I think there must have been some 'soothing syrup' in that pill; I feel quite done up myself. I'll lecture at nine to-morrow morning, and should like my hot water at seven. Don't forget to put your boots out."

This facetious remark and a sleepy laugh from Belinda closed that day's performance.

(*To be continued.*)

COURTLEROY.

By ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER XXVI.

RUINED!

MISS HEATH and Barber had their hands full on that eventful morning. A few hasty words from Mimica to the effect that she was going with her uncle and Mr. Sellon to Prestbury was all the household knew of so wonderful a movement, and the above-named pair drew such conclusions as the event naturally led to. But they had not much time for reflection. Courtleroy was besieged by tenants and people anxious to see Mr. Le Roy. Finding that both he and Miss Marmont were gone to Prestbury, they asked for Miss Heath, and receiving no *definite information* from that reticent lady, they had recourse to Barber. He, as his master's mouthpiece, inspired hope, and said, confidently, that Mr. Le Roy would assuredly return, because he had left him, Barber, behind. "He cannot do without me," he said, which was strictly true.

The news of Searle's disappearance had spread, and the general impression was that the result must be favourable to Courtleroy, even if he had half ruined its owner. "Matters couldn't be worse," was the dictum of tenants and cottagers. Many of these had trusted their small savings to Searle, on promise of high interest; others had left them in the Prestbury bank. All were involved in the failures more or less, and all hated the man in whom, nevertheless, they had trusted. But with the return of their lawful landlord matters must mend. The domestics shared equally this confidence, and Mrs. Stone was heard to declare that she felt as if she could dance a hornpipe in spite of her rheumatism.

Upheld by the wings of Hope and the absence of Searle, she engaged a friend as help, lighted fires everywhere, prepared a sumptuous dinner, and rejoiced in the pleasure she should give her dear Miss Marmont. She and Gandy were quite excited over the vegetables, and the week's allowance of meat was sacrificed to the exigencies of the day. Even Miss Heath breathed with relief when she heard her *bête noire* had vanished, and Mimica's spring flowers suffered from her temporary exhilaration. She filled many vases with them, and pondered over the changes that must take place. Barber was very confidential, and said he hoped this sudden move might overcome Le Roy's antipathy to the old place.

"We are nobodies in London, Miss Heath. Here we are kings, as our name implies," he said, using the royal pronoun to suit the occasion.

He assumed the major domo, and gave his orders so majestically that he offended Stone. Nevertheless, he managed to procure wine through the kind offices of Farmer Bezley, and to have two of the best bedrooms made habitable for his master and Mr. Sellon. There had not been such a commotion at Courtleroy for nearly twenty years.

"What will be the result?" mused Miss Heath, as she sat alone in the schoolroom, tired with the excitement. "I will put away this picture in case he should come here."

She unhung the portrait of a lady from a conspicuous place on the wall, and laid it aside in a cupboard. "Poor Margaret!" she sighed, "how little you knew." Then she suddenly perceived the square of bright green left by its removal, on the time-worn paper, and essayed to cover it with one of Mimica's sketches. She was some time in finding one large enough, and the occupation diverted her thoughts. After all it did not cover the space properly, and it was apparent that the sketch had usurped a place.

"It does not matter. He will never come here," she muttered; then feeling singularly restless she went down stairs.

Dinner was laid in the hall for four. Barber had essayed the dining-room, but it smelt of damp and must, and looked so cheerless that he gave it up. Miss Heath rubbed her hands over the magnificent fire, and thought what a pleasant thing was an inhabited house, hoping, against her own interest probably, that Mr. Le Roy might tenant it again. After all, society was best, she thought. She had dressed herself carefully for dinner, remembering that he used to be very particular as regarded ladies' adornments, and had been known to remark in the olden times, "Milly Heath is always becomingly dressed." They had all called her Milly, both at Monkton and Courtleroy. But she had not succeeded in making Mimica as precise as herself. Still, she must allow, the girl always looked well, with an ease and grace peculiar to her, though preferring her own taste to that of the fashion-books introduced by their one village mantua-maker.

Miss Heath pondered long over that fire of logs and coal. Barber came in and out continually to replenish it, and to say the dinner would be spoilt; the housekeeper and her *aide de cuisine* waxed wrathful over the delayed meal, and yet the expected friends returned not.

The last train stopped at Summerlands at 8.30, and therefore they could not arrive till 9 o'clock. Despondency and disappointment took possession of those who had been working so hard to give pleasure. How often it happens that expectants suffer for the thoughtlessness or delays of the expected. However, the expressed fears that something must have happened were groundless, for about 9 o'clock the trot of Searle's horse was heard, and Miss Heath, in her thankfulness, actually opened the door, exclaiming, "I am so glad!"

Mr. Le Roy was the first to dismount and come in.

"I am afraid we are late," he said, with his customary manner, glancing at the table.

"Yes, sir; I fear the dinner will suffer," replied Barber, who appeared. "We have prepared chambers for you and Mr. Sellon."

Le Roy signified his intention of going to his, and Barber had the satisfaction of carrying off both his master and the lawyer, leaving the two ladies. Mimica looked very pale, but hurried to her room, followed by Miss Heath, who had laid out a dinner dress for her.

"Thank you, dear, there is no time to change. I will just wash my hands and smooth my hair," said Mimica. "I never had such a day in my life. I fear Searle has quite ruined my uncle, though he will not see it. Mr. Sellon told me about as much on our way home. Ruin for him means ruin for us; but I am not afraid. I never felt so excited and self-reliant before."

She hurried Miss Heath back to the hall, where they were almost immediately joined by Sellon. He glanced from Mimica to Miss Heath inquiringly, and the former said she knew the state of affairs.

"They are as ominous as possible," said the lawyer, standing between the two ladies by the fire. "Unless we can catch Searle it will be next to impossible to disentangle them. Warrants are out, and I have caused advertisements to be put in all the papers; but he has been mixed up with the Units, and has spent his employer's money to keep them and himself afloat; they have been hand in glove, in short, and seem all to have decamped together, except the banker, who has stopped payment, but may recover himself. It is an awful mess."

The arrival of Mr. Le Roy stayed the conversation, and they immediately sat down to dinner. He was precisely attired by Barber, and his manner was that of a felt or assumed indifference. Stately and haughty, he maintained a sort of majestic composure, and took the place of host just as if he had never left Courtleroy. The dinner had been so managed by Stone that it was less spoilt than might have been expected, and Barber contrived to cover deficiencies. But a prophetic silence reigned. Mr. Sellon made an attempt at conversation, and Miss Heath so far overcame her reserve as to reply to him; but uncle and niece scarcely spoke. Mimica was trying to realise what the word "ruin" meant, which had slipped from Sellon unadvisedly, while Le Roy was beating off the thought by which he was nearly overwhelmed.

The courses, which had been prepared with so much thought and anxiety, came to an end at last, and the wine so covertly procured by Barber alone remained on the table. Dessert there was none; but then Le Roy rarely touched it, as his valet knew. The ladies moved to withdraw, but Sellon said, looking at his host, that he should like to make a few inquiries of Miss Marmont.

"Will you kindly remain?" asked her uncle, politely; and she stayed behind while Miss Heath withdrew.

Mr. Sellon went into the affairs at once, and strove to rivet Mr. Le Roy's attention to them. But business had ever been his nightmare, and he had put it from him as he would that nocturnal enemy. Mimica, on the contrary, had a head for it, and liked it. Mr. Sellon turned to her for information, and was astonished at the amount she had acquired. He had engaged a lawyer at Prestbury to work with him in elucidating matters, and had arranged to remain a few days at Courtleroy. He had made Mr. Le Roy accompany him in his voyage of discovery that day, but could not fathom his mind. The fact was that the transactions since he had come into the country, and the excitement of the events, had nearly upset his mind altogether. He was literally bewildered, and his one idea was to escape from the country again to London; from memories of the past and realities of the present.

"I see nothing for it but to make you temporary steward, Miss Marmont. Do you understand book-keeping?" cried Sellon, half laughing.

"A little; I could master it with instruction. I should like to be my uncle's steward," returned Mimica, gravely. "I would labour day and night to remedy the evils of the people. Besides, I want definite occupation."

Le Roy actually looked her in the face. Their eyes had never met so directly before, and she smiled at the surprise visible in his.

"You are not strong-minded, I hope?" he said.

"I think I am rather," she replied, reflectively. "I do not mean that I could address a public meeting, or do many things which women seem called to achieve in your world, uncle, but I would be anything to help the poor here in the country."

"Member of a School Board?" asked Le Roy, sarcastically, but interested.

"I am not clever enough, though some of our local members are very dull. But I think I could make a better guardian than some of the farmers, and Mr. Leste would like me for churchwarden. I should be delighted to serve as Guardian of the Poor if you were chairman, uncle."

Mimica looked down as she made this little speech, but there was an amused smile about her mouth. Sellon longed to clap her, and glanced at Le Roy to discover what effect it had made upon him. It was simply amazement. His niece a steward, Guardian of the Poor, churchwarden! What next?

"How have you learnt these principles, Miss Marmont?" he asked, coldly.

"From newspapers and books, and an occasional periodical. Mr. Leste, and the boys, and Barbara, and I talk about them sometimes, for you know Miss Heath is not naturally strong-minded, and thinks them quite wicked."

She could not help looking up at her uncle as she made this allusion to Miss Heath, and he could not help laughing. She had never seen him laugh before, and was surprised at the change in his face.

"You will do. We will make you steward first and guardian afterwards," said Sellon. "What of the chairmanship, Mr. Le Roy?" he added, more cautiously.

"I hope to be in London in a few days," replied Le Roy; momentary laughter changed to hauteur.

"Impossible, unless you wish to be present at the sale or letting of your house," returned Sellon, who had been waiting for an opportunity to make this announcement. "I am afraid you must give up one establishment, and this would require a fortune expended upon it to make it lettable. The town house would either sell or let at once. We must look things in the face, sir, and you have trusted your affairs to Searle until he has nearly ruined you. This much I discovered from him, and by the inquiries I made to-day. Of course his sudden escape confirms our worst fears. There is little doubt of his having embezzled largely, and you are the principal victim."

Mimica looked entreatingly at the lawyer, but the time had come to be explicit, and he lost all patience at Mr. Le Roy's pride and supineness. But he little knew the fire that smouldered beneath all the assumed langour and indifference, and both he and Mimica were terrified at the result of his words. With a blow on the table that shattered a wine glass, and an exclamation near akin to an oath, he cried, "Give up London! Live at Courtleroy! What next? Have you come here to insult me? Have all these stage effects been got up to frighten me? You have terrified Searle from the country, who was faithful to me; now you propose to kill me!"

He rose while he spoke, and seemingly not knowing what he was about, rushed to the door which led to the library, and left the room.

Mimica looked at Sellon in consternation, but he soon recovered his composure.

"I knew it must come to this," he said; "he must bear the consequences of his absurd neglect and wilfulness. I fear you have much trouble before you, Miss Marmont."

"I do not mind that if only I can be of use. Do you think I may follow him?"

"Certainly, if you have the courage; but you had better wait a few minutes."

Those minutes seemed hours. Mimica stood at the library door and listened, and at last fancied she heard a groan. She took up a candle and went in. Her uncle was standing in the middle of the room, as if unable to move for the dark. The sudden light startled him, and when he saw Mimica he waved her from him, and sank down on a couch which was at his back. She went to him, and fancying him insensible was about to summon Mr. Sellon.

"Stay; don't call that fellow. Ring for Barber—he knows," he said with some difficulty.

The library bell would not ring; she returned to the hall, warned Mr. Sellon, and begged him to send Barber: then she went back to Le Roy. She laid her hand on his shoulder, with the words, "My dear uncle, you are ill," but he shrank from her.

"Viper, you deceived me! How dare you come back?" he muttered, and she knew that he must be thinking of Lady Margaret.

Barber came.

"It is one of his attacks. A glass of wine will restore him. You had better come to your room, sir; you will catch your death in this damp place," he said.

Mimica fetched the wine, and he took it from her hand, which she thought a good sign. He recovered, and with a shiver that seemed to penetrate her veins also, got up, and was himself again.

"Good night, Mimica. Thanks, I will go to my room. To-morrow I should like to ask Mr. Leste a question about Searle."

He extended his hand, went into the hall, followed by Barber, nodded to Sellon, and finally retired for the night.

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

A Proud Musician.

The pride of Fischer, the celebrated oboe player, was considerable. A nobleman once asked him to supper, and Fischer went.

On his arrival the nobleman said, "I hope, Mr. Fischer, you have brought your oboe in your pocket."

"No, my lord," replied Fischer, "my oboe never sups." And he instantly left the house.

What is Life?

And what is life?—An hour-glass on the run;
A mist retreating from the morning sun;
A busy, bustling, still-repeated dream.
Its length?—A minute's pause, a moment's thought.
And happiness?—A bubble on the stream,
That in the act of seizing shrinks to nought.
—*John Clare.*

Annie Moore.

Annie Moore's gone away to get married,
Her loss we all deeply deplore;
'Mong hosts of friends here she has tarried,
But she'll never come back Annie Moore."

A Mother's Art.—One asked a mother who had brought up many children to a marriagable age, what arts she used to rear so numerous a family. "None other," said she, "save only that I always make the most of the youngest." Let the Benjamins ever be darlings, and the last-born, whose eyes were newest opened with the sight of their errors, be treated with the greatest affection.—*Thomas Fuller.*

A Wife's Excuse.

"There isn't a button on this shirt," dismally observed the young husband, shaking the garment before his wife's eyes.

"I'm sorry, my love; it might have been remedied if I had had time."

"Why, you've got nothing to do. What do you mean by saying if you had time?"

"I mean to say that if there had been no occasion for me to trim over a last spring bonnet for this spring's wear, I would have had time to look after your clothes."

Can She Spin?

A young girl was presented to James I. as an English prodigy, because she was deeply learned. The person who introduced her boasted of her proficiency in ancient languages. "I can assure your majesty," he said, "that she can both speak and write Latin, Greek, and Hebrew."

"These are rare attainments for a damsel," said James; "but pray tell me, can she spin?"

A Good-tempered Mother-in-Law.—"No," he said, as they congratulated him on his engagement. "I'm not so particularly charmed with the girl, but I expect to be very happy. Her mother is about the best-tempered woman I know of."

A Precious Treasure.—Of all things knowledge is esteemed the most precious treasure, because of its incapacity to be stolen, to be given away, or ever to be consumed.—*From the Sanskrit.*

The Golden Rule.

To fear no ill, to do no wrong, to all men to prove true—
This is the golden rule of life; let it be so to you. —*Shakespeare.*

Answer to Double Acrostic (p. 494.)

1. J a g u a R (*a*)
2. O i s E (*b*)
3. H igh-Sheri f F
4. N i n g p O
5. K ö r n e R (*c*)
6. N e w n h a M
7. O r i o l E (*d*)
8. X a v i e R (*e*)

John Knox. Reformer.

(*a*) The panther of America.

(*b*) The chief town of this Department is Beauvais, which was unsuccessfully besieged in 1472, by Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy. One of the Burgundians attempted to plant the standard on the town wall, but a woman, Jeanne Laine, slew him, threw him headlong over the battlements, and carried off the Burgundian standard in triumph. She was always afterwards styled Jeanne Hachette, in remembrance of the battleaxe she had used on this occasion.

(*c*) Theodor Körner, the famous soldier and poet, during the German War of Independence against Napoleon's usurpation; his fine poems are well known, and are still extremely popular. In 1813, in a skirmish with the French between Gadebusch and Schwerin, he was killed, and his comrades buried him under an oak, on the trunk of which they carved his name.

(*d*) The oriole builds its purse-like nest at the extremity of a slender bough, along which snakes, *rats*, or other invaders cannot creep.

(*e*) The celebrated missionary of the Roman Catholic Church, who, in 1541, began his labours among the Portuguese colonies in Asia, obtaining many thousand converts in India, Ceylon, and Japan, but he died before he could accomplish his intention of penetrating into China.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

NYMPHIA ALBA.—Your letter is gratefully acknowledged. The hon. sec. of a Society for Studying Languages by Correspondence is Miss Hedge-Lyndhurst Lodge, Chelsea-road, Southsea, Hants. Also Miss E. H. Hathway, Anderson's, Denmark, hill, London, S.E. Your writing and that of Florence is pretty. That of No. 3 is not pretty, but is legible.

MISS JEFFRIES.—The London School of Medicine for Women, at 30, Henrietta-street, Brunswick-square, W.C., is associated with the Royal Free Hospital, Gray's-inn-road, W.C. This school provides a complete medical curriculum recognised by the examining boards of the University of London, the Royal University of Dublin, and the King's and Queen's College of Physicians, Ireland. Students receive appointments as clinical clerks and surgical dressers without extra fee; prospectuses can be obtained from the dean at the school. Examinations are held in general botany by the Apothecaries' Hall, at the society's gardens, for which prizes and certificates are given. Apply for admission to the Beadle, Apothecaries' Hall, Blackfriars, London, E.C. To these examinations the age of the students is limited to 20. The Pharmaceutical Society, 17, Bloomsbury-square, W.C., admits women to the lectures and examinations. Fee, four guineas. The South London School of Pharmacy, 325, Kennington-road, likewise admits women to the lectures, and to the laboratory as well. Fee for one year's training, £15. We do not require our correspondents to send a postage stamp to pay for an answer. We give them freely, but not otherwise than in our correspondence columns.

HIGHLAND MARION.—Our paper commenced in 1880. We advise you to write to our publisher, Mr. Tarn, and he can both tell you the cost and supply you with all the former vols. of the G. O. P. ready bound. Vol. i. is only 6s., and the rest are 7s. 6d. each. Cassell, La Belle Sauvage-yard, Ludgate-hill, E.C., is publishing a threepenny weekly series of the standard English and foreign works, which you would do well to take in. Also we recommend our own work on astronomy, "The Midnight Sky," largely illustrated, six or seven shillings. Also the "Bible Cyclopædia," by Dr. Eadie, well illustrated; and our own "Universal Geography," by Milner. Mr. Tarn would send you these. We thank you for your kind letter.

MELLEN.—Is it with your father's and aunt's full approval that you would leave home? In that case, and as you are not qualified to take a situation as a governess, perhaps you might get yourself trained as a Kindergarten teacher. See our recent reply to another correspondent, under the heading "Educational," respecting training schools.

TENNIS.—There is a Kindergarten College and Practising School, under the auspices of the British and Foreign School Society, 21, Stockwell-road, S.W.; secretary, Alfred Bourne, Esq. There is also the Home and Colonial Training College (Kindergarten), Gray's-inn-road, W.C.

MISCELLANEOUS.

KITTEN WIDEAWAKE must, of course, add the letters "R. S. O.," when they are found in an address. It is a postal abbreviation, and means that the office at the place named is a railway sub-office, or one which receives its correspondence direct from a travelling post-office, and not through a post town.

GOP'S ADMIRER should not feel herself injured because she does not occupy the attention of her sister so much now as before her engagement. When people are going to be married they should be left as much as possible to themselves. Of course, "Gop" is rather "out of it," and should show some delicacy, and beware of any intrusiveness at such a time. Her sister loves her as a sister, notwithstanding present pre-occupation. We do not think that our publisher, Mr. Tarn, could undertake to give "Gop" lessons in teaching. He has plenty to do in his own department.

W. E.—There is no cure for moles that would be suitable for us to recommend.

AUNTIE JESSIE.—Your handwriting is much too large. Were it reduced to one half its present size it would be all right, and you would not be obliged to use foolscap paper instead of note-paper. There are two distinct species of the canary—the plain and the variegated. But between these, innumerable varieties have sprung up from cross-breeding with the goldfinch, linnet, and siskin. These cross breeds are often charming songsters; but, like all "mules," they are completely sterile.

GERTRUDE should try to obtain a situation as useful maid to an elderly lady, or head nurse where there is no baby. She could make money both by her knitting and her needlework if she chose to look about her and find shops to take her work.

AN OLD HOSPITAL NURSE; JOE.—You will find instructions for employing invalids and cripples in "Occupations for Invalids," vol. ii., pages 75, 202, 364, and 715. The best alleviation for fresh sprains is to put the part into hot salt and water, and keep it there till the swelling has disappeared.

FUNGI.—The *Flying Dutchman* is a fabulous story of a spectral ship seen off the Cape of Good Hope in stormy weather, and is ominous of ill-luck. Sir Walter Scott says the origin of the story was that of a vessel laden with precious metal, on board which a horrible murder was committed. The plague broke out amongst the crew, and no port would allow the vessel to enter; and the story goes that the ill-fated ship still wanders about, sea-tossed, and never at rest. You, of course, know that sailors have many stories of this kind, and are considered more superstitious than men of any other profession. Probably from their long, lonely voyages the taste is increased.

J. J. BROOM.—We regret that it is contrary to our rules to supply information about books issued by other firms, excepting under special circumstances. But at any of the leading libraries inquiries might be made for you, if you wrote to order it.

AMY PENNINGTON.—We congratulate you on your happy marriage, and think you write a nice hand.

EMILIA.—We thank you for giving us the benefit of your acquaintance with the benevolent institutions of Torquay—*i.e.*, the Consumptive Patients' Hospital, where sufferers can be received for three months, and the Home for Governesses, at St. Mary-church, where the payment required averages 15s. a week. Also the information that the Convalescent Home at Moretonhampstead is only open during the summer months—that is, from May to the end of autumn (October). The Home for Children at the same place is generally filled by the poor of the neighbourhood.

A HOPEFUL ONE.—We scarcely know what you mean when you ask how you may get a directory of any place, like St. Leonards-on-Sea, for instance. Do you mean a little local guide-book, illustrated? If so, tell your bookseller the place about which you want information; ask him to write for one.

PRINCESS ROSALIE.—It is quite impossible for a stranger who has never seen you to know whether you be converted. It is, however, quite clear that you are expecting to feel something inside different from usual, which sensation you have not as yet experienced. Conversion is a turning to God, a desire to serve Him, accompanied by a resolute effort to do so. Faith in Him, an acceptance of His way of salvation, and a hope solely depending of His atonement, thus practically demonstrated, is conversion. There are no flights of fancy connected with it, no seeming to feel. You must know, as a simple fact, whether you believe in our Blessed Lord, and whether it be your daily endeavour to obey and please Him.

W. H.—Pronounce the name "Guinevere" as if written "Gwin-ne-veer."

VERA.—Of course no doctor would prescribe additional exercise, taken for itself alone, to persons already over-worked with home and shop work. You spell well, and your letter is very creditable to you, considering how few advantages you have had.

HAWTHORNE.—We are glad that you like our paper, and thank you for your kind letter. In reference to your writing, the "t" is a device of your own. We recommend you to make a real one, and cross it.

FRANK AND FREE.—Your verses show good feeling, and you may, with study of the art, be able to write correctly by-and-by.

AMI.—Certainly, any letter addressed to a visitor in another person's house should be directed to the care of the master of the house, or the mistress if there be no master. If it be to a domestic servant in the family, you should write, for instance, "At J. W.'s, Esq."

WANTING TO KNOW.—Put a piece of charcoal and a little soft water into a suitable glass, and insert the bulb of the hyacinth into the neck, and you will have nothing further to do to it.

SISTER ANNIE.—Tattoo marks are, in most cases, to be considered permanent. They can only be removed by burning away the outer skin, and when this has to be done to a considerable extent there would be danger that erysipelas might supervene. A doctor in London professes to be able to remove any small marks, but if they extend, in your brother's case, all over both hands and fingers, we doubt his undertaking the attempt. Certainly no amateur experiments should be tried. Only a clever surgeon should undertake their removal, and he a man who has had previous experience in the operation. The puckering and contraction of the skin, and the ugly sears left by the burning, would do more injury, and look far worse than the tattoo marks.

SNOWDROP.—You have not kept the leather-covered chairs properly rubbed. To remove the mildew stains you must rub them gently with a piece of thick, soft flannel, but with what success we cannot tell you. If badly injured, you had better consult a good upholsterer.

STIFF GIRL.—There was no occasion for your answering the note sent when returning your shawl. When casually meeting an acquaintance in (not "on") the street, there is no necessity for stopping to speak; a bow is sufficient, especially if the individual be a man. It would be better than to walk on. Of course, were a member of their family seriously ill, you might inquire for the invalid, but this would be an exceptional case.

EVELYN WINIFRED.—It was not the Roman branch of the early Christian Church that collected and decided the question of their inspiration of the Books of the New Testament. These questions were first decided at the council of the Church at Laodicea, in the fourth century, and the question was afterwards reconsidered in subsequent general councils of the universal Church. It was no hole-and-a-corner affair. We are glad that our articles on plain needlework have been of use to you.

A. M. S.—We have been much gratified by your kind letter, and you have given us much encouragement in our work. We sincerely wish you also the blessing of the Master. You had better not buy the engagement ring until the young lady's acceptance of your proposal, and the consent of her parents has been obtained. She can then lend you a ring as a measure, or go with you to have the size taken. The length of the engagement is a matter for her consideration. Far better to wait for three years than marry before a good home, and means to support it, be secured. You are both too young to marry just yet.

AULD SCOTIA.—We know no cure for the provincial "burr" in speaking, but practising the pronunciation of words containing the letter "r," so as to omit the "u," which is so unnecessarily prefixed to it. "Butter," for instance, is erroneously called "buttur." The tongue is drawn up and curled in the mouth. This trick should be cured. Perhaps your wearing such very thick boots keeps your feet cold. If you got a skipping rope and took a ten minutes' exercise with it between school hours (before meals, of course), we think you would improve the circulation.

MIRROR PAINTING.

HAVING read your article on mirror painting, I thought it might prove interesting to some of your artistic girls if I took up the thread of the story, and endeavoured to explain what the writer of your late article has very lightly touched on, and that is the process of painting on the back of the glass instead of on the front.

There was a stall of mirrors and looking-glasses of various kinds, all of which were very beautifully painted on the back, at the Inventions Exhibition, held in London last season, and the person in charge kindly explained the process by which it is done. Of course it requires much more care and forethought in laying on the colours, as everything has really to be done backwards, by which I mean that the dark shades have to be painted first. Thus, for example, take the wild narcissus mentioned in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER for December the 5th. You would commence the flowers by painting in all the darkest shadows, which, were you working on the front of the glass, would, of course, be the finishing touches. Next take your light paints for the back part of the petals, and finish with the background of leaves, still remembering to strike in the shading first. The glass must be silvered after the painting is done, instead of before, and care must be taken to let the paint get thoroughly hardened before sending it. I am sure if your girls will not mind a little trouble, and will give this process a certain amount of practice (for a subject cannot be sketched and painted off at once, as an ordinary picture would be), they will in a short time be trebly repaid for their pains, for instead of seeing everything double, as you must when done on the front, and which makes the painting, however fine the subject, look exceedingly heavy, you get only the single lines at the back, and it has, besides, the great advantage of allowing the glass to be well polished, without the least fear of scratching or otherwise injuring the colours.

I fear I have given but a weak description of the subject I have striven to deal with; but having seen it for the first time in London last season, I thought it might perhaps help others by giving them a hint, who have, in this respect, been less fortunate than myself.

LEILA CROYDON.

VOL. VII.—NO. 334. MAY 22, 1886. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

FRIENDSHIP.

BY SAMUEL K. COWAN, M.A.

THE dewdrop falls upon the flower;
A hand we cannot see
Closes, in every twilight bower,
The rose-leaves lovingly.

And every rose-bud slumbering there,
By fondling breezes fanned,
Breathes fragrance from its heart—a prayer
As though to bless that hand.

And when the rays of morn arise,
Each dewdrop, like a gem,
Drops from the rose-leaves. To the skies
The same hand opens them.

Its touches are like rays of light,
That round the petals creep,
And gently, in the falling night,
It touches them, like sleep.

There is a hand that tenderly
Touches these hearts of ours,
Fond, like the hand we cannot see
That opes and folds the flowers.

A hand by which, when sorrow flows
(For grief must have its way),
As dewdrops from the morning rose
Our tears are touched away.

All rights reserved.] "THE HAND OF FRIENDSHIP."

A hand that strews our path with flowers,
And smooths the brow of care;
A hand, for whom, at pensive hours,
What heart withholds a prayer?

The shadow of the hand divine,
It comes—that dear hand blest;
The hand of friendship. Oh, in thine
Oft may that hand be pressed!

Its touches are like rays of light,
That round our spirits creep,
And gently, in the falling night,
It touches us, like sleep.

COURTLEROY.

By ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER XXVII.

ANOTHER PROPOSAL.

PERHAPS I have found my vocation, Mr. Leste," said Mimica, the following morning, when she appeared at the vicarage, out of breath with running.

"I hope you have, my dear. What is it?" asked her pastor.

"That of bailiff to my uncle; or, to speak more genteelly, steward. He wishes to see you to consult you about my predecessor."

"Sit down, Mimica; you look frightened to death, and are trying to make grim jests," said Barbara.

"I will, I will, if only Mr. Leste will go at once," gasped Mimica. "My uncle will not believe in Searle's dishonesty, and you will tell him what is true and just without prejudicing him either way," said Mimica.

"I will go with pleasure; but what is expected of me?" returned Mr. Leste.

Mimica recounted the adventures of the previous day, and Mr. Leste saw at once the difficulties of the situation. As there was no time to lose, he started for Courtleroy, bidding Mimica follow when she was rested.

Barbara and she were good friends again, but the Carew thorn still festered in the constant breast of the former. Captain Carew came home from time to time, and she always saw him, but they maintained a polite reserve towards one another. Mimica avoided him, and neither she nor Barbara could discover what were his real sentiments. Strange to say, however, George Hope was in Captain Carew's regiment, and in his regular letters to Mimica he did not fail to mention him. Both were in Africa at that time, and the heart of Barbara was sore for her life's love, while that of Mimica trembled for her devoted friend.

"How is your mother, dear?" asked Mimica; for Mrs. Leste was in failing health.

"She was better yesterday, but this morning a telegram has come summoning Horace to join his ship. It is ordered off to the coast of Africa, to the scene of the war. Everybody is there, Mimica."

"Everybody!" echoed Mimica, with a sigh. "Where is Horace? When does he go? I must bid him good-bye."

"He is with mother. He leaves to-morrow," replied Barbara, with a searching look at Mimica. "You will find them in the schoolroom."

Mimica went upstairs to the apartment known once as the schoolroom, but converted now into a sitting-room for the invalid mother. She had been ill over two years, having had, the doctor said, too much wear and tear for her delicate frame. Still, she considered herself a most fortunate and happy woman, for were not all her children prosperous and obedient?

Many have been the changes amongst them since we made their acquaintance about a dozen years ago. Leila has married the worthy vicar who came ready armed for a proposal to the hop-pickers' tea, and Laura is also married. Both have now children of their own. Helen and Totty, now grown up, supply their places as lady helps. Dick, who was educated at the clergy school—thanks to Barbara's indefatigable exertions—is now himself in orders, and has a curacy in a neighbouring county. Octavius is in Mr. Prettyman's office, and bids fair to be the rich man of the family—so says his worthy employer. Barbara we have just seen, and Horace, the eldest son, Mimica finds with his mother.

"Mimica!" he exclaimed, coming towards her, a flush on his bronzed and honest face.

"Horace, must you go away?" she cried, her hand in his.

They, like Captain Carew and Barbara, had always been friends, and Mrs. Leste with womanly and motherly instinct had woven her little romance. Was it to be realised? Let us conjecture.

Mimica only remained at the vicarage long enough to sympathise with Mrs. Leste on her health and Horace's speedy departure. Anxiety about her uncle was apparent in her face and manner, and nobody attempted to detain her, but Horace walked back to Courtleroy with her.

"Perhaps you may see George Hope, Horace, in that awful Africa," she said.

"He and Carew are on land, I shall be on sea; but we may meet, Mimica. I see this morning there has been a battle, and George has already distinguished himself by rescuing his colours from the niggers. Lieutenant Hope is specially mentioned. You may be proud of your *protégé*. I wish you cared as much for me, Mimica."

"How absurd you are, Horace! I care for you both, but, oh, I am glad he has done bravely; I feel that he will be commander-in-chief some day."

"And I? Shall I not be admiral? Dear Mimica, I am already lieutenant, and if promotion in the navy were not so slow, I might hope for a berth on shore, and then I might tell you how dearly I love you."

Mimica started, and a flush spread over her pale face. What did he mean? Was he in earnest? She quickened her pace as if to avoid an answer to these questions, for were not the Lestes all her brothers and sisters?

"Dear Mimica, do not hurry so," he continued. "We may not meet again for ever so long, perhaps never. I know I should not say what has been in my heart for years, but I have loved you ever since we have known one another."

"Yes, Horace, and I you," replied Mimica, calmly and even considerately. "I am your adopted sister, just as George Hope is Mr. Prettyman's adopted son and my adopted brother."

"But I cannot look on you as a sister, Mimica. It is not that sort of love," said Horace, ruefully.

He was every whit a sailor, and shy and bold by turns. He had a frank, honest face, a broad and somewhat stocky figure, the kindest and tenderest of manner, and eyes beaming with good nature. Mimica would not have wounded his feelings for worlds, but she had never thought of him as a lover; indeed, her thoughts did not naturally turn on lovers.

"I do not quite understand you, Horace," she said, after a pause. "You have your profession to follow, and I think I have found my work. Why should you wish to change our mutual relations? Anything new between us would complicate them, and what would be the use of that?"

"You are so matter-of-fact, Mimica. If I could only be assured that you feel for me as I do for you."

"I love you sincerely, Horace. What would you wish more?"

"The—the sort of love a man wants if he could afford to—to marry. That is what I want more."

"But you cannot afford to marry, Horace, and you know I am penniless, and my uncle is said to be ruined. What would be the use of our saying all sorts of ridiculous things to one another, and losing our characters as practical, sensible people? But perhaps you understand those matters better than I do."

"Don't be satirical, Mimica. I understand that I love you dearly; I have said it, and I suppose there's an end of it. You are always the same to everybody, and don't love one person better than another."

"Indeed I do, Horace; I love you all better than anyone else, except, perhaps, George Hope, whom I knew first, and who is an orphan like myself."

"That is only natural, Mimica; he is almost a boy. You and I are man and woman, and I, at least, long for a different kind of affection. I know I am wrong to have said this. Forgive me, but remember that wherever I am I am always thinking of you."

"Dear Horace, what can I do to repay you for such love?"

"Write to me sometimes; think of me often; pray for me always."

"I will; but I have always done that. Give me something more difficult."

"Keep Montague Carew at a distance. Try to remember that Barbra was his first love, as you are mine, only I could never change."

"I wish you would not be always talking to me about him, Horace. Cannot you see that it troubles Barbra?"

"It is good for her he thinks more of you than her. Come round by your garden,

IN THE SHRUBBERY.

"'I SHALL NEVER FORGET YOU,' SAID HORACE, TEARS IN HIS HONEST EYES."

See "Courtleroy," p. 531.

Mimica, and give me a spring nosegay as a last remembrance."

They went through the small side gate to the shrubbery which led to the garden. It was, as old Gandy had said, trim and beautiful. Blackbirds and thrushes were welcoming the spring with joyous carols overhead; smaller birds were hopping about below, for Mimica fed them all. She gathered a bonny bouquet of snowdrops, crocuses, and other cultivated flowers, then from her "wild corner," as she called it, she plucked violets, primroses, and forget-me-nots.

"No need of those, Mimica; I shall never forget you," said Horace, tears in his honest eyes.

"Nor I you, Horace; but I love the flower," she replied. "It is a pretty posy. What will you do with it?" she added, giving him her flowers.

"Keep it till I die. God bless you, Mimica. We are brother and sister, at least. May I kiss you? We may never meet again."

Before she could reply, he had pressed his lips on her forehead and was gone. She sat down on the rustic seat he had made for her, covered her face with her hands, and burst into tears. Was it love?

When her agitation calmed, she asked herself this question. She could not answer it. Love it certainly was; but she knew not if it were the passion she had read of, and which she feared Barbara still nourished for Montague, or that of a sister for a brother. She suddenly found herself comparing his square form with the symmetrical figure of Captain Carew, and wondered if people in love ever thought of exteriors. She had seen so few young men that she may be excused her comparisons. She even admired Dick the clergyman brother most, personally; but she certainly loved Horace best. But what had she to do with any of them just now, when she was about to become a useful member of society—when she hoped to repay her uncle for his scant provision for her bringing up? She was thankful that she had "given Horace no encouragement," as she had once heard Miss Heath express it. Yet, on second thoughts, she perceived that she had. She flushed all over as she suddenly remembered that she had actually said she loved him, and that he had even kissed her. After all, he was not her brother; and she was a thoughtful, sensible woman—she feared he might misunderstand her? Yet how? For she really loved him. It was sadly perplexing. She felt a new trammel on her life, since she would not, for worlds, give him pain.

"It cannot be undone now," she exclaimed, rousing herself from her abstraction and walking slowly to the house.

There she was soon absorbed in other things. Her uncle had been inquiring for her, and was evidently annoyed at her absence. She found Mr. Leste still with him, Mr. Sellon having started for Prestbury. At his request, Mimica remained with him and Mr. Leste.

"You have been crying—what about?" asked Le Roy.

"I have just said good-bye to Horace," she replied, looking at Mr. Leste, and colouring slightly.

"My eldest son. He joins his ship, the Andromeda, to-morrow. Mimica and he have been playfellows and friends," apologised Mr. Leste.

Le Roy bowed stiffly, then told Mimica that Mr. Leste appeared to be of her and Sellon's opinion regarding Searle; and that, as he was well acquainted with the parish, he was bound to believe him.

"Not that I put more faith in priest than people," he added. "What do you advise me to do?"

"Since you ask me, I should say remain here—for a time at least, and look into your own affairs," answered Mr. Leste.

Mimica perceived that her uncle took this advice more quietly than he had Sellon's the previous evening. He winced, and the nostril worked, but he had self-command enough to restrain his feelings before Mr. Leste.

"If I am ruined, I may as well be ruined abroad as at home," he said.

"You may retrieve matters here. Your tenants are prepared to have their rents raised, or to submit to almost anything if you will only stop amongst them."

"I should not raise their rents. Could not Miss Marmont supply my place?"

There was a slight annoyance perceptible in this question, as much as to say that she had usurped his dominion.

"She could assist you, Mr. Le Roy, but no one could supply your place, or ever has supplied it. Searle, having unlimited power, was tempted to do what he could never have done had you resided here even a small portion of the year; and now that he has disappeared, there is literally no one but yourself to fight for yourself."

"Except me. I will help my uncle," put in Mimica, quietly.

Just as she spoke, a carriage and pair drove up. Le Roy saw and heard it, and was in the act of flight, when in burst Sir Joshua Carew, unannounced.

"Welcome home, my dear fellow. So glad to see you. Saw you through the window, so didn't give you time to run away. Bless my soul, you don't look as if nearly a score of years had passed since we met! Just the same—just the same!"

Sir Joshua seized Le Roy's hand, patted him on the back, and showed such genuine pleasure that the so-called misanthrope was taken by surprise. He had not a word to say; but, fortunately, Sir Joshua had plenty.

"How d'ye do, Leste? How d'ye do, Miss Marmont? Lady Helena's kind regards. Quite time he came back, isn't it? Searle's a double distilled rogue, Le Roy, and no use mincing the matter. Why, the estate's going to rack and ruin, and the house is tumbling about Miss Marmont's ears, and the funded property—whew! My private opinion is, you may whistle for it."

"Will you not sit down?" asked Le Roy, his manner restrained, his voice impeded.

"Of course I will. The old hall just as it used to be. What jolly days we have passed here, Le Roy! We'll have some more yet. Time you came back, for the neighbourhood's deserted, isn't it, Leste? Nobody at Summerlands, though there is some hope of Prettyman's taking it again. Very good sort of man. Liberal, and all that sort of thing. But a sportsman! Ha! ha! Not a bit of it. Don't know a cock pheasant from a hen. Clever young fellow that adopted son of his. Distinguished himself already, and is sure to be promoted to a lieutenancy if those confounded what-d'ye-call-'ems don't tar and feather him. My son Monty's out there, too, and yours just going to prowl about, Leste. Better without children, Le Roy, and better without foreign settlements to swallow 'em all up. What? Going, Leste? I've come for a regular gossip, and ordered the carriage to be taken round."

Mr. Leste rose, Le Roy looked despairingly at the drive, and saw that the carriage had disappeared, and Mimica wondered what Grant would do with horses and coachman. She followed Mr. Leste out, who advised her to leave the old friends alone together. He said that he had done his best to reconcile her uncle to the inevitable, and that Sir Joshua would hammer away until he knocked out the rusty old nails that kept up the ancient animosity, and hang the flag of truce in its place.

"You have good work before you, my dear, God helping you. I believe you may win your uncle by loving patience, and by so doing you may be a blessing to us all. Indeed, you have been one already," he said.

"Thanks to all of you who have been so kind to me, and set me such a good example," replied Mimica. "I will do my best, but my uncle is not like you, dear Mr. Leste."

They certainly were opposed as bright May and chill November.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"NEVER GO TO CHURCH!"

"My dear fellow, nobody thinks of matrimonial and love disappointments nowadays," said Sir Joshua, hammering away just as Mr. Leste had predicted. "I'm sure you've had time to get over yours. Bless my soul! if Margaret had belonged to this generation she'd have been screaming at amateur concerts and penny readings, while you'd have been fiddling and performing on the psaltery or sackbut to crowded audiences. You wouldn't have had time to be miserable. 'There's safety in numbers, says Rory o' Moore;' and so there is. Our young women go in for cramming, and nursing, and missioning and doctoring, till they don't care a jot for the men or the men for them. Just the same in country and town. Now, Lady Helena has set her heart upon patching up old garments by a marriage between our son and your niece, as nice a girl as I know, only never to be seen; but I tell her 'tis all nonsense, for love's not the fashion. They'd be a good-looking couple all the same, and would join our properties as well as themselves. But, my good fellow, there's that handsome Barbara Leste in the way. I can't find out which Monty inclines to, if to either; but 'mum's' the word with Lady Helena. I only want Monty to marry and settle, but 'tisn't a marrying age. You should hear Barbara sing. You'd fall in love with her yourself, I wager! You'll hear her at church next Sunday."

Sir Joshua paused for the first time.

"I never go to church," interposed Le Roy, stiffly.

"Never go to church! Then what's to become of your soul?"

Sir Joshua suddenly collapsed. He fixed his eyes on Le Roy as if he and they had been caught in a trap. Le Roy looked down upon him, cold and stony-eyed, as if he were the trapper. The one sat high, the other low.

"Never—go—to—church!" repeated Sir Joshua, pausing between each word.

"Never."

"Not go to church? Are you a dissenter, or will Margaret have to answer for this, as well as all the rest? Then God help her! Property ruined—*tenants in despair—soul* lost!" muttered Sir Joshua, as if to himself.

The words startled his companion.

"Is she alive?" he asked, hoarsely.

"Nobody knows; but that makes no difference. You are *alive, and never*—go—to—church! Are you an atheist, or an infidel, or—or an agnostic, as I hear they call the brazen-faced unbelievers? A grand-sounding name, indeed! Better call them 'miserable sinners,' as our church does. I never thought to have seen the day when my oldest friend, who has fished, and hunted, and larked, and danced, and gone to a place of worship every Sunday, once, at least, with me for the best part of a quarter of a century, should look me in the face and say he never went to God's house. Good-bye, Le Roy. I can't shake hands with a man who forgets his Maker."

They both rose to their feet.

"Carew!" exclaimed Le Roy, and it was the first time he had so addressed him.

His voice faltered slightly, and his compressed mouth relaxed. Sir Joshua looked at him. There was moisture in the eyes of the worthy baronet.

"Perhaps it is poor Margaret's fault after all," he said, "and you've come back to be cured. Leste will do it if anybody can. He's comforted my soul many a time, and he hasn't a parishioner who wouldn't say the same; and as to those vagrants of hop-pickers and gipsies, he's just like an apostle to 'em. But they want a strong hand, all the same, and, as I say, a magistrate must do his duty."

The allusion to the hop-pickers and gipsies turned Sir Joshua's thoughts for the moment from the graver shortcomings of his old friend, and he sat down again.

"You'll have to work enough as magistrate when you settle down," he resumed. "What with the vagrants, and the poachers, and the Searles, one has enough to do. And they say somebody shot at Searle at the Overton sale. Lucky you came in time to stop that, Le Roy. It was dastardly work. But you'll have to show yourself and do a lot of good if you mean to prove that Searle was to blame, and not you. 'Twill take a long time to convince people that you two weren't hand-in-glove."

Le Roy's features stiffened again.

"I and my bailiff!" he exclaimed.

"He was a cunning, clever rogue," continued the baronet; "but you see, Le Roy, it takes two to ruin an absent landlord. You must have given consent to all these distrainings, and mortgagings, and money-lendings, and jobbings with Unit and Co., and reclusings of your niece, and stingy housekeepings, and grindings of the poor——"

"Sir Joshua Carew, this is my house!" interrupted Le Roy, with a voice quite unlike his usually measured one, and a face as much distorted with anger as even Sir Joshua could have wished. He was still standing, and moved towards the door.

"Don't be too sure that it is your house," returned the resolute and obtuse Sir Joshua. "When a man has absented himself for twenty years, I believe the property lapses to the next heir. It ought, anyhow. But 'tis no use to be angry with me; I am the only friend who stands up for you—for I know you wouldn't do a dirty action—and I tell everybody it is poor Margaret's fault. The whole county's up in arms—has been for years—and I can tell you, when a county's up in arms they shoot with a long bow. They don't care whether they hit the mark or not. If you want to recover your character you must stop here, and, my dear fellow, go to church. We ain't used to those new-fangled heresies down here, and, as I tell my son Monty, when he talks about 'em as if he understood 'em, which he don't, 'Better not touch pitch, or you'll be defiled.' I know a lot about your estates, and can help you through if you don't stand on your high horse, for I'm getting too old and stiff to mount him with you. Nothing like living amongst your people. Why, Monkton's worth a thousand a year more than when I came into it, and I never had a hard word with a tenant in my life, and always gave back ten per cent. of their rent in bad years. What do you say to that, Le Roy? Can't afford a house in town, though."

"I am glad you are so prosperous," said Le Roy, ironically.

"No reason that you shouldn't be prosperous, too, if you'll forget the past and turn over a new leaf," replied Sir Joshua, rubbing his hands. "Come over to dinner to-morrow, and we'll talk it out—only Lady Helena and me. Bring Miss Marmont and Miss Heath; a change will do them good. A very handsome, clever girl is your niece, but shy; and no wonder, shut up as she is with Milly Heath, who would make a gorgon shy. I'll tell Lady Helena you're coming."

"Thank you. I could not possibly accept your invitation," said Le Roy, coldly.

"Well, another day. But before I leave I must tell you a few of Searle's delinquencies that have come to my personal knowledge."

Le Roy felt obliged to sit down and to listen to a repetition of some facts that he had heard before and to some that had not been related to him. For a thin-skinned, proud, reserved, misanthropic individual, he had, certainly, much to endure. Sir Joshua, for one, did not spare him. He had come primed by a resolution to tell the truth, and he did not falter. When at last he asked for his carriage, and Barber came in response to his host's summons, he began again.

"Barber! Impossible!" he said. "Why, you look as young as your master—scarcely a day older. You must both have lived an easy life."

"Yes, sir; there's so much to entertain and amuse in town. In the country we vegetate," said the valet.

Le Roy longed to knight him on the spot for so helpful a reply.

"Vegetate!" repeated Sir Joshua, thoughtfully, as Barber went to order the carriage. "Better if you had vegetated more and entertained yourselves less. Good-bye, Le Roy; I shall come again soon. Make me of any use you like," he added, rising, and holding out his hand.

"I thought you did not mean to shake hands with me?" replied Le Roy, not taking it.

"There you are, at your old tricks! I had forgotten all about Church and State. I suppose you don't want to separate them, even if you neglect your duty to them? You ought to be in Parliament; though I'm heartily glad you're not, for no man should be allowed to vote for queen and country who don't go to a place of worship to pray for 'em. How can anybody who neglects his duty to his God do his duty to his neighbour? Here's the carriage. Shake hands for old times' sake."

They shook hands, and as Le Roy stood in the centre of the wide-opened glass doors to see his old friend off, every sort of feeling was struggling for the mastery in his steel-guarded breast. Shall the good or the evil conquer? He shut the doors and threw himself into a chair near the fire. He had not perceived that Barber was in the room until he began to replenish the said fire.

"If anyone should call here at any time, do not admit them," he said.

"No, sir. What am I to say to the tenants? There are three or four with Miss Marmont at this present moment asking to see you," answered Barber.

"Beg Miss Marmont to be so good as to come here," returned Le Roy, with a gasp, as if for breath.

Mimica came almost immediately. She was distressed at her uncle's jaded appearance. His face was white, and had an expression of pain, while his hands rested listlessly on his knees.

"What do these people want now, Mimica?" he asked.

"One, the renewal of an old lease; another, time to pay his rent; a third, a reduction of rent; and farmer Lang, the payment of money lent on mortgage. He is afraid that Searle has misappropriated the money."

"What am I to do?" asked Le Roy, hopelessly. "I really cannot see them. Will you promise them all and everything? Mr. Leste says you are well acquainted with them and their needs."

"May I say that you will inquire into their demands if they will have patience?" asked Mimica. "I have told them that Mr. Sellon will be here this evening, and will see into their affairs. I should be afraid to promise what I could not perform, and they wish to see you personally. Your presence seems to inspire them with hope; they have been so long depressed."

"Say anything you like, provided I am not obliged to 'interview' them, as those vulgar Americans express it."

"But, uncle, I shall be only Searle reproduced if I take your work upon my shoulders. They have had such lessons of late, that they will believe nothing but your word. He has got all their savings out of them, and——"

"For heaven's sake leave me, and promise them anything you like. Say they shall not lose a sou through me. Say I will turn bankrupt and they shall each have so much in the pound. Say that I am going abroad to retrench and will leave you in my place. Say——"

"Anything but that, uncle. I will work with you here, but not for you if you are absent."

Le Roy's eyes, which had been cast down, looked up suddenly at Mimica. He, who had been accustomed to obedience and suffered no interruption when he spoke, saw before him a young girl, resolute as himself. And what a face and figure she had! Despite his early disappointment and subsequent misanthropy, he was by no means a misogynist, and was not indifferent to personal beauty. Mimica had more than beauty, she had the indescribable charm of varying expression—now grave, now gay, now determined, now submissive. She was personally like him in all but this. At the moment he almost saw himself in the clear cut features, working nostril, and resolved mouth; but he had not those liquid eyes and tell-tale dimples that drew all hearts towards his niece.

She had approached him as she spoke, and stood near his chair, so that he seemed almost to see her properly for the first time. She did not wait for him to speak, but with a voice full of pathos, and eyes full of tears, poured out her commentary on his words, even while his cold glance chilled them.

"If you will stop here to prove to them that they shall not be losers if they will wait, you need not be bankrupt for them. The farmers are so generous, the poor are so patient, that kind words and hope help them to bear bad crops and poverty without much complaint. Oh, uncle! if only you could know how affectionate they are, and how they would love you, and cling to you, and stand by you, you would never go away from Courtleroy. There is not one of Mr. Leste's parishioners who would not almost die for him, and he is so poor that he can give them nothing but kind words and good advice, and comfort in sickness, and food for their souls——"

"Have you and Sir Joshua Carew been agreeing to harass me with that spiritual jargon about souls?" interrupted Le Roy, almost fiercely.

"I have not spoken to him for months," replied Mimica, startled by his manner, "but he is the last person whom I should have thought likely to discourse on such a subject."

She smiled, and her uncle's face slightly relaxed.

"You appear to study character," he said.

"I have not much opportunity, but it interests one to think how different people are, and yet how much alike in the main," she replied.

"What opinion have you formed of mine?" he asked, with his impalpable manner.

"I will tell you when I know you better; after you have visited all your people, and set us our tasks here in the house, and told me exactly what to say to the tenants who are now waiting for you."

Le Roy sighed heavily, but the expression

of his face had softened. Mimica's slightly bantering tone had done what argument could not.

"Tell them that I cannot see them to day, but that I will visit them with you before I leave Courtleroy," he said.

"And I will add that I am sure you have a very good character, or you would not have been kind enough to promise this," she returned, her face lighting up with sudden joy.

He watched her as she went hastily to give his message, and, strange to say, wondered if she always wore that broad-brimmed straw hat with its strip of black velvet, that greenish gown, and black cloth jacket. He wondered, also, if other girls would look so graceful and well dressed in such simple attire. He was actually beginning to feel a sort of interest in his niece, and all of a sudden Sir Joshua's hint concerning his son occurred to him.

"Lady Helena scheming still!" he almost said aloud. "Not tired of wrecking lives. I should like to circumvent her."

He fell into a reverie which ended in sleep, for he was literally worn out, mind and body, by the rapid occurrences of the last few days. When Mimica returned with messages from the tenants, she found him thus.

"Dare I? He is my mother's brother," she thought, as she leaned over his chair.

She pressed a light kiss on his forehead, and drew back affrighted, for his lips moved, and she did not wish to awaken him.

"Margaret," he murmured, and a smile so tender touched his mouth, that Mimica was astonished.

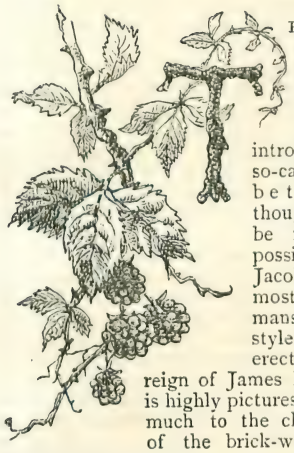
"Is this what it is to *love?*" *she thought.* "Poor Horace! I do not dream of you or think of you thus, and yet I am truly attached to you. I wish you had not said those words to me."

(*To be continued.*)

ARCHITECTURE; OR, THE ART AND HISTORY OF BUILDINGS.

FROM THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY TO OUR OWN TIME.

By H. W. BREWER.



THE most marked feature of the latter part of the sixteenth century is the introduction of the so-called Elizabethan style, though it would be more correct possibly to call it Jacobean, because most of the great mansions in this style were really erected during the reign of James I. The style is highly picturesque, but owes much to the cheerful colour of the brick-work and delightful surroundings of our old English manor houses; it is, however, neither artistically nor scientifically a noble style of architecture, being, in fact, a clumsy imitation of the Flemish Renaissance style, which was in its turn a kind of mixture of French and Italian Renaissance. Much of the internal work of our English houses of this date was really executed by Flemish carvers; thus the galleries of the hall at Hatfield are by "a certain Janivire." John Thorpe erected many of these Elizabethan houses — amongst others Woollaston and Holland Houses; he is said to have been a pupil of John of Padua, and continued that master's work at Longleat; his services seem to have been greatly in demand by the English nobility of the time, who possibly thought that the next best thing to a foreign architect was an Englishman who had been brought up under foreign influence.

There is, of course, much that is charming in these Elizabethan mansions, though it must be owned that the ordinary farmhouses and cottages of the period which were erected by local English masons are far better architecture; they are free from the affectations of classicalism, and possess no busts, urns, obelisks, satyrs, griphons, and imitations of the five orders piled one over the other, but are sounder than the mansions of the Jacobean and Elizabethan nobility. Barrington Court, Somersetshire, and Bovey, Devonshire, are good examples of the common-sense architecture of the period.

The old timber houses of Cheshire and Lancashire are also excellent examples of architecture.

The style which we now call Queen Anne came in towards the close of the seventeenth century, and of right belongs to the reign of Charles II. The more severe classical style introduced by Inigo Jones, and continued by Sir Christopher Wren, soon carried everything before it. The City churches (especially that of St. Stephen, Walbrook) are excellent examples of this style. Their pretty spires break the otherwise monotonous sky line of our vast city, and serve, by their delicate and slender proportions, to give size and dignity to Wren's mighty dome. The churches themselves, although very plain externally (they were for the most part built in narrow streets and surrounded by lofty houses), yet often are most elegantly designed internally. This is especially the case with St. Stephen's, Walbrook, and St. Mary, Abchurch; both show most remarkable architectural skill, and are as different as two buildings can well be. St. Stephen's is divided into a nave and four aisles, transepts, and a short chancel or altar recess, by four rows of lofty Corinthian columns, and has a small dome over the intersection. This interior is very beautiful, and it is almost incredible that such a grand effect can be got out of a building less than 100 feet long. Wren considered this interior his masterpiece, and most architectural critics have been found to agree in his verdict.

St. Mary, Abchurch, has no pillars at all; it is nearly square, and is covered with a domical ceiling. In the hands of any man who was not a master of his art the effect would have been hideous; but Wren has treated the whole so skilfully, that the interior has a singularly pleasing effect.

With regard to St. Paul's, the building has to struggle against two very adverse circumstances. The first is that, as it is the only cathedral in England which is not in the Gothic style, people will insist upon comparing it with the Gothic cathedrals; and the other is that it bears such a similarity to St. Peter's, Rome, that one cannot help comparing it to that magnificent church, greatly, of course, to its disadvantage.

Now, it must be at once acknowledged that St. Paul's falls far short of St. Peter's in many respects. Rosengarten, the great German critic, speaks of St. Paul's as "a building marked neither by elegance of form nor vigour of style." This is very unjust, for it cannot be denied that St. Paul's possesses (externally, at any rate) considerable originality and grandeur of treatment.

Although a magnificent church, St. Paul's has several great defects; the lighting of the interior, for instance, is thoroughly unsatisfactory; the church is sombre and dismal—not the "dim religious light" of the poet, but a disagreeable gloom and obscurity pervades the whole building. It is often brought as a charge against Gothic churches that they are dark, but we defy those who bring this charge to point to any Gothic cathedral which is as badly lit as St. Paul's.

The interior of the dome, instead of casting a magnificent flood of light into the building, as it does at St. Peter's, Rome, is especially gloomy. The same may be said of the clerestory of the nave and choir, whereas the windows in the aisles, which are low down, throw a most unpleasant glare into those portions of the building; the result is, that instead of having beautiful beams of light entering the church from on high and penetrating through the dimness, creating that beautiful "chequered shade" which is so exquisite in our Gothic churches, or the vast and magnificent flood of light entering from the dome leaving other portions of the church in a rich, golden shadow, as is the case with St. Peter's, Rome, we have nothing but a murky kind of reflected light cast up into the church from the pavement of the aisles. We shall presently see what it was that led Wren to adopt this most unsatisfactory treatment.

For some reasons which we cannot explain or understand, Wren, instead of supporting his dome upon four great arches with vast solid piers between them, conceived the idea of making it rest upon eight arches of equal span, the effect of which is decidedly weak, and, as Mr. Ferguson has pointed out, the dome appears to rest upon eight sharp points, or inverted triangles.

The construction of the dome itself is exceedingly clever and economical. Instead of being a double dome of masonry like St. Peter's, there is an internal dome of brick-work, over which rises a hollow funnel of the same material supporting the lantern. The external dome, which is nearly eighty feet above the internal one, is a wooden structure covered with lead. Some writers have regarded this as a despicable sham, and others describe it as a triumph of construction. The fact is, it is neither the one nor the other. If it were a complete success its great economy and enormous saving of material would be quite sufficient excuse for such a treatment; but, on the other hand, it is undoubtedly the main cause for the gloom which pervades the interior, because, in order to support the upper drum, which externally conceals the funnel, a colonnade is carried in front of the windows, which darkens them, and the lantern is removed to such a distance above the inner dome that the latter receives no light from it.

Externally the effect is very magnificent, but it is one of those cases in which the interior of the building has been sacrificed for the exterior. It is extremely probable that Wren had recourse to this plan because the supports which he had provided for the dome

were insufficient to bear the weight of an external dome of solid masonry. It must not also be overlooked that a great risk from fire was incurred by this mode of construction, and if, as has been so often the case in other buildings, the plumbers in mending the lead-work were careless about their brasiers, and were to drop a few lighted coals amongst the masses of timber forming the external dome, we tremble to think what might be the consequences.

Another far less excusable sham has been had recourse to by Wren in this church. In order to conceal the flying buttresses which support the vaulting, the walls of the aisles have been carried up to a height level with the roof of the clerestory. Now, this was not only totally unnecessary, but a most needless piece of extravagance, and it moreover blocks out a great deal of the light from the clerestory windows, and is another of the causes of the gloom of the interior. In one respect, however, St. Paul's certainly surpasses St. Peter's, and that is in its detail.

In St. Paul's, it greatly helps the general effect of the building, is quiet and unobtrusive, and is, moreover, elegantly and charmingly designed, whereas much of the detail of St. Peter's, especially where it has been added after the death of Michael Angelo, is often obtrusive, coarse, and exaggerated; the workmanship of St. Paul's throughout is superior to that of St. Peter's, nor must we omit to notice the great beauty of the choir stalls, both in design and execution, or the charming metal-work of the gates and screens of the choir, which serve to show that the art of wood-carving and working in metals was in a high degree of perfection in this country at the close of the seventeenth century.

Externally, few if any Italian churches surpass St. Paul's, either in general composition or in detail, but the interior has been so sacrificed to obtain external effect, that it is neither worthy of its situation nor its great architect.

Hawkesmore, who was a pupil and follower of Wren, was a very powerful architect, and in Christ Church, Spitalfields, and St. Mary Wolnoth, he has left us excellent examples of his skill. His western towers of Westminster Abbey,* and second quad of All Souls' College, Oxford, though good in general effect, are not so satisfactory; the fact is, he was working out of his element when he attempted Gothic architecture. The architects and writers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries misunderstood and despised the Gothic, and although Wren and Hawkesmore erected Gothic buildings, they would appear to have done so under protest, and smuggled into these works Classical detail wherever they could; they had, in fact, little real sympathy with the style. Hawkesmore's first idea was to convert the whole of Westminster Abbey into an Italian church, just as Inigo Jones had done with the exterior of the nave of old St. Paul's, and his designs for this singular transmogrification still exist. They are very clever in their way, but we must be sincerely thankful that they were never carried out, though Westminster Abbey was adorned with a huge classical altar screen and obelisks at the entrance to the choir. These, however, have been long since removed.

By the time of George I., Gothic architecture may be said to have ceased to exist as a style of church architecture, because the few ecclesiastical buildings erected from this period until Pugin's revival were either mere Italian buildings with bits of Gothic detail, or they were caricatures of ancient architecture. The cottages and farmhouses in remote parts of the country, however, partook to a certain amount of Gothic character quite down to the time of the French Revolution, but that terrible event seems to have given a death-blow to all schools of architecture; not that the wickedness of the Revolution, or its violence or cruelty, destroyed the art, because it had lived through times as cruel and bloody, but there was one thing which architecture could not live through, and that was the fearful sham of that age: the mock "liberty," the pretended "equality," and spurious "fraternity" were too much for the art, and from that time to this there has been a want of genuineness, honesty, and congruity about it which it seems impossible to get rid of; its value as a witness to history has entirely gone.

We, for instance, now see buildings erected in imitation of Egyptian, of Greek, of Mediæval, and of Renaissance, but we have been unable to build anything in the style of our own day. The architecture of all former ages told us something of the feelings, religion, manners, and customs of the time, but since the French Revolution architecture has told us nothing. We find in the same street, and erected at the same time, Greek temples, Roman archways, Gothic churches, and Renaissance houses. England, it is true, did not rush into these absurdities so early as the Continental nations which were more directly under French influence. With good old King George III. on the throne we contented ourselves with a style of building which was often supremely dull and uninteresting, but respectable and free from sham—Baker-street, for instance. The houses are well and substantially built, and the workmanship sound. The churches were certainly not elegant, but they were well-built, and free from pretentiousness.

At the commencement of George III.'s reign, English, or, at any rate, Scotch architects were still capable of designing really good buildings, as we may see from the numerous and excellent houses erected by the brothers Adam, of Edinburgh. Charlotte-square in that city is a dignified example of their work. The internal ornamentation of their buildings is exceedingly graceful, and some of the charming ceilings and mantelpieces designed by the Adams are still to be seen in the Adelphi-terrace, Strand. Although the exteriors of their houses are often perfectly plain, yet there is always something pleasing about their proportions, and what little detail is introduced is always thoroughly good. Architectural anachronisms were, of course, not wanting at this time, and the fiddle-faddle and sham Gothic of that old dilettante and gossip, Horace Walpole, found imitators and admirers.

The title of "Brummagem Gothic" has been bestowed upon this style on account of the cast-iron Gothic stoves turned out at Birmingham, but it is rather unfair to our great Midland city, which is by no means devoid of fine modern buildings, and has produced better modern metal-work than any town in England. Another exception to the dulness of English work at the close of the eighteenth century is that series of stately public buildings in Dublin, consisting of the Custom House, 1781—1791: the Bank of Ireland, about 1785 (formerly the Houses of Parliament); the Four Courts, 1786—1800; and the Rotunda, which are amongst the finest modern municipal buildings in Europe. They possess both originality and boldness of treatment, combined with grandeur and dignity, which is so much wanting in most English buildings of the period.

The eccentricities and absurdities of the Continental architecture produced by the French Revolution, however, soon found their way into this country, and we even surpassed our neighbours in bad taste, incongruity, and vulgarity. The Pavilion at Brighton, Marylebone Church, Trinity Church, Marylebone, the "Extinguisher" Church in Langham-place, St. Philip's, Regent-street (where the architect has copied the Coragic monument of Lysicrates and converted it into a church tower—could a more rampant piece of absurdity be imagined than making the stand of a Greek theatrical tripod into a bell tower and sticking it on a Christian church!), the National Gallery with its pepperboxes, the Duke of York's Column, the Military Chapel, the Pagoda at Kew Gardens, the stucco palaces of Belgravia and Tiburnia, form an architectural "chamber of horrors" which is perfectly unique. It is but just, however, to own that Decimus Burton's beautiful colonnade, adorned with Flaxman's exquisite friezes, at Hyde Park Corner, is a great contrast to this assemblage of hideousness; it is the best example of pure Greek architecture in England, and, as Mr. Loftie* points out, has been so much overlooked that it has not even had a name bestowed upon it, whereas the poor and feeble Marble Arch, which formerly stood in front of Buckingham Palace (a far better site for it, by the way), is one of the "lions of London."

Such was the condition of our architecture when two men of most opposite views, but who were destined to be united in a very remarkable manner, attempted to bring some kind of order out of this chaotic mass of confusion; they were Barry and Pugin. Barry had studied his art both from ancient Classical and the best types of the Renaissance; he had travelled much, and made careful notes of all that he saw. Although his tastes rather favoured Classical, he nevertheless thoroughly appreciated and understood Gothic; he was moreover a thoroughly practical and scientific architect, an excellent man of business, and possessed of great common sense. Pugin was in many respects the very opposite of all this; he was a violent enthusiast who believed in nothing but Gothic architecture, and a thorough Mediævalist, but a true artist and a powerful and sarcastic writer. His "Contrasts," in which he depicted in an admirable series of etchings, accompanied with very telling and trenchant sarcasm, the absurdities of the architecture of the time contrasted with the beauties of Mediæval buildings, roused a perfect storm in the art world. His idea was that everything had gone wrong in architecture from the moment that the old Gothic style was abandoned and men began to copy Classical, or, as he called them, "Pagan works," that the only possible cure for the evils which had crept into the art was boldly to return to Mediæval architecture and utterly ignore everything which had been done since the fifteenth century.

Now, Barry's idea was rather to correct by careful study of ancient examples the errors and absurdities which had crept into both the Classic and the Gothic works of the day, and to attempt certain modifications so as to render them more applicable to our modern requirements. Pugin's earlier works, mostly Roman Catholic churches, were certainly an immense advance upon any Gothic work which had been seen for centuries, and in his Roman Catholic cathedral of St. Chad, at Birmingham, an adaptation of one of the great brick churches of Northern Germany, there is great dignity united to spaciousness, loftiness, and simplicity, which promised much for the Gothic revival.

The rebuilding of the Houses of Parliament, which occurred at about the same time, and of which Barry was the architect, brought Barry and Pugin into connection, for Barry, determining to erect his building in the Gothic style, sought Pugin's assistance with the details and woodwork; though so opposite in

* These towers are sometimes incorrectly ascribed to Wren.

* Loftie's "History of London."

character, the two men appear not only to have been connected in art, but to have formed a friendship which lasted until the melancholy circumstances occurred which necessitated poor Pugin's giving up business, and which only ceased with his death. Unfortunately, neither of these men lived to see the completion of the Houses of Parliament; even at the present time the land front of the great edifice has been only partly carried out, and by a recent decision of Parliament is now altogether abandoned; in fact, Barry's design for the completion of his great work has been simply ignored! Amongst Barry's finest classical works the Reform Club is one of the best examples.

To return for a moment to the Gothic revival, it has certainly taught much, and has been of almost inestimable value in imparting the real and proper treatment of ornamentation; it has secured much enthusiasm for architecture, and has led to a most exhaustive study of archæology, and to a thorough appreciation of all Mediæval buildings; it has raised up learned and accomplished architects, and artists, and skilled workmen in every branch; it has taught men to avoid many of the mistakes and absurdities of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and to copy with great fidelity every feature and accessory of Mediæval art; but, alas! there is one thing which it has not done — it has neither developed nor advanced; it is still where it was when Pugin erected St. Chad's, Birmingham; the test is now what it was then, "Does the building look like an old one?" The more thoroughly it looks like a thirteenth, fourteenth, or fifteenth century work, the better; the less it resembles them, so much the worse. Now, although this may have been a satisfactory result to start with, yet after fifty years the revival ought to have produced something more than this; we have a right to expect some progress in the art. Look, for instance, at the progress made in architecture between the years 1150 and 1200, when we find the heavy Norman developed into the most graceful Early Pointed, with all its marvellous accessories. And yet, with the means at our hands which men in that early time did not possess—with easy means of travelling, wonderful mechanical contrivances which they never dreamt of, books, photographs, learned societies, architects who are probably superior in intellectual acquirements to those of the Middle Ages (no Mediæval architect, for instance, could possibly have possessed anything like the wide range of knowledge of art possessed by the late Sir Gilbert Scott or Mr. Street), with workmen who are far more intelligent, with tools in their hands to which those of the thirteenth century were as the flint-headed arrows compared to the modern rifle, with the experience of twenty centuries to guide us—yet we have made no advance in half a century! It may also be doubted whether the revived Classic of our day has developed anything that is really original. Its latest phase, the revival of what is called the "Queen Anne style," is simply a reproduction of the ornamental detail of a very debased period of the Renaissance. It must, however, in fairness be acknowledged that this style lends itself well to our present wants; though it possesses no very high artistic merits, it is pleasing, cheerful, and not difficult to carry out; whether it will lead to any architectural advance it is impossible to say. And this opens the general question, Is there any possibility of our ever having a new style of architecture? or are we to go on for ever copying Mediæval buildings for our churches, Classical for our public buildings, and debased Renaissance for our houses; and is there any hope of our having an architecture of our own time? Are our architects responsible for this state of things? or is public taste to be blamed, or what?

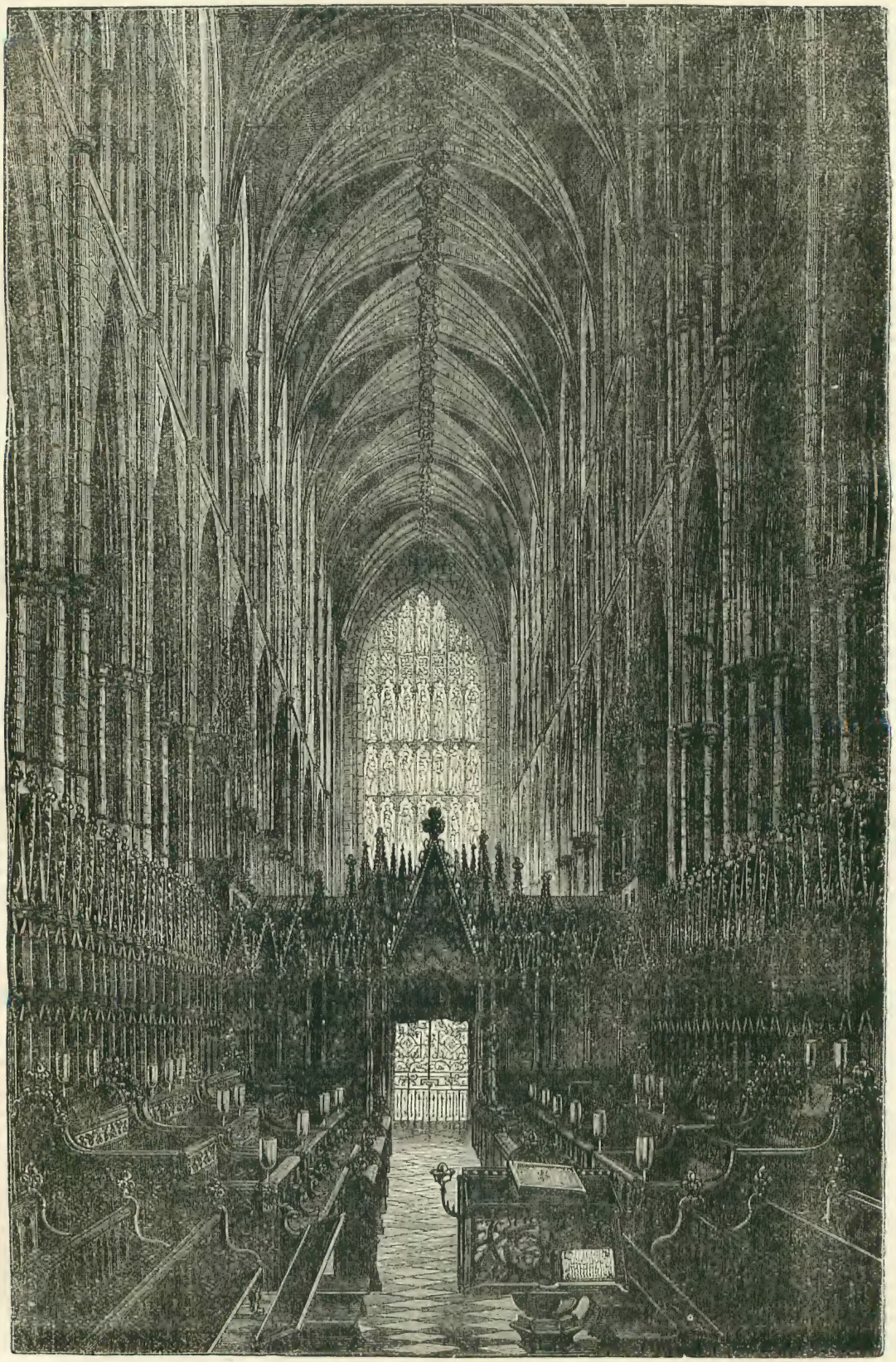
Well, we must say at once that at present anything like originality in architecture seems an impossibility, because all the existing styles of architecture have been worked out to their legitimate conclusion, and have been perfected under circumstances and surroundings which were, as we have shown, conducive to originality and development in the art of building. Experience has shown that we cannot do original work, and our best architects have acknowledged this, and are content to copy and adapt ancient designs and details to our present wants. Men who attempt originality only create confusion, and their works are an ill-assorted jumble of discordant styles. Architects are certainly not to blame for the present unsatisfactory condition of their art; they are, however, very much to be pitied, because in former times they had only to study the architecture of their own day in order to qualify themselves for the profession, but now the unfortunate man has to be well versed in the architecture of every age and of nearly every country of the world. One client wants him to build a pure Greek church, a second has a fancy for a Chinese ice-house, a third has a fancy for an Egyptian conservatory, a fourth for a thirteenth-century engine-house, so that he has not only to know the architecture of every age and every country, but must be able to apply each style to some particular object which was unknown during the time in which it prevailed. What, then, can be done to improve the present unsatisfactory condition of architecture? On the one hand, let us consider what it is that we have at our command, and, on the other, what it is that we are unable to obtain. Well, we have at our command enormous engineering skill; we can obtain splendid workmanship; our mechanical appliances are unlimited; we have most sumptuous materials; Scotland offers us her granite; Italy and Ireland superb marbles; stone, brick, and iron are to be obtained all over England; majolica, glass, mosaic, teak, oak, mahogany, and foreign wood of every description are easily obtainable; but what we cannot get is originality in our details, and that air of poetry and romance which forms the great charm of ancient Gothic buildings. These latter must, of necessity, be out of our reach as long as we live in what is called a practical age.

One thing which at the present day greatly hinders the artistic development of architecture is the fact that the architectural profession partakes so very much more of the character of a business than of that of an art. Of course, many of our living architects are thorough artists; but it would be absurd to call some members of the profession artists at all, as there is no more art about their proceedings than of those of a stock-jobber or a wholesale grocer. There are men in the profession who spend the whole of their time running about picking up work, hunting up directors of companies, dancing attendance upon committees, cajoling vestries, sneaking about, and trying by backstair interest to influence the decision of competitions, offering to undertake work at a cheaper rate than the standard set up by the profession. Some of these men could scarcely tell you the difference between a Gothic and a Classical building. Their whole time is occupied in getting the work, and then they pay some clerk or assistant "to get out the drawings."

Much has been written, and with great justice, against jerry builders, for they richly deserve all that has been said against them; but it must not be forgotten that there are also "jerry architects," who deserve just as much to be exposed. Of course, it is impossible to expect any high artistic progress in a profession carried out as we have described. Unfortunately, the public are often deluded into the supposition that because these men know nothing about their art they are excellent practical architects, and will do good commonsense work. Now, this is a complete delusion, and a little consideration will show that a man who thoroughly understands his art will be a far better practical architect than the one who does not, because, in the first place, he will have given more time and attention to the study of existing works, and, in the second place, he will know how to apply ornamentation in the most effective manner, and where to avoid or spare detail.

Unfortunately, the delusion that an absence of artistic knowledge argues high business qualifications is such a firmly-rooted belief in the minds of many Englishmen that it is almost throwing away words to attempt to show the outrageous absurdity of the idea; but until the ridiculous and mischievous practice of employing men to erect buildings simply because they know nothing whatever about the art side of their profession is done away with, it is useless to look for any progress in architecture. If you employ an architect who is essentially not an artist to carry out a work, that work is certain to be inartistic and hideous, whereas it is just as likely to be inconvenient, impractical, and uncomfortable in the bargain, and it may be laid down as a rule that the most hideous buildings are also the most inconvenient.

The writer was once staying with a gentleman in the country who had built a very costly and hideous house. This gentleman excused its ugliness on the ground that he had chosen an architect who knew nothing about art, but who was "a thorough practical architect who knew how to build a comfortable and convenient house." Now, will it be believed that, although the house in question was a very large one, the kitchens were placed in such a position that the dinner had to be carried across the hall to reach the dining-room, and that no servants' staircase had been provided? Yet, simply because the house was abominably ugly and the architect utterly ignorant of art, the owner of this mansion was perfectly satisfied and convinced that he had a most convenient and practical house! In fact, it has almost become a kind of principle that that which is extremely ugly must be exceedingly practical; just as some women would try to persuade us that pretty women are never intelligent, and plain women are always possessed of great intellect and heroic virtues. This theory also leads people to imagine that they may get on better with a builder alone, and may dispense altogether with the services of an architect. This has resulted in a most deplorable state of things; because, however disappointing buildings may be which are erected under the superintendence of an architect, yet they are pretty well certain to be better than anything erected by a builder alone; and if the efforts of our architects are not always successful, what is to be said of the operations of the speculating builder? We know nothing more saddening, nothing which damps all hope of future architecture, nothing which is more thoroughly revolting to a man of taste, than a visit to the places in the neighbourhood of London where the lovely country lanes and delightful fields are being cut up and built over by rows of the most detestable villas, hideous terraces, and other abominations of the "Jerry builder." We see the same sickening design for some semi-detached villa repeated over and over again till the thing which was bad enough even when built once becomes absolutely loathsome. Since the world began, nothing so utterly detestable can be conceived as the modern "Jerry-built" semi-detached villa. It has reached the very acme of vulgarity. One cannot admire the plain houses erected



THE CHOIR OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

THE SISTINE CHAPEL.

half a century back; neither Marylebone-road nor Maida-hill can be looked upon as pleasing examples of domestic architecture, yet they are free from the outrageous vulgarity and disgusting pretentiousness which is rampant in the rows of semi-detached villas which are gradually invading the beautiful suburban roads of London. When we enter one of these new neighbourhoods, and look at the repulsiveness of its architecture, we cannot help recalling to our minds the words which Dante saw over the entrance to another place:—

"Ye who enter here must leave all hope behind."

If there is ever to be a new style of architecture worth anything, the very existence of the "Jerry builder" must be rendered an impossibility, because as long as he is allowed his own sweet will our houses will be vile both in design and execution. If there is to be a new style, and one which will express the feelings and sentiments of our own day, it will probably arise from a judicious adaptation of the features of some past style which are best suited to our own time; not by copying the most splendid and elaborate works of antiquity, but those which can be most readily reproduced by our workmen.

Our buildings should be designed in a style which can express itself in a few simple features, leaving large wall spaces for decorative painting, mosaic, or flat ornamentation of some kind or another. We must not attempt to aim at the exquisite mystery and poetry of old Gothic work, for we shall never again see a building erected like Westminster or Amiens, and imitations of them, however well designed and carried out, must be disappointing because of the entire absence of that romance and poetry which surrounds old buildings.

Some of our readers may be inclined to imagine that age will lend these charms to our buildings, but there is not the slightest chance of this, and there can be little doubt that our old Gothic works, whether they were cathedrals, castles, or dwelling houses, were as poetical and beautiful when they came fresh from the hand of their builders as they are now, whereas our buildings are unpoetical and unromantic from the first moment of their existence, and will remain so to the last; and although we may attempt to throw a glamour of romance over them by imitating the works of former ages, "the lie will out," and the truth be detected that they are the works of a thoroughly unromantic age, of a practical age, a common-sense age, a plodding, money-getting, commercial age, but one devoid of poetry and romance. What the architecture of the future may be is concealed from us, and we cannot lift the veil of futurity, though if we look at the two typical buildings which we illustrate—Westminster Abbey and the Sistine Chapel—there can be little doubt that it will partake more of the latter than of the former, though whether we shall ever see such decorative painting again as adorns the walls of the Sistine is indeed a question.

And now perhaps our girls may be inclined to say, "Is it possible that we can do anything to help the future of architecture?" Well, we think they can do much. In the first place, the very possibility of architecture ever having a future at all as an art must depend upon people taking an intelligent interest in it. As long as people do not care whether their buildings are beautiful or ugly; as long as people are ignorant of what constitutes good, and what constitutes bad, architecture; as long as the whole art is treated with indifference and contempt, there is no chance of any improvement. During the Middle Ages, when a church or a cathedral was to be erected, every soul in the place, whether it was city or village, took an interest in the work; and until we can revive a love for architecture, and an intelligent enjoyment of its beauties amongst the people, we must be content to see the art lingering and decaying. We think there is also another way in which our girls may be of considerable help in the future. We have shown that, owing to circumstances over which our architects have no control, the buildings which we are now erecting cannot possibly be of any interest or value in the future; but this just makes every atom of genuine old work more precious. As time goes on, decay, accidents, rebuilding, and restoration will, sooner or later, most certainly in the end deprive our ancient buildings of every atom of genuine ancient work which they possess. Now, what we suggest to our girls to do is this. Let them take their note-books and their sketch-books, if they can sketch; let them carefully sketch and note down every genuinely ancient feature in some old church or building in their neighbourhood. Careful records of this kind have over and over again proved to be of great value; and although at the present moment such notes may not be worthy of publication, they may be of the highest possible value when the objects which they describe have ceased to exist. Even should they answer no other purpose, they would greatly assist in instilling into the minds of their writers that intelligent interest in architecture which must be spread amongst the public if the art is ever again to assume its former dignity and importance.

It may not be out of the way here to give our girls a hint or two as to how they may describe easily an old church so as to render their description intelligible to those who are acquainted with architectural matters. They should proceed thus—1. State the name of the church. 2. Its dedication. 3. Its situation. 4. Describe the plan of the buildings. 5. Mention the style of architecture to which each portion belongs. 6. Any remarkable peculiarity of the architecture. 7. Any valuable or interesting detail. 8. Any ancient furniture which the church may contain; stained glass, if there be any. 9. The monuments. 10. Church plate, bells, register books. We give an example of how this should be done:—

The church of——, dedicated to St. John, is situated in a beautiful valley about a quarter of a mile from the village, and on the road to ——. It consists of a nave and aisles; a chancel, with one side chapel to the south and a single transept to the north; a tower at the west end, porches both to the north and south, and an original vestry to the north of the chancel. The nave is Perpendicular, and has a lofty and very noble clerestory; it is divided from its aisles, which are decorated by five rather obtusely-pointed arches, resting upon richly-moulded piers with small moulded capitals. Each bay of the clerestory contains two three-light windows; the roof, rather flat in pitch, is of oak, and has principals adorned with pierced tracery, showing remains of ancient coloured decoration. The windows of the aisles are of the Curvilinear Decorated period; they are of three lights, and the traceries elegant and richly moulded. The chancel is Early English. The east window is a three-light composition of lancets, finely shafted and moulded, with the "dog-tooth" ornament introduced. The chancel and chapel are vaulted in stone, with well-accentuated ribs and carved bosses. Two very acutely-pointed arches, resting upon a clustered column and responds, open into the side chapel, which is also Early English, with a two-light window to the east and two single lancets at the side. The transept, which is Late Perpendicular, opens into the north aisle of the nave by a four-centred arch, and has a very rich, flat ceiling. The tower and spire are Decorated; the latter is constructed of stone, has four pinnacles at the base, and possesses two rows of gabled windows arranged upon alternate sides of the octagon of the spire; the original cross and vane still exist. The belfry windows are arranged in pairs on each side of the tower. The west window is of five lights, rich Late Decorated, and the western doorway well moulded. The door itself is modern; the porches are both Perpendicular; that to the south is adorned externally with panelling, and above the outer doorway are five large niches, which appear formerly to have contained statues. The parvise (or room over the porch) is very perfect, and contains its ancient fireplace and chimney. The north porch is somewhat similar to the south, but plainer.

There is a fine rood screen, with loft and parclose screens to the chancel chapel and north transept. They are all Perpendicular, and richly painted with figures of apostles and prophets. The stairs to the rood-loft still exist, and are contained in an octagonal turret to the south of the chancel arch. There is a plain Early English sedilia and piscena in the chancel, and a somewhat richer example of the latter feature in the south chapel. There is a little Late Perpendicular stained glass in the window of the transept, consisting of three figures under canopies, representing St. Peter, St. James, and St. John, with their appropriate emblems. The choir stalls are good Perpendicular work, and the benches of the nave have "poppy heads;" the pulpit dates from the time of James I., and the communion table from that of Queen Anne, and there is a squire's pew of the time of Charles II.

The font which stands in the centre of the nave, near the west end, is an Early Norman, cubical in form, supported upon four short columns; it is of dark grey marble, carved with intersecting patterns in low relief, and is the only existing feature of an earlier church.

There are several interesting monuments in the church. In the north wall of the chancel is the founder's tomb, the effigy of a knight in chain armour, under an Early English arch. The only portion of the inscription visible are the words, "Ci Gist Pierre de ——."

There is a large and costly monument in the chancel, constructed of marble, to the memory of Sir Timothy Ouldethorpe, who lived in the reigns of Elizabeth, James I., and Charles I. The inscription and epitaph are as follows:—

"Here Lyeth the Bodye of that
Most Honourable, Virtuous, and Learned Gent,
Sir Timothy Ouldethorpe, Knt.,
Sometime Groom of ye Stole unto his most
Gracious Majestie Kynge James of Blessed Memory.

The said Sir Timothy gave unto this Parish 6 acres of lande for ye benefit of ye pore situated in ye hamlet of Dandeys, and called 'Timsdandeys.' He departed this lyfe on the tenth daye of November, in ye yeare of Our Lorde 1632, and in ye 73rd year of hys age.

This Monument is erected to his memorie by his sorrowing Widow, Dame Judith Ouldethorpe."

"Sagittæ Potentis Acutæ cum Carbonibus Desolatoriis."

"O Death, thine arrows may no man withstande,
Thou strik'st both riche and poore with certaine hande!
The Virtuous and the Vile must both obey thy call;
None may escape thy doom, Thou overcomest all.
A gen'rous husband, virtuous father, kinde,
Is ta'en away, and those he leaves behinde
Must mourne his loss, until the summonse come,
With call to join him in th' Eternal home."

The church plate consists of a chalice and paten of silver, dating from the time of Charles II., and two flagons dated 1715, and a large alms dish of Elizabeth's time. The bells are five in number. The oldest is dated, and inscribed—

"Gulilemus Dacre, fecit me. in Spe, Misericordiæ, A.D. MCCCCXL.

"Thoma Vocatus sum Defunctos ploro."

The other four were recast in 1789. Each is inscribed as follows:—

"Thomas Abel made this bell,
Let all folks say he did it well.
1789."

The register books are kept in an iron safe in the vestry — as all regular books ought to be. They date back from the year 1628.

This is, of course, a mere skeleton sketch to show our girls the order in which the various objects of interest in an ancient church may be mentioned. The detail may be filled in to any amount.

In addition to the knowledge of architecture which our girls wil obtain by writing careful notes upon ancient churches and other buildings, it is extraordinary the knowledge which they will gain of history and topography. They will be collecting the materials for future county histories, a class of works which will have soon to be entirely re-written, and in a much more careful manner than has hitherto been done. Many of our existing county histories are so careless and so superficial, that they are simply worthless as aids to the study of history.

In conclusion, we feel convinced that architecture studied in the way we suggest would afford our girls a very agreeable variety to their other occupations, and would give an object of interest to their walks and pleasure excursions, affording them sound and solid information of a most reliable kind, and much innocent and improving enjoyment.

ETHEL RIVERS' AMBITION.

A STORY WITH A WARNING.

CHAPTER III.

AFTER the disappointment of a hope to which one has long looked forward daily, life, however varied, seems sadly flat and unprofitable, and one turns eagerly to fresh scenes where the past may be forgotten and the mind braced for renewed efforts, which desires frustrated have weakened.

Thus it was with Mr. Mildmay. For some time past he had been looking forward to a trip to America, partly as a pleasure tour and partly to collect materials for a Transatlantic book he was contemplating, and he wisely thought this a suitable time for his journey.

Though Ethel Rivers had not thought it worth while to verify the "gutter patois" which she had introduced into her story, the author of some standing would not have written a line without thoroughly proving the accuracy of what he wrote. And it will be found to be so in other matters; the amateur pianist does not pay the attention to details of fingering or small shades of expression as the professional; the amateur artist does not think it a great matter to discriminate between the tints of green in a leaf; yet success depends upon trifles of the kind in no slight degree.

But we are wandering from Drummond's journey. Nowadays the trip across the "herring pond" is a matter of small note; rapid steamers have made it almost as prosaic an affair as crossing from Dover to Calais. The brisk sea breeze, however, and the congenial employment of the study of human nature necessary for his purpose, soon afforded him the relaxation of which he felt himself in need. And though he by no means forgot Ethel Rivers, still the novelty of his surroundings, by turning his thoughts into other channels, braced him to endure whatever the future might have in store.

His American tour lasted over a year, and on reaching his native shores once more his first thoughts flew to the cordial invitation he had received from Ethel's aunt to pay her a visit at his earliest convenience. He was debating with himself the advisability of a course he so much desired when a paragraph in the daily paper lying before him caught his eye. Under the heading of Book Notices was the review of a new novel "by Ethel Mary Rivers." The criticism on it was sharp and full of scathing sarcasms. Drummond read it carefully through, and his cheek burned with as much shame as though the work had been his own, for it was unequivocally condemned. Not only did it appear a raw production, but its moral tone was, alas! not of the first order, the "flippancy" being one of the gravest faults.

"Poor girl! How she must be changed," thought Drummond, and then he was ready to reproach himself with having allowed the daughter of his old friend to drift into so unpleasant a position. This was the fruit of her ambition. The matter, however, decided him on the subject of his visit, and only waiting to satisfy himself that the review was a just one, he took an early train to Boxley.

Mrs. Benton's house was small and pretty, and the owner received him with much effusion. He hesitated to open the real object of his visit, until Ethel should have assured him that her aunt, whom he knew to be of no literary turn of mind, was privy to the fact of her having published at all.

In reply to his inquiries after Ethel's health, Mrs. Benton rejoined that she was pretty well. "But in my opinion so much writing is bad for anyone. She's at it not only by day, but at night too, I do believe," said the old lady. "It is bad for her eyes; now, don't you think so?"

Mr. Mildmay assented.

"Then I hope you will tell Ethel so. Perhaps she will attend to what you say; she does not care one bit for any remark of mine." And the aunt shook her head solemnly. "But I cannot imagine what she is doing, that she does not come in. Writing, as usual, I suppose!" And Mrs. Benton left the room, in search of her niece.

The moment Ethel entered the drawing-room Drummond noticed the change in her. Not only was she thinner, but there was a flush upon her cheek, telling of undue excitement, and a restless light in her dark eyes very different from the bright, girlish gleam he remembered in them.

"I suppose you are come to scold me," she said, lightly, after the first greetings had passed between them.

"I do not think you can need that," replied Drummond, gravely. "You seem to me to have had enough blame."

Ethel laughed a hard, scornful laugh.

"Oh, those reviewers! They always 'cut up' a woman's work," she said, bitterly.

"Not unless deservedly; at least, not as a rule," he said, still gravely.

"Have you read it?" she demanded, after a pause.

"Certainly."

"And your opinion is still 'that young girls, having seen nothing but the sunny side of life,' cannot write, etc., etc.," she put in, sarcastically repeating his words to her on a previous occasion.

Mr. Mildmay felt the sneer in her remark, but he merely said, quietly enough—

"I was more vexed and ashamed than I can tell you."

Ethel had had many unpleasant observations to endure of late, but this, the honest judgment of her best friend, went to her heart as no previous one had. Tears rose to her eyes, but she bit her lips, gulped down her rising sobs, and replied, coolly—

"Thanks for your good opinion, Mr. Critic!"

Drummond, seeing (as he thought) that he had made no impression upon her, accordingly changed the subject, telling her of his travels, his new book, and little matters connected with the literary world, sure to be interesting to anyone who had been, like Ethel, so much mixed up with it. Not until after they had dined did Mr. Mildmay remember Mrs. Benton's request. He had noticed that Ethel repeatedly pressed her hand over her eyes as though they ached, and that she closed them whenever she fancied herself unobserved; the eyes looked weary and heavy, too, as if she had been for weeks deprived of her proper rest. He felt it was indeed time to offer a warning, so, as he took leave of her, he said, seriously—

"And let me beg of you not to overstrain your sight; you will suffer if you do, whether you continue an authoress or not."

For a moment Ethel looked alarmed, then she shook the feeling off, and replied—

"Oh, my sight is as strong as a hawk's!"

"Well, will you promise me something else, then?" he asked, earnestly.

She signed to him to continue.

"Let me see your next manuscript, before you think of disposing of it."

Ethel gave him her hand in token of assent.

"I will," she said; "for I am still resolved to succeed; and I depend upon you to help me, for 'auld lang syne.'"

If determination ensures success, Ethel had already attained it; and as Drummond travelled homewards that night he was inclined to think that such resolution must, in the end, ensure success, and to imagine that she had not yet discovered her special forte. He had told himself that his short love story was over and done with, but he might have known that the manner in which Ethel's doings affected himself was indicative of something more than mere friendly interest. But while he admired the undaunted determination and bravery which she showed, he regretted deeply the cynicism and bitterness which contrasted so sadly with her former bright frankness. Part of it, he knew, might be due to disappointment, and she was probably feeling sorely the loss of her father's countenance and help in her ambition. "And it may have been partly assumed out of bravado," he thought, hopefully.

The only cause he overlooked, in his desire to make every allowance for the girl he loved, was a physical one; and yet this lay at the bottom of nearly (if not quite) all the change he so bewailed.

(*To be concluded.*)

A PICNIC.

THE MUSIC FOR THE MONTH.

"All the air is filled with sound,
Soft and sultry and profound;
Murmurs through the shadowy grass
Lightly stray;
Faint winds whisper as they pass—
'Come away!'
Where the bees' deep music swells
From the trembling foxglove bells—
Come away!"

YES; how we all feel, with Mrs. Hemans, that this is indeed the music for the month! Nature gives her most exquisite concerts during these summer days—commencing at sunrise, when all the feathered songsters awaken and proclaim with renewed vigour and sweetness the opening day. Happy they who are wise enough to get up early and listen to this first part of the programme! Later on, when the "raging noon" draws nigh, and the vertical rays of the hot sun are directed full upon the face of the parched earth, the musicians repose 'neath the shelter of the trees, and "scarce a chirping grasshopper is heard through the dumb mead." And later still, as the majestic orb sinks in golden glory behind the western hills, all nature murmurs soft lullaby, and sings the world to sleep. Alone, whilst the others are silent—alone, the tearful nightingale pours forth its wealth of sympathetic melody, a gentle soothing to the sleepless watcher, the heart-worn mourner waiting for the dawn.

Yes, from sunrise to the day's end, these are the songs for the month; and it is only natural that we children of men should be tempted to lift our voices in the exultation, the full joy of the summer, and join our humble songs to those of the breezes and the birds.

In our rambles through the woods, in our picnics in the glades, and in our boat, as we lazily glide down the stream, how well may our music complete the enchantment of the hour! It is in such times as these that we first realise the great advantage of being able to read music; and in such situations, where a pianoforte is an impossibility, do we first learn how dependent upon that instrument some of us have become.

We do a little part-singing at home; but that frequently means nothing more than having the parts drummed out upon the piano and then coming in with the voices when and how we please, the same process taking place every time we "do a little part-singing." You must have heard the story of the man who assisted in some such performance. The lady who played the parts on the piano asked him which part he would sing. "Oh," he said, "I don't mind; any part you like. I've never seen it before; but that's no consequence; I'll chime in somewhere!"

This promiscuous "chiming in" would simply be the ruin of open-air part-singing, where you are only likely to have a pitchpipe or tuning-fork from which to find your keynote, and where even soloists think themselves lucky to have the accompaniment of a guitar or zither.

Such assistance, charming though it is, is very feeble in so large a hall, canopied by so lofty a roof as the blue sky above us, for the space swallows up the power of the sounds. Indeed, if you think, in the bright gaiety of the moment, that anything will sound well, believe me that you need your best musicianship, for you stand alone in the presence of your heaven-taught rivals, and you prove to yourself and to your friends whether you have trusted to "picking out" your part upon the piano, or whether you have tried reading and sounding interval against interval, until, simply by practice and perseverance, you read the notes, as you would read a book, with perfect ease.

Truly, it only needs such an effort to enable you to give to others and enjoy yourself the fulfilment of a happy day, whether up the winding river, in the woodland dale, or upon the mountain side.

Even a single representative of each part—a soprano, contralto, tenor, and bass—would be sufficient to sing the lovely part songs which Mendelssohn composed expressly for singing in the open air, and which, by his choice of subject alone, seem, every one of them, to be suggested by rambles, and picnics, and country walks.

Well we recollect helping to sing some of them from memory upon a still summer's night a few years back; a night so still that, save for the chirp of the cricket, the distant burr of the nightjar, or the occasional outburst of chromatic sadness from a nightingale, there was really no sound to be heard around us. We had for some few days been saving the shells of all the eggs consumed in our various homes; these we half filled with tallow or oil and supplied with little wicks, and now we placed our improvised flotilla in the boat which we hired on the lake. The slow and steady stroke of the oars broke the silence of the starlit night with cooling splashes. When we had put off some yards from the shore we set a light to our little eggshells and placed them upon the water, and then, surrounded by our fairy candles, we blended our voices in Mendelssohn's part-songs. However poor our singing may have been, the whole effect was impressive; and we suggest to you that this

is one of many pleasant and attractive ways of rendering open-air music. How delightful, if such a suggestion should prompt any of our girls to learn to sing from notes, and should persuade their brothers (the basses and tenors) to follow their example of useful perseverance! But some forms of open-air music have not the charm, and do not exercise the spell possessed by those kinds, both natural and artistic, to which allusion has just been made.

There are, for instance, the street organs, with either children in cradles or monkeys in costume; there are the pianos, capable of performing the most aggravatingly perfect trills and shakes, the power of which no amount of technique could make possible to the toiling student; there are the vocalists, who deliver from the muddy road their repertoire, mainly selected from Sankey's hymns; there are those noisy Christy minstrels who never play *in* St. James's Hall; and, finally, there are the German bands, which latter we have been compelled to listen to in all their varying aspects; upon one occasion, we recollect, the *melody* had been sent to collect money, and we had the painful pleasure of guessing what the tune would have been had it been there!

However, let us forget the discomforts, not always unattended by amusement, endured from these unmusical musicians, and once again contemplate with joy the fresh air and the pure sounds around us, and let us raise many a song from lake and hillside, wood and valley, and bid each note soar upwards, up beyond the bright blue yonder, uniting with the myriad voices around, above, below, in love and gratitude to Him from whom spring "all things bright and beautiful."

NOTE.—REVIEWS OF MUSIC, ETC.—We have come to the conclusion that the great depression in trade has affected the publication of new music, as we have received nothing during the last thirty days in any way worthy of our recommendation.

MY BROTHER'S FRIEND.

By EGLANTON THORNE, Author of "The Old Worcester Jug," etc.

CHAPTER IV.

MABEL'S WEDDING DAY.

MR. STEINTHORPE looked, if possible, sleeker, handsomer, and better dressed than ever that evening. I could find no fault with him as a lover. He was evidently fascinated with Mabel, and the delicate homage his manner to her displayed must have been very flattering to her vanity. Nor did his manner towards my father and me leave anything to be desired. Father was more than satisfied with his future son-in-law; he thought the engagement a most fortunate one for Mabel. That he was very pleased I could tell by the unusual animation he displayed; the cloud of melancholy that so often hung over him had disappeared. I could at least feel thankful to Mr. Steinthorpe for having rendered my father more cheerful.

Mr. Steinthorpe treated me with a courtesy into which he tried to infuse somewhat of brotherly kindness. I showed myself so amazed when first he addressed me by my Christian name that he apologised, and humbly asked if I would allow him to use it.

"Of course you must call her 'Dorothy,'" said Mabel; "she is your sister now as well as mine."

I tried hard to look as if this idea were pleasant to me, but scarcely succeeded. Indeed, I endeavoured to think kindly of Howard Steinthorpe, but a secret distrust of him still lurked within my heart. However, it seemed to Mabel that we were getting on nicely, and she was satisfied.

When tea was over, I left Mabel to enjoy her lover's company, and putting on my hat hurried off to find Salome. It was but a few steps to the little white cottage at the top of the road, the three-cornered cottage, we called it, because a large slice had been taken off it for the enlargement of the neighbouring house, and the one room on the ground floor, on to which the house door opened, and the bedroom above it, were alike of a triangular form.

I think Salome was expecting me, for there was something rather too dramatic in the start and exclamation of surprise with which she greeted my appearance. But I could see that she was very pleased that I had come to her so soon after my arrival at home. Her cottage was a cosy little place, and, of course, it looked the picture of neatness. The carpet, curtains, and certain pieces of furniture were recognised by me as having once done service in my home. Clearly Mabel had had a hand in the arrangement of things. Salome was ironing when I entered, and I saw to my surprise that a frock of Mabel's lay on the ironing-board. When I remarked on this she explained to me that my sister, knowing her liking for laundry work, had arranged that she should undertake the getting up of our family linen, having a woman to help her with the rougher work. She said, too, that by Mabel's recommendation she had gained other employers, and was thus able to earn a nice little sum weekly.

What a manager Mabel was! How cleverly she had contrived to rid herself of Salome's presence in the house when she found it inconvenient, yet in such a way that no one could say she had treated our old servant ill!

Yet I could see that her retirement from our service was a sore subject with Salome. When I told her how sorry I was to miss her from our home, and that I hoped she would come back to me when Mabel was married, she shook her head, and refused to think of such a thing.

"Nay, nay, Miss Dorothy, I'd better bide here. I like my cottage, and I've no mind to give it up. Old folks and young folks don't often think alike, and maybe I shouldn't fall in with your ideas any better than with Miss Mabel's."

I was silent, feeling that there was perhaps some truth in Salome's words.

"But I tell you what, Miss Dorothy, my dear," my old nurse went on; "if ever you find yourself at a loss and want a helping hand, I'll come to you; whether it's pickling the hams, or boiling the jam, or the house cleaning, you may rely on me. It's not likely that you, fresh from school, can know how these things should be done, though Miss Mabel was mighty clever at them, for all her fine education; but you're not just like Miss Mabel, and p'raps I do know better than you, and living so near, I can always run in when you want me."

"Which will be very often," I said, "for I have not Mabel's genius for housekeeping, and I shall get into the most fearful muddles if you do not look after me. And I like the old ways best; I'm not a fashionable person, you know."

Salome's eyes gleamed with satisfaction.

"That's true," she said; "you're noways so particular as Miss Mabel. And if there's any making or mending I can do for you, Miss Dorothy, I'd be only too glad to do it. Or for Miss Mabel either; I'd help her with her wedding clothes if she'd let me, but I doubt I'm not a fine enough needlewoman for her."

"You sew beautifully," I said, though I was not sure that Mabel would agree with me, "and I will find you plenty to do, whether Mabel does or not; you know how I hate needlework."

Salome laughed. I think she liked me the better for my careless, improper ways, shocking as they were to her sense of propriety. They made her feel that I needed her, and it is pleasant to a true woman's heart to know that she is necessary to the well-being of another.

I felt happier after I had had that talk with Salome, and when I went home I told Mabel how much I liked Salome's cottage, and how comfortable she seemed. I hoped thus to make amends to my sister for my hasty, cross words, and especially for the improper way in which I had spoken of Mr. Steinthorpe. Mabel received my overtures graciously, and complacently remarked that she had been sure I should soon feel that I had passed too hasty a judgment upon her conduct with regard to Salome, since she had no right to complain of the way in which she had been treated.

A few days later Edmund came home. I welcomed him with rapture. His company would be more precious to me than ever, since Mabel was much occupied with her *fiancé* and the preparations for her wedding, which was to take place ere long. But I had the mortification of seeing Edmund on his ar-

rival eye me with astonishment, not unmixed with disgust, pretty much as Mabel had done.

"What have you done to yourself, Dorothy?"

"*Don't you like* my short hair?" I faltered.

"Like it! Why, you look just like a hairdresser's apprentice who has been practising on himself with the curling-tongs!"

For I had been trying to make my unruly hair curl, and the result was not happy.

"Was she not silly to have it cut off?" said Mabel.

"Infatuated," returned Edmund. "I hate to see a girl with short hair; it looks so unwomanly."

"Unwomanly!" I could hardly keep the tears from rising to my eyes when I heard him speak so. Little as I strove to acquire certain womanly virtues, I hated the idea of being thought unwomanly. I had often enough wished that I were a boy, but I had no admiration for girls who affected mannish airs and a mannish style of dress. It seemed to me that such were as little deserving of respect as men who show themselves weak and effeminate.

"I am sure I wish enough I had not cut it off," I said, impatiently; "everyone goes on at me so about it, and I can't make it grow, anyhow. It gets thicker and thicker, but it won't grow long."

"Try Mrs. Allen's hair restorer, warranted to make the hair grow to any length, and we shall soon see you like the fair damsel on the advertisement sheets with her silken tresses sweeping to her feet. Shall I get you a bottle?" said Edmund, mischievously.

"No, thank you," I returned, unable to relish the joke.

Edmund chose another topic that was hardly more agreeable to me.

"By the bye, Dottie," he began (he would persist in calling me by this childish name, given to me in my baby-days, though I often begged him to drop it, seeing it was most ridiculous applied to a tall being like myself), "I suppose you have now done with school. Miss Carefull has put the last touch of her superfine polish upon you and labelled you 'finished.' What trophies have you brought home in the form of prizes to witness to the solemn fact?"

"What is the good of asking me about prizes!" I said, pettishly. "You know very well that I am the dunce of the family."

"Are you a follower of Duns Scotus, who, by the way, was a very clever fellow, and by no means deserved to have all the blockheads called after him?" said Edmund, coolly.

I could not help laughing at the brotherly indifference with which Edmund accepted the fact of my being a blockhead, and in the laugh my vexation melted away.

"How about your friend, Ralph Dugdale?" I inquired. "Have you seen much of him lately?"

"Oh, yes, only he has been working so tremendously hard. He talks of coming into this neighbourhood for the vacation, so perhaps you will see him, Dottie. He has an uncle living near Braintree."

"Oh, that will be nice! You must ask him to come here," I cried, whilst Mabel made haste to inquire what was his uncle's name.

"Beavis, I believe," said Edmund, indifferently.

"Oh, Sir John Beavis, of Cotsford Manor!" said Mabel, with some eagerness. "Howard knows him, I believe. You must bring your friend to The Towers some day, Edmund."

"Perhaps," said Edmund, drily; "but, you know, Mab, you are not at The Towers yet."

His remark brought a flush of indignation to Mabel's cheek.

I soon learned what Edmund thought of Mabel's engagement. It was not a bad thing for her, he said. No doubt she would enjoy doing the grand at The Towers, but he could not say that he was charmed with his future brother-in-law; he did not find that he improved upon acquaintance.

"Why, Ted," I said, with some surprise, "I thought you liked him. And Mabel says that he has been very good to father. He has lent him money and helped him in his business."

Edmund gave an odd smile.

"Have you not heard of the disinterested cormorant who went to the assistance of the fishes when they were threatened with death? Depend upon it, Steinthorpe will be no loser by any help he has given father. If he has advanced money, it has been upon good security, and he will get capital interest for his money. Father told me as much himself. Steinthorpe is not the fellow to give, hoping for nothing again."

"But, Edmund," I said, "the cormorant carried the fishes to a secure little pool and devoured them at his ease. You don't mean to suggest that Mr. Steinthorpe intends to devour father?" And I laughed at the absurd notion.

"Oh, I don't think father is in any bodily peril," said Edmund, laughing, too; "Steinthorpe is not a man of large appetite."

"Then what do you mean, Edmund?" I persisted.

"Better not ask, Dottie," he replied. "After all, perhaps, I wrong the fellow by my suspicions."

I felt lonely after Edmund had gone back to college. Mabel was so very busy and important over the preparations for her wedding, that she could give little time to me. I went once or twice with her to The Towers, now delivered over to workmen, to see the improvements that were being made there, or to decide concerning carpets or furniture. Not that my advice was ever wanted, or the least respect paid to my opinions, only Mabel thought it right that I should go with her. As I wandered through the large rooms I wondered rather sadly whether Mabel would be happy there. The prospect of the wedding gave me no pleasure. Mabel and I had been together all our lives, and I could not bear to think of parting with my sister. Sometimes I was pained to see how little she minded leaving me and the old home. The large rooms and elegant furniture at The Towers seemed to promise her ample compensation for all that she would leave.

Mabel was married early in June. Her wedding-day was a miserable day to me; it rained fast all day, and was so chilly that we were glad to have fires. Edmund came home the evening before with such a bad cold on his chest that he could hardly speak, and he should have been in bed instead of making one of the party that went to church. What with anxiety about him and general excitement I was hardly in a state of mind to give Mabel the attention and service she had a right to expect; but Mabel's equanimity did not fail her, much as it was tried. She felt it disappointing that the sun refused to shine on her in her bridal white; but with her usual common sense she resigned herself to the inevitable. The only time her serenity was seriously disturbed was when we discovered that the dressmaker had deceived herself as to my height, and made the skirt of my gown outrageously short. Then, indeed, Mabel's pretty face fell, and her brows were puckered in distress.

"How dreadfully tall you are, Dorothy!" she said, as if I could help it.

But presently her quick mind and nimble fingers contrived a way of remedying this defect; our toilets were completed to our satisfaction, and we went downstairs. I was the only bridesmaid, for it was a very simple wedding; father had stipulated for that. He had no money to waste on finery, he said.

I did not deport myself well as a bridesmaid, for when Edmund was seized with a violent fit of coughing in the middle of the service, I became so absorbed in anxiety about him that I was not ready to take the bride's bouquet when she looked to me for assistance. The church was crammed with spectators, for Mr. Steinthorpe was a great man in the neighbourhood, and many people were interested in his wedding. He had given his men a holiday, and my father's tan-yard, too, was closed for the day, so in spite of the rain there was quite a crowd of workmen with their wives and children gathered in the churchyard to see the bride arrive. The Burford brass band was there, and played "Oh, haste to the wedding" in the most inspiriting style, as we walked up the churchyard path, breaking forth with still more vigour into "See, the conquering hero comes" when we quitted the church at the conclusion of the service; whilst the children scattered flowers for the bride to step on, ruthlessly casting down the sweet summer blossoms to be trampled into the wet earth. There was to be a great dinner for Mr. Steinthorpe's and my father's workpeople at The Swan later in the day, so it was a gala occasion for most of the Burford people; but for me, as I have said, it was an unhappy day. Mabel was not long at home after our return from church. She had but time to partake rather hastily of the excellent

breakfast which Salome had helped to prepare, and at which she waited in a new lavender gown, and with white satin ribbons in her cap. Then I helped Mabel to change her dress; our farewells were said, and she and her bridegroom drove off to the nearest station at which they could catch the London express, which disdained to stop at so unimportant a place as New Burford. They were going to spend their honeymoon amidst the enchanting scenery of Switzerland.

How dismal everything seemed when the day's excitement was over! Father felt the parting with Mabel as much as I did, no doubt, but he was never wont to confide his feelings to his children, and he did not on this occasion. He only kissed me more warmly than usual, saying, "You and I must take care of each other now, Dorothy," and then he slipped on his old coat with an air of relief, and went across to his office, where he busied himself for the remainder of the day. Edmund could no longer conceal that he was feeling quite ill with his cold. I made up a fire in father's room, and drawing an easy chair to it, persuaded Edmund to rest there. Salome would have liked to poultice him; but he would not hear of that, and we had hard work to get him to drink some of the linseed tea which she held to be a sovereign remedy for coughs. I sat by his side all the afternoon, feeling dull and heavy-hearted. He, too, hardly cared to speak; his good spirits had deserted him, a sure sign that he was feeling far from well. After a while he fell into a dose. I wished I could do the same, but anxious thoughts would not let me rest. They soon brought tears to my eyes, and finding myself on the point of sobbing aloud, I rose and slipped quietly from the room. I went into the dining-room. Salome had restored everything here to its usual order, and, save some vases filled with hothouse flowers, there was nothing to remind me of the great event of the day. I did not need reminding, however. I made up the fire, and then sitting down on the hearthrug, leaned my head on a chair and indulged in a good cry.

I had ceased to sob, but my cheeks were still wet with tears, when I heard a vehicle drawing up outside the house. I did not disturb myself, however, supposing that it had only brought someone on business to the tan-yard. There must have followed a knock at the door, but I did not hear it. I was lost in a sad reverie when Martha, our servant, startled me by opening the door and ushering a gentleman into the room. She could not see me where I crouched by the fire. I started up immediately, but she had closed the door and was gone. To my dismay I found myself confronting a dark, bearded man, with very pleasant eyes, violet-blue in hue, which had a merry twinkle in them when I started up in confusion, but grew grave and earnest as they saw the tears upon my cheeks. I bowed with a dreadful consciousness of the ludicrous appearance I must present.

"I beg your pardon for disturbing you thus," he said, and his voice was as pleasant as his eyes, "the servant made a mistake, I fear. I am Ralph Dugdale; you may have heard your brother speak of me, for I presume I am addressing Miss Carmichael."

Ralph Dugdale, my brother's friend, whose acquaintance I had longed to make! It was too provoking that he should surprise me with tear-stained face and tumbled hair. I was so overwhelmed by confusion that I could only murmur an affirmative.

"Excuse me," he said, and his tones were now grave and concerned; "I fear I have come at the wrong time. You are in trouble, and my visit is an intrusion, but I thought I should find Carmichael——"

"Oh, yes, he is here," I said, recovering myself; "he will be glad to see you. There is no trouble, only this has been rather an eventful day with us—my sister was married this morning."

"Indeed!" he returned, with a smile; "that is not generally regarded as a mournful event."

"No; but I am very silly," I said, able to smile now, and feeling constrained to account for my tears, "and I have been worrying about Edmund. He has got one of his bad colds, and seems so far from well that I cannot help being anxious."

I paused, finding myself once more on the verge of tears.

"Of course not," he replied, in the most sympathising manner. "I am very sorry that he has caught cold again."

But ere he could say more the door opened, and, to my relief, Edmund appeared to give account of himself.

"Welcome, old fellow! I did not hope to see you so soon, but I'm awfully glad. You're a brick to come on such a day as this, though I know you never stand for weather," he said, hoarsely but heartily. "Come into the other room, it's snugger there."

"What have you been about to get knocked up again?" Dugdale inquired, as he followed him.

"Oh, it's nothing," Edmund said; "I'm a bit seedy to-day, but I shall be all right in a day or two."

I allowed Edmund to enjoy his friend's society alone for a time. Indeed, I rather shrank from further acquaintance with Ralph Dugdale. I devoutly hoped that he would not tell my brother that he had found me in tears, for Edmund would be sure to tease me most unmercifully if he knew of it.

Presently, however, Edmund called to me that Dugdale was about to go. I went to them then, and succeeded in persuading Mr. Dugdale to stay long enough to take a cup of tea with us. My father came in, and we had tea together in his room.

Ralph Dugdale did not in the least resemble my preconceived ideas of Edmund's friend. In the first place, he was several years older than my brother, and I had always thought of him as about Edmund's age, forgetting that others besides youths of twenty can study at Cambridge. There was a wonderful gaiety, too, in his demeanour, such as I had never associated with the clever, mathematical student Edmund had described him to be. He was just the man one would wish to arrive on a wet day; he brought so much sunshine with him. There was no affectation or flippancy in his mirth. He gave me the impression that day of a man of large heart and noble nature, kind-hearted and generous, whose friendship would be a precious thing. I took little part in the conversation that went on round the tea-table, though every now and then Mr. Dugdale made an effort by word or glance to draw me into it, but I enjoyed listening to his bright, ready talk. So did Edmund; he had brightened wonderfully since his friend's arrival. I think we were all sorry when he rose to take leave of us, saying that he had left himself only just time to get back to Cotsford by his uncle's dinner-hour.

"Now, stay where you are, Carmichael," he said, imperatively, as Edmund made a movement as though he would accompany him to the front door.

Edmund went back to the fireside and Dugdale closed the door upon him, and stood leaning against it in order to secure his safe custody. Father had gone out to see if Luke had put Mr. Dugdale's horse into the gig, so he and I were alone in the passage.

"Don't you fret any more about your brother, Miss Carmichael," he said, as he held my hand in his, and looked at me with a merry yet kindly light in his eyes; "he will soon get over this attack, if he is careful."

"Ah, that is it," I said, with a sigh, "Edmund never will take proper care of himself."

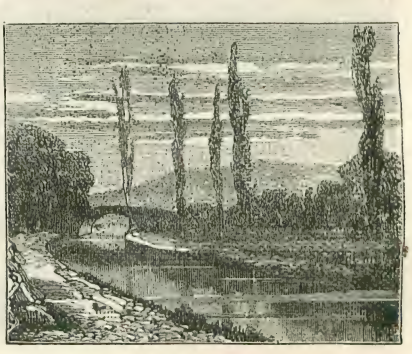
"No, I know he is not so prudent as he should be," he replied; "but he has a prudent man for his friend, and I promise you I will take good care of him at Cambridge. Don't you worry about him when he is there. I'll look after him."

Father was calling to him that the gig was ready.

With a kind, assuring smile he bade me good evening, and hastened out into the pouring rain. In a few moments he drove off, nodding gaily to Edmund, who was watching him from the window.

"He is a nice fellow," said father, as he came in. I thought so too. I was feeling very grateful to Ralph Dugdale. His words had cheered me, as he meant that they should. It was good to know that Edmund would have such a friend to look after him at Cambridge.

(To be continued.)



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

CHUMMIE.—We think women are not employed in the Civil Service as shorthand writers. You would have to advertise for employment, and find your own opening.

SISTER DOROTHY.—We do not see of what use an English trained nurse would be in a foreign hospital if she did not speak the language of the country. We should advise you to enter another hospital at home.

BRIGHT PHŒBUS.—Inquire at the village school for yourself, where they are already acquainted with you, and know for what post you are eligible. Perhaps you are capable of teaching good plain sewing. Judging from your letter, your writing and mode of expressing yourself show you to be quite unsuitable as a teacher in other respects.

BIRDIE.—Our directions to "A. M. F." will suit your case equally well. Notice of all open competitive exams. is given in the *London Gazette* about a month or six weeks previously to each, and it is repeated every week till the time for applications is past.

SUMMER DAYS.

A. M. F.—There is a post-office telegraph school where three months' instruction is given, and for which no fee is charged. You must apply for the form upon which you are to make application for permission to attend the examination at the office of the Civil Service Commissioners in Westminster, S.W., addressing the secretary by letter.

VACUNA (Karlsruhe), STRATFORD.—The plural of the word Mussulman is Mussulmen. We should imagine you could, as a resident governess for finishing pupils, ask from £80 to £100 per ann. As a visiting governess it would depend on the number of hours' work, and the food supplied.

VIOLET and IRISH SCHOOLGIRL.—Bombay is the capital of the province of that name, and co-extensive with the island also so named, and the latter became a British possession in 1661. It is connected by a causeway with the mainland. The Moray Firth extends for about sixty miles between the counties Cromarty and Ross on the N.W., and Inverness and Elgin on the S.E. The name (Moray Firth) is sometimes applied to the greater inlet, stretching from Wick to Fraserburg, and including Moray Firth proper and Dornoch Firth. You should learn all this in your geography and atlas of Scotland. We do not undertake to teach girls what they ought to learn for themselves and could ascertain but for laziness. We must ask "Violet" to procure a book on ancient history, and also a classical dictionary, as her eight questions stretch over too wide a space for us to answer, and she displays a lack of information which she should endeavour to acquire, without delay, by a course of reading.

COOKERY.

A YOUNG COOK.—We think it a bad plan to put any poultry into boiling water. When carefully plucked, singe them, to burn off the down, over a burning piece of paper. They do not need the boiling water. You had better try to get a cook to show you how to truss poultry.

JAINE.—A recipe for "parkin" was given at page 222, vol. i.

GERTRUDE.—Put the butter into a basin, and beat it with a wooden spoon, into the consistency of very thick cream.

LUCIFER (?).—The jelly-bag should be wet. Rinse out in clean cold water, and wring very dry before you put the jelly in. You can either make it yourself or purchase it ready made. Once putting through is rarely enough to make the jelly clear. It sometimes requires a repetition of this process three or four times, during which you must keep it near the fire to warm.

HONORA.—The recipe for making cocoanut ice will be found on page 94, vol. vi. Also others for icing at pages 174 and 800 in the same volume.

PEGGY.—For chocolate cream see page 495, vol. vi.; for caramels see page 291, vol. iv. "Peggy" should consult her volumes of the G. O. P. She would find all the recipes in the indexes.

MISCELLANEOUS.

TOWN GARDENER.—You cannot do better than to get your seeds and bulbs from Carter and Co., 237, High Holborn, and Sutton and Co., Reading. They both advertise in our monthly wrapper, and their seeds are excellent and cheap. Certainly lilies are grown from bulbs.

CALLED TO THE BAR.—The address of the Restaurant Branch of the Y. W. C. A. is Miss Gough, Morley-rooms, 14, John-street, Bedford-row, Gray's Inn, W.C. Here members will find evening classes, books, etc., and, before all, a hearty welcome in comfortable, well-furnished rooms. They were opened after the article "Called to the Bar" was written.

GROVES.—Write to our publisher.

NADIE (St. Petersburg).—It is thought by some that the strawberry leaves on a ducal coronet are only a variation of the *Fleurs de Lis*. We may compliment you on your very good English.

ETHEL H.—When a person begs your pardon, it is very vulgar to reply "granted." It is as much as to admit that an apology was due to you when politeness, not to say kindness, should make you make so light of the matter that no apology could be in question. You should smile pleasantly and say "not at all," or "do not mention it." In French people say, *il n'y a pas de quoi*.

ANNIE.—Your hand is not formed; write copies daily. Never make your boots damp to prevent their creaking, it will make the matter worse, and give you a cold of a dangerous kind. The fault is in the making. Probably the boots were cheap. We are much obliged to you for your very kind letter.

ILEX.—There is a convalescent home at Seaford, Sussex; charge five shillings weekly for four weeks. Apply to W. Green Esq., 36, Southampton-street, Strand, W.C. The air is very fine there. South aspect on rising ground facing the sea.

SMALL BIRD.—You will find the account of the poor wise man in the Book of Ecclesiastes, chapter ix. verse 15.

NOEL.—Ananias, Azarias, and Misael are especially mentioned in the Canticles as having had a great deliverance. They were the children thrown into the fiery furnace by Nebuchadnezzar. Their Persian names are mentioned in the book of Daniel; their Jewish ones in the Canticles.

NAN.—The sacking of Basing Hall took place in 1645 Cromwell having then stormed and burnt it to the ground after a siege of two years.

JEANNE D'ARC.—We cannot see anything wrong in your dressing your hair to the best advantage. Good principles and good taste will guide you. September 5, 1871, was a Tuesday.

ANGELINA.—It is evident that your bird has caught cold. Better give him a little saffron in his water, or put a rusty nail in it, and keep him very warm and free from draught. Two or three hempseeds in the day might do him good.

A FIFESHIRE GIRL.—The East London Hospital for Children, Shadwell, E., would receive flowers thankfully. Pack them in tin boxes, if you have any, between layers of damp moss or cotton-wool to keep them fresh.

IVY.—The kind of flourish made at the end of a surname to which you refer is generally indicative of conceit, and no further indication of character is to be gathered from it. May 8th, 1867, was a Wednesday. We thank you for your pattern, though we do not require it.

JOCK.—To remove spots from linen, wet them with water, lay some salts of sorrel on them, and rub the place, but do not wet them again, only, when dry, wash the linen in the ordinary way. The word "pride" is derived from the Anglo-Saxon "pryt," and "proud" from the Anglo-Saxon "prout."

SNOW BIRD.—It will be decidedly awkward if your little dog should in course of time become a retriever or a St. Bernard or Newfoundland. They are supposed to begin with being of the breed of dog that they are to end in. Did not the person who gave it to you know what it was? At any rate we do not know any way by which you could induce it to grow into a French poodle or a spaniel. You must be patient in teaching him to follow and obey you. Your writing is particularly good.

LONELY LASS.—If in a comfortable situation it would be unwise to leave it for one offering higher wages. It is of the greatest importance that a servant should be able to show as long a character as possible. It will prove more profitable in the end. A girl who has lived but a short time in any place is not worth higher wages. Long terms of service form the strongest recommendations. Brush your hair well back.

PERCY.—Vests, comforters, small shawls, and petti coats in crochet or knitting are most useful to the poor.

GUENEBRA.—Get a shilling or sixpenny manual about canaries. Hen canaries do not need different treatment from the male birds. Read our articles on "Girls' Pets," commencing at page 107, vol. iii. For canaries, see page 775.

MILLIE MOLENEUX must use glycerine to her skin or vaseline if more suitable.

TOMMY.—We should never think that vinegar could take the place of lemon juice in any culinary operation. We think after you are sixteen and nearly seventeen you will not be too young to learn singing.

THE DARKE LADYE LILY must keep her hands and feet warm, and wear flannels to equalise the circulation. Flushings are generally the effect of slow circulation of the blood.

LICHEN.—Your very tiny specimen was too much damaged in transit through the post for us to name it. To preserve flowers you should always gather them in the middle of the day, when the sun has dried them. Then lay them out with care between sheets of clean blotting-paper for a week, changing the blotting-paper daily, and keeping them under weights. You can obtain the books for preserving them in at any stationer's; some people prefer sheets of paper unbound, which are kept in portfolios.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

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MY BROTHER'S FRIEND.

By EGLANTON THORNE, Author of "The Old Worcester Jug," etc.

"I WASTED MY TIME SADLY IN THOSE DAYS."

CHAPTER V.

BUSINESS WORRIES.

EDMUND did not throw off his cold so quickly as I had hoped he would. It clung to him for weeks, for when I fancied it was about to depart he would be sure to increase it by some act of imprudence. I do not think I was more anxious than other girls would have been, but I remember well how, sometimes, when I heard his cough sounding through the house in the stillness of the night, my heart would almost stand still in my agony of dread as I asked myself, was it possible that Salome's fears could be

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well-founded, and my brother be consumptive? But these fears always vanished with the night. When Edmund came down to breakfast, and I saw the merry light in his eyes, and listened to his droll talk, it was easy to persuade myself that there was nothing much the matter with him. My fears seemed absurd and fanciful then, and I forgot them as easily as we forget the ridiculous things we dream.

Why should I be anxious when no one, excepting Salome, who was given to croaking, seemed to have any notion that there was cause for fear on Edmund's account? Once, when I hinted at my fears to Mabel, she laughed at me, and declared that Edmund was as strong as possible; it was absurd to talk of consumption in connection with a tall, manly fellow like him. Tall and manly Edmund certainly was, but as for his being strong, I could not feel so sure of that. However, in the warm days of August he ceased to cough, and my heart was comforted.

Ralph Dugdale spent some weeks in our neighbourhood, but I did not see him again. He drove over from Cotsford one day to see Edmund, but I happened to have gone to New Burford that morning, and so missed him, rather to my disappointment. He took Edmund back with him to spend a day or two at Cotsford Manor, a change which Edmund much enjoyed.

Mabel came back from her wedding trip looking as pretty and charming as a bride could look. She appeared to have greatly enjoyed her stay abroad.

"You must go to Switzerland some day, Dorothy," she said to me. "Living here amidst such flat, tame scenery you can have no conception of the grandeur and loveliness of the mountains till you actually behold them."

"What is the use of talking to me about going?" I said, rather ungraciously. "You know very well that I shall never be able to do so."

"Indeed, I do not know that," said Mabel, playfully; "there is no telling whither our steps may tend in the future. I am sure I little thought a year ago that I should so soon go abroad."

True, indeed; and as little did I then think of the many associations of joy and sorrow, gain and loss, which were hereafter to link my heart to the land of Switzerland.

I was constantly at The Towers during the first weeks Mabel spent in her new home. She wanted me to keep her in countenance when she was receiving visitors, she said, but in truth Mabel needed no such support from me; it was I who was the shy and embarrassed one. Mabel received her callers with perfect self-possession, and I could see that her prettiness and grace made a great impression on some of the county people who condescended to call on Mr. Steinthorpe's bride.

The days I spent with Mabel were pleasant ones on the whole. I was not insensible to the pleasure of living in wide and lofty rooms, where everything was in faultless taste, and the pictures and ornaments such that their equal could not be found nearer than London. It was not strange that Mabel should be proud of her mansion. She appeared to carry her little form with more and more dignity from day to day as she moved through her stately rooms, and she had the air of a duchess, Salome said, when she drove through Burford in the brougham her husband had bought for her use.

The presence of a bride at The Towers galvanised our social life at Burford, dull enough at most times, into unusual gaiety. Several evening parties were given in honour of the wedded pair, at which Mabel condescended to appear in bridal white, and I kept her company in my bridesmaid's gown.

Mabel's manner towards her old friends was very winning on these occasions, so much so, that I wondered whether she was trying to atone for her husband's coldness and stolidity; for Howard Steinthorpe, whilst punctilious in observing every form of courtesy, was often frigid and taciturn, and hardly concealed from his entertainers that he thought their party a bore. Yet, when in company that he cared to please, he could talk well, for he had travelled in many countries, and aspired to be somewhat of an art critic and connoisseur.

During those weeks my father had little of my company; but as he never appeared to miss me when I was absent from home, I left him without compunction, although Edmund had cut short his stay at home and gone on a walking tour with his friend, Ralph Dugdale. I saw enough of father, however, to know that he was anxious and careworn. I wondered at this, for he had talked more and been altogether more cheerful in his manner during the weeks that followed Mabel's wedding than I had known him for some time.

Had Howard Steinthorpe's return anything to do with the increase of gloom which I now observed? I could not tell, but I knew that few days passed without Howard Steinthorpe paying a visit to my father in his office. Sometimes he would come into the house to speak to me and deliver some message from Mabel; but more often he forgot the message entrusted to him, till Mabel ceased to trouble her husband in this way, and found other means of communicating with me. But I knew that he still came constantly to the place, for from the side window in father's room I used often to catch sight of him passing in or out of the tan-yard.

"Have you taken Howard in as a partner?" I asked my father one day.

"No, but he seems to have made himself my partner," returned my father, with a bitterness of tone at which I wondered.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

But father relapsed into silence, and gave me no explanation. Apparently, the words had escaped him under the pressure of secret irritation, and he had made an admission which he would now have recalled if he could. I said no more; but I pondered my father's words, and made many guesses as to what he had meant in saying that Howard Steinthorpe had made himself a partner in his business.

Other things occurred to make me wonder. One day father asked me if I thought I could manage without one of the servants.

"Perhaps—if it were absolutely necessary,' I said, my amazed looks inquiring why such a question had been put.

"I want to curtail our expenditure," said my father. "You must be more careful about the housekeeping, my dear. We spend too much; we do, indeed."

"But we spend very little, father," I said; "certainly, not more than we have always done. Are you poorer than you used to be?"

"These are hard times, Dorothy," he answered, evasively; "all business is bad."

"Business cannot be bad with Howard Steinthorpe, to judge by the way in which they live," I answered, rather bitterly.

"Oh, Howard is a wealthy man. He has plenty of capital to keep him afloat in bad times," was my father's reply.

So our younger servant was dismissed, and I did as best I could with the one who remained. But I should have got into dire confusion often enough but for Salome, who seemed to know by instinct when we wanted a helping hand in some domestic strait, and was sure to appear at the right time. She gave me many useful hints; and I might have profited by them more than I did, but I hated the trouble of housekeeping, and soon grew careless again.

Mabel was willing to help me as far as reproof and advice went, but she gave me little help of a more practical kind, and by a curious fatality it happened that when anything went wrong in the household, or we had a poor sort of dinner, she would be sure to drop in to spend a few hours with me, and make our dinner her luncheon. Of course, she did not fail to point out to me how much better she would have managed. Indeed, she was constantly drawing my attention to something wrong in the house, or the cooking, or my own appearance, and it need hardly be said that her sisterly criticisms had no soothing effect on my temper. I resented her rebukes the more because I knew that they were not uncalled for. My conscience told me that I might have managed better, and made things more comfortable for my father if I had taken greater pains to do so. Ah, how often, when it was too late, did I wish that I had been wiser and more considerate for others in those days!

My father's health did not improve as the summer wore on. He fell a victim to dyspepsia, and not infrequently I had to take my dinner alone, my father sending me word from his office that he could take nothing but a little gruel, which he would like to have there.

Yet still I did not disturb myself. I knew so little of illness, that when my father said he had only a fit of indigestion, I concluded that there was no cause for fear. But late in September something happened which roused me from my selfish indifference.

It was a lovely warm day. The month had set in wet and chill. We thought

the summer had fled, and prepared ourselves to meet the keen winds of autumn, when lo! capricious summer shone forth upon us again in full splendour, and one could fancy that, like a playful maiden, she enjoyed the pleasant surprise she was giving us. I revelled in the glowing sunshine of that day, making the most of it, since I knew that the bright weather could not be of long duration. All the morning I was in the garden, ostensibly assisting Luke to strip the apple and pear trees of their ripe fruit, but in reality doing little more than feast upon the pears, and romp with my newest pets, three deserted kittens whom I had discovered in an empty shed in the tan-yard, and with some difficulty reared by hand. They were now three of the sleekest, prettiest, and most audacious of kittens, and I was never tired of playing with them, allowing them the greatest liberty, though their gambols were alike destructive of my gowns and of the furniture of the rooms in which I allowed them to riot. I wasted my time sadly in those days. I had begun the course of reading recommended by Miss Carefull, but, although several months had gone by since I left school, I had not read more than half of the first volume of Macaulay's history, and the marker put to keep the place where I had left off had now been unmoved for weeks.

I was quite oblivious of time as I stood beneath the fruit trees, rolling apples across the grass for the kittens to run after, when Martha came to tell me that dinner was ready.

"Dinner-time!" I exclaimed. "Surely it is not so late?"

"Why, yes, miss, it's after one. Master has sent to say that he cannot come yet, and you must not wait for him."

"All right," I said, and slowly I made my way towards the house, followed by the kittens, who kept springing at my flounces, and then falling back and tumbling over each other in a general *mêlée*.

Having so freely lunched on fruit, I sat down to dinner without much appetite. I allowed the kittens still to play about me—I had fallen into shocking habits since Mabel left home—and every now and then I treated them to a tit-bit from the dish before me. All four of us found this a pleasant diversion, and I sat at the table a long time, although I ate little. When I rose I was surprised to see how late it was. Why did not father come to dinner? Did he want gruel? I wondered, and forthwith started off to the office to ask him the question.

Running across the yard, I tapped lightly on the office door. There was no response, and I opened the door and looked in. For a moment I imagined the place to be empty. The ledger lay open on my father's desk, but his chair was vacant. I half turned to seek him elsewhere, when my eyes fell on my father lying prostrate on the floor, midway between the table and window. For an instant I could hardly believe my eyes, then, with a cry, I sprang to his side and tried to rouse him to consciousness. He lay with his eyes closed, his face wearing such an ashen hue that the awful fear that he was dead seized me. With trembling hands I loosened his neckcloth, and laid bare his throat and chest. A bottle filled with water stood upon the table; I snatched it up, scarce knowing what I did, and, soaking my handkerchief, bathed freely his head and face.

My rough and ready treatment was not without result. To my joy I saw my father's lips move, his eyelids quivered, and he turned a little on his side. The next moment I heard one of the men whistling as he passed along the yard. Instantly I called to him, bade him send Martha to me, and then, with all speed, hasten to fetch the doctor.

Ere the doctor came my father had regained consciousness; but he appeared bewildered, and could give no account of how he had been taken ill. When good old Dr. Perrow arrived father questioned him rather anxiously.

"They tell me I fell down," he said. "I suppose it was only a fainting fit?"

"Very likely," said the doctor, cheerily, and proceeded to his questioning.

But later, after he had persuaded my father to go to bed, Dr. Perrow said to me, privately, that he hoped it was only a fainting fit, and hinted that there were symptoms he did not like.

"Your father has evidently let himself run down of late," he said; "he has been keeping too closely to business, I fear. Is it not so?"

I said that my father had seemed very busy, and I feared he had been worried in business.

"Ah, that is it," said the old doctor, gravely, nodding his head; "there is nothing so wearing to the constitution as worry. Mr. Carmichael has evidently fallen below par—considerably below par. Well, good-day, Miss Dorothy. Don't be uneasy about your father; he will be better to-morrow, I trust."

He had said enough, however, to render me very uneasy. But when I repeated his words to Mabel the next day, she would not attach much importance to them.

"Dr. Perrow always looks on the dark side," she said. "Of course, father only fainted; he will be all right in a day or two."

"I don't know," I said, "I can't help feeling anxious, and I have not much confidence in Dr. Perrow. He may be very well for old women and children, but I don't believe he is good for much in a really serious case. Father has been out of health, suffering from indigestion and headache for a long time. I wish he would go to London and have advice from some clever physician."

"Really, how you talk, Dorothy!" exclaimed Mabel. "Dr. Perrow is a very good doctor, and has had great experience. You forget what the physician's fees would probably amount to. How could father bear that expense? And it is no wonder he has indigestion with such cooking as you give him. I shall not soon forget how hard that hash was when last I dined with you."

"Oh, that was an accident," I exclaimed, angrily; "but of course you will blame me. I suppose it is my fault that father is ill?"

"I did not say that," replied Mabel, evidently thinking me very unreasonable. But her words had hurt me, and I felt it hard, too, that she, who never had to curtail her own expenditure, should always be the first to point out what expenses father and I must avoid.

But it appeared as if Mabel were right in taking a light view of father's illness. In a few days he was down stairs, and, according to his own account, as well as usual. But Dr. Perrow still urged him to keep away from the office. What he needed, the medical man said, was perfect rest.

"Can you not persuade your father to go away for awhile, Miss Dorothy?" Dr. Perrow asked me one day. "Get him to take you to the seashore, or, better still to the Continent. Nothing would do him so much good as a complete change."

I promised to try what I could do, though without much hope of success. When I mooted the idea to my father he said at once that it was out of the question, and begged me, almost sharply, not to mention such a thing again.

One day, ere my father had resumed his post in the office, Howard Steinthorpe came in to see him. He arrived when we had not long finished dinner. Father was still in the dining-room; but I had wandered into the summer parlour, which, as has been described, opened out of the larger room. Hearing Howard's voice greeting father, I remained where I was, thinking that they would like to talk alone. I sat down and began to cut the pages of a magazine, which I had bought at New Burford on the previous day. I plunged into the serial story in which I was interested, and for some time forgot all else. The murmur of voices earnestly talking in the next room formed an accompaniment to which I paid no heed. Suddenly, however, I was roused by hearing my father say in tones that, though low, were so charged with feeling as to be peculiarly penetrative. "For God's sake do not be hard on me. It was no fault of my own that brought me into these straits. If you press for payment there is nothing before me but ruin."

That word ruin thrilled me like an electric shock. What could my father mean? The magazine fell into my lap! I sat up erect, every sense on the alert, and listened eagerly to hear what would follow.

"What is the good of trying to escape the inevitable?" Howard asked, not in the smooth, bland tones he was wont to use in society, but with a cold, hard, incisiveness, which revealed his true character. "You have employed expedients enough without result, save increased embarrassment. Surely it is time to give up the vain attempt, and make it known that you can go on no longer."

My father murmured something that I could not hear. Howard replied at some length, but in tones so cautiously

lowered that I could only distinguish a word now and then, although the door of communication between the two rooms stood slightly open. Then my father seemed to be imploring him to be patient or asking help of him. Whatever it was for which he pleaded, Howard responded with some suggestion from which my father appeared to shrink.

"There is no alternative," I heard Howard say, in his hard, metallic tone. "In no other way can I help you. I have a right to demand such security."

"But the children," I heard my father say, in a voice so broken and feeble that I knew he must be sorely troubled; "I cannot bear to make things hard for the children."

I could not catch the reply that Howard made. I fancied he said that father could have no anxiety about Mabel, and he added something about "the others" that escaped me.

"But Dorothy—poor child?" I heard father say.

With that I started up, my cheeks flaming, as I remembered how wrong it was of me thus to listen to what was obviously not meant for my hearing.

What should I do? Father had evidently forgotten my presence in that room, and Howard Steinthorpe did not suspect it.

I pushed my chair back rather noisily, and moved to and fro once or twice, hoping thus to attract their attention. But, apparently, they were too absorbed in their talk to heed the sounds I thus made.

Presently solicitude for my father prompted me to adopt a bold course of action. I would show myself in the dining-room, for I hoped that thus I should bring to an end the interview which I knew must be sadly worrying to father. I waited till my excitement had subsided somewhat, and then, stepping firmly across the room, I pushed back the door and passed into the dining room. Father was seated at the table with a pen in his hand and some papers before him. He was writing when I entered; his face looked grey and worn, and his hand trembled visibly. Steinthorpe was bending over him; but he started up, flushing hotly, as I appeared. For a moment he could not conceal the annoyance he felt at my intrusion; but he quickly regained self-control, and said, in his usual, nonchalant way, as he held out his hand to me—

"Ah, Dorothy, how are you? Your father and I are just arranging a little matter of business."

Though he spoke so carelessly, his eyes searched my countenance with a keen, suspicious air. Then he glanced at the magazine which I carried. He knew my love for reading stories, and, I doubt not, assured himself that I had been too absorbed in my book to hear anything that had passed between him and father.

"Father is hardly strong enough yet to be troubled with business," I said; "I hope you will not keep him long over it."

"Certainly not; we have just done," said Howard, quickly. "I quite understand how desirable it is that Mr. Carmichael should not over-tax his strength."

My father said nothing, but I fancied there was a helpless, beseeching look in his eyes as he raised them to mine for a moment. I quitted the room. Ten minutes later I heard Howard leave the house; then I went back to my father.

He was still seated at the table; but now his elbows were resting on it, and his face was hidden in his hands. He raised it, however, as I approached him, and looked up at me with a sad, weary expression.

"Oh, father!" I said, "you should not have let Howard worry you with business matters."

"There is no escape from worry for me," he said, wearily; "there will never be anything but worry for me in this world."

"Father," I said, impulsively, "is Howard as kind to you as he should be in business affairs?"

"Business and kindness, Dorothy, are words that have no connection," father said, drily.

"Perhaps not, generally speaking," I returned; "but between you and Howard it should be different. He ought to look upon you as a father."

Father did not reply, but he laughed to himself as I spoke—a feeble laugh, with no mirth in it, a laugh which it pained me to hear.

"Dorothy," he said, sadly, after a pause, "I have been a very unfortunate man. Remember that, if ever you feel disposed to blame me. I always meant to do well by my children, but I have been very unfortunate."

My affection for my father was never demonstrative. As a child I had stood greatly in awe of him, and up to the present time there had been an impassable barrier of reserve between us. But now there was such a pathetic expression on his face as he looked up at me, that my whole heart went out in a desire to give him comfort.

"Whatever happened, I could never blame you," I cried; "that is impossible." And I threw my arm about his neck and laid my cheek fondly against his. It was the first and the last purely spontaneous caress that I gave him. There came a time when I was deeply thankful to remember that on one occasion, at least, I had shown my father that I loved him.

He seemed touched by my impetuosity, much as it startled him.

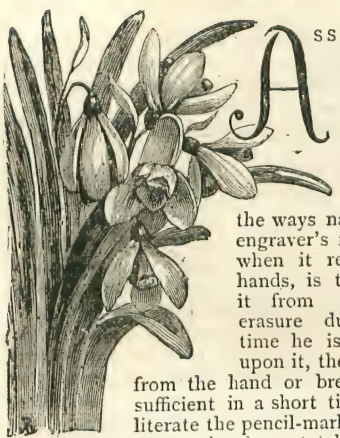
"You are a good child, Dorothy," he said, gently, and kissed me.

Then he rose and went off to his own room, whither I did not follow him

(To be continued.)

WOOD ENGRAVING AS AN EMPLOYMENT FOR GIRLS.

By RICHARD TAYLOR.



ASSUMING the design to be drawn or photographed on the wood in one of the ways named, the engraver's first care, when it reaches his hands, is to protect it from accidental erasure during the time he is engaged upon it, the moisture from the hand or breath being sufficient in a short time to obliterate the pencil-marks or blur the tones, if precaution be not taken. This he does in much the same way as the artist fastens his tracing to the block, as already detailed; that is, by rubbing the sides with a piece of bees'-wax, covering the entire surface with paper about half an inch larger each way, and pressing the surplus margin to the waxed sides until it is evenly stretched and firmly held. A small hole is then torn in the paper, and the part on which he begins to work is thus exposed to view. As he works, he gradually enlarges this hole until the entire piece of paper is torn away, when, the engraving completed, the necessity for protecting the drawing no longer exists. In fact, there is no drawing needing protection; but in its place are the incisions which the graving tools have made. Where before was an even wash of Indian ink, there is now a series of parallel lines; pencil-marks that told sharp and bright on the prepared surface of the block now appear as an intricate piece of network from the spaces between them being cut away. The whole thing has been translated, as it were, into a different language, and, according to the skill and aim of the translator, so is the author represented.

I say skill and aim, because a drawing is evidently capable of two interpretations—being produced by means, and on certain surfaces, say by charcoal on paper, or paint on wood or canvas. The engraver can concentrate his attention on reproducing the appearance given by the means, quite regardless of the varying forms and textures of the subject represented. He may make a charcoal sketch on paper look like what it is, and can reproduce the appearances given by lumps of paint and the accidental marks of the painter's brush on the canvas (see illustration).

On the other hand, he can work as the artist's

AN EXAMPLE OF MODERN ENGRAVING.

[*See remarks on previous page.*

auxiliary, endeavouring to make his cuts in the wood expressive of the form and texture of the thing depicted.

The style of work now fashionable in the American, and, indeed, some English magazines owes its fineness and much of its peculiarity to this difference of aim, the whole attention of the engraver being directed to a representation of the means of delineation, instead of the thing delineated.

Formerly his duty was to follow his drawing closely where it was true to the fact to be represented, and to disregard it entirely where it was false, or could be better expressed with his graver.

To make lines indicative not only of varying depths of shade, but also of form and texture, was his object—not of texture alone, or of shade alone, though sometimes of form alone, as that was the prime consideration, but if possible of these three essentials of all pictorial representation in monocrome combined. When engraving a face, for instance, he would aim to make his lines indicate by their direction, etc., the roundness and varying undulations of the surface forms as well as the soft texture of flesh.

Now, it is sometimes said the engraver has nothing to do with truth of representation. The artist comes between him and nature. His business is solely with the drawing before him, and therefore if there be nothing distinctive in the touch of the artist to reproduce, he should, if engraving a face, cut a series of parallel straight lines in any direction across the face, and cross them with another series of the same kind of lines at right angles to them—ignoring indication of form, obtaining roundness by delicate variations of shade, and by fine thin lines the smoothness which persons, uneducated in the art, conceive to be its greatest excellence.

This must not be accepted as the true function of the engraver, as the reputation of its earlier practitioners depends upon their having followed an opposite practice.

One is reluctant to find fault with Bewick, for instance, because in his "History of British Birds" he set himself to express with his graver the form, colour, and texture of feathers, or say that he would have done better had he confined his attention to representing the granulated appearance given to the pencil lines of his drawings by the rough paper on which they may have been made.

His work, too, is not fine, indeed, quite the reverse; but as his lines are expressive their very visibility is an advantage, helping, by their direction and sensitiveness, to express the qualities he desired to represent.

That some gain results to the art by breaking through old traditions must be admitted. Its language is more copious, but the engraver, from the training gone through, lacks the knowledge of fact indispensable to effective application.

Fine work (I do not mean refined work) is a necessity of the non-realistic style. A line that is visible, if not expressive, becomes objectionable. To imitate brush marks the lines must be cast about in all directions, following the accidents of the painter's hand, so that no flow or unity can be expected in them. Look, for instance, at illustration on page 549, which is part of a block that appeared in one of the best illustrated newspapers in the world. The effect is very nice and sunny, and the engraver's work very "painter-like," but the lines are so evident that they suggest forms, and forms, too, that have no special interest, for no one is interested in the shape of a dab of paint. The lines are not beautiful in themselves, nor do they, by their flow or direction, help to express the characters of the things represented.

Look at the hair and whiskers of the flute player; the ears, features, fingers, etc., of both figures; the foliage showing through the smooth glass of the windows; the lines of music in the book; the geranium on the window-sill, etc., etc. In the mass, and seen from a short distance, they express local colour and variations of shade, but individually they have no value, and should therefore be cut so finely that the unaided eye could not readily detect them.

Beyond stating principles, it is impossible to say how the engraver works, why he cuts lines in one direction and not in another, why short, and why long, etc. This is his art and the object of his study. He knows that by lines he has to express himself, and if he have true feeling for their beauty and composition, and the ability to make them expressive, while keeping them fine enough to avoid their asserting themselves to the detriment of the form represented, he will be careful that they shall not be so fine as to lose their power of expression.

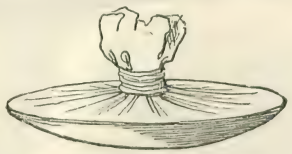


FIG. 1.

As Professor Ruskin observes: "All great painters, however delicate their perception of colour, are fond of the peculiar effect of light produced in a woodcut by the gleaming of the white paper between the black lines." And the engraver, having nothing to be ashamed of in their flow and meaning, can therefore honestly submit them to view without fear of offending the most fastidious eye.

If the block handed to the engraver be a large one, in all probability it would be bolted (see fig. 2, 1st paper), and after covering it with paper he would proceed to cut the joins—that is, to engrave all the work on the extreme margin of adjacent pieces, constantly cutting across the line of separation, and for about an eighth of an inch on each side of it. This done, the pieces would be taken apart by unscrewing the "nuts," as already explained.

Each of the pieces can then be given to a different engraver, and if he be careful to follow closely the work commenced on the margins, the pieces when reunited will appear as if engraved by one person. In this way the large blocks filling two pages, or more, of the *Illustrated London News* or *Graphic*, and divided into 24 to 36 pieces, may be executed by as many different engravers in a few hours. I need hardly say that "cutting the joins" is a very important office, the degree of fineness, effect, and style of work on the whole block being thereby fixed and determined. A mistake there is irremediable. The drawing being now, as it were, cut into the wood, may be safely rolled or dabbed over with printing ink. The next step, therefore, is to get a trial proof, an impression sufficiently good for the engraver to see what corrections, if any, are needed. For this purpose and for small work, a dabber (fig. 1), made of wool and horsehair, and covered with strong fine silk, is the best, but for larger work, a roller, such as printers use, is the most suitable. Printing ink is spread with a palette knife on a smooth surface, generally a piece of marble, iron, or glass, and worked about with the roller or dabber until quite fine and evenly distributed. The block is then carefully cleaned with india-rubber to remove any greasiness that the engraver's hand may have left on it, and the roller passed over it a few times backwards and forwards, until sufficient ink adheres to its surface to yield a black impression. A piece of India paper is then laid on the block, and the paper rubbed at the back with a steel burnisher (fig. 2) or ivory paper knife, until the ink sets off on to it.

FIG. 2.

In order to see what progress he is making, where the lines are sufficiently printed, or where more rubbing is required, the operator will from time to time lift a corner of the paper and bend it back so that he can see the surface, keeping all the while the left hand firmly pressed upon the block, so that the paper may not shift and a blurred, or doubled, impression be the result.

Proof-taking is a delicate operation, requiring taste, practice, and care. Few engravers excel at it, the efforts of some even skilful engravers being simply absurd. If too much ink be used, or if it be not worked about enough before being put on the block, it will get into the fine cuts and fill them up. If the burnisher be used with too heavy a hand, the thin lines will be irremediably injured. To guard, therefore, against such a casualty, the proof-taker usually interposes a thin piece of card between it and the paper, rubbing on that, and only touching the paper with the burnisher to bring up the strongest darks.

Lines running to the edges of the block, or into large spaces of white, are very liable to accidents from careless rubbing and other causes, and it is on that account customary to leave the spare wood in such places uncleared until just before passing the block to the printer, when it may be quickly cut away with a gouge.

The block on page 549 was in this state when the India proof was taken, and so that the superfluous wood should not appear, a piece of paper was cut to fit and laid over it after the inking process had been gone through.

Now that the engraver has got his trial proof, it will be asked, How does he know what corrections to make, seeing that he has cut away his only guide—the drawing on the wood?

A pertinent question, to which the answer is, Only by recollection, and for that reason few engravers rely much on after touching when, from the nature of the subject, a very exact reproduction of the drawing is required.

The best work bears the stamp of decision and foreknowledge of the effect of the various cuts, and it is seldom indeed that a properly-trained engraver will spend more than an hour on the revision (other than manipulative) of a block that may have taken a week to cut, unless some obstacle has been thrown in his way by the quality of the wood or the nature of the drawing-surface. As has been said, when speaking of drawing on the wood, some artists will from carelessness, others from indifference, and most from ignorance of the consequence, so prepare the drawing-surface, or so thickly plaster their paint upon it, that it is all but impossible for the engraver to see the substance of the lines he is cutting, and therefore of the depth of shade they will produce. When this is the case, much more than is desirable has to be left to the finishing process. In extreme cases, I have known it to be necessary to outline the objects with the graver, as far as possible, touch in pieces here and there as memoranda of the depth of tone, etc., and to cleanly scrape off the drawing, ink the block, and complete entirely from memory.

(*To be continued.*)

ETHEL RIVERS' AMBITION.

A STORY WITH A WARNING.

CHAPTER IV.

SOME weeks went by, and Drummond heard no more of Ethel Rivers, until one afternoon, early in February, as he happened to be walking in a certain quarter of the metropolis sacred to the medical profession ("the Valley of the Shadow of Death," as it is called by the doctors themselves), he saw a young lady emerge from the house of one of the first oculists of the day. Her height and mourning attire immediately recalled Ethel to his mind; but the languid movements, very different from her usually brisk, elastic tread, made him doubt. However, some inward misgivings and Mrs. Benton's warnings on the subject of her niece's eyesight induced him to quicken his walk, and a minute or two satisfied him that his prevision was correct—the patient was Ethel.

"Alone in London!" he exclaimed, after they had shaken hands.

"Quite, and on a very disagreeable errand," said Ethel, soberly.

"I saw you come out of Mr. C——'s house. Have you been obliged to consult him?" asked Drummond, regretfully.

"Yes," and she hesitated, continuing, after an instant, "and I came alone, because I would not worry my aunt. I am thankful I did!"

Drummond looked at her inquiringly.

"I may as well tell you first as last; you warned me," she said, answering his glance. "Mr. C—— says I shall be blind, or nearly so, unless I give up using my eyes entirely for some time!"

The shock of surprise was so great to Mr. Mildmay that for some moments he was completely dumb.

"And you heard that verdict all alone!" he exclaimed, after a pause.

Ethel smiled a very watery smile.

"The oculist was very kind. I did not mind much," she said. "He told me not to read, write, sew, or draw; in fact, for about three months I am not to do anything but perhaps some coarse crochet or knitting, such as I could work with my eyes shut. At the end of that time I am to go to him again."

Drummond drew a deep breath, yet what to say he knew not. To a brave spirit such as hers pity seemed an insult, and yet the keenest pity was in his heart. They walked together to the station, talking, after the first few minutes, on indifferent subjects; but as they reached the platform, and Ethel got into an empty compartment of the train waiting, she said, her lips quivering painfully—

"Good-bye to my writing now!"

Drummond saw her eyes fill with tears, and waited a minute to let her recover herself, then he replied, slowly—

"Good-bye to writing? Yes, perhaps so, for a time. But in the quiet you will gain much—a thinking time. Let this be your thinking time, Ethel."

He called her by her Christian name unconsciously to both.

"I can't preach, and would not to you if I could," he continued, still deliberately. "But it may be that in after life you will be thankful for anything—even partial blindness—which forced you to reflect before you put pen to paper and wrote what might do mischief to many."

"You are thinking of that dreadful book," said Ethel, in a low, ashamed tone. "I would give—yes, I would give my eyesight, dear as it is now, to be able to recall writing it."

"Forgive me for speaking so harshly," said Mr. Mildmay, remorsefully. "I am a brute to speak so now."

"Why should you avoid speaking the truth because I am on the verge, perhaps, of blindness?" asked Ethel, bravely. "One word more; I see they are just going to ring the bell. You once said something about 'suffering before you sing.' I have suffered, and I shall suffer; do you think I shall ever sing?"

"I once bade you wait," said Drummond, "but now I shall say, 'Yes, you will sing, but to a different tune to the one you may think of now.'"

And so, despite the sadness in both hearts, they parted cheerfully, Drummond departing to his work, while Ethel began her "thinking time."

I suppose that no person of active mind and habits knows without trying what a period of enforced idleness represents. It was no easier to our heroine to endure than it would have been to any other intellectually-inclined maiden, but she bore it bravely, and, indeed, although it was harder to her than it might have been to many, she did not complain. She was not musical, so that resource, and it is no slight one, was removed; she could not ask her aunt to read to her, so that but for occasional visits of kindly friends that pleasure was out of the question. As the spring drew on, however, Ethel lived out of doors, and found her best medicine in the garden, and many a happy inspiration among the flowers.

But as the time approached for her second visit to the oculist, her heart began to fail again. What if he should enforce a second period of this weary, weary waiting? Or, worse still, suppose he should tell her that the painful probation had been useless, and that in time, years perhaps, but still inevitably, her sight would go entirely? Ethel had no confidant, and but few sympathisers in her suspense. Her aunt never omitted to remind her of that which was indeed the case, that she had chiefly herself to blame if one of her greatest blessings were removed, and Ethel, recognising the unpalatable truth, seldom referred to the subject before the old lady.

As for Mr. Mildmay, of late he had been deeper in his work than ever, rarely giving himself a holiday, and though he occasionally wrote to her, making kindly inquiries as to her eyes, he had not yet found time to leave London again, after his prolonged absence the previous year. This was all Ethel knew; Drummond himself might have said more.

"I cannot and ought not to press her again," he would urge, when his feelings would have led him Surreywards once more. "And besides, if she is still bent upon a literary career, when she is allowed to write again she may give me the same answer as before."

This drew him to the conclusion that he would again try his fortune at the end of the probationary three months.

So one bright May day he left the rapidly-filling city, and took train to Boxley. A short journey, a pleasant walk from the station, and he was at the garden gate of Mrs. Benton's cottage. The little grounds were gay with flowers, the turf green from a recent shower, and the trees were clothed in their clearest spring tints, while bending over a patch of seedlings was Ethel. She wore only a holland gardening apron over her black gown, and a shady hat on her bright head, but she looked prettier in Drummond's sight than when arrayed in the most fashionable of evening toilettes.

At the click of the gate-latch she started up from her employment, and with a blush of pleasure went to meet him.

"First of all, what about your eyes?" asked Drummond.

"I may use them in moderation," said Ethel, gravely. "And that is most difficult to obey."

"So I should think, but you have learned wisdom by experience," remarked Drummond, and then they entered the house together.

There was no time for any private conversation until Mrs. Benton took her accustomed doze after the early dinner. Then Mr. Mildmay followed Ethel into the garden and asked her plans for the future. "Are you still determined to devote yourself to literature?" he asked. "You are not discouraged."

"I shall leave novels alone, certainly," and Ethel coloured; "whether I shall succeed in anything else remains to be seen." Ah! Ethel, the thinking time had taught diffidence, at any rate.

A pause followed her words, and then Drummond said, slowly, "Once I asked you to be my wife, but you refused on account of your ambition, you remember. Do you still find marriage incompatible with book-making?"

He spoke quietly, almost coolly, in order that should her first decision be unaltered, she might not feel embarrassed.

She looked on the ground, and replied in a low voice, "I threw away a substance for a shadow, I know that, but——"

"But you regret it?" broke in Drummond, eagerly.

"I have learned that there are things 'as worth having as literary success,'" said the girl, still softly, repeating his words once again.

Is there any occasion to repeat what followed that afternoon in the unconscious presence of the birds and flowers? I think not. It is enough to say that Drummond left Boxley that evening a very happy man, and that Ethel esteemed herself blessed indeed, for in her "thinking time" she had learned, among many other things, the value of love.

"But what of her ambition?" you will ask.

Well, years after, when Ethel Rivers had changed to Ethel Mildmay, and when she had little ones of her own, she became known as one of the most charming writers of the day for children. And thus, in a measure, her wishes were realised. But there was always one drawback, at least so people said. Her sight was never strong enough for any prolonged work, writing or otherwise. Ethel herself, however, never admitted the disadvantage.

"I am thankful for it," she would say, for this very weakness forces me to take what I might not otherwise—a 'thinking time!'"

BESSIE E. DUFFETT.

[THE END.]

HAIRDRESSING OF TO-DAY.

DRESS: IN SEASON AND IN REASON.

By A LADY DRESSMAKER.

THIS year seems to be as much given over to stripes as last year was to spotted materials of all sorts. The throne is shared in a slight degree by cross-bars, but no other kinds of designs seem to have any chance. All materials are light in colour, both cottons and woollens, and their surfaces are varied by many varieties of weaving—knots, cords, knobs, plushed silk on wool, wool on cotton, and all kinds of double mixtures. Zephyrs or ginghams, cambrics, cotton-crêpes, and cotton-canvas, are all being brought out in numberless varieties and under different names for the summer, and, judging from the preparations made, the expectations must be great of a hot and dry one. In woollens there is a large choice of canvas grenadines, some with silk lines, which will be made up with silk. In silks they have brought out a beautiful new make of "satin marveilleuse," which is so soft that it is sure to wear well. Surah is also improved, and foulard-corah, and a thin silk called "Mysore," are all used for summer best gowns and frocks.

All the skirts seen have long draperies, which look like a second skirt more than any kind of tunic, the skirts being panelled or divided at one side to show the trimming beneath. Waists are still very long, and, in spite of the increased fulness of the skirts, there is no bunchiness round the waist. Very wide box-pleats are worn, some of them three or four inches wide, at the waist. All the skirts have a small kilting on the edge, which serves to take off the too plain effect of the skirt above it. The back draperies are very full and wide, and are generally simply puffed at the top, the edge being left to hang plainly down in the waterfall style. They are not stuck out, but hang straight down. Striped materials are made up with the lines going round horizontally, upright, or across in the same costume.

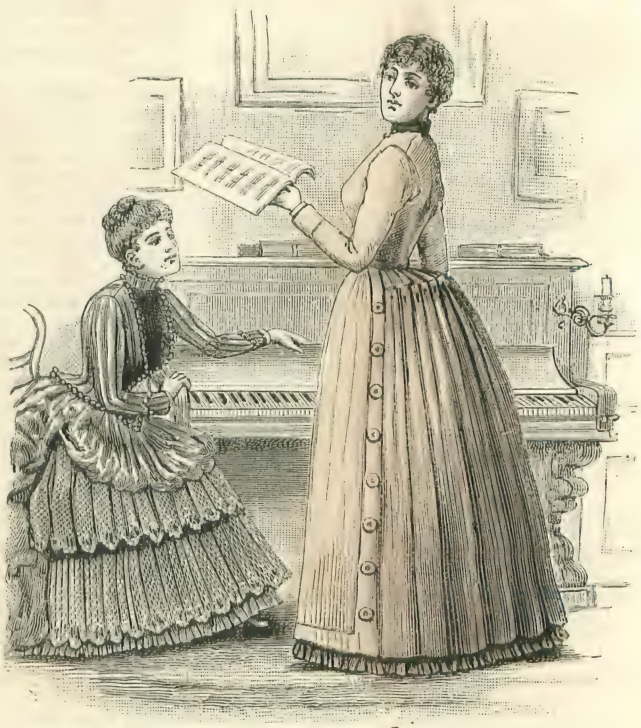
VELVET BAND, CUFFS, AND COLLAR FOR SUMMER COTTONS AND ZEPHYRS.

Silk will be more worn than it has been for some years past. All the bodices are basqued (of the jacket kind), so far as I see, and are very long-waisted, short in the basque, and they generally have a waistcoat. Washing costumes are usually made with a round waist and a band, and a trimming of folds in front open at the neck to show a kind of front below.

Some of them have a shirt front like a man's, with a narrow cravat bow. These are made in white silk or foulard, and this takes off any "fast" look they might otherwise have. Zouave jackets are much worn, and are without sleeves. The under bodice is made like a loose Garibaldi, of soft material like Indian silk.

Epaulettes are worn on many of the dresses and most of the mantles, and this idea will probably increase in favour as the season goes on.

Grey seems to be a most favourite colour, and has many shades—dove, bark, Cinderella, ashen-grey, and lead-grey. Then there are drab, stone, and fawn, beaver, cinnamon, slate, tan-colour, and dead leaf. In yellows there are buttercups and saffron, and a green yellow, called Chartreuse; terra-cotta, chesnut, elder, and pale green. In blues there are some pretty dull ones, called cloudy, opal, and sphinx, and all kinds of blues that look Indian, and might be dyed with indigo or wood. Twine or string colour is a good shade for useful dresses, and there is a charming shade of moss-green that is useful, and becoming, too, to everyone.



GOWN WITH FLOUNCES OF WOOLLEN LACE, AND GOWN OF PLAIN BEIGE.

YOUNG LADIES' JACKET AND MANTELETTE.

The spring mantles are all short, as will be seen from our illustrations. They fit very closely, and are chiefly made of beaded net and grenadine, or if of silk, they are very largely trimmed with jet and lace. The great drawback to them is, that the arms are completely pinioned to the sides, and the unfortunate wearer cannot reach out her arms nor hands for anything. The backs do not come below the waist, and are much ornamented with ribbons and lace, beaded galloons, or velvet. The fronts are very open, many of them having a simulated waistcoat of lace or beaded net. Coloured mantles of all kinds are worn, and black ones are just as much in favour, perhaps more so.

The small cloth jackets worn are very plain indeed, and are generally of small-grained twilled cloths, or rough-surfaced woollens. The sleeves are nearly always lined with silk, as they slip on more easily. Nearly all mantles have small rounded pockets in front of them, and some of the long cloaks are exactly like a jacket and a skirt combined, while others are large and round, and have a yoke in front, but none behind. Other cloaks have a wide pleat at the neck on either side the hems.

Hats are still very high erections, but the trimming has changed its place, and the brims are all of them narrow at the back and wider in front. The new sailor hats are seen in black velvet, cashmere, and straw. The trimmings are carried round the crown in flat bands at intervals, and on the very top are mounted feathers, ribbons, and flowers, to finish off the whole. Veils are worn reaching to the mouth; the net of which they are made is thin, and they are spotted with beads or silk. The flowers used for both hats and bonnets are those of the season—violets, narcissus, Lent lilies, auriculas, hyacinths, cowslips, phloxes, and some water-grasses and weeds. A great deal of lilac is used, and sprays of syringa flowers.

In ribbons the diversity is something wonderful. We have been so very long a time used to plain ribbons only in fashion, that we have not as yet got accustomed to the shot velvet, shot tartan gauzes, spots, purled, and fringed edges, and half canvas and satin ribbons. To my mind, unless carefully used, they will have a tendency to look "staring," and they will be too conspicuous for persons of good taste if too lavishly applied.

Bonnets are far more moderate in style and in every way than they were. They are not quite so high, and though of rather eccentric shapes, they are generally pretty, and at least not ungraceful. Many of them have no strings, and this is one thing that is not pretty about them, as they look as if just perched on the head in an uncertain and risky way, and one does not feel quite sure that the first puff of wind will not blow them away. All the trimmings are put in the front, while hat trimmings are generally at the top of the head. The completely transparent frames are not, I think, really pretty, for the trimmings on them are so heavy, and out of harmony with them. Huge jet balls are suspended at the edges, and are supplemented with a mass of bows of ribbon and flowers. Black horsehair bonnets are very useful, and black lace ones may be worn, and look well with any sort of gown. Jet is used to all bonnets, and black seems to be the favourite hue. Straw bonnets are likewise in favour in all kinds of fancy styles, with wide plaits running across and lengthways, in all kinds of wonderful shapes. "Lace straws" are open fancy plaits, lined with colour, or else open, and showing the head through the spaces.

The illustrations of hairdressing show all the ordinary methods in vogue at present amongst girls, and it will be seen that they are much simplified, and rather less frizzy than they were a few months ago.

The sketch of the single figure shows the way of making bodices in folds, and of adding velvet bands, collar, and cuffs to cotton and cambric frocks. This young girl has her hair cut short, as will be seen, and she is evidently a student of music.

The two figures in out-of-door coats or mantles show the prevailing style of the new summer travelling cloaks and waterproofs. They are made in smooth cloths or tweeds, and are plain and simple in cut.

TRAVELLING CLOAK AND NEW PELISSOTES.

SIMPLE PRINCESS FROCK.
NORMANDY PEASANT'S CAP-BONNET FOR CHILD OF FOUR YEARS.

The other two outside garments illustrated are a jacket and mantle; the one has a waistcoat front, with turned-back lapels and large-sized buttons; the other shows one of the new jacket mantels, with lace flounces at the sleeves. It is peculiarly youthful-looking and graceful.

The two figures at the piano show a dress with flounces of the new woollen lace, with a puffed front tunic, and a pointed bodice, edged with rosary beads, the front being of velvet. The material may be of silk or cashmere, as desired.

The new parasols and sunshades seem to be mostly of *écru*, white or coffee-colour. In shape they are rather flat, and nearly all have the two handkerchiefs as a covering, which first appeared last summer. These two squares or handkerchiefs are nearly always semi-transparent, being made of fancy gauzes, canvas broché, lisse embroidered, or woollen lace. Both squares are richly trimmed with lace, the effect being very light and pretty. Sunshades or *en tout cas* are made of darkish ribbed and shot silks, or of tussore silks, with embroidery in dark brown.

No crinolettes, in the true sense of the word, are worn now by well dressed women, and the steel cages that distended the back of the skirt in such an ungraceful manner are apparently again to disappear from view, until the next period of lunacy comes round. The one steel in the back of the skirt serves the useful purpose of holding that heavy part of the gown off the heels a little, and neither it nor the small horsehair mattress has any ungraceful or ugly effect. So long as they remain within these moderate bounds, I think we must be thankful for the good sense which has ruled us, and prevented the return of the frightful and often threatened crinoline to fashion.

There has been a return to the fancy for coloured pocket-handkerchiefs, many of these having the middle of colour and the border of white, thus reversing the usual fashion of white middles and coloured borders. The new embroideries are very pretty when they take the form of tiny wreaths of flowers, which stray over the kerchief from the centre to the border at their own sweet will.

The newest way of marking them (for plain handkerchiefs) is to embroider the owner's name in plain satin-stitch across one corner in the *fac simile* of the owner's handwriting. Generally the whole name is given, but sometimes only the manner of writing the Christian name.

So far as stockings are concerned, I think nothing will be more worn than black thread or cotton; but both will be ornamented with coloured embroidery, and I see a good deal of open work also; but, I must say, I do not think it looks suitable to our changeable and chilly climate.

Swede gloves are more worn at present in the evening than by day, and we seem to be returning to the neater-looking and better wearing French kid. The part of the glove which covers the arms is often very much decorated with beads, or is made of lace or netting. Silk gloves have this part arranged in gathers on elastics, so as to look full and creased. The gloves of this year match the dress; but when the dresses are of a bright hue, the gloves should be of some neutral tint—as stone or almond-coloured.

Shoes are more worn than boots for walking, and some of the newest are very pretty, and have a pointed toepiece sewn on, which appears to give a finish to the shoe.

The two paper patterns selected for the month will, I hope, be useful to several classes of the community—mothers, girls, and children. The dressing-jacket or flannel night jacket is an article which will materially add to the comfort of every one who adopts it, whether for night or day use; while to the invalid it is an inseparable companion, and, when lying in bed, will shield her from chills, and conduce towards her neat and pleasant appearance. It is in five pieces—front, back, collar, and two sleeve pieces. The quantity of material required, of thirty-six inches wide, is two yards and three-quarters. The size is a medium one, the measure round the bust being thirty-six inches, no turnings being allowed.

After having been cut out, the garment should be tacked together and tried on wrong side out, and any small alterations of shape can then be made in it. When sewing in the sleeves they should be held towards you, and any extra fulness should be placed in a small pleat under the arm. If the jacket be made of flannel, the embroidered flannel trimming can be used to edge it, or a woollen lace. If made of cambric or printed cotton, an insertion and edging of English embroidery can be used.

The second pattern is a very simple princess frock for a child of four years, with one of the new Normandy peasants' cap-bonnets, which are the most recent adoption in the way of head-gear for children. Both of these are so simple in design and in making that any mother may try to make them for herself without fear. The little frock consists of four pieces—front, back, and two sleeve pieces. The measure round the bust is twenty-one inches, and the amount of material required is three yards, of twenty-two inches wide, if a flounce like that in the sketch be used. The sash is generally of silk, but may be of coloured cashmere if worn with a serge frock. The little square trimming in front of the neck may be made of braid or embroidery, as suits the material of the frock.

The small Normandy peasants' bonnet is composed of two pieces, the front and the crown. About three-quarters of a yard of stuff would be needed, and it may be made of any material to match the dress if desired, or of satin or plush. Three-quarters of a yard of silk are used to line it, and two yards and a half of ribbon are needed for the strings and bow; a little lace edges the cap round the face and neck. The outside of the cap is put together first, and then the lining may be put in.

Each of these patterns may be had of "The Lady Dressmaker," care of Mr. H. G. Davis, 73, Ludgate-hill, E.C., price one shilling (postal note).

The patterns already issued can always be obtained, as the "Lady Dressmaker" constantly shows in her articles how they can be made use of. Each one can be had for one shilling (Postal Order) from the "Lady Dressmaker," care of Mr. H. G. Davis, 73, Ludgate-hill, E.C. The following is a list of those already issued:—April, braided loose-fronted jacket; May, velvet bodice; June, Swiss belt and full bodice; July, mantle; August, Norfolk, or pleated jacket; October, combination garment (underlinen); November, double-breasted out-of-door jacket; December, Zouave jacket and bodice; January, princess underdress (underlinen, under-bodice, and skirt combined); February, polonaise, with "waterfall back;" March, new spring bodice; April, divided skirt and Bernhardt mantle, with sling sleeves; May, dressing jacket, princess frock, and Normandy peasants' cap, for child of four years.

DRESSING JACKET.

COURTLEROY.

By ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER XXIX.

AN ATTEMPT ON LIFE.

MR. SELLON brought no good news from Prestbury to Courtleroy. Searle could not be found, neither police nor advertisement reached him, and private inquiry was not more successful. The affairs of the Units were in such confusion that it must take weeks or even months to disentangle them, and beyond the fact that Searle was one with them, and that the probability was that he had done his best to feather their nests from that of his employer, no certain information was, as yet, obtained.

The bank had stopped payment, the lawyers had failed; what more was needed? Sellon grew interested as the plot thickened, and promised to undertake the business himself, if Le Roy would promise to remain at the Court. He would return to London on the morrow to make arrangements with his partner, and be back again the following day.

"I will throw it all up if you stir from here," he said, decidedly, and Le Roy had no alternative but to submit.

"How long will it take to wind up the Units' affairs?" he asked.

"Impossible to say, and yours are as complicated as theirs, only Searle has simply ruined you and some of your dependents, whereas they have ruined the county," was the reply.

Le Roy got no comfort anywhere. Was it possible, he asked himself, that one man could have been the cause of so much mischief? He meant his bailiff, not himself, for how was he to blame? The property was his own, and if he chose to manage it through another man, that was his affair. It was not his fault if that man turned out a scoundrel. With sophistries such as these he sought to quiet his own conscience, and it was only when his personal comfort was affected that he caught a glimpse of his own shortcomings. The contrast of Courtleroy with his luxurious town mansion gave that same conscience an occasional twinge, and a foreboding of rheumatic pains from the dampness of the house caused him intense anxiety. Never since the old days had such loads of coal and firewood appeared in the yard, and never had such fires burnt in every room of the mouldying house. It was again in the hands of a master.

He consulted with his factotum, Barber, on the advisability of papering and painting at once, with a view to his immediate comfort; but that far-seeing manager, who loved the country as little as his master, counselled delay until Mr. Sellon had investigated matters.

"You see, sir, you would not like the smell of paint and plaster; it would affect you," he argued. "Besides, it would take a long time to rejuvenate the place, and before it was finished you would return to town. If I might offer an opinion, you would find the west wing quite dry, and the ladies are most anxious to accommodate you."

"You know I hate the west wing," he replied.

"Yes, sir, but in case of the damp bringing on rheumatic fever, it might be awkward. Mrs. Stone informs me that Miss Marmont was a long time recovering from hers when she first came here."

"Had she rheumatic fever?" A twinge in that paralysed conscience made him start.

"Yes, sir; but when she and Miss Heath took to the west wing they were all right. There are still two chambers that might be arranged, and that do not suffer from the damp."

"Have them prepared immediately. Rheumatic fever! It might keep me here for months."

"Just so, sir; and the chamber you sleep in was the one Miss Marmont had when the fever took her. It is a mercy that no ill-effects have been the result. I heard from Mrs. Mute and Mr. Larkin this morning, sir." Barber approached this latter subject on tiptoe, for these were the town housekeeper and butler.

"Yes; what do they want?"

"Money, sir. The general allowance has come to an end."

"Ask Searle—I mean Miss Marmont, or Mr. Sellon, or, in short, manage it yourself."

"I am at a loss to know how, sir; for, you see, Mr. Searle can't be found, and the bank has stopped payment, and Mrs. Stone says they are in arrears in the house, and as to Miss Marmont . . . ."

"Pray stop your impertinent gabble," cried Le Roy, and his words electrified poor Barber, who was not used to hear his choice phrases so calumniated.

"Certainly, sir," he replied, loftily. "I will see that the chambers in the west wing are prepared."

"Do."

This conversation took place in the hall, when Sellon was in London. Never had Barber been insulted before in all his service; never had Le Roy been known to forget himself, or to hurl a word of two letters after his valet, as if it were a stone out of a sling. He was mortally offended, and inwardly resolved to give notice at once. On his way to the west wing he met Mimica.

"I think Mr. Le Roy is going mad, Miss Marmont," he said, assuming a dignity beyond his custom.

Mimica took him into the schoolroom and drew from him what had passed. Miss Heath was present.

"It will bring him to his senses," said that observant lady.

"What do you mean, ma'am?" asked the offended valet.

"You remember that Mrs. Le Roy always said a burst of temper cleared the air?" she replied.

"Besides, he is attacked at all points," put in Mimica. "It is enough to drive anyone out of his senses. Have patience with him, Mr. Barber. What could he do without you? What should we all do without you?"

"I am glad you perceive that I am of some slight service, ma'am. At your request I will remain—for the present, at least," said the mollified major-domo.

Then they proceeded to consult about the change of rooms. Mimica at once decided to vacate hers, and to occupy a dressing-room belonging to Miss Heath. Barber was to have a neighbouring apartment.

"He slept well in your chamber the first night, Miss Marmont; he has certainly had insomnia since," said the valet. "Perhaps if he could be prevailed upon to come in here he might be attracted to the piano, and music is a panacea for every ill."

Mimica laughed, but hindered her merriment from seeming personal by striking a chord on the instrument, which made Barber uplift his hands and shrug his shoulders.

The upshot of it all was, however, that Mr. Le Roy took to his niece's room without comment or inquiry, and that Barber waited on him in majestic silence.

The subject of money was not resumed until Sellon returned to Courtleroy after an absence of several days. He had been detained in London, and had also spent a night at Prestbury, and the news he brought was anything but consolatory. He found Le Roy strangely irritable. He had been accustomed to his reserve, but, like Barber, was astonished at his temper. He felt inclined to agree with Miss Heath that it was a hopeful sign, and when he heard from Mimica that her uncle had promised to go with her to visit the malcontents, he urged upon her to prevail on him to go at once; but she feared to excite him, having witnessed his sudden prostration in the library and his sensitiveness in his dream. She told Mr. Sellon of the general lack of ready money, and he said that was a difficulty that must be settled at once.

Accordingly, he lost no time in beginning the subject. It was a gloomy afternoon, for the March winds had gone off with the sunshine to the east, and westerly breezes had brought the rain to Courtleroy. Mimica assured her uncle that the change would bring up the spring flowers and further vegetation generally, to say nothing of giving ease to the aged suffering from rheumatism. He disliked all allusions to age and rheumatism, and she feared she had made an unfortunate speech; nevertheless, he requested her to remain, when Sellon joined them, primed for a disagreeable encounter. The trio were seated round the table with heaps of documents, brought by the lawyer, in their midst. Le Roy looked bored, Sellon brisk, Mimica attentive. Sellon said that he must begin at the beginning, which was lack of funds. Every available penny had been spent. Le Roy, remembering Barber's announcement, awoke up at once.

"I have been to Prince's Gate," said the lawyer, "and drew from your butler with some difficulty that the tradesmen were expecting their weekly and other payments, but that no one but your valet, Barber, knew anything about them. I then went to Spender's, the London bankers, and found your account overdrawn, and they in a pretty fix at Units' stoppage of payment. I knew already that there was no prospect of money either here or at Prestbury, so I came to the conclusion that your only chance of obtaining it—and it must be had—is by either selling or letting your town house. One of my clients, Lord Mardofen, who, unlike the general run of the nobility, is rich as Crœsus, would take it at once for the season and give us our own terms, paying part in advance. He has heard of the wonderful appointments and ornamentation of the house—as who has not?—and might be inclined to purchase if necessary; but, *pro tem.*, a few thousands would suffice to meet present liabilities."

Thus far Mr. Sellon had hurried through his disagreeable task without looking at Le Roy, making believe to arrange a number of bills which lay before him; but he now paused and glanced up, just to see the effect produced by his proposal. Mimica had been watching it all the time. Both were surprised at the apparent nonchalance of Le Roy's manner and the curtness of his words.

"Manage it as you will, Sellon, only don't bore me," he said.

"You won't make a second Searle of me," returned Sellon, drily. "Unless you go

through all the affairs and take Courtleroy in hand yourself, I throw them up."

"My niece, Miss Marmont, knows all about them, and will undertake them with you," said Le Roy, coldly. "If my town house is let I go abroad."

"Then you must find another lawyer, Mr. Le Roy. If I undertake the affairs you must remain here and economise as best you may. Miss Marmont will, I am sure, be your right hand, but all our hands, and heads too, will be needed to remedy the oppression, neglect, and swindling of the past twenty years."

"Mr. Sellon! you forget!"

"Not at all, sir. I merely speak plainly. You trusted Searle, he has ruined you; you trusted Barber, he is as honest as he is consequential, only unequal to the management of a great London establishment; now you would trust me, and I decline to be trusted unless you overlook me. If Miss Marmont is wise she will follow my example."

"I would do my best to help you and make you happy," here broke in Mimica, looking kindly at her uncle. "If only you could remain here, for a time, at least—say through the summer and autumn—I think the people might be pleased and satisfied. So little would serve to give them encouragement and hope, and your presence would be everything."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Le Roy, rising suddenly, pushing aside the papers nearest to him, and going out of the house to the drive in front.

"He has not been out before," said Mimica, anxiously.

"The damp will soon drive him in again," returned cynical Sellon.

"I will follow him. He looked so odd!" said Mimica, seizing a cloak and throwing it over her shoulders, then drawing the hood over her head.

"Better leave him to himself," said Sellon.

But Mimica, who was quick of decision and indifferent to atmosphere, hurried after her uncle. She heard his footsteps on the gravel, and caught sight of his tall figure disappearing among the trees that led to her garden. She meant to overtake and accompany him on some pretext or other, and quickened her pace. But he walked so rapidly that she failed to reach him; still, she managed to keep him in sight.

Evening and twilight were approaching, and the waning afternoon was dull and heavy. The foliage of the trees looked limp as unstarched garments, the birds had no spirit for minstrelsy, and shrubs and grass were wet with damp and dew. Le Roy's memory was, however, green and clear enough, for he strode through Mimica's garden, trampling her flowers, and down a shady walk that led from it to a gate opening into the wood. Mimica fancied that she should overtake him at the gate, but he was through it, and away into the wood-walk before she could do so. She had not fancied that he had either energy or strength enough to stride on as he did—so fast that she could not get up with him, even by running. Where was he going? she asked herself. Was it to the keeper's house on the skirt of the wood? No; he passed that by, and finally emerged into the meadow below the wood, where there was a large pond frequented by wild ducks, and full of rushes and sedges.

She was quite breathless when she reached the stile over which he had strode easily, and she paused a moment on the wood side of it to glance down into the field and water that lay below. She saw her uncle's form distinctly, though by this time twilight had set in. He was standing on the brink of the pond, as if looking at the wild ducks that he had startled, and which, with their young, were fluttering and swimming about in much confusion, and filling the air with their harsh notes. She knew the pond was deep at the spot near which he stood, and a sudden terror seized her. Had he come all this way to put an end to his life? Was he momentarily beside himself, as she had thought when he left the house; and if so, ought she to return to the keeper's cottage and summon aid? He moved towards the very edge of the pond, and stood there a moment with folded arms. She was over the stile and down the path in a second, reaching him unperceived, just in time to hear the words, "I will end all this," and to see him plant his feet, as if with the intention of jumping into the cold, dark water.

It was the work of a moment. She stood behind him, clasped her arms round him, and with all her strength pulled him backwards. Both fell to the ground—he on the very edge of the pond, she somewhat withdrawn from it. His feet and legs were immersed in the water; but he was saved! She rose instantly, and seeing his condition, and that he was struggling to rise also and muttering incoherent words as he did so, she laid hold of his arm to assist him. With great difficulty she dragged him from the water, and he finally got up, being unconscious of the identity of his deliverer, who was all the while at his back. The partial bath must have brought him to his senses, for he stood a few seconds regarding his dripping extremities, and then began to stamp, as if to get rid of the water and duckweed that saturated and impeded them. The cold grey of the damp March evening enveloped the scene, and a heavy mist was rising from pond and meadow. The aroused wild fowl still continued their cries, in which the neighbouring night-birds joined, and even brave Mimica shuddered as she stood wondering what she would do or say. Her actions or words were anticipated, for her uncle turned round and said with something of his usual manner, but a quivering, half-drowned voice—

"Thank you. I slipped and fell."

As he suddenly faced Mimica, there in the semi-darkness, enveloped in cloak and hood, and surrounded and even half obscured by the thick mist, it is not surprising that he took her for some unearthly creature, and uttered a sharp cry as he shrank backwards towards the pond.

"Have you come to haunt me at such a crisis, Margaret—you who have ruined my life?" he said, sternly.

In another moment he would have been again at the brink of the pond, and would probably have fallen in backwards in his retreat from his imaginary lost love, had not Mimica seized and held his hands, outstretched as if to waive off his spiritual visitant.

"It is I, uncle; it is Mimica. Take care, or you will be in again!" she cried, as naturally as she could.

She drew him towards her and led him, unresisting, to a felled tree near at hand. He sank down upon it, and either fainted or fell into the strange fit from which Barber had aroused him when once before he had imagined he had seen the apparition of his Margaret. He was evidently unconscious, and Mimica had no means of bringing him to life. She was swift of foot as of thought, and ran past the pond and up the path which led to the keeper's cottage, calling aloud as she went. Her cries had reached the house and brought out the keeper, who met her at the stile.

"Come," was all she could articulate, and he followed her back to her uncle.

"Tom is within, miss. We can get him up between us," said the keeper, putting a whistle to his lips and giving a shrill call.

"The sound partially aroused Mr. Le Roy, who made an attempt to rise, with the words, "Where am I?" on his lips. It also brought two dogs bounding to the spot through the obscurity, and followed by Tom.

"You are at home, please, sir," said the keeper. "Will you let us help you up the bank?"

"Margaret—Mimica! where are you?" he murmured.

"Here, uncle. Will you try to come home with me?" she replied.

"Home" was an impossibility, but she and the keeper managed to prevail on him to get up and allow himself to be helped up the bank and over the style.

"We will rest a few moments at the keeper's lodge, uncle," said Mimica, with decision.

He was too weak, both in mind and body, to resist, and the two men half carried him through the dark wood to the clearing where the cottage stood. Here a kindly housewife received them, who was loud in her exclamations of wonder when Mimica entered first.

"It is my uncle, Mrs. Suckling. Would you mind sending the children away?" she said.

They were packed in an adjoining room just in time for her uncle to be brought in and laid on the settle before the cheerful fire. The warmth revived him, and a cup of hot tea restored the circulation; but, again, when he looked vaguely about him, he asked where he was, and the reply was still the same—"At home."

(*To be continued.*)

THE PRIZE COMPETITION.

SAYINGS OF THE WISE ON CONDUCT AND CHARACTER.

EXAMINERS: JAMES MASON AND THE EDITOR.

THIS competition was far from an easy one. On the lines laid down for the guidance of those who took part in it, no girl could hope for success without spending much time, employing great industry, and exercising considerable thought.

It was a competition, too, which promised to be of value in the way of self-improvement. As we said when first proposing it, "the mere turning over books will enlarge the mental horizon of competitors, and the sayings of the wise thus brought home to them cannot but have a good, wholesome, and improving effect on their own conduct and character."

We have much satisfaction, then, in recording that the total number of papers sent in reached the large number of one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two. If only fourteen more had been received there would have been one collection of quotations for every year of the Christian Era.

The weight of paper—not counting the wrappers—was not far short of eight hundredweights. Had all the collections of quotations been piled one on the top of another, they would have formed a monument to the industry of G. O. P. readers nine yards, two feet, five

inches high. The total number of pages may be reckoned as about ninety-eight thousand. These all spread out singly would cover a surface of more than an acre and a half, and placed end to end would extend about twenty miles. The total postage, taking the book post rate of ½d. for every two ounces, was about £15.

The papers came from all parts of the world; indeed, from the 3rd of October to the 25th of March, the sun's bright eye can never for a single hour have ceased to notice some hard-working competitor or other hunting up quotations on conduct and character. To look over the addresses was a geographical education. Not to speak of the cities, towns, and villages of the United Kingdom, papers came from the Channel Islands, France, Germany, Holland, Norway, Italy, Turkey, Malta, India, China, Canada, Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, the United States, the West Indies, New Zealand, all the Australian Colonies, South Africa, and many other distant parts in which the G. O. P. has found a welcome.

A feature in the competition worth taking note of is the testimony in its favour given by girls themselves. One writes: "It has been such an enjoyable study during all the winter." Another puts on her title-page, "Sayings of the Wise . . . Gleaned by . . . . from the Book of Books, and various works, ancient and modern, in prose and verse, which has been to her a source of much spiritual and intellectual enjoyment." "May I say," remarks a third, "how very much pleasure and real benefit I have derived in searching for the extract competition." "For my own part," writes a fourth, "what I have learned whilst looking for extracts for the fifty virtues and vices, and also when seeking for passages relating to the 'Hundred Women'"—a competition girls may remember we had two years ago—"is simply surprising."

As to the quality of the papers, taking the competition as a whole, we have every reason to speak in terms of praise. In all round excellence it was a decided advance on the "Hundred Famous Women" competition alluded to above, remarkable in merit though that competition was. Girls who had collected particulars regarding the hundred famous women had evidently profited by their experience.

It was quite a sight to see how lovingly many of the manuscripts were done up in all the glory of blue and red ribbon, and, not content with adorning the outside, several girls had ornamented almost every page with emblematical flowers and figures. In two instances these were beautifully painted. One manuscript had a good part written in gold ink, and thirty or forty at least had the illustrated word wherever it occurred filled in with red ink.

Of all the competitors who entered the field the youngest were two girls of the age of ten. The age that distinguished itself most in neatness and ornament was seventeen. This age came out wonderfully in title pages: no fewer than eight of its title pages were deserving of special mention.

Curiously enough, the ornamental work and title pages of the next age were nothing to brag about. The papers of eighteen seemed the work of those who found themselves face to face with the stern realities of existence and had given up flourishes. An exceptional girl, however, at this age, put ornamental headings to the pages of her manuscript, which showed she had a sense of fun worth cultivating.

A weak point with many papers, even carefully prepared ones, was their abrupt beginning. They had no title page whatever; not even a headline to say what the paper was all about. Now, abrupt beginnings have a hasty and unfinished look, and should be avoided by all who wish their work to make a good impression at first sight.

Some, however, such as our friends of seventeen, took great pains over their title pages, ornamenting them beautifully, and making them instructive with such mottoes as

"Many are the sayings of the wise,
In ancient and in modern books enrolled."
—*Milton.*

"The words of the wise are as goads."—*Eccles.*

"Wisdom is better than rubies."—*Prov.*

"Happy is the man that findeth wisdom."—*Prov.* And

"There is no darkness but ignorance."—*Shakespeare.*

Not a few seemed to be under the impression that quantity would win the day, and attracted attention by the number of their quotations. When you looked into their papers, however, you were much disappointed. By way of example, take one competitor who sent a paper quite formidable for size. Turning to her heading of "Ambition"—and other headings were in the same style—we found such quotations as

"Ambition follows him."
"His humble ambition."
"This is the period of my ambition."
"Go forward and be choked with thy ambition."

all from Shakespeare. With Mrs. Cowden Clarke's "Concordance to Shakespeare," Cruden's "Concordance to the Bible," and a few other well-known books, it would be easy to turn out cartloads of such quotations.

This girl forgets that we said in proposing the competition that the quotations were to be such as were "worth copying" and "worth remembering," and that the meaning was in all cases to be complete; that is to say, "it was never to be necessary for anyone reading the quotation to have to turn up the author to complete the sense."

Many girls besides this one have given quotations by the dozen, without beginning or end, and with no special interest, and that can hardly, except by a great stretch of courtesy, be held to illustrate the subject in hand. The word is present, and that is all.

On first meeting with every quotation competitors should have asked themselves, "Is this complete in itself? Can it be held really to illustrate this or that particular point of conduct or character, and is there any feature of truth or beauty about it that makes it worth copying and worth remembering?" If there was a doubtful "No" to any one of these questions the quotation should have been passed over.

Inattention to these points made one girl give under "Egotism"

"A deplorable egotism of character."—*Dwight on Duelling.*

whilst another gave under "Anger"

"His angry spirit healed and harmonised,
By the benignant touch of love and beauty."—*Coleridge, "Remorse."*

A third, under "Benevolence," quoted Dr. Thomas Chalmers's remark on his seeing "their majesties"—she does not say who the "majesties" were—"and the Princess Elizabeth. I was much pleased with their frank, easy, and benevolent appearance." A fourth illustrated "Affectation" by this quotation from a tale in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER: "He knew her greed of admiration, her jealousy of anything like rivalry, and her affectation of girlish ways," and not satisfied with that used the same quotation as an illustration of jealousy.

These faulty quotations, which might be multiplied by the hundred, illustrate the weakest points in the competition. It would have been better in many instances if girls had contented themselves with doing less and been more discriminating in their choice of passages.

In settling the fate of a paper we, of course, looked to the variety of books consulted. Many gave lists of all the books laid under contribution, one girl putting down the names of no fewer than one hundred and fifty authors and quotation books, whilst a hundred was not uncommon.

Two competitors were girls of but one book, and took their quotations altogether out of the Bible. Many girls quoted extensively from THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, the "Varieties" especially being made use of.

A complete index was added in a few instances, one competitor compiling hers with an elaborateness that showed she had painstaking enough to accomplish anything.

Many failed to give quotations illustrating all the fifty headings. Affectation, the very first, proved a frequent stumbling block; so did Amiability, Bashfulness, Conceit, Consistency, Cunning, Egotism, Independence, Prudence, Punctuality, and Suspicion.

As an easy way of surmounting her difficulties, one girl, at any rate, took to writing to the editor of a paper which, like the G. O. P., opens its columns to correspondence. "Will you tell me," asks *Goldfinch* of a contemporary, "some quotations with their exact references about (1) Consistency, (2) Economy, and (3) Fidelity?" A paper compiled in this way cannot be said to be the "sole work" of the competitor, and it is certainly unfair in competition with girls who rely on their own unaided exertions. We are quite sure that "Goldfinch" forgot to look at it from this point of view.

Only about half-a-dozen of the papers sent in were insignificant in point of size. One was indeed microscopic, for the compiler gave only two quotations, and each of them certified, too, that it was her own work. The next smallest we noticed contained only seventeen quotations; another paper held nineteen. At the age of twenty there were three papers so small as to look like three jokes, which very likely they were intended to be. Speaking of small collections, there was one by a girl at Ipswich containing only about a hundred and ten quotations altogether, but, because of the care bestowed upon it, it was worth more than some with ten times the number.

The papers of the eleven prize girls form an imposing pile. Taken all together they weighed twenty-six pounds. Had all the other girls worked on the same scale the total weight of the competition would have been within a hundredweight of two tons.

Many girls outside the prize list sent considerable numbers of quotations. One girl gave a thousand, twenty to each heading, and the prize winner, age thirteen, had 1,900 quotations; but, as we have already hinted, quantity is not the most important thing; the most important point is always quality.

One girl of the age of eighteen sent her collection of quotations unfinished, and got a second-class certificate, when otherwise she would have deserved a first.

In a few cases girls appear oblivious of the fact that paper of different colours and sizes makes a manuscript look extremely untidy. There was one competitor who used no fewer than fourteen different sizes of paper. Few, however, could be accused of "paper-sparing." Indeed, the use of paper in some instances bordered on extravagance, the funniest effect being produced by girls who were as lavish in their paper as they were niggardly in their matter.

Corrections we observed occasionally made in the rudest manner, when a very little trouble would have re-written the page. The sight

of these carelessnesses—perhaps just a blot and a scribble—settled many a girl's fate when she was hovering between a third-class certificate and oblivion.

The worst papers were undoubtedly the shabbiest in appearance, which is what one would naturally expect. A girl who enters with spirit into her work does not send it—especially in competition—with ragged edges, as if the paper had been torn by a rude hand from a copybook, or with finger marks here and there on the pages, and a common pin at the left-hand corner to keep the manuscript together. She rather rules it neatly, writes it out with care, erases marks if there be any, fastens it, perhaps, with a bit of ribbon, and says, "Go, manuscript, and by your neatness show that you come from a girl trained to habits of good order."

A piece of writing is a part of oneself, and who would go dressed like a sloven to call on a stranger? But extreme neatness and refinement was the characteristic, we are not far out in saying, of a fourth of all the papers received, and moderate neatness and refinement characterised nine-tenths of all the rest, so this lesson in its fullest extent has to be learned by only a small fraction.

Ten papers came with no age mentioned, although in every case the certificate at the end by the parent or guardian stated that the age was correctly given. In seven instances the certificate was put on the first page instead of the last. An eccentric certificate was repeated twenty-nine times; it was a case, too, in which the girl had omitted to give her age. A girl of eighteen had her certificate rewritten fifty-two times, once on the back of every page—a great waste of labour and patience.

A few—but they were only a few—failed to stitch their papers together, and two girls out of the eighteen hundred and sixty-two had evidently a doubt as to which was their left hand, and solved it by fastening their manuscripts at the right.

Some of these points would not be worth noticing had we not made rules about them. By inattention to these rules a girl has sometimes failed to secure a certificate, which, with a little more care, she would have deserved.

Many of our foreign competitors have no doubt laboured under serious disadvantages in dealing with a subject requiring access to books. Their papers, however, had to be regarded as on the same level with those of home origin, and we are afraid that some whose diligence has richly deserved a certificate have thus failed in obtaining one. Some foreign competitors—French, Italian, German and Dutch—sent papers containing quotations from native authors, translated by themselves, and, on seeing these evidences of intelligence and good will, we have sometimes hesitated long before laying their work on the heap of the rejected.

It is to the credit of competitors residing abroad that the first prize in the list—that of the age of thirteen—has fallen to one of their number, and it may be pointed out to them that even if meeting with insurmountable difficulties in the way of research they may strive successfully to excel in neatness and taste. The neatest of all the papers from abroad on this occasion came from near Charlestown, Jefferson County, West Virginia.

For all those who have failed to gain either a prize or a certificate, we have four lines of consolation and encouragement, and these are to be found in a quotation from Longfellow with which a girl has thoughtfully adorned the title page of her paper:—

"No endeavour is in vain,
Its reward is in the doing;
And the rapture of pursuing
Is the prize the vanquished gain."

Another time they may have better success; they certainly will have if they take advantage of the experience they have gained in this competition.

By way of postscript we may say in answer to about half-a-dozen courteous requests that we are unable to return any of the papers. The girls who sent stamps for the return of their manuscripts can have the stamps on application.

The following table will show at a glance the number of papers received, and the proportion of awards:—

QUOTATION COMPETITION.

Age of Competitor.	How many sent in.	Prizes.	Certificates.		
			1st. Class.	2nd. Class.	3rd. Class.
10	2	—	—	—	—
11	1	—	—	—	—
12	2	—	—	—	—
13	74	1	5	6	10
14	104	1	8	8	19
15	135	1	11	12	23
16	144	1	11	13	22
17	224	1	15	15	35
18	276	1	20	23	44
19	275	1	19	23	43
20	215	1	14	14	35
21	169	1	12	15	25
22	134	1	10	12	23
23	71	1	5	6	10
24	7	—	1	1	—
25	8	—	2	2	—
26	4	—	—	—	—
27	3	—	—	—	—
28	2	—	—	—	—
29	0	—	—	—	—
30	1	—	—	—	—
31	0	—	—	—	—
32	1	—	—	—	—
No age	10	—	—	—	—
Totals...	1,862	11	133	150	289

LIST OF SUCCESSFUL COMPETITORS.

THIRTEEN YEARS OF AGE.

PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA.

Green, Feudah Mary, Scutari, Albania

FIRST-CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Bateman, Christina Stapleton, Banbury
Stockings, Elsie Young, Stony Stratford
Whitehead, Caroline E. B., Torquay
Ham, Edith, Addiscombe
Kettlewell, Florence M., Bedford

SECOND-CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Briggs, Edith Lily, Camden Town
Billey, Ann Maria, Willersey
Holmes, Emily P., Willersey
Boyce, Nora Mary, Hammersmith
DeRuth, Ellen Dobrée, Ewell
Wilson, May Jane, Offerton

THIRD-CLASS CERTIFICATE

Taylor, Blanche H., Epsom
Williams, Winifred, Stamford-hill
Ross, Jessie Linson, Potters Bar
Lailey, Mary B. V., Cheltenham
Peach, Helena Alice, West Kensington
Bond, Ann Davis, Morecambe
De Sausmarez, Frances M., Sutton
Scratchord, Marianne, Tadcaster
Forbes-Semphill, Gertrude E., St. Jean de Lug
Moat, Annie, Burgh-le-Marsh

FOURTEEN YEARS OF AGE.

PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA.

Sturgeiss, Ethel, St. Helen's, Lancs.

FIRST-CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Fawcett, Lilian J., West Norwood
Jennings, Mabel Ada, Nightingale-lane
Simkins, Dorothy B., Shepherd's Bush
Buckley, Clara Louise, Southport
Kirkcaldie, Jeanie W., Potters Bar
Harrison, Elizabeth M., St. Helen's, Lancs.
Bagely, Lilian H., Plymouth
Cumming, Alice, West Norwood

SECOND-CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Alment, Mary, Blackrock, co. Dublin
Loveridge, Atteda, Cheltenham
Wilson, Eleanor, Chesterfield
Phillips, Annie B., Oughton Park
Bateman-Champion, Mary R., Putney
Millar, Maggie Bell, Crieff, N.B.
Tregarthen, Ada May, West Dulwich
Hollis, Maud Mary, Maida Hill

THIRD-CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Bromley, Adelaide M., Bruntingthorpe
Parsons, Kathleen, Southsea
Lockhart, Adelaide, Edinburgh
Neill, Agnes Dunlop, Greenock
Gamble, Ellen E. L., Stoke Newington
Barclay, Grace W., Cruden by Ellon
Hogg, Rosa, Pinner
Foster, Grace L., Nottingham
Pickering, Bertha C., East Dulwich
Bishop, Edith A., Birmingham
Long, Maggie, Cromer
Burnett, Jessie S., Stoke Newington
Gwillam, Beatrice M., Great Malvern
Surrey, Frances Emma, South Kensington
Wilson, Eva Mary St. M., Edinburgh
Ravaison, Amy C., Maida Hill
Orchard, Frances L. E., Kilburn
Mercer, Clara H., Birkdale
Mansel, Theresa M., Corfe Castle

FIFTEEN YEARS OF AGE.

PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA.

Anderson, Alice G., Portishead

FIRST-CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Evans, Clara, St. Helen's, Lancs.
Gardner, Annie, St. Helen's, Lancs.
Lowe, Elizabeth Ellen, St. Helen's, Lancs.
Crowther, Emilie L., Carlisle
Gliddon, Matilda A., St. Martin's, Guernsey
Hills, Julia Elizabeth, Moorfields
Clapton, Margaret, Eastbourne
Kimber, Flora Maria, Cheltenham
Woods, Frances H. H., Clapham
Hatch, Agnes Mary, Bolingbroke-grove
Halford, Jeannette F., Hyde Park

SECOND-CLASS CERTIFICATES.

MacLeod, Phœbe, North Uist
Norman, Caroline E., Torrington
Todd, Eleanor Jane, Cornhill-on-Tweed
Granlich, Annie M. T., Besthorp
Merrall, May Jane, Acocks-green
Manby, Alice Sophia, Passy, Paris
Wood, Lilian Sophia, Darlaston
Hensler, Rose Caroline, Victoria Park
Edmonds, Elsie Maud, Varteg
Morley, Emmeline W., Crumpsall
Mather, Margaret A., Whitefield
Peck, Charlotte L., Exmouth

THIRD-CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Wells, Jane, Redhill
Fremlin, Jessie C H.. Maidstone
Collingwood, Katie, Gipsy Hill
Matthewson, Mary J., Cornhill
Bottle, Ellen E., Great Yarmouth
Reutzsch, Ethel M., Eardley-crescent
Moxhay, Ada M. W., Reading
Besant, Mabel E., Boston
Johnson, Florence J., Stoke Newington
Thompson, Jane E., Dewsbury
Sidebotham, Alice M., Kingsland
Walker, Edith, Belturbet
Hirst, Kate, Stonewall, Canada
Stott, Josephine R., Ballymoney, co. Antrim
Wood, Mabel, Hornsey-rise
Derrington, Gerty, Yardley
Collier, Maria L., Oxford
Fagelund, Riborg Marie, Söndfjord, Norway
Heap, Elizabeth G., Selby
Reeves, Ina Gertrude, Brighton
Beenham, Jessie, Leamington
Patston, Amy, Albrighton
Goldsmith, Beatrice, Croydon

SIXTEEN YEARS OF AGE.

PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA.

Meelboom, Antoinette H., Clapham

FIRST-CLASS CERTIFICATES.

McKechnie, Helen, St. Helen's, Lancs.
Cocksedge, Edith Caroline, Hampstead
Jones, Nora H. S. S., Boncath
Rice, Rosa Ann, Stow Bedon
Ayre, Mildred Frances, King's Lynn
Hatch, Hilda Margaret, Bolingbroke-grove
Field, Lilian, Wimbledon-common
Wells, Annie Maude, Camberwell
Tucker, Evelyn, Purley
Ferguson, Thirza, Ainger-road
Jack, Eva Caroline M., Upper Norwood.

SECOND-CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Inglis, Beatrice S., Ainger-road
Bloomer, Lottie M., Brentford
Lodder, Louisa, Cheltenham
Bingham, Elsie M. W., Bristol
Masey, Madeleine E., Brompton
Tardif, Florence J., St. Martins
Arning, Juliet, Manchester
Simkins, Maud E., Shepherd s Bush

Evans, Louisa, St. Helen's, Lancs.
Jackson, Sarah Helena, St. Helen's, Lancs.
Leslie, Mabel B., Maghull
Lewis, Madge, Edgbaston
Parker, Ethel Mary, Sidcup

THIRD-CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Hibbert-Ware, Alice, Cheltenham
Bowden, Mary Leonora, East Barnet
Horne, Alice C. Jessie, Upper Norwood
Rowlestone, Maude, Islington
Smith, Kate L., Newbury
Edwards, Louisa, Kentish Town
Paton, Rose Evelyn, Upper Norwood
Douglas, Mary Rosina, Commercial-road
Ward, Helen F. M., Basingstoke
Oldham, Emily Ada, Leyton
Mottram, Helen, Norwich
Wood, Ada Florence, Didsbury
Davies, Louise F. P., Staveley
Bryden, Margaret L., Glasgow
Murray, Emily H. O., Ballsbridge
Frost, Alice, Derby
Dickson, Edith G. K., Edinburgh
Benwell, Grace M., Blackheath
Tipper, Jane Emma, Birmingham
Littlejohn, Janet B., Aberdeen
Bowley, Agnes, Leicester
McNab, Ellenor M., Preston

SEVENTEEN YEARS OF AGE.

PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA.

Cotton, Sarah Houghton, St. Helen's, Lancs.

FIRST-CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Russell, Emily Maude, Putney
Nibloe, Kathleen, Ipswich
Wells, Ethel Maude, Swaffingham
Jones, Gwendoline M. S., Boncath
Wheelwright, Edith C., Canterbury
Sang, Edith Ferguson, Kirkcaldy
Cousland, Minnie L., Edinburgh
Brown, Ethel A. H., Ross
Donaldson, Letitia F., Cookstown
Mockford, Bertha M., Brighton
Haig-Brown, Marguerite A., Godalming
Greenwood, Annie H., Forest-hill
Straker, Ada M., Croydon
Levander, Mary L., Camden-square
Kendall, Agnes H., Haverstock-hill

SECOND-CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Stanley, Winifred M., Balham
Stockings, Louisa Dora, Stony Stratford
Madge, Louisa, Honiton
Humphries, Clara L., Wellingborough
Marshall, Clara, Wharran
Preece, Carrie C., Birkenhead
Phillips, Edith Ann, Dulwich
Ward, Mabel, Kingsland
Brady, Edith M., Stockport
Allen, Ellen, Handsworth
Thomas, May E., Bideford
Crofer, Mabel Agnes, Bromley
Rutherford, Eleanor W., South Shields
Mercer, Fanny B., Southport
Bigelstone, Maria A., Regent's Park

THIRD-CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Hopkins, Ethel, Cardiff
Morris, Ethel Louise, Hamilton, Canada
Tulloch, Jane Helen C., Shetland Islands
Wilson, Florence M., Chesterfield
Caird, Jane B., Kincardineshire
Marsh, Mary J., Winterbourne, near Bristol
Clapton, Alice, Harrow-road
Just, Louisa, Clacton-on-Sea
Davis, Selina B., Hewish, near Bristol
Collier, Bertha A., Erdington, near Birmingham
Robinson, Mabel A., Bath
Hills, Emma L., Moorfields
Hill, Mary, Fellowes-road
Gibbs, Helen May, Redditch
Farran, Emily Mary, Warrnambool, Australia
Cox, Annie Louisa, Maidenhead
Griffith, Florence V., Sutton
Macpherson, Isabella S., Penzance
Colclough, Ada Frances, Honor Oak
Morley, Marguerite, Crumpsall
Callum, Edith L., Tadcaster
Patston, Annie, Albrighton
Norman, Ethel Mary, Dedham
Johnson, Isabella Alice, Northallerton
Dennison, Ellen M., East Ham
Moule, Edith M., Cheltenham
Hailsie, Sophia, Norwich
Rodwell, Clara L., Heworth Green, York
Pockson, Emmie F., Cotham
Lindsey, Eva Lindsay, Mutley
Bates, Sarah E. J., Edgbaston
Houghton, May, Plymouth
Wall, Emily Wyatt, Bromsgrove
Winter, Kate, Retford

EIGHTEEN YEARS OF AGE.

PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA.

Neal, Amy Ethel, Stoke Newington

FIRST-CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Howell, Mary Louisa, Ashbourne
Wells, Florence May, Swaffham
Higgs, Edith, Brixton-rise
Jones-Henry, Lilian F., Brentford
Foley, Alice Maud, Salisbury
Haes, Zilla, Notting-hili
Morgan, Lizzie M., Carmarthen
Barker, Evelyne C., Dalkey, co. Dublin
Potter, Ethel Rose, Kensington
Layne, Margaret, Newport
Brown, Marian S., Worcester
Crisp, Ellen, Montgomery, Alexander-road
Griffith, Alice Jane, Hyde-park-square
Turner, Emma L, Tunbridge Wells
Damant, Bertha, Ipswich
Halford, Florence Edith, Hyde-park
Biddle, Annie F., Addison-road
Heynes, Annie, North Redditch
Reynolds, Beatrice M., Woodford
Hobson, Ethel Mary, Surbiton

SECOND-CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Brindley, Mabel, Highbury
Stamp, Ada, Sunderland
Meek, Alice Jane, Stone, Staffs.
Wrightson, Edith M., Stoke Newington
Aylmer, Dora Gertrude, Kensington
Murray, Jane G., Stellenbosch, Cape Colony
Smith, Clara Joan, Taunton
Johnson, Charlotte E., Epsom
Jane, Hester, Congresbury
Mackay, Minnie, St. John's, Winnipeg, Canada
Moygrove, Lily, East Sheen
Willcox, Florence, Kingswood-hill
Ritchie, Chrissie T., Wishaw
Rice, Elinor Marian, Stow Bedon
Cooper, Clara Marianne, Windsor
Edwards, Emily, Edgbaston
Kellett, Alice M., Bradford, Yorks
Wood, Grace Eleanor, Orleans-road
Harrison, Mabel Celia, Regent's-park-road
Petschler, Elsie, Swinton
Bullock, Webster Lucy V., Ludlow
Tweddell, Sarah E. O., Bishopwearmouth
Hill, Minnie Juliet, Trowbridge

THIRD-CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Woodland, Ellen M., Minehead
Candler, Edith Margaret, Uppingham
Word, Hilda May, Victoria-park
Pagan, Maggie Elizabeth, Glasgow
Haneman, Emmeline, Brixton-hill
Redfern, Alice Ada, Penrith
Pollock, Ella Violet, Hampstead
Courtenay, Louisa C., Gateshead-on-Tyne
Bagelay, Emily F., Plymouth
Cuff, Phebe Ann, Lordship-road
Van Drahestein, Cirile Borch, Utrecht, Holland
Miller, Alice M. M., Oxford
Taylor, Margaret May, Lee
Hirst, Jessie, Balsall-heath
Shatford, Lucie, Chippenham
Thorold, Gertrude B., Malta
Wassell, Edith, Lytton, Australia
Latimer, Florence Eva, Dublin
Robinson, Lilian, Parkside, Cambridge
Foottit, Clara E., Woodford
Round, Minnie, Cheltenham
Bullock, Constance E., Leyton
Roy, Annie Mohinie, Allahabad, N. W. P., India
Forbes, Katie F., Inverness
Cameron, Margaret, Stockbridge, Edinburgh
Hillier, Adelaide M., Blackheath
Shaw, Margaret M., Benger, Hertford
Brande, Florence, Tower-hill
Forster, Maggie, Neville's-cross
Pilditch, Muriel M. H., Abberton, near Colchester
Rhodes, Emmeline A., Hampstead
Beckett, Edith, Heywood
Oliver, Gertrude, Liverpool
Smee, Rotie Charlotte, Mile End-road
Swiney, Ada Catherine, Bury St. Edmunds
Brockwell, Helen Maud, Gipsy-hill
Philip, Ethel Williams, Cape Town
Clavey, Florence, St. Albans
Anerbach, Florence M., Wiesbaden, Germany
Phillips, Amy Helen H., Stoneygate
Sapping, Anne Maud, Eythorm, near Dover
Von Iffland, Catherine E., Bergerville, Quebec, Canada
Pilcher, Clara, Canterbury

NINETEEN YEARS OF AGE.

PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA.

Morris, Agnes Isabel, Lewes, Sussex

FIRST-CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Metelerkamp, Susie, Knysna, Cape Colony
Hargrove, Ethel C., Shanklin, Isle of Wight
Butler, Emilie, Wolverhampton
Tomlinson, May, Stafford
Fraser, Sarah Wilkes, Wolverhampton
Heath, Lila, Brixton-hill
Pascoe, Amy Bennett, Edenbridge
Lynam, Helen P., Stoke-on-Trent
Stevenson, Katherine S., Quebec, Canada
Richard, Gertrude E., South Croydon
Chamberlain, Elizabeth, Fareham, Hants
Snowball, Catherina, Essendon, Australia
Blair, Christine U., Dollar, N. B.
Coulthard, Lucy Nora, Bath
Jarrett, Lily, Croydon
Wren, Jessie Tregoning, Penzance
Briand, Maud M., Finsbury Park
Pockson, Julia Ann H., Bristol
Atherden, Constance M., Ludlow, Salop

SECOND-CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Ellis, Laura T. Jones, Festiniog, Merionethshire
Watson, Alexiona Florence, West Ferry, Dundee
Tarrant, Ellen C., Walthamstow
Eckhard, Helen, Kew, Surrey
Lucas, Alice Morton, Ashbourne
Lovell, Marian Lucy, Beckenham-road
Kettlewell, Mabel M., Bedford
Martin, Rosa, Putney
Barker, Kathleen L. C., Dalkey, co. Dublin
Rivers, Laura Amelia, Blackheath
Williamson, Ada Mary, Windermere
Evans, Ethel Mary, Aston, Birmingham
Greig, Agnes Borthwick, South Hampstead
Vinall, Ada Florence, Islington
Mawby, Ethel, Bourne, Lincs.
Dauncey, Lucy E., Southsea
Whittingstall, Cissy, Middlesburgh
Finch, Helen Lavinia, Hammersmith
Allison, Helen Beatrice, Hull
Grisdale, Henrietta E., Bedford
Hunt, Evelyn Carew, Clapham Common
Fullwood, Jane Ida, Kingstown, co. Dublin

THIRD-CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Spratty, Alice Maud, Sheffield
Brockwell, Ada Mary, Gipsy-hill
Richards, Edith Rose, Swansea
Hopkins, Minnie H., Sydenham
Bowmar, Ella Jane, Leicester
Atkinson, Gertrude, Nightingale-lane
Goodwin, Elizabeth A., Lewisham Park
Nichols, Kate, Castra, Tasmania
Manger, Rosa J., St. Martin's, Guernsey
Dobbin, Lucy Maud, Bingham, Notts
Morris, Ada Susan, North Curry
Burke, Kate, Ampthill-square
Wrightson, Violet, Hampstead Heath
Hewett, Florence Mary, Reading
Partridge, Ellen Hooper, Bideford, North Devon
Cooke, Anne Elizabeth, Redland, Bristol
Bayley, Ada Mary, Ipswich
Brackenridge, Catherine, Pontefract
Lloyd, Margaret D., Princes Park, Liverpool
Crowder, Emily Anne, Barton-on-Humber
Beath, Mary C., Fuori Barriera della Curé, Florence
Wilson, Alice Maude, Chesterfield
Davies, Grace C., Highbury-hill
Sweetlove, Amy Louise, St. Leonards-on-Sea
Oldman, Kate Stewart, Gainsborough
Matthews, Mary Jane, Wellington, Salop
Rooke, Fanny Louisa, Salisbury
Thompson, Caroline T., Holteach
Booker, Lizzie, Aston-lane, near Birmingham
Walker, Charlotte M., Tunbridge Wells
Bicknell, Leonina, Onslow-gardens
Barnes, Caroline M., Chesterfield
Hooper, Louisa C. M., Kilburn
Hindley, Jane M. I., Alleyn Park
Clowes, Georgina F., Westleton
Cocking, Nora Maria, Islington
Webb, Arabella K., Sevenoaks
Gagen, Florence E., King's Lynn, Norfolk
Gyles, Julia, Finsbury Park
Blakeley, Gertrude M., Whalley Range, Manchester
Thornton, Sarah E., Idle, near Bradford
Moyers, Emily, Princes Park, Liverpool

TWENTY YEARS OF AGE.

PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA.

Brown, Alice Mary, Bridport

FIRST-CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Potter, Ellen Sarah, Kensington
Hudson, Annie Orton, St. Helens, Lancs.
Stansell, Katie M., Islington
Donald, Mary, Blackford
Barnwell, Kate, Ross
Marshall, Annie E., Wharram
Delsart, Blanche A., Lille
Blake, Alice Mary, Guildford
Manks, Emily Agnes, Elland
Cooper, Ada Mary, Ross
Bathurst, Mary, Herne-hill-road
Whittaker, Constance E., Greasborough
Hennen, Julia H., Nether Wallop
Olpherts, Mary B., Upper Norwood

SECOND-CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Mandall, Mary E., Stockton-on-Tees
Gates, Mary Brooke, Flowing Springs, West Virginia
Cantlow, Sarah Ellen, Ipswich
Ward, Agnes Ethel, Kingsland
Mosbery, Clara, Croydon
Hughes, Mary, Northampton
Leslie, Rachel Annie, Kensington
Watson, Emily Rowley, Norwood
Roberts, Maggie, Dolgelly
Roberts, Elizabeth E., St. Helen's, Lancs.
Thynne, Mary G., Surbiton-hill

Watson, Mildred, Notting-hill
Ludhope, Isabel D., Fort Beaufort, Cape Colony
Wade, Kathleen Alice, Dublin

THIRD-CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Bell, Emily Jane, Lurgan
Wilson, Mabel F., near Chesterfield
Coltart, Constance V., Liverpool
Gibson, Louisa P., Edinburgh
Stirling, Anne D. S., Tarbert
Brown, Jessie, Bolton
Hope-Johnstone, Florence B., Camden road
Stuart, Mary Amelia, Barnes
Burgess, Lisy Annie, Bromley
Hewitt, Mary Josephine, Bath
Methold, Ellen M., Ashburn-place
Lord, Elizabeth A., Sutton
Leggett, Corlina V. M., Lancaster
Self, Bessie Phœbe, Clifton
Rowse, Annie Prout, Watford
Harrison, Sissie, Apperley-bridge
Prior, Laura Annie, Hackney
Henson, Kate, Stoke Newington
Penn, Emma Cordelia, Bromsgrove
Sumner, Mary Elizabeth, Lincoln
Thomas, Minnie E., Hackney
Cobbe, Amy Beresford, Ampthill
McKay, Olive Jane, Mount Charles
Walker, Martha, Mirfield
Blunt, Barbara P., Whittlesea
Southgate, Constance M., Ipswich
Emery, Beatrice, Market Drayton
Malden, Jessie, Ventnor
Gould, Jennie Maud, Montreal Canada
Freeman, Florence E., Cirencester.
Moore, Louisa, Dublin
Whitting, Florence C., Lexham-gardens
Mathew, Louisa A., Beckenham
White, Anne Levina, Queen-street
Mercer, Melinda H., Southport

TWENTY-ONE YEARS OF AGE.

PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA.

Brampton, Helen, Brentwood

FIRST-CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Moxhay, Gertrude F., Reading
Kettlewell, Edith M., Bedford
Fraser, Kate, Wolverhampton
Penn, Minnie, Bromsgrove
Muir, Agnes, Clapham Park
Langlois, Rosa, St. Martin's, Guernsey
Taylor, Mary C., Earl's Court-road
Wheeler, Louisa, Sydenham
Fox, Emily Margaret, Stoke Newington
Addison-Scott, Mary, St. Andrew's
Haughton, Nellie, Holyhead
Arundel, Catherine C., Pontefract

SECOND-CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Barrow, Isabel P., St. Michael, Barbadoes
Tarrant, Theresa E., Walthamstow
Langham, Matilda E. L., Lordship-lane
Milne, Henrietta L., Alderley Edge
Marston, Kate, Ludlow
McMillin, Ada E., Brondesbury-road
Harland, Grace J., Tunbridge Wells
Hitchin, Sarah, Halifax
Williams, Ada Mary, Bethune-road
Mace, Mary Alice, Ashford
Cooper, Eleanor G., Thorne, near Doncaster
Edmonds, Rosa V., Vastey, near Pontypool
Haig-Brown, Helen S., Godalming
Wintle, Laura, Bishopstone
Martin, Ellen, Putney

THIRD-CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Buckinshaw, Amy F., Sheffield
Philip, Florence M., Rondebosch, near Cape Town
Selbie, Maggie, Maryculter, Aberdeen
Niblett, Jessie B., Stonehouse
Eastly, Hilda E., Dagmar-road
Deane, Mary A., Rugby
Bazeley, Florence M., Plymouth
Partridge, Elizabeth, Annery Barton
Cross, Edith M., Alderley Edge
Saxty, Ada Grace, Trowbridge
Cotes, Carrie, Malvern, Australia
Pounden, Frances R., Gorey, Ireland
Beaven, Eva Moody, Chalford
Griffith, Ada M. A., Streatham-hill
Blair, Elizabeth W., Dundonald, by Lochgelly
Stevens, Elizabeth B., Horncastle
Kirwan, Ella D'Arcy, Bedford
Hewetson, Isabel E., Hampstead
Langdon, Alice M., Frenchay, near Bristol
Manger, Alice B., St. Martin's, Guernsey
Brown, Frances A., Penzance
Sulley, Elizabeth J., Southport
Smith, Alice M. H., Lewes, Sussex
Woolby, Annie M., Stowmarket
Collie, Isabella C. M., Fuori Barriera della Curé, Florence, Italy

TWENTY-TWO YEARS OF AGE.

PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA.

Chown, Nellie, Ashford

FIRST-CLASS CERTIFICATES.

French, Jeanie E., Salisbury
Miles, Elma Grace, Putney
Olding, Ellie, Finsbury Park
Whittaker, Edith E., Greasborough, Rotherham
Barker, Margaret F. C., Dalkey, county Dublin
Slater, Emma Jane, Peterborough
Higgs, Alice, Brixton-hill
Burt, Lizzie, Great Grimsby
Mandall, Margaret E., Stockton-on-Tees
Morris, Lucy, Blackheath

SECOND-CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Dickson, Margaret G., Perth
Denton, Kate, Redland
Hull, Constance A., Bournemouth
Coltart, Lily, Liverpool
Taylor, Helen Blanche, Sheffield
Procter, Jennie, Gaddesden Hoo
Holtham, Emma, Hackney
Marriott, Mary L., Norfolk
Weatherhead, Hannah L., Bingley
Despard, Amy G., Kilburn
Preston, Anne, Burnley
Bayly, Gertrude, Southampton

THIRD-CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Dixon, Phillis, near Rhyl
Parker, Sarah E., Pennington
Husband, Eliza S., Edinburgh
Wheeler, Ethel, Passy, Paris
Emby, Marie, Scarborough
Harvey, Mabel G., Harrow-road
Hodgson, Emily, Leighton Buzzard
Thorold, Hilda M., Valetta, Malta
Empedocles, Alexandra S., Athens, Greece
Lawrence, Agnes, Kendal
Brown, Edith, Bolton
Southwick, Mary E., Sheffield
Seville, Caroline A., Sunfield, Lees
Henshaw, Annie C., Hornsey
Flegg, Florence E., St. John's Wood
Allison, Maud, Hull
Rodda, Bessie, Eastbourne
Bowley, Mary H., Leicester
Clarkson, Sarah J., Scarborough
Hatchard, Gertrude E., Mutley
Dickie, Agnes W. L., Aberdeen
Curror, Margaret W., Edinburgh

TWENTY-THREE YEARS OF AGE.

PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA.

Richardson, Grace S., Mile End-road

FIRST-CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Fraser, Helen J., Wolverhampton
Wing, Agnes Eliza, Bury St. Edmunds
Rivers, Mary Grace, Blackheath
Foley, Louisa, Salisbury
Phillips, Ella S., Carlisle

SECOND-CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Fremlin, Alice M. B., Maidstone
Richard, Mary, Croydon
Flowers, Louisa M., Beachendon
Anthony, Margaret M., Plymouth
Mercer, Florence E., Southport
Leslie, Emma M., Brighton

THIRD-CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Buckle, Ellen G. M., Ledbury
Passmore, Charlotte S., Regent's Park
White, Florence, Leamington
Cheshire, Nellie D., Denbigh
Satchell, Alice E., Hampstead
Fairbrother, Hettie, Great Malvern
Lacy, Mary Emily, Blackheath
Hodgkin, Mariabella E., Richmond
Lanfear, Emily M. E., Camberwell Green
Russell, Florence E., Dulwich

TWENTY-FOUR YEARS OF AGE.

FIRST-CLASS CERTIFICATE.

Weatherhead, Edith E., Bingley

SECOND-CLASS CERTIFICATE.

Hopkins, Isa W., Newport, Monmouthshire

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OF AGE.

FIRST-CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Chaderton, Estelle, Bridge Town, Barbadoes
Hall, Margaret S., Kyre Wyard, near Tenbury

SECOND-CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Crawford, Margaret H., Edinburgh
Idle, Annie Maria, West Kensington

"LILY LEAVES,"

BEING THE

EXTRA SUMMER NUMBER

OF

"THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER,"

READY MIDSUMMER DAY, JUNE 24th.

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LADY JANE GREY.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

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LADY JANE GREY.

A HISTORICAL SKETCH.

By LILY WATSON.

CHAPTER I.

BEFORE me as I write is a picture in neutral tints of a fair young girl kneeling below a narrow window. The light falls slanting across the ebony *prie dieu* and upon the calm sweetness of her face. A pensiveness not natural to youth is upon her brow and in her large, steadfast eyes—that gaze straight before her, with a certain pathetic expression, appealing to the heart of the spectator. Her dress is of the quaint sixteenth-century fashion, and a coif sits closely on her hair. The background of massive stone wall seems a strange setting for so lovely a figure, every line of which tells of grace and refinement.

One does not need to glance at the foot of the picture to see the name written there, for this can surely be no other than Lady Jane Grey.

And in any "picture-gallery of heroines" her portrait would fitly be sketched in neutral tints. Here are not the gay vivacity of youth, the brilliancy of conquest, the radiant fascination of ripening womanhood, the "nods and becks and wreathèd smiles" of Milton's "L'Allegro." Rather would the spirit of "Il Penseroso" harmonise with the character of this gentle girl, whose brief, sad experience gave to England an example of obedience, unselfishness, heroism, fairer than any happy story.

To readers who may have recently followed the footsteps of Joan of Arc and Prascovie of Siberia in these pages, the history of Lady Jane Grey will, at the outset, present a striking contrast. Widely apart as were the two former heroines, they were alike in their poverty and their lack of even the simplest rudiments of education; alike also in the fact of their undertaking and carrying through, in the teeth of all obstacles, an apparently hopeless enterprise.

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LADY JANE GREY AND ROGER ASCHAM.

Lady Jane Grey, on the other hand, was of gentle birth and marvellous acquirements. Again, she originated no magnificent conception, succeeded in no difficult and dangerous task. To bear, not to act, was her mission. Her life, to the careless observer, might even seem a failure.

But to endure is sometimes a nobler thing than to act. This is a hard lesson to learn, and one that perchance some ardent girl-reader, chafing against daily vexation and hindrances, may need to study. Let us, then, go back to the short life of this maiden of olden time, and try to spend a little while in realising her story, that we may

"Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong."

Although the parents of Lady Jane were noble and wealthy, her childhood was not altogether a happy one. They were exceedingly strict and harsh with her—noticeably so even for that period, when young people were kept in far greater subordination than in the present day. Perhaps they thought it well for her to endure hardship and to learn to think little of personal gratification; for the times were agitated, and royal blood ran in her veins.

Royal blood, it is true, but of distant degree! She was merely the grand-niece of the reigning sovereign, Henry VIII., whose delicate son Edward succeeded him, and whose two daughters, Mary and Elizabeth, came next in succession to the Crown.

It is well, before we go further, to try and get a clear idea of the pretext upon which the claim of Lady Jane Grey to the throne was founded; and although the matter at first sight appears complicated, it is, in reality, quite simple.

Henry VII. had three children: Henry, afterwards the Eighth, Margaret, and Mary. Margaret's grandchild was the unfortunate Queen of Scots. Mary's daughter, Frances, became by her marriage with Lord Grey (Marquis of Dorset and afterwards Duke of Suffolk) mother of Lady Jane Grey. Thus Lady Jane was only the grandchild of the youngest sister of Henry VIII., and she grew up in her father's house, far from strife and trouble, save that which was caused by the harshness of her parents. She said herself that when in presence of father and mother, "Whether I speak, keep silence, sit, stand or go, eat, drink, be merry or sad, be sewing, playing, dancing, or doing anything else, I must do it, as it were, in such weight, measure, and number, even so perfectly as God made the world, or else I am so sharply taunted, so cruelly threatened—yea, presently sometimes with pinches, nips, and bobs, and other ways so without measure misordered, that I think myself in hell, till time come that I must go to Mr. Aylmer, who teacheth me so gently, so pleasantly, with such fair allurements to learning, that I think all the time nothing while I am with him."

It was hard that severity should have been shown to a girl so docile and talented. For, as Lady Jane grew up, she manifested wonderful ability. She played well on several instruments, wrote a charming hand, and was versed in French and Italian. At the age of fifteen she was learning Hebrew, and could write Greek and Latin with ease. The hours she spent with her good and gentle tutor were the happiest she knew. "When I am called from him I fall on weeping," she said, with touching simplicity, "because whatsoever I do else but learning is full of grief, trouble, fear, and whole misliking unto me."

These words are recorded by the tutor of the royal Elizabeth, Roger Ascham, who had a deep admiration and friendship for our heroine. On the eve of his departure for Germany, whither he had been summoned upon an embassy to the court of Charles V., he paid a visit to the Duke of Suffolk's country seat at Bradgate, in Leicestershire, there to take leave of Jane Grey. It was a bright summer morning, full of sweet scents and happy sounds and balmy airs; from the distance there came the blithe tantivy of horns and the galloping of horses, telling that the duke and duchess, with all the household gentlemen and gentlewomen, were hunting in the park.

"Surely no one will be within!" thought the learned man, perhaps with a touch of disappointment, for Jane Grey was dear to him, and his time for a farewell visit was very brief. But he entered the house, and from a windowed embrasure, a slight girlish figure rose to meet him with a well-known smile of welcome.

Why was she alone indoors on so lovely a morning? She had been absorbed in reading. Perhaps Roger Ascham thought it was some marvellous legend that fascinated her; but he soon found it was the true and beautiful story of the death of Socrates, as told in the "Phædo" of Plato.

I wish all my girl readers would study it, if not in Greek, like Lady Jane, then in one of the numerous English translations. For the "Phædo" is just an account, supposed to be given by an eye-witness, of the last hours, tranquil and heroic, of a man who was acknowledged to be better and wiser than his fellow-Athenians, and who was condemned by them to death, as an enemy to the State, simply for the pertinacity with which he urged them to reform what they knew to be wrong. And four years later this girl-student was to die, because she also was supposed to be an enemy to the State; to die, with as little justice in her fate, but with as much serenity, as Socrates perished nearly two thousand years before her! She little dreamt of any such coming doom as she said, smiling, to her visitor, "I wis all their sport in the park is but a shadow of that pleasure I find in Plato. Alas, good folk! they never felt what true pleasure meant."

Pleasure, indeed, it was to her, and profit, too; for the study of the "Phædo" could not fail to elevate and ennoble her whole nature. To hold communion with the mighty dead, who in their words and thoughts are living still—this of itself is an education, and a preparation to meet the trials and troubles of earth in a calm spirit. So, as Lady Jane sate, on that summer morning, with the sublime story of the death of Socrates before her, she was, all unknown to herself, drinking inspiration for her future need.

"Thus my book hath been so much my pleasure," she said, "and bringeth daily more pleasure and more, that in respect of it all other pleasures in very deed be but trifles and troubles unto me."

"I remember this talk gladly," adds Ascham, "both because it is worthy of memory, and because also it was the last talk that ever I had and the last time that ever I saw that noble and worthy lady."

Before saying good-bye, Ascham made Lady Jane promise to write to him in Greek, in reply to a letter he would send her from the Emperor's court as soon as he arrived. This epistle, in elegant Latin, is preserved. In it he refers to their conversation, and declares her happier in her love of good books than in her descent from kings and queens. This was true indeed! Her royal pedigree became her curse, while her studious pursuits were a resource that never failed.

Jane Grey wrote, also, in Latin, several times to the Swiss pastor, Henry Bullinger. Those of her letters which are preserved portray her as she was—a pure, thoughtful, noble spirit, free from weakness or passion. At the time when she lived Protestantism was struggling for dominion in England, and the conduct of many of its supporters won it but little credit. But, as Froude points out, Lady Jane Grey showed that the saintly type of character did not belong exclusively to Roman Catholicism; that "the graces of a St. Elizabeth could be rivalled by the pupil of Cranmer and Ridley. The Catholic saint had no excellence of which Lady Jane Grey was without the promise."

With this firm faith and devotion was united the intelligent freedom of a mind claiming to judge for itself on religious matters. Jane Grey was not like many women, who take their creed ready-made from the first comer who speaks with authority, and are unable to justify it by rational argument. When her youth is borne in mind, her gentle independence of spirit is marvellous.

She had many points in common with her distant cousin, Edward VI., who was of the same age as herself. He was but ten years old when he became King, and was dependent at first upon the Protector, Duke of Somerset, afterwards upon his successor, Dudley, Earl of Warwick, created Duke of Northumberland. With this Duke of Northumberland we have much to do, for the rest of Lady Jane Grey's history is chiefly the history of a bold and unscrupulous plot originated by him.

Edward VI., learned beyond his years, keen and active of brain, an ardent Protestant, showed only too plainly before he was sixteen that he was to be cut down by sickness in the flower of his age, and the question, "Who shall succeed him?" began to agitate the minds of those in high places.

The power of bequeathing the crown of England had been granted exceptionally to Henry VIII., and his will had been confirmed by Act of Parliament. It left the succession as follows:—

1. His son Edward.
2. His own heir (if any) by Catherine Parr, or any other queen.
3. His daughter Mary.
4. His daughter Elizabeth.
5. The heirs of Lady Frances Brandon (mother of Lady Jane Grey).
6. Those of her sister, the Lady Eleanor.

As there was no male heir, the crown would naturally devolve on Mary, who was known to be an earnest Catholic.

Northumberland, the most powerful man in the realm, was a Protestant, whose zeal for the Reformed faith, however, was but a cloak for his own insatiable ambition. This man seized upon the innocent Jane Grey as a tool for his own designs.

Little did the poor child know what was involved in the news when her haughty mother announced to her one day that Guilford Dudley, fourth son of the Duke of Northumberland, had asked her in marriage. She was only sixteen, and he was seventeen. It appears that Guilford and she had already often met, and that she accepted him willingly.

It was perhaps almost the first time that her stern parents had, of their own accord, given her a real happiness, and she received it in trembling joy, pleading only that as she and her husband were so young she might continue to live with her mother.

The marriage was performed on May 25, 1553; and on June 11 a strange scene was enacted at Greenwich. Pale and pinched with illness, Edward lay in his sick room, facing the chief legal dignitaries of the kingdom—Chief Justice Montague, Sir Thomas Bromley, Sir John Baker, and the Attorney and Solicitor General. In a weak voice he informed them that, having reflected that Mary might marry a foreigner, and religious liberty be tampered with, he wished to alter the succession. The scheme that had been concocted under the influence of Northumberland, and submitted to the Council, was then read aloud. It set aside both Mary and Elizabeth, and reverted to the

fifth line of succession named in Henry's will, bequeathing the crown to the heir of Lady Frances Brandon—namely, Lady Jane Grey.

The judges were aghast on hearing this bold plan, and still more so on being ordered by their dying boy-Sovereign to draw out letters patent giving it effect. "It is impossible," they unanimously declared. The Act of Parliament confirming Henry's will could not be set aside by letters patent. But Edward would have no denial, and all they could do was to ask for time to consider.

Time only showed them the futility of the scheme. By setting aside the Act they would, as one of its provisions indicates, become guilty of high treason, and they communicated this result four days afterwards to the Council sitting at Greenwich. But Northumberland flew into a "great rage and fury, trembling for anger," and, alarmed at his violence, they withdrew.

The next day they were sent for to the bedside of the King.

"Where are the letters patent?" he sharply inquired, in his thin voice.

"Sire," rejoined the Lord Chief Justice, "they would be useless without an Act of Parliament."

"I will summon a Parliament," retorted Edward.

Montague begged that the question might be left till then, but the King would not hear of it. What were the judges to do? The poor dying lad's bedside was no place for argument or refusal. With the irritability arising from his physical state, he insisted. The Lords of the Council, who stood around, said not a word, save that one voice cried out the judges would be traitors if they refused to obey their King.

Under protest, and under the shelter of various precautions, they consented, and the letters patent, cutting off both Mary and Elizabeth from the crown and disposing of it to Lady Jane Grey, were forthwith drawn out.

Northumberland next proceeded to assemble at Greenwich some of the most powerful personages in the realm to sign the document and lend their aid to his scheme. Archbishop Cranmer, though the succession of Mary Tudor might be expected, on religious and other grounds, to be hurtful to him, held out till the last, refusing again and again, and only signing when Edward from his death-bed appealed to him not to stand in the way.

This strange transaction is stamped throughout with the impress of extreme reluctance on the part of almost all concerned save Edward and Northumberland. Beyond pity for the boy-King—so precocious in his extreme insistence and eagerness in State affairs, and so pitiful in his suffering and dying youth—awe of the crafty, powerful, and unscrupulous Duke of Northumberland was the compelling motive to sign a document which proved the death warrant to Lady Jane Grey.

(To be continued.)

AMATEUR CHOIRS: THEIR ORGANISATION AND TRAINING.

By AN ORGANIST.

It is gratifying to view, in every parish and district throughout the country, workers going about, doing all the good they can to further the sacred work by which they themselves benefit so much, and seeking fresh opportunities for the employment of their time and thought. In very many cases, the music of the services is embraced in these efforts; in very many others, unfortunately, it is left without this zealous aid. It often happens that the vicar, with claims of greater moment on time and energy, and, perhaps, with little technical music in his education, has, in the absence of capable workers, to allow the responsibility of the choir to devolve upon those who are manifestly unable to rise to the full discharge of their trust. The result is that one of the highest and most lovable features of divine worship becomes to sensitive ears a mild infliction, and there follows the often heard admission that "our singing is not very good, it is a pity it cannot be improved;" and, since no one takes the initiative, time goes by without any higher effort being shown.

The object of this paper is to guide and encourage those workers who may see in this direction an opening for extended usefulness; and to help in some degree those who have already undertaken a part, whether in organising or conducting, or in membership of a choir.

The end to be attained is a high one, and truly justifies the investment of a talent by those who own it; for to draw to God's House those who might otherwise stay away; to raise the habits, moral tone, and spiritual life of co-workers; to beautify and enrich with pure harmony the service, and raise the thoughts of worshippers with the music, beyond it and mere emotion to the heaven where one of the things to which we look with certainty is the holy music—is all in the hands of those who engage in this work, and is well worth years of applied leisure.

Some may urge that this is hardly within the province of "our girls," but the practical result in hundreds, nay, thousands of cases shows that such help is in every way advantageous. I have known many cases where the quiet, unobtrusive help of the ladies has been the very life of the choir organisation. In two of the most beautifully rendered services I have ever heard—one in a city, the other in a pretty country village, where a string band played along with the choir and organ—the choir had been organised and trained by ladies from the vicarage, and no one who was present at these services could suggest that the workers had not been in their proper sphere.

If circumstances are such that ladies can suitably attend rehearsals, there is no apparent reason why in ordinary parish churches, and chapels, they should not form part of the choir. They are admittedly, in time, more reliable than boys, whose voices so soon break after they have attained real efficiency. When the choir is surpliced, ladies need not be excluded. I have known a third seat on each side of the chancel reserved for them; in another case, a choir of girls occupied seats in the body of the church with excellent result. If music at communion services is desired, the presence of lady choristers and worshippers is doubly helpful; for the propriety of boys attending, simply to sing a part, is extremely questionable.

I am bound to say that very often young ladies do not show themselves so amenable to discipline as their brothers; and failure in this respect to assert their usefulness is one element in the disposition shown in many places to exclude them. Painstaking simplicity seems almost *infra dig.* They wish to import their own ideas of proper style; and wherever this is done they prove a hindrance, not a help. I remember an organist friend in a continental church complaining feelingly how "half the ladies in the choir sang their very best against half singing their very worst." They all, perhaps, thought they did their best; but some did not realise how essential is due subordination when a number sing together: they thought of themselves instead of their music.

There is a great danger besetting every choir, or rather its members, which cannot be too strongly borne in mind; namely, that in dealing continually with technical features and the cultivation of refinement of style in the music, the real intention of the choir and its sacred object is not borne adequately in mind, and that the music of the service is allowed to degenerate into a mere performance. This tendency should always be resisted; for if the tone of such a body be not in accordance with its object, the work becomes mere trifling with holy things, of less than no value to those immediately concerned, and repellent to thoughtful people.

Let us pass to the practical organisation and working of an amateur choir, touching upon the work to be done, and viewing the relation to it of its leaders and its members. In the first place arises the question of the conductor—of the person who will inspire the whole body with interest and love in their work and instruct them how to do their part aright. If this post can be suitably taken by the organist, it is by far the best arrangement, for it is the organ which leads both congregation and choir at service. But this is not always practicable (I am speaking of amateurs); and to whom shall we, therefore, look? I have indicated what ladies already have done and are doing, and the number qualifying for increasing responsibility is, happily, becoming greater every year, and it is quite fitting that a lady should take this post when no one else volunteers.

Whoever may be the leader, it is essential to have the goodwill and co-operation of the minister; also adequate knowledge of the musical requirements of the service, firmness, and a kindliness of spirit begotten of a love for the work and for those with whom one is associating. Labouring in this spirit, a successful issue can never be in doubt. In cases of difficulty, the vicar or minister will be the tower of strength. Whenever possible, if he can attend the rehearsals, opening and closing them with prayer, it will be found a real benefit. Reverence, discipline, and attention are then alike better sustained. In the hands of the minister will always be the choosing of the hymns, and the decision as to the lines upon which the music will be rendered, and alterations at any time made.

The admission of members is a matter over which too much care cannot be exercised, and, especially with the adults, should be a matter of reference to the clergy. While it is not always easy to gain the consent of as many as one would like to attend, it is useless asking those to join who do not possess the gift of "voice" and "ear;" and, on the other hand, this point should never be the sole ground of admission. A person, once invited, can never fitly be afterwards urged to stay away. Members of all classes should be urged to enter; it is always to be regretted when any portion of sacred work falls upon a social section. It rarely happens that a suitable number of persons who have had previous musical training can be drawn together. Less experienced folk

generally come; and I have often been surprised to see how kindly and patiently they strive, and receive correction, going over the same thing time after time with only one desire—to get it right. Touch should be kept with the older boys as their voices break, for when a little older they often become the most reliable of singers. Defections are always liable to occur, and a look out should be maintained for suitable persons to fill the vacancies.

For trebles, look amongst the girls of the congregation if circumstances permit; and, other things being equal, I would urge this, for the advantage is all with their presence. The possibility of a contingent of contraltos is a great consideration. By all means, also, include boys with the trebles. The Sunday-school is generally the best place to select children—the most likely youngsters are generally here, and if admission to the choir is shown to be an honour, as it really is, they will eagerly contend for it. The youngest children should enter as probationers, to become gradually fitted for admission as occasion arises.

It is generally very difficult to obtain alto voices. In the absence of male adults, the part should be taken by lady contraltos, or by a fair number of boys—those whose voices are best in the lower register, and sometimes those whose voices are breaking. Real bass voices are hardly less rare, and a decidedly larger number of baritones would be required to replace the bass proper.

No limit should be drawn strictly as to the proportion of voices to each part, as equal voices in their respective parts can rarely, if ever, be selected to form a perfect balance. The number of trebles should, however, fully equal all the others combined.

Supposing the choir newly formed, while it is inexperienced, unison singing is most helpful and should be freely followed, for it involves all the care in voice production and delivery involved in part singing, and is a powerful corrector of the untrained ear. It is at all times impressive, whether in Anglican or Gregorian music; and as it is obviously impossible for anyone to sing a tenor or a bass part without a large amount of instruction, much doubtful harmony will be saved by its use.

Although trebles often sing by ear, a knowledge of the elements of music is really necessary to all parts alike, and to ensure mutual confidence it is well to begin at the very first. If any have already covered the ground, they will help the others. At this stage a previous practice each week for trebles and generally altos, a second for tenors and basses, with a final rehearsal as near Sunday as possible, should be the rule. It is most desirable that the preliminary practices should be held in the school or vestry, or any other building than the church itself; the united rehearsal in the church, with the organ.

In the preliminary practices, the opening portion will necessarily be breaking the ground for the following Sunday. The latter part should be devoted to tuition of the elements of music, indicating, firstly, by the aid of the blackboard the meaning and use of the stave, lines and spaces, note symbols, rests, dots, clef, division into bars, counting time, the sharp, flat, and natural; slurs, ties and accents. Not until these have been mastered should the reading of notes be attempted. In "short score," such as is usually adopted for sacred music, the treble and alto parts occupy the upper portion of the stave, the tenor and bass the lower; and this is the best method to divide the choir for instruction in these elements; it is rarely worth while attempting to use the alto and tenor clefs. The altos and basses must not, however, be taxed to sing respectively into the range of the trebles and tenors, or *vice versâ*. Each division should now learn, in their particular clef, the notes, and pass on at once to scales and intervals in the open key, then seconds, thirds and fourths. A simple tune or two may here be introduced, comprising only these intervals. Then take fifths, with further tunes; then sixths and sevenths. Compound time should not be broached until simple time is well understood. Scales in other keys, the application of their signatures, and the use of accidentals are afterwards easily learned.

As to sol fa-ing, it is generally better with young people to persevere with naming the notes of the scale—do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si; but older folk, who do not commence at the first, often find them a hindrance, and where they stumble over them, let the notes be spoken of by their names, and sung la la, the object being simply to obtain correct singing of the intervals. Opinions differ so largely upon the value of the "fixed" and "movable" do, that I leave any conclusion on this matter to the judgment of the reader.

A pianoforte or harmonium at hand is necessary to give the pitch, to correct ear and voice, and to illustrate points; but should only be used for these purposes, and not to drag the voices about. The leading points for each lesson should be noted by the conductor beforehand; there are many excellent singing handbooks to be procured, containing exercises for class use. The sheets prepared by the late Dr. Hullah are excellent for this purpose, and save much labour in blackboard writing.

When the choir has mastered these first principles (a work of many months), one preliminary rehearsal may be discontinued. The capability and efficiency of the choir now will amply repay all concerned for their labour.

An alternative to all this is to teach each part to sing by ear, but very little real progress can ever be made in this manner.

It is excellent practice for equal voices to take in hand some of the "rounds" once so popular. Many are perfect gems. They compel close attention; and when some simpler ones have been learnt, nothing is more enjoyable than to take a part in "How sweet is the pleasure," or "Wind, gentle evergreen," sung in canon.

Continual attention should be paid to the manner in which each member sings. It is better that all should stand at the practices, so long as they can without fatigue. The body should always be upright, but unconstrained. The mouth should open and the lips move freely and easily; it is a common fault to try to sing with the mouth almost closed. The voice should sound well from the chest, not the throat. Breath should be taken through the mouth, at the right and fitting place, the lungs being amply filled, but without sudden gasps. The breath should be well sustained, avoiding any tendency to collapse. Those who hiss out their notes should be enjoined to sing softer. An affected *crescendo* and *diminuendo* on each note should not be permitted; evenness is what is required. Extremely high or low notes should be avoided; this must be borne particularly in mind when two parts practise together. Single members or small groups should be frequently enjoined to sing alone, as a stimulus to individual effort, and an aid to the personal correction which is so valuable. A *mezzo forte* should be the general rule for practice. Moderately soft singing develops the best points all round. Good quality is the great desideratum; if greater volume is required it should be obtained, not by uniform shouting, but by adding more voices.

Of equal importance with the voice is the ear. Everyone should be encouraged to form their impression of the notes, and at the right moment to attack them unhesitatingly. Minor intervals and semitones are often roughly sung: the ear requires as much correction in these cases as the voice. Effort should always be made to sustain the pitch. The greatest fall is usually on the last note of a phrase, and to correct this it is a good plan to make a slight effort to raise the voice slightly at this weak point. This should be always borne in mind in intoning.

Pronunciation and enunciation are of not less moment. Every word and sentence should be pronounced so clearly and distinctly by all, that listeners may comprehend it without an effort. The first difficulty in pronunciation is the aspirate. It is perhaps needless to remark that even in this there are degrees, and that the *H* should be more marked in "Hark! hark!" than in "He hath not hid His face." The modified aspirate, as in *when* and *where*, still more frequently suffers. Polysyllabic words and short phrases should never be blurred, and such effects as *misable* for miserable, *mul'tude* for multitude, *lo'sheep* for lost sheep, should not be permitted. The double vowel in *continual*, *hear*, etc., should be properly rendered; the short *e* should be so pronounced, and *blessid*, *Jerusalum*, etc., corrected. The *ng*, as in *strength*, *singing*; the termination *ts*, as in faults (*not false*); the short *a*, as in *wax*; the double vowel *ou*, as in *thou*; the *u*, as in *sure*; the pronunciation of *the*, long before a vowel, short before a consonant—may also be named as amongst common points of failing. Besides these are the provincialisms, varying in every district. Bad or careless pronunciation should never be passed over.

Now a word regarding the music, apart from the class. The hymns should not be sung too slowly, lest they become tedious and the singing flat. Nor should they be hurried, suggesting irreverence. The sense of the words should govern its rendering; and if the choir enter into the spirit of the hymn, recognising the different phases of penitence, prayer, meditation, and praise which are expressed, there will be little need to mention speed or expression marks. At the same time, expression marks are decidedly useful, provided their observance is not allowed to become mechanical. This attention should also prevent the pause at the end of every line so often heard, destroying the sense of the words; and in many cases where the sense requires it, will indicate the necessity for sustaining the voice at the ordinary natural division of the tune and taking breath at some other point. Read, for example, Charles Wesley's beautiful hymn, "Oh, Love divine," and it will be evident that unless thought is shown in singing it, the sense may easily be spoiled. The double bars in a tune coincide with the ends of the lines, but do not affect the tune. Certain of the old German chorales, however, demand exceptional treatment in the manner which in ordinary hymn tunes we deprecate.

In chanting, the method of division is necessarily governed by many varying circumstances, which space does not permit me to discuss. The chants should be such as really suit the character of the Psalms, and within the vocal range of the whole choir. It is well to record such chants as are found perfectly suitable, for use in the future when the Psalms recur. There is generally some necessity to urge speed on the choir. The recited portion should be clearly declaimed, the premonitory accents observed, but not dwelt upon unduly, and the chanted portion sung in strict time, the final notes receiving their due value and no more. There should be no pause, either between the divisions or at the end of the verses. In arranging changes of chants, it is most important to bear in mind the relation to each other of the keys of the chants, and a useful guide is the simple rule that a chant may change to or from one in the key of its

relative minor; of its dominant and its relative minor; or of its subdominant and its relative minor. Care should be taken that the second chant does not commence upon the same chord, at least, in the same position, as that in the chant preceding it. The Venite chant should have relation to that for the Psalms. Some other changes than those named are admissible, but the conditions governing them are less simple than those here indicated.

Anthems should be thoroughly well done, or left alone. In a hymn the people sing, but in undertaking an anthem a direct demand is made upon their undivided attention, and any inadvertence is magnified tenfold. How can the congregation enter into its spirit if it is stumbled through half prepared? At the same time, large numbers of good anthems are by no means beyond the capacity of average choirs, and if well prepared are a desirable feature, particularly in encouraging the choir.

Every part of the singing should be attacked precisely. The singing should also end together, without any selfish striving for the last note. Proper phrasing should be cultivated more particularly where passages with slurred notes occur. I have already mentioned expression marks; care should be taken to avoid exaggerating them. In singing *piano* there is almost an invariable tendency to slacken the pace, and to allow the pitch to fall. In loud singing the voices often get sharp.

In every place there are old favourites in tunes and chants, some probably never published, and these should always be fostered. There has never been published a hymn book or chant book containing all the best ones, and it is a good plan to have moderately small manuscript music books, devoting one portion to such chants as are not in the printed collection, another to hymn tunes, and another, if desired, to kyries. The most useful way will be to write the tenor and bass parts in the bass clef in one set of books, and the alto and treble parts similarly in the treble clef in another set.

A knowledge of harmony is desirable in every choirmaster or mistress, and should be acquired, if possible, whenever not actually possessed. It must often be otherwise extremely difficult to determine whether every part is sung correctly, or, when conscious of an error, to say who is in fault. Although direct instruction in harmony is desirable, a thoughtful person can make very valuable progress with simply private study.

Secular music, part songs, and madrigals are very good practice within reasonable limits, and are not only valuable on this account, but they become a never failing resource in those excellent features of everyday life, the parish entertainments, where so much good is done in drawing the people together, in many cases away from undesirable associations.

The younger members of a choir always appreciate an evening at home with their leader, and if a few at a time are invited, their amusement being partly musical, the time will generally prove well spent.

Any change in the musical portion of the service, except in the direction of improving what is already established, should be a matter for deep consideration, for in every congregation are many well meaning folk with prejudices as well as immortal souls, and thought should always be given to them, lest offence should follow.

I have run over, as briefly as possible, the chief features of our subject; they are in the main the same in every place of worship where music is introduced. When once seriously undertaken, there is little difficulty in any part. I do not hesitate to urge upon all in whose power it lies to do their utmost to aid this noble portion of our worship, both for their own sakes and for the sake of those by whom they are surrounded. Everyone should carefully and reverently discharge his or her part, not forgetting the importance of holding a kindly hand to every person along with whom one is engaged.

It must be evident to all who have ever joined a choir, or even to those who have read the foregoing remarks, that the danger of overlooking the spiritual features of the office in meeting its æsthetic requirements is a palpable one; it is the besetting weakness of a choir.

In conclusion, let me remind those who attend worship, but not as ministers, that the end and aim of the efforts of the choir is the benefit in spiritual life of the congregation, and be the music indifferent or of the highest order, it calls for neither scorn on the one hand, nor devoted study during service on the other, for, ennobling and lofty as is the best music, it is not a system to be worshipped, but a medium for conveying to all the highest thoughts of this and the higher life.

ARTHUR HOPKINS.

MY BROTHER'S FRIEND.

By EGLANTON THORNE, Author of "The Old Worcester Jug," etc.

CHAPTER VI.

WHAT A DAY BROUGHT FORTH.

A THOUGHTFUL writer has said, "We are never happy; we can only remember that we were so once." There is truth in those words. We do not know when we are most happy. Girls seldom realise how happy they are in their sheltered, peaceful home life till the shock of some calamity upheaves its foundation, and they see with sorrow that their future cannot "copy fair their past."

It seems to me now that I was very happy in the clear, bright autumn days that fell that year, though no doubt I sometimes complained of their dulness, or vexed myself about trifles, or pitied myself on account of imaginary troubles. But how I enjoyed the long rambles across fields and through lanes which I took, with no companion save our dog Rough! What beautiful spoil of bright leaves and crimson berries I brought from the hedges, with which to decorate our rooms! Somehow I liked these wayside beauties better than the exquisite hot-house blooms Mabel would send me from the conservatories at The Towers.

There were times when I asked myself whether I were not indeed happier than my sister, fortunate young woman as most people esteemed her. True, Mabel generally appeared serene and satisfied; but one day, bursting unexpectedly into her boudoir, I found her crying as if her heart would break. How indignant she was with me for surprising her thus! how annoyed that I would not at once accept a nervous headache as the sole explanation of her tears! If I were not always in such rude health myself, I should know that others must occasionally feel weak and dispirited, she said. But I was not satisfied. That incident set me wondering whether Mabel found her married life quite so blissful as she had expected it would prove. Already I had observed that Howard Steinthorpe's demeanour as a husband differed considerably from his bearing as a lover. I had heard him address Mabel in a dry, sarcastic fashion, that I felt would have pained me sorely had I been in her place; and his omission of little acts of courtesy towards her, which he would not have failed to bestow on other ladies, made me question his right to be considered a true gentleman. My heart grew tender to my sister as I reflected that there were perhaps many hours when in solitude she endured a heartache, for which her handsome rooms, beautiful pictures, and costly dresses could afford her no solace. But whatever were Mabel's trials in her new position, true to her nature she kept them to herself.

As autumn deepened into winter business appeared brisk in the tannery once more. I saw new machinery arrive, and learned—not from my father, for he rarely spoke to me about his business—but from the foreman, that certain improved methods of tanning were to be introduced into the yard. Fresh workmen were engaged, strangers from London, who were not very well received by the older hands, I fancied, judging by hints that Martha and Salome let fall. And every day Howard Steinthorpe rode into the yard on his fine black horse, and passed to and fro inspecting everything with a far more masterlike air than father displayed. I watched and wondered greatly, but something withheld me from asking questions. The deep depression father continued to manifest was inconsistent with the returning prosperity these changes seemed to indicate. Whatever others thought, I could see that he was far from well, and my anxiety was quickened when I discovered that he had had one or two slight returns of the dizziness and faintness which had overpowered him on the morning when I found him lying senseless in the office. I remember that one day I was deluded enough to impart my fears to Howard Steinthorpe, with the hope of getting sympathy and help from him. I happened to meet him as I came out of Salome's cottage. He was coming apparently from our place, walking, as his habit was, with his head bent and his eyes on the ground. He was smiling

to himself with his sardonic smile, and his meditations were so pleasant that he was not aware of my appearance till I spoke.

"*Ah, Dorothy!*" *he said*, then, in the cool, careless manner he had adopted towards me since his marriage, "how are you?—all right?"

"Oh, I am well enough," I replied; "but have you noticed how ill father is looking to-day? You have seen him, I suppose?"

"Ill?" repeated Howard, lifting his eyebrows as he spoke. "I have seen Mr. Carmichael, certainly, but I cannot say that he struck me as looking ill. He seemed as usual."

"He is ill, I fear. He tells me he cannot sleep as he should. Sometimes I think that the worry of business is making him ill."

A change passed over Howard's face as I said this. I do not know how to describe the change; but it conveyed to me the idea that my words had a deeper meaning for him than for me, and prompted by this notion I exclaimed impulsively—

"Oh, Howard! you know more about father's affairs than I. Do tell me what it is that is going wrong in his business?"

He smiled a cold, it seemed to me a cruel, smile.

"That is more than I can say," he returned carelessly. "I have business worries enough of my own without concerning myself with your father's."

"But you must know about them," I said. "You are in father's counsel; you come to the office almost every day; you must know what it is that worries him."

Howard's manner changed. His cold, blue eye rested on me with an air of quiet contemplation for a few moments, ere he said, in measured tones—

"And if I do—if your father does like to consult me—do you suppose that I shall repeat to you what passes between us in private? I wonder you can ask me to do anything so dishonourable. If you wish to understand Mr. Carmichael's business affairs, why not ask him to explain them to you? He would do so, doubtless, if he thought it well."

"I beg your pardon; I did not mean——" I faltered, shrinking from him in hot confusion.

Howard Steinthorpe lifted his hat with ironical politeness, and passed on without another word. I walked home with burning cheeks and a bitter sense of shame. I felt almost ready to tear my tongue out in my mortification at the folly it had committed.

Very slowly did the weeks pass before Christmas; but the happy season came at last, and our home was brightened by a brief visit from Edmund. Ah, how brief it seemed, and how heavy the gloom that succeeded it! I did not see very much of Mabel as the New Year advanced. She had little leisure to bestow on me. She and Howard gave many dinner-parties and went to many, for there was some talk of Howard Steinthorpe's standing for one of the Essex boroughs in the next election, and his acquaintance was being sedulously cultivated by those interested in politics. As a rule, I was not invited to dine at The Towers when Mabel had company. My gowns were not sufficiently elegant to grace her rooms on those occasions.

The winter was long, the spring cold and wet that year. At the time when we were wont to look for spring flowers and blossoms, keen winds and drenching rains prevailed. I have not known a drearier spring. Day after day the skies were dark and the rain lashed down with pitiless severity. Everyone was complaining. The farmers were in despair, for in many places whole meadows were flooded, and the prospect for the corn was deplorable. There was much sickness, too, abroad; ague and rheumatism, fevers and colds, beset both old and young. Dr. Perrow was in his element as he went about, shaking his head and darkly hinting at coming evils.

"Dorothy," father said to me one day as we sat at dinner together, he, as was so often the case, making but a sorry pretence of eating, "I must drive to Halstead this afternoon; I suppose you do not care to go with me?"

As I glanced out of the window I shivered at the very thought. It was not raining, but the sky was overcast, a chill mist darkened the atmosphere, the trees were dripping, the ground sodden.

"No, thank you, father," I said. "Why, I should be splashed from head to foot. Do you think you had better drive all that way? The roads will be hardly passable. We heard yesterday that the water was over the bridge at New Burford."

"It will have subsided by this time," he replied; "there has been no rain for some hours."

"But there will be before many more have passed," I returned; "it will pour before night. Do, father, be persuaded to go by train!"

"I cannot, dear; the train would not serve me," he said.

So I let the matter drop. But when I saw him driving out of the yard alone I was seized with regret that I had refused to go with him. It was always so with me. I became aware what was the right thing to do when it was too late to do it.

But as an hour or two later the rain began to pour down again in the steady, determined way which had become so familiar to us, I soon ceased to regret my decision. It was grievous to think of my father being exposed to such weather.

Ah, how well I remember every incident of the dreary hours during which I waited for him! For once my favourite books failed to interest me. I could not settle to steady reading. I grew nervous as I sat by the window in father's room, listening to the plash, plash of the drops falling from the eaves overhead. I went out to the kitchen, disturbing Martha in the midst of a gossip with Luke, who had no right to be idling there at that hour.

She naturally resented my intrusion, but I stayed with her, preferring her company to my own thoughts, till I had talked her into a good temper. Remembering that father had taken hardly any dinner, I planned a savoury dish for the late tea he was to have when he came in. I helped to lay the table, and arranged everything almost as daintily as Mabel would have done it. Then I waited. How slowly the time passed! But now at any moment father might return. Yet he did not come. What could be keeping him? But of course the roads were heavy. How foolish of me not to know that he would be late.

I would not own to myself that I was nervous, but I stationed myself at the window and listened eagerly for the return of the dog-cart. One or two vehicles passed, but I knew at once that their lumbering wheels did not belong to the dog-cart. It grew dark early that evening, and whilst I waited the rain seemed to increase in violence, and the wind, which had been slowly rising, beat against the casement and moaned drearily in the chimney.

"Miss Dorothy," cried Martha, bursting unsummoned into the room, "do you think master would come home by the road? Luke have been up to the Swan, and they do say up there that the water be right over the bridge at Burford, and it wouldn't be very safe to drive that way at dusk. Not so be that I would frighten you, miss."

Alas! I was frightened enough already. But the resolution I took astonished Martha.

"Something must be done," I said. "I shall run up to The Towers, it is on the way to Burford, and tell Mr. Steinthorpe. He will know what to do; he will send someone perhaps to Burford."

"You, Miss Dorothy! You must not go out in such weather! And to The Towers! What would Mrs. Steinthorpe say? Indeed, miss, you must not think of it; Luke will go."

"I shall go more quickly than Luke," I said, for I felt as if fear would give me wings, and Luke was not remarkable for celerity, either of thought or movement. So without listening to my maid's remonstrances I proceeded to equip myself for a struggle with wind and water. It took me but a few minutes to don a thick pair of boots, tuck up my skirt, and wrap myself in an ample waterproof cloak, to which was attached a hood which I drew over my head. Then, without an umbrella, which it would have been difficult to carry in such a wind, I dashed out into the rough weather.

Oh, what rain it was, with what passionate gusts it beat on me, and how the wind buffeted me, driving me into the deepest puddles, as vainly I tried to avoid them! How long appeared the way to The Towers! I could see the great house as soon as I got beyond the village street, the windows all brightly lit shining out in the gloom, but I felt as if I should never get to it, for the speed I longed for was impossible when the road was half water and the wind and rain blew straight in my face. But I splashed on with desperate courage, and at last the great iron gates were gained; I passed through them and hurried up the gravelled path to the house.

My appearance on that stormy even-

ing, and in such a plight as I was from the combined effects of mud, wind, and rain, might well create consternation in Mabel's well-ordered household. But the servants hardly seemed so astonished as I expected, though they exclaimed at my condition as they relieved me of my dripping cloak.

"Where is Mr. Steinthorpe?" I asked, as soon as I could get my breath. But before they could answer he appeared, coming out of the dining-room with a flushed, elated air.

"Dorothy, this is good of you!" he exclaimed, ere I could explain what had brought me. "You are brave to venture out in such weather. But how did you hear the news? I was just going to send a messenger to you."

"What news?" I asked, in amazement. Then he told me that Mabel was the mother of a little boy. The news drove all else from my mind for a while, but presently I bethought me of what had brought me out in the wild rainy weather.

Howard made light of my fears when I imparted them to him. "Your father knows how to take care of himself, Dorothy," he said. "I daresay he will stay the night at Halstead if he hears that the roads are under water. Or perhaps he will leave the gig there and come back himself by the last train. You have no cause to feel uneasy yet."

His words cheered me greatly. I began to think that my fears were groundless. Perhaps my father would stay the night at Halstead, though to be sure I had hardly ever known him spend a night away from home. More than most men he loved the shelter of his own roof. It seemed to me more likely that he would return by the last train, and I said so.

"Well, perhaps you are right," replied Howard, "but if I were in his place I should certainly put up at Halstead. If you like I will send a man into New Burford to inquire if anything has been seen of him; but you have really no cause for fear. I am just having my dinner; you had better come and have some with me," and, taking my arm in kindly fashion, he led me into the large dining-room.

Paternity had a wonderfully softening influence upon Howard Steinthorpe, it seemed to me. I had never known him so kind, so brotherly in his manner. Evidently his heart was kindled to unusual warmth by the thought of the young mother and infant upstairs. It no longer appeared impossible that I should come to feel towards him as a sister should. I took myself to task for the hard thoughts and suspicions I had cherished concerning him.

The dinner could not tempt me, so Howard ordered coffee and cake for me, and, drawing a deep, low chair close to the glowing hearth, he made me rest there whilst he took his meal; and to such an extent had my anxiety been allayed, that I enjoyed sitting comfortably by the fire for half an hour whilst we chatted pleasantly. But when Howard rose from the table I, too, rose and said that I must be going home.

"Oh, you need not go yet," he said. "Wait whilst I have a cigar. I know you do not object to smoking."

So I waited; but I was no longer easy in doing so. When at last I insisted upon going, Howard went to the front door to judge of the weather.

"Whush! how it does rain!" he exclaimed. "Dorothy, you cannot go out in such weather. You would be drowned. You had better stay here for the night."

"Oh, no! I cannot do that," I said, earnestly; "father would be alarmed if he found me missing when he came back. Whatever the weather is, I must get home."

"Then I shall send you in the carriage," he said, with unusual good nature, for it must have involved some sacrifice of feeling to send horse and carriage out on such a night. But he would not listen to my remonstrances. The order was given, and after some delay—for doubtless the coachman was not disposed to hurry himself in preparing for such an unpleasant drive—the carriage drove up to the door, and Howard carefully put me into it.

"You must come in a day or two to see your nephew," were his last words. "Percival Howard Steinthorpe, his name is to be, Mabel says. Now, mind, you are not to alarm yourself if Mr. Carmichael is not at home. Good-bye."

Earnestly I hoped that I should find my father had returned during my absence. But my anxiety was less than when I left home. My mind no longer dwelt exclusively on the fears that had suggested themselves. Master Percival Howard Steinthorpe shared my thoughts. I was not a little proud of my new dignity of aunthood. My heart had a loving welcome for my infant nephew. I was passionately fond of children, and I thought what happy hours Mabel and I would spend together in worshipping and petting this wonderful baby. The Towers would be a different place to me now that the home could boast a child. So I mused whilst the brougham plodded on along the muddy road, and with every gust of wind the rain lashed the glass.

It was past nine o'clock when I reached home, but my father had not come back. In spite of Howard's words, my heart sank within me as I entered the empty house. How dismal now looked the preparations I had made some hours earlier! Martha met me with so long a face that I was forced to rally my courage as I met her questioning glance.

"Mr. Steinthorpe says that we need not be anxious, Martha. He thinks that father would probably put up at Halstead as it is such a stormy night."

"Does he think so?" said Martha, her tone expressive of a contrary opinion; "it would be something new for master to do so, that is all I can say."

"Why, of course," I returned, almost impatiently, "but the weather is unusually rough, and exceptional weather demands exceptional action."

Martha did not appear satisfied. I hastened to tell her of the baby's birth, and the news gave as pleasant a diversion to her thoughts as it had to mine, and inclined her to take a more cheerful view of things. We discussed the event at some length.

"It will be a fine piece of news for master when he comes in," Martha said. "He will be mighty proud and pleased to learn that he has a grandson."

Her words reawakened my anxiety. Would he come *that night*? Somehow I could not bring myself to believe that he would stay the night at Halstead. It was impossible to contemplate the idea of locking up the house and retiring to rest, satisfied with that bare supposition.

I went into father's room and made up the fire, that there might be a warm hearth to welcome him should he come in. Then I sat down and waited. I tried to persuade myself that I was not nervous; I tried to fix my thoughts on Mabel and the baby, but the fear haunted my mind like a grim shadow dimming the brightness of every other idea. Suddenly I started up with a cry of joy. My ear had caught the roll of wheels. Yes, it was the dog-cart; I could not mistake it, and my consciousness was quick to approve itself, saying, "I knew he would come home."

But how rapidly and heedlessly father was driving! I heard the wheel jar against the gate-post as the horse and cart dashed into the yard. I sprang to the window which commanded the tan-yard, but I peered vainly into the darkness. I could see nothing, only hear the clash of hoofs and wheels as the cart went by. No matter; father had come home.

I ran out to the back door, opened it, and stood, fearless of the beating wind and rain, to welcome father. I could hear Luke checking and soothing the horse, which apparently was restless and excited, but I caught no tone of my father's voice. He must be very tired and exhausted. But why did he not come in? In my impatience I caught hold of a shawl which hung in the passage, folded it over my head, and ran round to the yard.

In the darkness I could at first see nothing save the gleam of the lantern Luke carried, but presently I discerned the outline of the vehicle, on which Luke was throwing the light as he tried to examine its condition.

"Luke," I cried, "where is father?"

"Eh, gude sakes, Miss Dorothy; how can I tell? And what'll be the meaning of this, do you suppose?"

"Oh, Luke, what is it?" I cried, hastening to his side, for the man's bewildered, frightened manner warned me of some catastrophe. Then he held the lantern so that I could see that the poor, panting, frightened horse was streaming wet, that the reins were broken and draggled, the cushions gone, and the whole vehicle wet and muddy, and knocked about to an indescribable extent. I saw, but my mind refused to take in what it meant.

"And where is father?" I said, stupidly.

"Eh, who can say?" the man returned; "the poor beast came blundering alone into the yard, and he's come some way without being driven, I reckon, by the look of things."

I knew the truth then. From that moment I had no hope of seeing my father come home alive. They told me to have courage, and to hope for the best; but I knew that there could be no best in this case, and that courage was only needed for endurance.

I have no distinct recollection of what followed. I think Martha must have sent for Salome, for I know that my dear old nurse came to me and sat silently by my side during the long, awful watches of that night. She tried to get me to bed; but I would not seek rest whilst my father's fate was yet unknown. All night long in the wind and rain men were out making search along the country road. Towards morning the wind sank and the rain ceased. I observed that it was so, for something prompted me to go to the window, and I stood there for awhile, with my burning forehead pressed against the pane as I blankly watched the growing light. I began to shiver at last, and I went back to the hearth-rug and stretched myself there with my head resting on Salome's lap. In that attitude I must have slept for a while, for when I opened my eyes again it was broad daylight, and Martha stood in the room with a cup of tea in her hand which she had brought for me. I was very thirsty, and I was drinking the tea eagerly when I heard again the sound of wheels on the road which passed the house. With a shiver I set down the cup and went to the window. Dr. Perrow's chaise came in sight. It was early for the old man to be abroad, and I felt sure that he had come on a special mission to me. Without surprise I saw the horse drawn in at our gate, and the old man descend and approach the house. I went forward to meet him as he entered.

"You bring me bad news," I said, as he took my hand.

"It is true," he said, gravely; "this long, sad night has prepared you for bad news, has it not?"

I waited for him to tell me more, questioning him only with my eyes.

"Your poor father has been found beneath the bridge at New Burford," he began, falteringly; "he must have fallen——"

"Then he is drowned?" I said, in a low, quick whisper.

And he made a sign of assent.

(To be continued.)

ON COPYING THE OLD MASTERS.

By EMILY MACIRONE.

"The artist is the son of his age, but pity for him if he is its pupil, or even its favourite. Let him look upwards to his dignity and his mission, not downwards to his happiness and his wants."—*Schiller.*

JACOPO ROBUSTI, commonly called Tintoretto, the little dyer, from his father, who was a dyer, was born in Venice 1512, died 1594. He was also called the thunderbolt of painting, because of his vehement impulsiveness and rapidity of execution. He soared above his brethren in the faculty of pure imagination. It was also he who brought to perfection the poetry of chiaroscuro; expressing moods of passion and emotion by brusque lights, luminous half shadows, and opaque darkness as unmistakably as Beethoven did by contrasted chords.

This same Tintoretto, Titian's pupil, distinguished himself very early both in fresco and in oil, but his most celebrated productions are his oil pictures. Among these the "Miracolo dello Schiavo" holds the first rank. Tintoretto was a very rapid painter, but he was as careless as he was rapid. Some of his earliest works are very carefully finished, but they are few. On the other hand, some of his larger paintings are merely dead coloured, and many are painted off without the slightest previous preparation.

The Venetians used to say that he had three pencils—one of gold, one of silver, and one of iron. His method of painting was little else than an abridgment of Titian's. It was a method which tried for as much of Titian's quality as could be got in a short time by one who knew exactly how Titian worked. We may add that the rapidity which has been so much lamented by some writers as the ruin of the artist has not been altogether a loss. There is, in fact, a peculiar quality in Tintoretto's sketching, which was partly due to its very swiftness, a rich blending of evanescent hue and light, with a noble disdain of mere outline, nor has any painter reached better qualities of thick and thin colour in so short a time. Tintoretto came nearer to the practice of Titian than did Pau Veronese, but the difference in their rapidity of performance was so great that Tintoretto had no time to develop the full qualities of Titian, even supposing him to have had the natural ability to do so.

There is an amusing story of how Tintoretto turned his rapidity of execution to good account. The brethren of the Scuolo di San Rocca, wanting a large picture of the crucifixion for the ceiling of one of their rooms, commissioned Salviati, Zucchero, Veronese, and Tintoretto to prepare a design, promising that the work should be adjudged to him they considered the best.

The three first-named accordingly set to work diligently to prepare their designs; but in the meanwhile Tintoretto took the exact measurement for the picture, prepared the canvas, and not only finished the picture, but placed it in the vacant space, all the while maintaining a most judicious silence.

When the day came, came also the brotherhood, all impatience to adjudge the prize, and the artists all impatience to show their designs. Great was their indignation when they saw Tintoretto's picture already placed.

"He said it was his way; he could not work in any other manner. It was the only way, in fact, it could be done. If they did not wish to pay for it they should have it as a gift." At any rate, gift or no gift, there it remained, and there it is to this day—the "Crucifixion," by Tintoretto, in the room called the Albergo, of the Scuolo di San Rocca.

Tintoretto always kept up his rivalry with Titian, and Aretin, the poet, seems to have shared in the animosity of Titian until a ludicrous incident put an apparent stop to it. Aretin was previously in the habit of abusing Tintoretto. The painter one day meeting the poet, asked him to go and sit for his picture, to which he consented; but no sooner seated than Tintoretto pulled out a pistol from underneath his vest with great violence.

"Jacopo! what are you about?" said Aretin, jumping up in a great fright.

"Oh, don't alarm yourself," said Tintoretto, "I am only going to take your measure." And, suiting the word to the action, added, "You are just two pistols and a half."

"What a mountebank you are!" said Aretin, "always up to some frolic."

From this time, however, the poet was more guarded in what he said of the painter, and they two became better friends. Tintoretto died in Venice 1594, aged eighty-two, and his daughter, Mariana, was an elegant portrait painter.

Paolo Cagliari, commonly called Veronese, was born 1528, died 1588. He was the real master of Rubens. His pictures are distinguished by crowds of people, arrayed with all the pomp and splendour that imagination can conceive or colours accomplish. In his backgrounds are piles of architecture of a vastness and richness without a parallel in reality; and although in his principles of colouring he is identical with Titian and the other great masters of Venice, he may be said, through the peculiar magnificence of his works, to have established a style of his own. We are fortunate in possessing in the National Gallery one of his masterpieces, "The Family of Darius before Alexander," and others of great excellence.

Merimée affirms that Veronese often worked on canvas primed with tempera, and also that when he did so he began his pictures in water-colours. This practice of beginning an oil picture in water-colours is by no means rare; the origin of it was in the passage from tempera painting to oil painting, and it was a true and natural transition. Boschini again comes to our aid, and tells us through the painter's son his manner of working.

His way was first to paint everything in middle tint, and on this he touched both lights and darks, leaving the middle tint visible everywhere between them, as it was just prepared.

While Titian painted very quietly and very richly, seeking rather a deep inward glow than a brilliant *éclat*, Veronese painted very decidedly, and loved clearness rather than depth. His domain is noonday splendour, ablaze in gorgeous dresses and palladian architecture.

Now about the colours they used. We happen to possess a list of col urs which are known to have been used by the ancient Romans, and even by the Greeks. All these would probably be accessible to Titian. Merimée thinks that Paul Veronese used Egyptian blue, a silicate of copper, which turns green in time. The earth colours would be accessible to Titian. Vermilion was prepared by Kalias, 500 B.C. Madder lake was known not only to the Greeks and Romans, but also to the Egyptians, and is the most permanent of all vegetable colours. You see, it is only by the most careful experiments

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that we can ascertain which colours are essential to painting, and which are superfluous. A palette is complete when it gives the artist the power of imitating either at once or by help of opposition the tint of everything that is set before him. The colourist really needs only those pigments which are indispensable for obtaining the full range of bright tints, and also the full range of dull tints. We have to take pigments as they are, and cannot go on purely ideal principles. Now the ideal is that out of three primaries we ought to be able to compose all colours, but in reality this is not possible.

If Titian, as is probable, used yellow ochre, he would require a brighter yellow also. At that time both Naples yellow and orpiment were known. With ultramarine and black he could do without any other blue, but may have used one for economy. Turner used to say, "Cobalt is good enough for me." As for the Venetian secret of fine colour, which some people have foolishly sought for, it was never anything but a fine capacity, aided by incessant labour, and a sound tradition to begin with. We may notice how Titian's colour was first pitched in a low key, and afterwards intensified by superficial glazings and scumblings. This principle was also acted on by Reynolds and other colourists, notably Turner, in his early water colours and paintings, like the first low notes of the lark before he wings his flight into the heaven of song.

It appears probable that the Italians used a sort of pomatum very like our modern megilp, composed of oglio cotto (cooked oil), mixed with a certain proportion of gum varnish.

The great Italian colourists did not cling to outlines, but took things by the middle and developed them in the mass, with a thorough study of modelling and light and shade.

The full technical maturity of painting came only after two emancipations.

Firstly, the art was emancipated from the preservation of light in the ground, because it was discovered that light could be created afresh at any time; secondly, from the preservation of drawing upon the ground, because any form could be recovered or created when necessary, and it was of no use to draw details which were to be hidden under opaque colour. Ruskin gives a jewel on the arm as an illustration of this. The jewel in the Venetian painting would not be indicated in the least until the arm was painted.

We affirm that whatever practice in painting is wholly unobjectionable, is sure to be either Flemish or Venetian in principle. Yet even here a choice is to be made; for, though the two kinds of work may be admitted as alike compatible with great execution, there is still a distinction to be drawn between them in their different powers of recovery—a matter of the utmost technical importance. The magnificent facility of Rubens ought not to blind us to the substantial superiority of the great Italians, whose system enabled them to recover at any time either transparency or solidity, or any quality of texture for which they cared.

Although Venice was exempt from all the calamities of war, after the death of the great Venetian painters a sudden collapse took place, and great art became a tradition. In Venice, as in Tuscany, painting came to perfection after the heroic period, and the arts have been truly described as the gilded bark which covered the cankered trunk of a luxuriant tree.

Leonardo da Vinci (1452—1519).—Plato says, "No one can know beauty unless he himself be beautiful." Without assenting to this proposition (for it would be hard indeed if Nature, in denying the gift of personal beauty, also, at the same time, withheld the power of appreciating it in others), there is this element of truth in it, that several of the most distinguished poets and painters have been of noble presence and fair to see. Therefore, according to Plato, Leonardo was destined to comprehend and create beauty, for Nature, with a bountiful hand, had lavished on him her choicest gifts, mental and physical. He early evinced great versatility. Painter, sculptor, engineer, architect, and mechanic, well versed in anatomy, botany, mathematics, music, and astronomy, painting was only one of his many accomplishments. According to Hallam, his name is the greatest in the fifteenth century. In conversation he was so pleasing that he won the hearts of all listeners; an excellent musician, one of the first improvisatori of the time, no wonder the Duke Ludovico Sporza of Milan loved him, especially when Leonardo invented in his honour a new musical instrument of solid silver, in the form of a horse's head, which produced a tone of great sweetness and force at a musical contest to which he was especially invited. In addition to these wonderful talents, he had the charm of a most loving nature; delighting not only in the society of his friends, he was very fond of all animals (called by St. Francis "our little brothers"), treating them with infinite kindness, and, although by no means rich, he would buy caged birds that he might have the pleasure of restoring to them their lost liberty.

He was a pupil of Verrocchio, but soon excelled his master; for one day when Verrocchio was at San Salvi painting "The Baptism of Jesus" for the monks of Vallombrosa, the young Leonardo took up a brush and painted in a corner of the canvas an angel's head in such a manner that his master said, "As you have surpassed me at the first stroke, take my palette, and I will return to my pyxes." Verrocchio was a greater sculptor than painter, and to his influence may be attributed a statuesque simplicity that characterises the work of his great pupil.

There is this difference in Leonardo's manner of painting and that of the artists who preceded him, Van Eyck and Gian Bellini: After very carefully preparing their outline with a point, they proceeded to mark the light and shade with a point also; whereas Leonardo, after pointing the outline, painted in the light and shade with a brush, modelling the roundness of the forms with great varieties of tone.

Leonardo's refined taste and fastidious habits may be seen in his untiring labour and causeless dissatisfaction. Not from indolence, but a real love of excellence, he was averse to methods which required decision and dispatch. To this may be attributed his adoption of a process which left improvement always in his power.

To what extent Leonardo used and abused the facilities the new system of painting in oils afforded may be seen from the condition of his unfinished picture in the Bura at Milan, "The Adoration of the Magi," from which picture it also appears that he preferred a yellowish priming. This was the opposite tone to his dead colour, as his dead colour was again the opposite to the mellow tone which glazing and time would give. On the same principle the tempera painters dead coloured their flesh green, that the carnations might look fresher, and the Venetians prepared a sky with cream colour as a ground for blue.

His work is to be recognised by the most exquisite modelling, and in preserving, notwithstanding repeated alterations, a uniform surface. He preferred nut oil to paint with, as less coloured than linseed, and, as he was his own chemist, took immense pains to extract it in its purest state. He limited himself to very few colours, in order to counteract the subsequent yellowing of the oils, and painted his pictures in a purplish tone, except the final glazings. The defects into which Leonardo was often betrayed were, on the one hand, the exclusive study of chiaroscuro, and his endeavours to guard against the yellowing of the colours, from which resulted their leaden tone.

Leonardo was the first painter who fully developed the mysteries of chiaroscuro in his great work, "The Cenacolo; or, the Last Supper," painted in the refectory of the Dominican Convent of the Madonna delle Grazie at Milan, in memory of the holy and noble Beatrice, wife of Sforza, Duke of Milan. This painting is the true pioneer of the cinque cento design which Michael Angelo and Luca Signorelli subsequently carried on to such perfection.

Lomazzo attributes the early decay of the "Cenacolo" to having been painted on a damp wall, and to the use of nut oil. It is a misfortune indeed this noble picture was never finished. Leonardo undoubtedly contemplated the final toning, and, what was no less important, the protection of the surface by substantial glazing, but in this, as in many other cases, the last operation was for ever postponed, and he died, leaving his great work incomplete.

Vasari relates: "I have often watched Leonardo go early in the morning, mount the scaffolding, for the picture is high above the ground, and continue painting from sunrise to twilight, forgetting his meals, and never laying aside his brush. Then perhaps for three or four days he would not touch the work, yet would he sometimes stand for an hour or two merely looking at it and passing judgment on his figures. I have also seen him (as caprice and impulse moved him) set out at noon, under a July sun, from the Corte Vecchia when he was modelling the equestrian statue of Francesco Sforza (which was kept in clay nearly sixteen years), and hasten to the Madonna delle Grazie, where was the 'Cenacolo,' and, having mounted the scaffolding, he would take his pencil, and after giving one or two touches to a figure, he would all at once quit the convent."

Had there not been taken a copy in oil of the Last Supper, by Marc Oggione, now in the Royal Academy of Arts in London, all trace of this noble picture would before this time have been lost.

It is like looking into an open grave to stand, as we have, in front of that picture, wreck that it is, and seek to trace the lines of beauty and lofty religious feeling that once were there. Yet there it is, such as it is, the picture that Leonardo worked at and prayed over for sixteen years. As a shrine may become such an object of veneration that at last the mere place itself has an historical importance of its own, so the succession of great and famous men of all times and nationalities that have wondered and gazed at that picture rise to our thoughts unbidden, as we look through dimmed eyes at the space where a noble work once stood in all its supreme beauty.

When, at the age of forty-eight, he left Milan, he wept bitter tears, not only over the fate of the city, but over his own lost youth.

His last words were, "When I thought I was learning to live I was but learning to die."

It seems there was a fatality on both his greatest works; his equestrian statue of Francesco Sforza was destroyed by the French shortly afterwards. His "Cenacolo," as we have seen, was doomed to early decay.

We have his "Vierge aux Rochers" in the National Gallery. He died at Cloux, near Ambroise, 1519, aged 67.

(To be continued.)

ON WASTE OF TIME.

By ARDERN HOLT

OBSERVE a method in the distribution of your time. Every hour will then know its proper employment, and no time will be lost. Idleness will be shut out at every avenue, and with her that numerous body of vices that make up her train." So wrote Bishop Horne, and I do not think that I could possibly offer you such valuable advice in words that would bring more forcibly before you the importance of economy of time. To my mind, nothing has more to do with happiness than the cultivation of many interests, and this can only be done by those who are careful of the minutes.

"That Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do" we learnt in our childhood; but it is well to bear the fact in mind as years roll on. Much sin and misery are the outcome of idle hours, much unaccountable despondency. Whenever any of my girl readers feel miserable without knowing why, depend on it the best cure will be to find some healthy employment or interest, and to throw all their heart and soul in it. There are moments when most of us feel that everything goes wrong, that it is no good struggling on, for the whole world is against us, that nobody has ever been as miserable as we are. Years afterwards you girls will look back gratefully to those days if you have had the courage to banish all such despondency by some healthy pursuit, taken then and there in hand, and kept to steadily. Yes, doing it at once is half the battle. Seneca said, years and years ago, that the greatest loss of time is delay and expectation which depends on the future. We let go the present, which we have in our power, and look forward to that which depends upon chance, so quit a certainty for an uncertainty.

"Time past is gone, and may not be recalled;
Time future is not, and may never be;
Time present is the only time for thee."

You girls, in your golden youth, are in the midst of the most precious, the most valuable period of your life. You learn much more easily than you ever will again, and what you learn you remember better than any after acquired knowledge by older, though maybe wiser heads. The habits you are now forming will stand by you all your life, will become, in fact, a second nature to you. If now, in the present, you adopt a steady, earnest plan of disposing of your time, it will become the fixed habit of your life.

It sounds like a sermon, but it is fact nevertheless, that it is not wealth nor position, nor even health that will make you really happy in the future, but your mind and the habits which regulate the disposal of your time—these give the power of enjoyment and the keen sense of happiness.

And curiously enough this cultivation of a proper disposal of time will make time, so to speak. If you are in need of help you generally see that it is the busiest people who will find leisure to aid you. To idle folk every exertion is a trouble; they never have time for anything.

Busy, active people as a rule live the longest. It is better to wear out than rust out, but the chances are you will rust far quicker than you will wear out. Look at our Prime Ministers, Lord Palmerston, Lord Beaconsfield and Mr. Gladstone: to what good old ages they attain, and retain their mental and bodily vigour to the last. You would think that men on whom all the turmoil and anxiety of governing a great empire like ours rest, men whose influence extends over the whole world, could have time for nothing else but such weighty matters. Yet see the volumes Lord Beaconsfield has left behind him, and the contributions Mr. Gladstone continually makes to the literature of the day, and the translations of Homer the late Lord Derby gave to the world.

Many a busy man has learnt a language in odd moments, and the names of those working men who have educated themselves in the very little leisure they could snatch from their daily toil, are legion.

It was said of a certain Duke of Newcastle, who was much before his generation, that he lost half an hour every morning and ran after it the whole day without being able to overtake it. There are many thousands in our time of which the same might be said. What a wealth of time we save by early rising!

Six hours to sleep,
To law's grave study six,
Four spend in prayer,
The rest on nature fix,

might not exactly accord with modern notions, but over-sleep is as bad as not enough, and lying in bed an extra hour or so in the morning, when sleep is out of the question, does more harm than good. I have, however, found it a good plan before getting up to run through in my mind what I have to do, and to map out the plan of the day a little before starting. This often enables me not only to do more, but not to go over the ground twice; to help others and have a little leisure for my own delectation also.

"Time goes on, a file that wears and makes no noise. Time is ne'er o'ertaen," says the old Scotch saw.

How little we value it! To the young it is often their only wealth. But what a rich store it is! How many old and middle-aged people would give anything for a return of only a few of their wasted years? "I wasted time, and time doth now waste me," Shakespeare puts into Richard the Second's mouth, and I shall not have written in vain if I can make you young people in your youth realise the value of this treasure which, in the present, and in the present only, is veritably yours.

"Time with its mighty strides will soon reach a future generation, and leave the present in death and forgetfulness behind us." It is true, alas! of too many of us, that "we take no heed of time but from its loss." Yet if "we waste, not use, our time, we breathe, not live." We merely shuffle through our existence in an unsatisfactory manner, and have little to show for the fleeting hours. Economy of time develops so many delights, and gives so much freshness to life.

Now for some practical hints. I have advised early rising and an early laid programme of the day. Have some employment ready to take up at odd moments, and be punctual. The hours and hours that are wasted by those who are always five minutes too late for meals and drives, indeed, appointments of any kind! Keep your surroundings tidy and in their places, or you will always be tidying and always hunting for what you have mislaid, and throwing away precious moments wholesale.

But remember that there is a restless persistent doing something which, in fact, amounts to doing nothing, and only induces hasty impatience. A thing well done is twice done, and doing things in a hurry is almost worse than not doing them at all, for they are scarcely ever well done. Over active people are apt to get into a way of thinking about what they shall do next, when all their energy should be concentrated on the occupation of the moment. You should put your whole heart and soul into what you are doing, and there is many a page to be thought and written on the subject of thoroughness. Slipshod work is the worst waste of time; in fact, time elaborately thrown away. This care and economy of time is not only a wise policy, but it is a duty. Lavater, who knew mankind well, considered that the great rule of moral conduct was, next to God, to respect time, and I could quote to you many sayings of the great and good all in the same strain. "Who murders time he crushes in the birth a power ethereal," writes one. "Time is a treasure decreasing every night, and that which every day diminishes, soon perishes for ever," says another wise man. "The noiseless foot of time steals swifly by, and ere we dream of manhood age is nigh," quotes a third.

But enough of other men's words. Look around and deduce from your own experience. See among your friends who live in the greatest comfort and quiet content, and you will find that it is those who harbinger time and make the best of that, as of other treasures.

The most expensive thing in the world is to kill time; in doing that, how much money is spent in amusements. Not that amusements in themselves are to be deprecated—"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy"—but depend upon it, those people who are so destitute of resources in themselves that they have to be perpetually amused have never mastered the secret of economy of time, are a prey to *ennui*, and among the most miserable folks in the world.

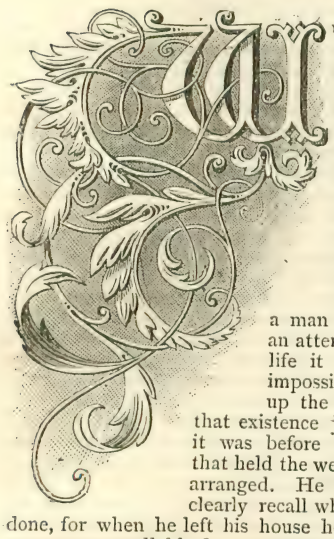
Avoid this as you would a plague, and now, while you are young, take care of the moments and the hours will take care of themselves.

COURTLEROY.

By ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER XXX.

TRUST YOURSELF.



WHEN Mr. Le Roy realised at last that he was in the house of one of his gamekeepers, he strove to assume his usual manner. But when a man has made an attempt on his life it is almost impossible to pick up the thread of that existence just where it was before the loom that held the web was disarranged. He could not clearly recall what he had done, for when he left his house he had become uncontrollable from suppressed passion and the events of the previous week. It seemed to him that he was butted on all sides, and his intense pride and reserve, together with the old festering wound, refused to succumb to the misfortunes which they had brought upon him. Everyone conspired to insult and annoy him, and his idol, self, was shattered. He had no religion to sustain him against these sudden attacks of ill fortune, and the good that was in him was too feeble to struggle with the evil. Thus the demons that possessed him suddenly urged him to the deed which might have been fatal but for Mimica.

She understood him as by intuition, and in order to cover his confused manner, almost interpreted the questions he asked of the man and his wife, whose acquaintance he made for the first time. They "made so bold" as to propose that he should remain at the keeper's lodge for the night, but this he declined, and Mimica sent Tom to Courtleroy for the pony-carriage.

"Where is Mason?" he inquired, as one awaking from a dream.

"With Sir Joshua Carew, sir. He haven't been here a many year," replied Suckling, the new man. Mason was keeper in the old days.

"Why did he leave?" asked Le Roy, angrily.

Mimica took Suckling's words from his lips. He was about to say that the man had left because Searle had accused him of selling the game on his own account, which the bailiff professed to sell for his master; but she felt that her uncle had been sufficiently goaded by Searle's offences, and wished to spare him.

"I can tell you all about that another time, uncle," she said. "Do try to dry yourself before the carriage comes."

"What carriage?" he asked, moodily.

"The only one I can drive," she replied; and he relapsed into silence.

No one ventured to speak, but all were deep in thought. Suckling and his wife were wondering what could have brought their unexpected guests to the duck-ponds in the dark, and Mimica was praying that the solemn warning her uncle had had might arouse him to the reality of his position and bring him to his senses. She believed that he was literally out of his mind, and that his early disappointment had unsettled him.

Tom brought the pony-carriage according to Mimica's order, for she knew that the old coachman could not see to drive in the dark. The park road was partly through the wood, and the old lamps were lighted in the old vehicle. As they were dim enough, Tom had furnished himself with a lanthorn, and Mimica bade him precede the carriage until it emerged into the open. Their young lady's word was law with all the inhabitants of Courtleroy. The road was near the house, and the Sucklings attended Le Roy to the carriage with lighted candles.

"A torchlight procession," he said to Mimica, who welcomed the words as oracles.

"Good night, sir. Glad to have you at Courtleroy. Everybody is glad, sir," said Suckling, heartily.

"Thank you; good night," was the rejoinder. "Where is the coachman?" to Mimica.

"Here," she said, getting up beside him and flourishing her whip. "Unless you prefer driving yourself," she added, with natural tact.

"I never drive. But are we quite safe?" he asked.

"Miss Marmont's the best whip about, sir," put in Suckling. "Old Shock's sure o' foot, though he be a bit blind or so; but he's growing old, like the coachman."

Mimica wished Suckling in the pond for his speech; and bade Shock proceed, with a cheerful chirrup. The old pony trotted off obediently, and Le Roy said with grim humour that she had earned her reputation as "the best whip about" easily.

"Ah! I never whip Shock," she said; "but when the Prettymans were at Summerlands I used to drive them sometimes, and Mrs. Prettyman was in mortal terror."

Le Roy was also in some fear, but seeing Tom in front, with his will-o'-the-wisp of a lanthorn, he gave himself up to his charioteer. After a long silence, he asked her, shivering as he spoke—

"What brought you to the wild-ducks' pond so late?"

"I followed you, uncle," she replied, with natural truthfulness.

"Why?"

"Because you—you looked so worried and unhappy when you left the hall."

"Why did you throw me down, and then counterfeit a ghost?"

"You stood so near the pond, uncle, that I believed you would fall in, or—were thinking of putting an end to the great sorrows you have had in this world. I counterfeited nothing. I try to be real and myself."

"What do you know of my sorrows?"

"I imagine them, and see their effect. We all have sorrows, but God gives some more grace to bear them than others—the poor especially."

"You preach, Mimica."

"Do I? It is unintentional; forgive me if I said what displeased you."

"Shall you take the events of this evening for your text, and preach of them at Courtleroy?"

"I shall never mention them, uncle."

"Not to Miss Heath?"

"Not even to her."

"Thank you. I think we understand one another."

Nothing more passed until they reached Courtleroy. Here they found all in confusion and anxiety. Tom had told the coachman that the squire had fallen into the water, and the news soon reached the house. Mr. Sellon alone had an uncomfortable suspicion, and was walking up and down the drive in much suspense. Barber had prepared his master's room; Stone a hot posset; even Miss Heath had assumed the responsibility of turning out blankets and airing them by the schoolroom fire. She was so engaged when the sound of the swing-door at the end of the corridor startled her, and she looked out. It was Mr. Le Roy, followed by Mimica and Barber. She lost her self-possession for a moment, and in retreating left the door open. Le Roy looked in as he passed, and as if from old habit, glanced at the wall opposite the door on which he had been wont to hang the picture of his Margaret. He saw *only the* dust-framed space where it had been.

"Put her back," he said, sternly, pausing and pointing to the half-covered spot, and looking at Miss Heath.

"Yes, uncle, it was I who unhung the portrait," returned Mimica courageously.

He staggered slightly as he passed on, and with a "Good night, Mimica; thank you," entered his room. She joined Miss Heath, but before she could frame a reply to that lady's questions, Mrs. Stone appeared with the posset, and told Mimica that Sellon was anxious to see her.

"I think we have done all we could, miss," she said. "We have taken the big bath to master's room, and the large kitchen kettle full of boiling water, and here are blankets; and if only he will drink this and stop in bed, he may be saved a fever. However did he manage to fall into that awful pond, and how did you get there?"

Mimica did not stay to reply to these questions—she had subsequently hundreds of similar ones to evade—but went to Mr. Sellon in the hall. He anticipated her lame explanations by beginning—

"I understand it all, Miss Marmont. A case of *felo de se*. It was partly my fault, for I got into a passion and pushed him too hard. He would not speak to me when he met me just now; but he can't be in his right senses. I heartily hope a good attack of rheumatic fever may chain his body and divert his mind, while you and I manage his affairs. How did you save him? Oh! I understand. A secret between you and the suicide. Do you know that we might shut him up for this, and get all the property settled on you as next of kin—heiress, in short? What do you say to it?"

"Mr. Sellon, what can you mean?" asked Mimica, indignantly.

"That many a poor fellow is in a lunatic asylum for less cause than this escapade and the eccentricities that preceded it. You would be a better landlord than he. Excuse my wrong gender; but in these days of female M.D.'s and B.A.'s, sex don't signify. You needn't look so angry, Miss Marmont, I am only jesting; though it would be a glad day for Courtleroy if the Lord Chancellor were to make you one of his numerous heirs, and we could 'inhibit' your uncle *pro tem.*"

"Were he put away to-morrow I would not take a shilling of his money. But do you think him really insane?" asked Mimica, turning very pale.

"No, I do not; and if we could but depend on the rheumatic fever, and so prevent his going abroad, I believe he might come round. But I have frightened you. What an old fool I am! Let me ring."

"There would be no one to answer. I am only cold."

"You are a brick, Miss Marmont, and——"

"Mimica, your uncle wishes to know if you have taken cold," here broke in Miss Heath. "He sent Barber to inquire, and I came."

"I am all right; how is he?" replied Mimica, joining in a laugh which the lawyer could not restrain.

"Barber says he is languid as a lamb, and has taken a sedative."

"He'll do. He has probably taken fright," said Sellon; and even Miss Heath smiled at the recollection of the valet's face and manner.

He had taken fright, in effect, and it subsequently evolved from Barber that he had submitted to the remedies prepared for him—hot bath, blankets, posset and all. "He had never before been so *amenable*," Barber said, "and, Miss Marmont, I am thankful to say that I left him asleep and in a profuse—ahem!—I beg pardon, ma'am, but it is not a word for ears polite."

In spite of "The profuse—ahem!" Sellon had his wish, and the Master of Courtleroy was so ill the following day that the nearest medical man was summoned. It was he who had attended Mimica in her illness when she first came to Courtleroy; happily, neither she nor Miss Heath had needed him since; but they knew him well.

It need scarcely be said that the confusion caused by previous events was trifling compared with this. Mr. Sellon took counsel with Mimica, and promised her to continue the management of the affairs until her uncle was capable of undertaking it, which, he assured her, would be "never;" said he would put up at the Prestbury Arms, whence he could run over to Courtleroy, when he was not in London; and that she must be steward, amanuensis, confidential clerk, and lawyer.

But both he and Miss Heath perceived that Mimica was herself suffering from the exposure and shock to the system of the previous evening. She was profoundly religious, and the thought of a fellow-creature, and that her nearest relative, wishing to take his life, and appear unprepared before his Creator and his Judge, was to her so awful that it haunted her, and even gave a look of horror to her countenance. The lawyer understood this, if Miss Heath did not; and when the latter strove to discover the cause of so unusual a depression of mind and expression of eye, the former assured her it would pass off if no notice were taken of it. But before he left Courtleroy that evening he took Mimica aside, and strove to dispel the gloom by representing to her that men commit acts in fits of temporary insanity that they would not commit in their right mind, and that he did not believe her uncle responsible for his sudden flight and subsequent attempt. Although she could not speak freely, on account of her promise to her uncle, Sellon's belief consoled her and gave her courage to begin the arduous life that lay before her. She had, indeed, found her vocation.

Dr. Lumley ordered that Mr. Le Roy should be kept quiet and free from all excitement, therefore Mr. Sellon did not ask to see him. Barber was the only means of communication for no one else was admitted into the sick-room. He looked more lugubrious than usual, and shook his head even more enigmatically than the doctor when questioned by the lawyer. Sellon, however, gave him clearly to understand that he must do his best to reconcile his master to Courtleroy, and even to retard his convalescence, since a return to London was out of the question, and there could be no funds for some time to come for foreign travel.

"Exiled! Transported!" exclaimed the valet, with uplifted hands and eyes; but he understood.

Sellon drew from him a clear account of what was due in London, and found that Barber was truly a faithful servant, and that he had paid all liabilities up to within a month or so of his master's leaving town. Searle had managed to supply the London establishment; how, became in due time only too apparent.

Sellon remained yet a few days in the country, during which he ascertained with some accuracy the state of affairs, and detailed them to Mimica, either personally or by letter. Searle, who could not be traced, had embezzled his employer's money and oppressed his tenants; had even appropriated Mimica's pension for some years, and stinted her and the establishment at Courtleroy, in order to supply money for various speculations in which he was engaged with the Units.

It would be tedious and unprofitable to enter into the details of these speculations.

"HE WAS SAVED." (*See p.* 556.)

and the consequent ruin of all concerned in them. Sooner or later, failure is sure to follow unholy greed; but, unfortunately, the innocent suffer with the guilty. In the gigantic frauds of the few the many are the victims, and, as in the case of the firm of Unit and their co-adjutor Searle, thousands lose their all and sink, to keep the speculators afloat, maybe for a few days or months, or at best a year or so, on the frail raft of hazardous enterprise. Still, there is no excuse for those who, like Le Roy, trusted implicitly to one man, and let his affairs go haphazard, without looking into them. These are commonplaces, no doubt, but great failures and consequent ruin occur so often that one wonders why victims allow themselves to be victimised, seeing that everybody is alive to the possible shortcomings of everybody else.

CHAPTER XXXI.

"MUSIC HAS CHARMS."

"A LITTLE music might rouse him, ma'am. One may as well be out of the world as without music," said Barber to Mimica, when they were consulting upon the state of Mr. Le Roy some weeks after the scene at the wild-ducks' pond.

"I am not musical, Mr. Barber, and the piano is out of tune," replied puzzled Mimica, who was getting very anxious about her uncle.

He still kept his bed, although he was not exactly chained to it by rheumatic fever, as the lawyer desired, but rather by a chill and nervous debility. He declined seeing anyone but Barber, and the household was in a state of excitement all day long, striving to satisfy the valet's demands for his master's gratification. The doctor said he must be roused, but who or what could rouse him? Sir Joshua had called and called; even Lady Helena had ventured a visit; Mr. Leste had made daily inquiries, and all the neighbours who had known him formerly had once more rejoiced Courtleroy with their presence; but Barber had the same message for all: "Mr. Le Roy's compliments, and is much obliged for kind inquiries, but is unable to leave his room."

Mimica, who was roused, if her uncle was not, received his visitors gladly, and made herself and her one reception-room as pleasant as possible. She suddenly found herself converted from a recluse to a lady of society, and even Miss Heath declared that she acquitted herself well. As to Sir Joshua, he became as anxious as was Lady Helena to join the estates of Courtleroy and Monkton. But his son was in that fearful Africa, and who knew if he would ever leave it and the native hordes alive? He discoursed to Mimica of Boers, niggers, and English soldiers and sailors, indiscriminately, abusing them all by turns and the Government always.

"I have hit on a plan, Miss Heath," said Mimica, after her consultation with Barber. "I will ask Barbra to come and sing to us. My uncle will hear her if we leave the door open; and if music is to rouse him, surely hers will. She need only touch the piano occasionally."

"He will not like it, Mimica. It will remind him of old times when your mother and Margaret played," responded Miss Heath.

"So much the better, if he is to be roused," said Mimica.

She hurried up to the vicarage, and held a consultation with Mr. Leste and Barbara, which ended in her persuading the latter, though reluctantly, to return with her. On their way Barbara said she had heard that morning from Horace, and that he had sent a long message to Mimica.

"You had better read it," she added, taking the letter from her pocket and looking keenly at Mimica, who received it with a quick gesture and blush.

The message was one of earnest affection, concluding with the words, "Tell her I have the wild posy still." There were not many secrets in the Leste family, and they all knew how well Horace loved Mimica.

"Dear Barbara, I wish he were safe at home," was all that Mimica said.

"You will send him a few lines in my next letter?" asked Barbara.

"Oh yes, if you wish; but I have now so much on my mind that I seem to have time for nothing but actual business. If I cannot write, tell him that I wish him and our other friends safe at home out of those unnatural wars; only I cannot help hoping that each step we take is an advance towards the suppression of slavery. Oh! Barbra, that has been always at my heart ever since I was a child, just as it was at my poor mamma's, and is at George Hope's."

"You write to George?" said Barbara, reproachfully.

"Of course I do. Is he not my brother—am I not his sister? We keep our journals now as regularly as ever; but I find his much altered since he has been in the army, and the change troubles me."

"He must have grown into a man, Mimica, since you saw him last."

"Scarcely; he is—he must be a boy still. At least, he is so by comparison with me. I always think of him almost as my son."

Mimica laughed, and Barbara, looking at her beautiful, animated face, said hastily—

"You will send your love to Horace, Mimica?"

"Of course. Perhaps he and George, and—Captain Carew have met ere this. How strange it seems!"

"Very. When they return, you will have to decide amongst them."

"Barbra! how frigidly you speak! how changed you are. If you could only believe that such thoughts are distasteful to me, and that my one desire is to devote my life to good works and to helping my uncle; and this is how I am beginning!—dawdling and dallying with you, instead of trying to rouse him. Quick, Barbra, quick!"

Mimica was soon far in advance of the quieter, statelier Barbara, who, however, hastened after her. They were not long before they reached the schoolroom, where they found Miss Heath as usual. She said that Barber had been there, and that Dr. Lumley had also been. Both had agreed in the necessity of rousing the patient, and Barber had persisted in his opinion that music was the best chance.

"Begin at once, dear Barbra!" said Mimica. "It should be sacred music at such a time. George says he likes the old masters, and oratorios, and the music you love best yourself; so you must please him, sing what you will."

Barbara misdoubted her powers as well as the propriety of exercising them under circumstances so peculiar; but she believed implicitly in her father, and obeyed him. She seated herself at the piano and began one of Handel's sacred songs. Her voice was clear, sympathetic, and penetrating—a mezzo soprano, with a compass mounting and descending beyond that special sphere. She had not sung long before a door was heard to open slowly, and when Mimica glanced out into the passage, she saw that it was that of her uncle's room.

"Go on!" she whispered breathlessly, standing on tiptoe on the threshold of the schoolroom.

Barbara went on, and Handel still echoed through the passages. Mimica heard a voice and stir in the invalid's apartment, succeeded by the appearance of Barber, who arrested her by the words, uttered in an oracular whisper—

"He is roused. I knew he would be. Will the *prima donna* sing him something of Mozart? Let it be cheerful, ma'am, if you please. He is fond of the *Nozze di Figaro*."

"Mimica could not help smiling at the incongruity of things, as Barber returned to the sick-room and she delivered the message.

"You are the *prima donna*, and are requested to sing of the wedding of Figaro! Who knows what may be the result?" said Mimica.

In a moment Barbara began "Voi che sapete," which she knew only too well, for Captain Carew loved it, and both of them had known well enough "Che cosa è amore."

"That is for a contralto. Margaret used to sing it," exclaimed Miss Heath, in mortal terror.

But stoical Barbara went through it, and as she ended, the door which had slowly opened was as slowly closed, and there was a strange silence. She had not time to stay for results, but was obliged to hasten home to a sick mother and her multifarious duties. Soon after she had gone, Barber appeared with the wonderful news that his master was about to get up.

"'Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast,'" he said to Mimica. "Not that my master is savage; far from it; he is too civilised. But music is his passion and mine, therefore I speak from experience. He says that if it is not inconvenient to you, ma'am, he will join you here this evening."

"Here!" exclaimed Mimica, in some dismay. "How can we make him comfortable?"

"I will do my best to arrange; but, being roused, we must not let him relapse into a dormant state, as Dr. Lumley suggested."

The oracular Barber was right, and once more Mimica's inventive powers were put to the test to reorganise the old schoolroom. Some great change must have come over her uncle, as the result of that awful night; or was he, she reflected, out of his mind? A terror took possession of her, and she contemplated the possibility of another attempt on his life. Miss Heath announced her intention of leaving her alone with him at first, because Barber had pointedly addressed her and had not named Miss Heath.

She had not, however, much time for reflection. The room was scarcely ready, and Lady Margaret's portrait replaced, when there were symptoms of her uncle's advent. Barber brought wraps, which were arranged over Miss Heath's high-backed easy chair, and they were soon followed by Mr. Le Roy, leaning on his valet's arm. Miss Heath made her escape before he appeared, and terrified Mimica met him at the door. It must be remembered that she had not seen him since that drive home in the dark, and the "I am so glad you are able to leave your room," with which she greeted him, were anything but natural words from her. She longed to embrace him, and to say a hundred things which were uppermost in her mind, instead of merely offering her hand and hazarding that cold, calculated sentence.

"Thank you, Mimica. Are you quite well?" he said, and his manner betrayed some emotion.

He looked very ill. Mimica was frightened at the change in his appearance. He was dressed with care, as usual, but his iron-grey hair and moustache seemed to have whitened and his face to have assumed a leaden hue. He took the seat prepared for him, and he and his niece were alone together.

"Will you allow me to drink tea *tête-à-tête* with you?" he said. "I see your tea-table is arranged, and I feel sure Miss Heath will not mind imbibing hers elsewhere. Her 'silence' always 'gives consent,' and we know one another too well to care to be

much together. Intimate knowledge breeds dislike, as familiarity contempt."

Mimica had yet to learn that her uncle was the most sarcastic and cynical of men, and her face betrayed curiosity and amusement. She was delighted to find that he could be something besides a *felo de se*, as Sellon had called him—words which had haunted her ever since. She replied that she would seek Miss Heath, and explain that he was not well enough to see her as yet.

"Diplomatic as well as business-like and sensitive. What a miraculous girl!" he muttered, as she left the room.

She returned almost immediately, having found Miss Heath only too glad to be released, and anxious to pay a visit to Mrs. Leste, with whom she had contracted a friendship. She busied herself at once with the tea-table, which she drew near her uncle, and they were soon seated on either side of it, with cups of hot tea before them. It was a cold April, and the east winds still prevailed, so the fire was welcome to the shivering invalid, and the steaming kettle sang cheerfully.

"This is what is termed, I suppose, sociable?" began Mr. Le Roy. "You must get the piano tuned, or procure a new one. That was a courageous venture of yours, Mimica," he added.

"You are musical, uncle," she returned, timidly.

"Yes. I should never have left my bed in that dreary room of yours but for that voice. Whose was it?"

"Barbara Leste's. You saw her at Overton."

"The curate's daughter, eschewed by Lady Helena?"

"His eldest daughter. Have you heard of her, uncle?"

"Sir Joshua named her casually during his agreeable visit. She will come again, I hope. You do not sing, Mimica. So much the better, for you can never arouse dead feelings by foolish love songs, such as she sang. You are not in love, I hope?"

This sudden question was accompanied by a piercing glance of inquiry from the usually cold grey eyes, which startled Mimica. She coloured, and felt that her uncle misinterpreted the blush. His countenance became sombre, and the nostril began to work.

"I do not quite understand what to be in love means," she said, frankly. "I have read and heard of it, but the expression is problematical and ungrammatical. I know what it is to love and to be loved, but the 'in love' is simply ridiculous."

"It is madness; it is loss of self-respect, self-restraint, manliness, purpose, religion even, for what? Look at that portrait and it will tell you. For life-long anguish and neglect of duty, for—ruin!"

"My poor uncle! If only I could help and comfort you."

These pitiful words were drawn from Mimica by the sudden excitement of Le Roy, whose voice rose and fell as he uttered them while gazing at the likeness of the Lady Margaret, and pointing towards it.

"You may help me to forget and to begin life anew," he replied, more calmly. "You witnessed my sin; you may teach me to repent."

She rose instinctively and stood beside him. There was a wildness in his look and manner which terrified her. Once more she laid her hand on his shoulder and pressed her lips on his forehead; she breathed a prayer as she did so.

"I will devote my life to you, God helping me," she said.

"Thank you; sit down," he replied.

His face resumed its calm, his voice its measure; he might have been stone but for that sensitive nostril, and Mimica knew not what he suffered when he spoke again in his stateliest manner—

"Henceforth, you are mistress here. What has happened during my illness? What of Searle and Sellon; of money and of means?"

"Searle has not been heard of. Mr. Sellon has let your London house, and the rent will keep Courtleroy going till the affairs are settled, and, if you think well, will help to restore the place. The tenants are hopeful, and every one will rejoice if you will settle here."

Mimica spoke rapidly, scarcely daring to glance at Le Roy. She felt rather than saw his look of anger at the announcement that the town house was in the possession of another, and awaited anxiously some sort of response. It came with measured deliberation. Some remarkable change had operated during that month of illness.

"I shall remain at Courtleroy for the present, premising that you communicate with Sellon and the tenants. Stop, Mimica, do not expostulate. I cannot go amongst them yet. But I will do them justice and repair the breaches of that ungrateful rogue, Searle. We will restore this house gradually, you and I; for I can bear no third person. Miss Heath must leave."

"Miss Heath leave!" repeated Mimica, in unfeigned dismay. "Where can she go? What can I do without her?"

"You have promised to devote yourself to me, and she can scarcely be necessary to so helpful and resolute a young lady as you are." This was said with some irony. "Of course we must pension or provide for her elsewhere."

"She is as proud as you are, uncle," cried Mimica, indignantly. "Although she has devoted herself to us, she will accept no alms."

"You must settle that between you. She recalls my past at every turn, and I could not remain here if she did. You can still choose between us. She has certainly more claim on your consideration than I have."

This was said with some sort of feeling, and Mimica was touched. She perceived that everything must give way to her uncle's prejudices if he were to continue at Courtleroy. But what of Miss Heath? He was gazing at Mimica, while playing absently with his teaspoon; his brow was contracted, and the memories of years were seething in his mind. She looked at him, and was alarmed by the strange and irritable expression of his features. The scene at the wild-ducks' pond arose before her, and she remembered that the opposition and contradiction of Mr. Sellon had been the turning-point in that catastrophe. She must content him at all risks.

"I will do as you wish, uncle. Miss Heath has visits to pay, and——"

"Let her pay them at once. I will not see her again."

He rose as he said this, and walked towards the west window, turning his back on the portrait of his Margaret. It was evident to Mimica that events connected with that sketch and the schoolroom had decided Miss Heath's fate. The sun was just thinking of setting behind a distant wooded hill, and rosy beams penetrated through some wild cherry trees clad in their virgin white to the window where he stood. He turned and said he would walk towards the sunset.

"May I go with you, uncle?" asked Mimica, alarmed.

"If you like. But you need have no fear; I shall not visit the ducks' pond to-night."

He hurried down to the hall; she followed, and they were soon afield. Mimica, with admirable tact, urged him "to come and see the garden of blue hyacinths in the wood, before they hung their heads in sleep." He went, and she found that the love of flowers was shared by each, and that a sudden boyish enthusiasm awakened in him at sight of a wilderness of daffodils rejoicing in the sun. Herrick's—

> "Fair daffodils, we weep to see you
> Haste away so soon"

rose to the lips of both, and something like a tear to the eye of the disappointed and misanthropic owner of that fair but neglected property.

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

OLEA EUROPEÆ.—We think you must mean Reginald Pole, son of Sir Richard Pole and Margaret, Countess of Salisbury. Archbishop of Canterbury under Queen Mary, died 1558. Louise de la Ramée is her real name.

HYLDA.—The value of a 1d. "Mulready Envelope," used, is 5s. The 2d. one, unused, can be obtained for 20s., we believe.

EDITH.—The "Handbook of the English Tongue," 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., would be the best book for you to get. We should advise you to rub your feet well morning and night.

CLOELIA should apply to the Teachers' Education Loan Committee, which advances fees upon certain conditions to young women desirous of improving their education for purposes of self-maintenance as teachers. Apply by post for regulations to the hon. sec., Miss Ewart, 3, Morpeth-terrace, Victoria-street, London, S.W., before February, May, and November each year, for the three terms of Easter, Michaelmas, and Lent following. There is a committee in Stourbridge in connection with the Society of Arts, which might be of use, fee 2s. 6d.; apply to Rev. D. Maginnis, Old Parsonage. For a training college apply to the Rev. E. Hobson, St. Katherine's College, Tottenham, London, N., or to the National Society's College, Rev. J. P. Faunthorpe, M.A., Whitelands College, Chelsea, S.W., London.

BOSSY.—There are children's hospitals both in Southport and Nottingham. The former is in Hawkshead-street, South; for the latter address Miss Morse, Children's Hospital. You do not mention your age, but you should not be under twenty-three years, which is the most suitable age.

MINERVA.—Apply to the secretary, College of Preceptors, 42, Queen's-square, Bloomsbury, W.C. Examinations half-yearly, fee, 10s.

A. J. M.—The "three singing spinners" are the Fates; the daughters of Necessity, Lachesis, Clotho, Atropos, sing to the harmony of the sirens; Lachesis presides over the past, Clotho over the present, and Atropos over the future. The Latin quotation means, "Run on, O ye spinners, leading on the woof." There is a line which resembles it in the "Eclogues of Virgil."

EUPHROSYNE.—"*Felix novus annus est;*" "May the New Year go happily."

A YOUNG WIFE.—"The Republic" of Plato is the most representative and important of his works. The translation in Bohn's Library would be the most moderate in price.

JANUARY, 1881.—You would have to advertise for the papers you want. The image of the traveller from New Zealand or elsewhere, who shall sketch or describe the ruins of St. Paul's, was used three times by Macaulay, and once by Horace Walpole, Henry Kirke White, and Shelley. It can be also found in Volney's "Ruins." It is in Kirke White's "Time," in a letter from Horace Walpole to Mason, 1774, and in Shelley's dedication to Peter Bell. We suppose the original idea was Horace Walpole's.

CISSY.—You are not qualified for a nursery governess until you can teach writing, as your hand is not formed. See our article on "The Duties of Governesses," pages 630 and 770, vol. v.

CHESHIRE CAT.—You will find a small book by Sir William Dawson, called "Egypt and Syria, 1885," a good one. It is published at our office. There is also a larger work, entitled "Egypt: Past, Present, and Future," by Miss Martineau. You do not write a running hand; you only print your letters, as it were, all unconnected. It is not "a hand" at all. But your little note is a nice one, and deserves a kind answer.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MOTHERLESS ONE.—Your position is a difficult and discouraging one; but always remember that, above all family duties and claims, you are to "serve the Lord Christ," and "do all as unto Him," endeavouring to be "faithful in small things," patient, persevering, and forbearing. Pray to Him to guide and to help you. Should your brother strike you again, go at once to your father, and ask him to interfere to prevent it. What a cowardly, unmanly cub your elder brother must be to strike you on the head or face—and actually to make a habit of it!—a girl of sixteen, keeping the house for him, and mending his and all the clothes of the "family of eight." He needs a good horsewhipping, and we hope he will get it. The 18th September, 1869, was a Saturday.

NERVOUS MILLIE.—We have read your letter with great sympathy, and we should advise you to consult a doctor, and tell him your symptoms; at the same time begin a course of careful exercise, and rub your whole body over with a wet towel dipped in salt and water every night and morning. Wear woollen underclothes, and leave off beer, and do not drink tea more than once a day. Get an amusing bright volume like the "Pickwick Papers," and try not to worry either yourself or your lover.

HEATHER BELL.—We should think, from your letter, that you do not take enough care of your feet to make and keep them dry and warm, nor do you wear woollen under-vests. Try gargling the throat with plain salt and water several times a day.

A RUSTIC MAID.—You may call yourself what you like, but your baptismal name remains the same.

ONE WHO WISHES TO DO RIGHT must consult her own health about the teaching on Sundays. In walking to and fro to her work she should get sufficient exercise, if she make the walk long enough, and get up early.

ANXIOUS EDITH.—Your back is probably weak, and you are only growing at fourteen. Get someone to rub your back with sea-salt and water. The salt may be found at any chemist's, and try to remember not to stoop.

ARGYLE.—There is a good deal of spirit shown in your verses, but the same words are too frequently repeated. At least, you show some promise of still better success.

A. K. L.—The hymn, "Lead, kindly light," was not composed by Cardinal Manning, but Cardinal Newman.

EVELINE DAVIS.—Put a little bran in the water to soften it, and when your hands are wet, after being washed, put some glycerine on their backs. Your handwriting is good. Make a paste of equal parts of whiting and washing soda (pounded), leave it for twelve hours on the marble, and then rub it off.

ANXIOUS AND DELICATE.—As a general servant's work is too much for you, are you competent to take a place as housemaid, kitchen-maid, or under nurse?

A. P. HEATH.—We were much interested in your letter, which does you much credit. We like the verses, and there is a great deal in them, but they are not by any well-known author, and we could not tell you who wrote them. Certainly you are in your right place, and we wish you strength to perform so much good work and happiness in doing it. Your "intense longing to do better" must be accompanied by prayer for help, wisdom, and grace, offered daily in the name of our blessed Lord.

ELLEN KEMPSON.—Electrical magnetism is a powerful agent which, when judiciously employed with a due reference to the constitution and existing condition of the patient, can work wonders for him. But it is often in unskilful hands, and so may do great mischief. Animal magnetism, as communicated by medical rubbers, is quite as powerful for good, without the same risk of danger. You do not say whether your own deafness be accidental or hereditary and constitutional, and we advise you to consult some eminent aurist, or go for advice to one of the large hospitals.

MARION.—Your mother appears to suffer from flatulence, occasioned by indigestion. She ought to have medical advice, especially at her age. We could not enter into so long a question of possibilities in these columns, not knowing anything about her.

ETC.—Should the man accost you again, just say that if he desire your acquaintance he must obtain a proper introduction to your family; that it would not be becoming in you to make clandestine acquaintances. Let him see that you act with proper self-respect. We make no charge for answers.

PEARL.—For cleaning lace see page 80, vol. i., page 255, vol. iv. For black lace refer to "The Fairy of the Family," page 779, vol. iv.

G. M. H.—The lines you send are not poetry, but if it comfort you to write them there is no harm in your doing so. Many people are colour blind—that is, unable to distinguish colours.

HEIMID.—We cannot advise you on the subject, except in observing that the foundation of your house must be in fault. Could you not let in more air and light at the windows? And then you might also use one of the many advertised remedies for damp walls.

P. N. will find the Colonial Emigration Society at 13, Dorset-street, Portman-square, W. Office hours, 10 to 4.

AN IGNORANT ONE.—We do not know whether the Oakley-street flats would suit you, 98, Oakley-street, Chelsea, S.W. Apply to Miss Regan. 3s. to 4s. each room. There would be no difficulty in getting a flat in London, and the best way for you to proceed would be to try to find some lady to share it with you.

DAISY GRAY.—You make grammatical mistakes, confound shall and will, and speak in the singular when you should use the plural number. You need to write copies, and avoid making so many blots.

PHILLIS.—We should not advise you to try to make yourself thin. After so severe an illness, you had better do all in your power, by exercise and generous diet, to repair your strength.

L. E. R.—You could probably obtain the part wanted by advertising in the *Bazaar* or the *Queen* newspapers.

EUREKA.—The best way to clean materials which are likely to fade is to send them to a French cleaners, to be done by the dry method. We do not think you could sell the hair-combings, but you could have them made-up for your own use, the hair-dressers, most of them, having a fixed price for it.

PUSSY CAT.—William Caxton, 1476, when he set up his press at Westminster, and early the following year printed his first book, "The Dictes and Sayings of the Philosophers," a folio of 76 leaves. This is believed to have been the first book ever printed in this country. Caxton is supposed to have gained his knowledge of the art from Colard Mansion, in Bruges. Mahogany is derived from the tree of that name—*Swietenia mahogoni*, belonging to the natural order *Cedrelaceæ*, and is a native of Central America, Mexico, and Cuba, with some of the other West India Islands. The wood obtained from the latter is finer than that grown on the mainland, and is called in commerce Spanish mahogany, the other being called baywood, bay mahogany, or Honduras mahogany.

EKUABLIN must look out the texts on the communion (or fellowship) of saints with God, 1. John i. 3; with Christ, 1 Cor. i. 9; with each other, Mat. xviii. 20, Heb. xii. 22; in prayer, Rom. xv. 30, Col. i. 3; in love, Psalms cxxxiii., 1 John iv. 5; Christ's prayer for, John xvii. 20; exemplified, Acts ii. 42, 5, 12, 20, 36. You must use a thin varnish made of gum-arabic for your leaves.

"O, MY HEART IS WEARY WAITING, WAITING FOR THE G.O.P."

LAURISTINUS.—The waters of Gilsland, or Gisland, in Cumberland, are sulphurous, and are not so much frequented as they were many years ago. We do not know the other, but Dinsdale Spa is cold sulphate of lime, used for dyspepsia.

R. T. G.—You must seek for a cause of your nettle-rash. It usually has to do with the digestion and acidity in the system. In hot climates it is very common. In rare cases it arises from an upset of the nervous system. Consult a doctor.

VIOLETTA.—We have no prescription of the kind you desire. King David's mother was the wife of Jesse, the Benjamite.

GRACE DARLING.—The 26th of January, 1873, was a Sunday. As cats grow old they lose their playfulness, and still later their coats their glossiness.

PUELLA MIDGE.—We received your kind letter of apology with pleasure, and the first is quite forgotten. Think no more about it. Each stratum of the earth's crust has its distinctive fossils, which are of great value, as fixing the age of the formations in which they occur. Ferns are found in the old red sandstone, or Devonian rocks, as well as the trunks of tree ferns. The coal period is rich in smaller kinds. In chalk beds many shells are found, and large antediluvian animals in blue-lias, such as forms the cliffs of Lyme Regis, Dorsetshire. We recommend you to wear woollen stockings, excepting in the summer, when Lisle thread are preferable to cotton. They are cooler, and fit better. A seaside lapidary might buy your collection.

AUSTRALIA.—The "Royal Charter" was wrecked off Moelfra, on the Anglesea coast, the night of 25-26 October, 1859. 446 lives were lost.

DOROTHY.—You ought to write copies daily, and try to form your handwriting, which at present is only scribbling. See our indexes. We have given directions several times for setting crayon and pencil drawings.

A FACTORY GIRL.—We sympathise with you in the injury to your hand. England was but very partially Christianised when there was one universal Church. The country was then distracted with wars. A Christian mission was afterwards sent over from Rome, and a Church established, but after a considerable number of years it was broken up by the invaders of the country. A second mission was then sent, and St. Augustine founded the Church at Canterbury. But in course of time the Church adopted the distinctive doctrines of the Roman Church, and to these opposition was raised by many called Protestants (or protestors against them). A complete separation followed, the Protestants throwing off allegiance to the Pope, and the English National Church was established by law as the Church of the country. Then divisions arose amongst the Protestants, and some objected as much to the National Church as they had to the Roman, and formed various societies and sects for themselves, now known as dissenting communities. The Religious Tract Society is Protestant, and comprises Church of England, and of Scotland, and Dissenting members. We are glad our paper has been "a sunbeam" to you.

CHLOE.—We suppose you are suffering from rheumatism. Better obtain a doctor's opinion.

T. H. C.—We imagine that you must have some confused idea in your head of clearing coffee with eggshells. Certainly, we never heard of "eating nutshells to clear the voice." Even the squirrels reject them. We fear you really will "have to give up in despair" if you want to hear more of the nutshell cure from us.

TRUTH.—We have read of the man-eating tree before. Kindly oblige us with the name of the work and author containing your account, for which we thank you.

SEVENTEEN.—The lines you send are altogether wrong in composition. You should study prosody if she wish to make verses, and writing verses when unable to express any new original idea, is mere waste of time. Far better to write your friend a kind letter in good plain English.

DEBORAH.—See page 144, vol. i., for directions respecting the care of gold-fish.

DOROTHY.—There is no difference between raising a slip or cutting of one greenhouse plant and another. They are all cut in the same way, at a joint cut diagonally.

LADY SUBSCRIBER.—We sympathise with you on the loss of your schoolfellow, but regret that the lines you have written are neither in verse nor prose. It is a pity to waste time in trying to write verses, as you are evidently entirely deficient in ear.

BRANELESS tells us that she is "very fond of crabs, raw and cooked." We recommend her to give up the loathsome habit of eating them raw! She adds, that we are guilty of a sad error in saying that they are sensitive to music, like snakes and lizards, etc., "having no ears;" yet adds, "perhaps they may get the music of ships wafted to them at the bottom of the sea." How, then, about "no ears"? If so fond of crabs, she had better take to rowing on the Thames, and probably she will catch plenty of them. We never said that crabs could play the flute or the piano. Our correspondent says she has "a small brane." Is that some species of her favourites—perhaps those without ears—that listen to the ship-music? She has made many mistakes in spelling. The vicar is in his proper place.

IVY.—Send your shells to the office of the Sea-Shell Mission; Charles Dakin, Esq., secretary, 26, Tunstall-road, Brixton-road, S.W. This mission has sent upwards of 5,300 boxes, with a text card, to the homes and hospitals of sick children. "Ivy" says she is "nearly seventeen," and remains "yours truely."

POSIE.—The first text for which you ask is to be found in Psalm xix. 11; the second in 1 Samuel viii. 19.

VALENTINE.—Penelope was a princess of Greece, daughter of Icarius, and wife of Ulysses. During the absence of the latter from his kingdom, a period of twenty years, she refused to marry any of her numerous suitors until she had finished working the shroud of her father-in-law. This robe, according to the last theory, was a piece of knitting, and she unravelled at night what she had made in the day, and thus baffled her suitors. You may say "catch a cold," or "take cold," but "get cold" is inelegant.

MARGARET.—Write a friendly letter, stating that you have removed; or else write your new address on a postcard, and send that. We do not publish the full addresses of our correspondents, unless by their wishes. You can return the visit of the clergyman of your parish, though not attending his church.

OBSERVANT EYE.—No man to whom you are not engaged should be allowed to pay for your tickets, unless he were your father, uncle, or brother. If your friend should refuse to take your money, you must inform him that you cannot go with him again, and under no circumstances without some female friend accompanying you.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

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NATURE'S REST.

BY ANNE BEALE.

PLEASANT is this quiet homestead
Set in Nature's inmost core;
Such repose and beauty reign here
Scarce the heart could sigh for more.
And a holy calm steals o'er us,
Undisturbed by worldly care,
That allures the rapt soul upwards
On the wings of silent prayer.

To the right the sparkling river
Wanders through the arching wood,
Turns the old mill in the distance
Seated in the shining flood,
Glances through the cattle meadows,
Gleams athwart the lonely plain,
Strays into the far perspective
Never to return again.

To the left the scattered hamlet
And its lowly house of prayer,
Fields and woods and hill-sides dotted
With low dwellings everywhere;
While upon the turf and wild-thyme
White-fleeced sheep in freedom play,
Sporting with the lights and shadows,
As if chasing them away.

Circling all, the glorious mountains,
Sunlight streaming on their crest,
Clad in fern and gorse and heather,
Look like monarchs, royal dressed.
And above, the clouds and daybeams
Frown or smile from morn to night;
Darkening now, then quickly flushing
Every quivering leaf with light.

Hush! no sound disturbs the stillness
Save the murmuring of the stream,
That while sleeping murmureth ever
As an infant in a dream;
Or the ticking of the house-clock,
With its measured tread and slow,
Warning us that, like the river,
Time doth ever onward flow.

May this peace which savoureth sweetly
Of the manna sent from heaven,
To each member of this household
Be in plenteous measure given;
So that whether clouds or sunshine
Wrap their home in gloom or glow,
Evermore a fire celestial
O'er their path a light may throw.

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"SUCH REPOSE AND BEAUTY REIGN HERE."

LADY JANE GREY.

A HISTORICAL SKETCH.

By LILY WATSON.

CHAPTER II.

"My son shall be King of England."

WHAT was the burden for ever sounding through the brain of Northumberland, to t rhythm of which he shaped his design. Some say that he hastened Edward's death by poison. The king in his last days was committed to the sole care of a mysterious woman, who declared that she could cure him; but, though her treatment produced strange results, it is more probable that she erred through ignorance than that she was the tool of any one for so dangerous and unnecessary a purpose as the murder of a prince doomed by consumption.

It was part of Northumberland's plan that when Edward's death was announced Lady Jane should be already in the Tower, there, according to the custom of those days, to await her coronation.

For this purpose it was necessary he should get his young daughter-in-law into his own clutches, and a strange order soon came to Lady Jane, who, according to arrangement, had remained at home after her marriage. She was told that she must go at once to the Duke of Northumberland's house until, to use her own phrase, "God should call the King to His mercy," as, since he had appointed her heir to his kingdom, she then would have to remove in haste to the Tower.

She was at first much perturbed, but seems to have decided that there was some strange mistake in the matter, as she stayed quietly where she was. Then the Duchess of Northumberland appeared upon the scene in a violent passion, demanding that the bride should come with her at once. Between the mother and the mother-in-law high words arose. Neither of these noble dames was meek, and we can imagine the dispute that took place over the poor young creature, herself peace-loving and serene, in which she was wrangled for as a valuable piece of property. The discussion was ended by the Duchess of Northumberland invoking her boy to the rescue, and making him use his newborn authority to command Lady Jane to depart with him and his mother.

She obeyed, and was lodged for a few days in a house of the Duke's at Chelsea. Meanwhile the scene at Greenwich was closing. On June 21st, 1553, the letters patent conferring the Crown on Lady Jane Grey were signed by peers and officers of State. On Thursday, July 6th, Edward expired.

It was part of the plot that the King's death should be kept secret until Northumberland and Suffolk had taken possession of the Ladies Mary and Elizabeth. But Mary, who was at Hunsdon, in Hertfordshire, was warned by a mounted courier as soon as possible after the event, and was up and away, galloping a hundred miles, without pause for rest, to her friends in Norfolk, while Lord Robert Dudley and Lord Warwick were scouring the country in vain quest of her.

On Sunday, July 9th, Lady Sidney, daughter of the Duke of Northumberland, appeared at Chelsea to fetch Lady Jane. "With seriousness more than common" she bade her come, and her sister-in-law, although unwell, obeyed the order. The two ladies went together to Sion House. This gloomy pile, with its huge stone lion erect upon the top, is still a familiar object to those who look across the river from Kew Gardens. It must have presented anything but an alluring aspect to the poor bride, and the scene that was about to transpire there stamped itself in terror upon her mind. For soon after her arrival, the Duke of Northumberland, attended by the Marquis of Northampton and the Earls of Huntingdon, Pembroke, and Arundel, entered, who, to use her own words:

"With unaccustomed kindness and condescension did me such reverence as was not fitting to my state, for they knelt before me, and in many other ways made semblance to honour me."

The Duchess of Suffolk (her mother), the Duchess of Northumberland, and the Marchioness of Northampton followed, and the Duke of Northumberland, as President of the Council, rose to harangue the small assembly. First disclosing the death of Edward, he described the transaction in which he was himself prime mover. Henry, he said, had never meant either Mary or Elizabeth to wear the crown, and Edward had therefore bequeathed it to his cousin, the Lady Jane. As he concluded, he and the four lords dropped on their knees, swearing fealty to Jane Grey as Queen.

The effect upon her was far different from the girlish exultation they might have expected. Grief for her cousin's early death was the first emotion, followed by dismay at her unhoped-for elevation. Let us hear her own words:

"The which things I heard with extreme grief of mind; how I was carried out of myself, amazed and troubled, I leave it to those lords to testify who were present and saw me, overcome by sudden and unlooked-for sorrow, fall to the ground, weeping very bitterly. I then declared to them how unable I was; I deeply lamented the death of so noble a prince, and turning myself to God, I humbly prayed and besought Him that if what had been given me was mine by law and right, His Divine Majesty would grant me such grace and spirit that I should govern to His glory and service and to the good of this realm."

The "if" indicates a lurking doubt. Yet Lady Jane could not possibly know of the deception practised by Northumberland, and had no reason to suspect that the scheme was nurtur by his ambition. As Tennyson says—

"She had but followed the device of those
Her nearest kin: she thought they knew
the laws.
But for herself she knew but little law,
And nothing of the titles to the crown;
She had no desire for that."

On the next day a grand state barge bore the unwilling Lady Jane in a river procession from Richmond to the Tower, all the great officers of the Court and most of the peers of the realm accompanying her. As Queen she landed at the Tower steps, as Queen she was proclaimed by the herald-at-arms throughout the City. But no shouts of rejoicing were raised to hail the news. An ominous silence reigned. One lad, Gilbert Potter by name, ventured to shout for Queen Mary instead. His master denounced him, and he was taken into custody; but it was looked upon as a righteous retribution when that master was drowned soon afterwards under London Bridge.

The little company within the Tower had small enjoyment of their royal state. The Lords, on the evening of their arrival, were sitting with the mother and the mother-in-law of the so-called Queen, talking over questions of pressing interest. Would Mary be captured? When should Queen Jane be crowned? These and similar topics were absorbing them when a messenger rode up in hot haste bringing a letter from Mary. It was small consolation to order the man into custody, for the contents of the packet were ominous. Mary wrote summoning the Lords of the Council to acknowledge her claim to the crown, and intimating that she was ready to pardon their conspiracy against her if they would now uphold her authority.

"Whereupon, my Lords, we require and charge you, and every one of you, on your allegiance, which you owe to God and us and to none other, that for our honour and the surety of our realm only you will employ yourselves, and forthwith upon receipt hereof cause our right and title to the crown and government of this realm to be proclaimed in our City of London and such other places as to your wisdom shall seem good, and as to this cause appertainable, not failing hereof, as our very trust is in you; and this our letter, signed with our own hand, shall be your sufficient warrant."

It was as if a bombshell had exploded in the midst of the little company. Why had Mary not been safely taken prisoner before she had the opportunity, with the energy and determination belonging to the Tudor race, to act for herself and rally her forces? The Duchess of Northumberland and Duchess of Suffolk went into hysterics on the spot.

Meanwhile the Lady Jane sate in the more congenial solitude of her own room, whither she had been followed, however, by the Lord Treasurer, the Marquis of Winchester, bringing the crown and the crown jewels. Did the crown, he asked, fit her? She replied it was unnecessary to alter it. He tried to place it upon her head, but she refused; and then came the significant information that before her coronation another crown was to be made for her husband.

A crown for Guilford Dudley! Northumberland to be the father of the young King of England, guiding the realm through his callow

weakness as he had aforetime ruled it through the delicate boyhood of Edward VI.! This was the design that lay below all the puppet-moving of the last few months! But Jane Grey, though ignorant of much of the treacherous detail, was not the simple tool that her father-in-law supposed. She knew that the making of kings was no light matter, and seems to have begun to suspect the ambition that lay at the root of all. "This was heard by me with a troubled mind, also with much grief and displeasure of heart," says she. In a little while her husband himself came in, and she told him plainly that to make him a King was beyond her power; repeating the same thing to the Earls of Arundel and Pembroke. A duke she might make him, if indeed she were Queen, but nothing more.

Guilford's conduct on the occasion reminds one of a spoiled child crying for the moon. He ran to his mother, complaining that his wife would not make him King, and the Duchess of Northumberland, perturbed, we may suppose, by the letter just received from Mary, of which Lady Jane was not aware, rushed in and stormed at her daughter-in-law.

Although quiet and gentle, the girl knew how to stand firm when occasion required it, and she bore the petulant reproaches of her boy-husband, the wrath and disdain of his mother, without flinching. The duchess became very angry indeed, so angry that had it not been for the intervention of Earls Arundel and Pembroke, she would have carried her son off to Sion House. If Jane refused to lend herself to the preposterous scheme of making Guilford Dudley King, he could not be crowned, and the chief object of the plot would be frustrated.

He seems, however, in order to pacify him, to have been called king, and to have received some trifling distinctions of royalty. Meanwhile Northumberland answered Mary's letter to the effect that Lady Jane was rightful Queen of England, both by the ancient laws of the realm and letters patent of the late King. Let Mary, therefore, beware of molesting her, or turning the people from their allegiance.

From Monday evening, July 10th, till Wednesday morning the conspirators—for so we may call them—with their victim remained in the Tower, hoping that Mary had been seized by Dudley and Warwick. But on Wednesday morning alarming tidings came in from all parts of England, of risings in Mary's favour, and of noblemen who, with powerful forces at their back, had espoused her cause. Some one must go forth to quell the tumult, and Northumberland found himself obliged to take the field. The Tower and Lady Jane he committed to the keeping of the Council, who were to stay there while he was gone. On the morning of Thursday, July 14, 1553, he rode out of London at the head of about 600 men, but though the people thronged to see them go by, not a soul cried "God speed them!"

Poor Queen Jane was not left in very trusty guardianship, for some of the most powerful members of the Council had signed the letters patent, meaning to play Northumberland false if their own interests required it, and they now began to consult together as to the safest plan to adopt. The garrison in the Tower looked sharply after them to see that they did not steal away. Arundel said "he liked not the air," and one or two of them tried unsuccessfully to escape. The story of their proceedings during the next few days does not read like the actions of English gentlemen. Their fear of Northumberland had brought them to feign aquiescence in a cause they knew to be unjust, and they now wished themselves well out of the whole affair. Having no heart in Jane's interest, they thought only of how they might best shape their policy for their own safety.

We may think pityingly of the girl-queen, shut in the palace so soon to be her prison, with unwilling adherents around her, and oppressed by the burden of an unwelcome dignity, while her boy-husband masqueraded as "your grace," dining alone, and imagining himself King.

The Tower was a gruesome abode for the young creature. These words are fitly put into her mouth:

"Nay, Guilford, 'tis not coward fear alone
Now makes me sad, but something in this place
That will not let me, if I would, be merry.
The air is heavy here, as though 'twere clogged
With fumes of ancient sighs, that yet do cling
About the walls that bred them."

The poet imagines her as seeing with horror a thin white hand put forth from a narrow slit in the wall opposite her window, to feel the sunbeams,

"——as lovingly
As a blind man that fingers o'er the face
Long known, but half forgot." *

The thought that she was sharing her abode with wretched prisoners who for years had been shut from the brightness and warmth of day, must have been terrible to one so good and gentle, and she very likely resolved that when she was really crowned Queen she would set them free. But that was never to be. Northumberland was succeeding ill: he found the country all astir in Mary's behalf, and sent to London for reinforcements, but the Lords of the Council returned an unsatisfactory reply. Worse and worse came the tidings, and by July 19th the Lords would wait no longer. They managed to elude the vigilance of the Tower guard, and made their way to Baynard's Castle, three-quarters of a mile above London Bridge, where they summoned the mayor and other civic dignitaries to meet them. Arundel stated that if they continued to support Lady Jane Grey's claims, civil war must be the result, and he called upon them to restore the crown to the lawful heir. All agreed, and it was not even thought necessary to acquaint Northumberland with their determination. A hundred and fifty men were marched off straight to the Tower, to demand the keys, in Mary's name.

The gates were flung open; Suffolk, deserted by the Lords, and aware that resistance was useless, rushed to the room where his daughter was sitting, and told her of the change in her fortunes. She received the news with cheerfulness and satisfaction, replying, "I better brook this message than my former advancement to royalty." She expected then to go quietly home; but that was not permitted.

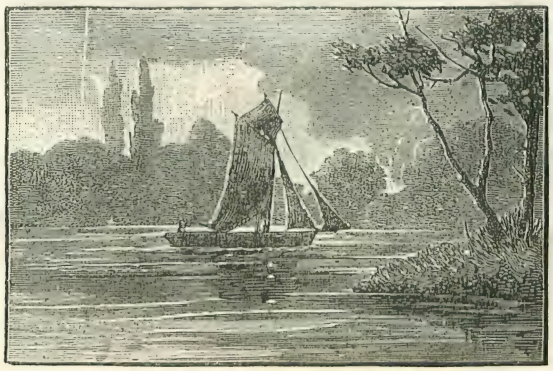
Meanwhile Mary was proclaimed Queen at the Cross at Cheapside amid universal tumult and rejoicing. The church bells, long silent, rang merrily all night, and through the next day there was universal joy and feasting.

Northumberland, away at Cambridge, with an army failing him at every point, heard the news: he understood that all was lost, and, flinging up his cap, shouted with the rest for Queen Mary. His change, was, however, too late to save him. He was placed under a guard of his own soldiers, and secured by his former colleague, Arundel, who had hurried to Cambridge to take him prisoner. Remorse for his share in the unsuccessful plot seems to have seized upon the man who had for so long been virtual ruler of England; he knelt in abject entreaty at the earl's feet, but received the cold and ominous answer, "You should have sought for mercy sooner."

It was a piteous scene when the proud duke was brought a prisoner into London after his twelve days' campaign. As he rode through the crowded streets, he bowed in a servile manner to the mob that assailed him with shouts and execrations. His demeanour sued for pity, but no pity could he find. "Death to the Traitor!" was the cry that ceased not to ring in his ears till the Tower gates—the gates that held imprisoned his son and daughter-in-law—closed upon him also. Vengeance for his guilty plot had overtaken him with footsteps swift and sure.

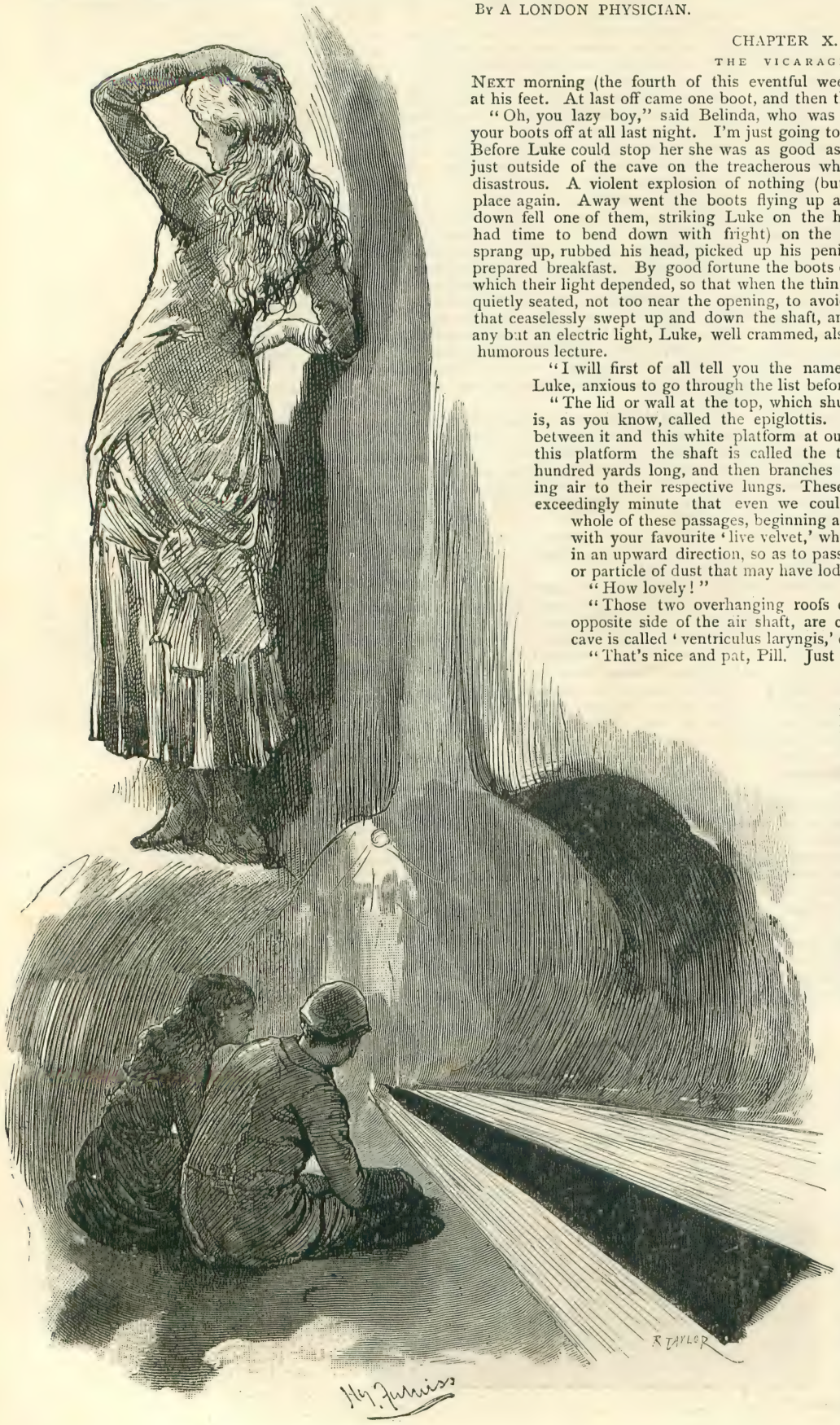
(*To be continued.*)

* "Lady Jane Grey." A Tragedy, by Ross Neil.



INSIDE PASSENGERS; OR, THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF LUKE AND BELINDA.

By A LONDON PHYSICIAN.



CHAPTER X.

THE VICARAGE.

NEXT morning (the fourth of this eventful week) Luke felt some one tugging at his feet. At last off came one boot, and then the other. Luke opened his eyes.

"Oh, you lazy boy," said Belinda, who was watching him, "you never took your boots off at all last night. I'm just going to put them outside to be brushed." Before Luke could stop her she was as good as her word, and deposited them just outside of the cave on the treacherous white band. The consequence was disastrous. A violent explosion of nothing (but with a tremendous noise) took place again. Away went the boots flying up against the overhanging roof, and down fell one of them, striking Luke on the head, and the other Belinda (who had time to bend down with fright) on the back. Thoroughly roused, Luke sprang up, rubbed his head, picked up his penitent sister, scolded her well, and prepared breakfast. By good fortune the boots did not break the glass globe on which their light depended, so that when the things were cleared away, and Belinda quietly seated, not too near the opening, to avoid the terrible hot and cold blasts that ceaselessly swept up and down the shaft, and would soon have extinguished any but an electric light, Luke, well crammed, also sat down for an interesting and humorous lecture.

"I will first of all tell you the names of some of these things," said Luke, anxious to go through the list before he forgot it.

"The lid or wall at the top, which shut down when uncle was drinking, is, as you know, called the epiglottis. The upper part of this air shaft, between it and this white platform at our feet, is called the larynx; below this platform the shaft is called the trachea, or windpipe. It is four hundred yards long, and then branches into a right and left tube, supplying air to their respective lungs. These again subdivide till they get so exceedingly minute that even we could not gaze through them. The whole of these passages, beginning at the epiglottis above, are covered with your favourite 'live velvet,' which waves, as you see, all the time in an upward direction, so as to pass up towards the mouth any germs or particle of dust that may have lodged there."

"How lovely!"

"Those two overhanging roofs of our cave, and the one on the opposite side of the air shaft, are called the false vocal cords. This cave is called 'ventriculus laryngis,' or ventricle of the larynx."

"That's nice and pat, Pill. Just the way I like to hear it."

"Don't be rude. We now come to this extraordinary white glistening platform, which, as you see, nearly closes up the shaft. It is formed of two white bibrous bands, kept damp by the moisture found in this cave, and leaving, as you observe, a large triangular opening called 'the glottis,' between them in the middle. They are the 'true vocal cords,' and are the means by which all voice sounds are produced—the mouth being concerned in articulation, or the formation of these sounds into words. When not in use the opening between them is, as you see, triangular, through which the breathing perpetually goes on without any sound, for that never stops."

"Never?"

"No, never."

"Now I have you, Pill. How could uncle breathe yesterday when that epiglottis was tightly shut down, and when these cords were close together?"

"I forgot that," said Luke. "Of course, when a person is drinking there is no breathing, or the water would get down to these cords, which would explode and produce a fit of coughing. That is the reason why after a long 'pull' one feels quite exhausted for want of air, and has to take a deep breath."

"As you have confessed you were wrong, you may now proceed, Pill."

"Well, in breathing, the air passes noiselessly up and down through the glottis opening between the cords triangular. When we speak or sing, however, this

shaft acts exactly like a reed-pipe in an organ. The lungs below are the bellows, the trachea is the windpipe, the vocal cords, which are then stretched by the aretynoid cartilages or pyramids that you saw move yesterday, and have their edges parallel, are the vibratory reeds or tongues, while the throat and mouth form the sounding pipe or box. In sounding a trumpet, or any other brass instrument, this state of things is curiously altered. The lungs are still the bellows; but, instead of the trachea below, these cords being the windpipe, the cords are widely opened, and the whole of the larynx, pharynx, and mouth form the windpipe; the vibrating reeds which cause the sound being in this case two lips, while the sounding-box, or pipe, is formed by the brass instrument itself. Snoring, when the soft palate acts as the vibrating reed, I have already explained. But to return to these vocal cords. They are, as you see, smooth, and are really thin plates composed of vast numbers of elastic strings."

"Then how is the 'do, re, mi' managed, Pill?"

"The pitch of the voice depends on the width of the chink left between the cords and in their tension, the sound being caused by the vibration of their edges. The loudness of the voice entirely depends on the strength of the blast of air sent up through the chink. To make it more comfortable still, these cords can be 'stopped,' like a fiddle-string, at any part, so as to still further vary the sound."

"Now, tell me, Pill, why a woman's voice is so much sweeter than a man's."

"Say shriller, Bozy. The reason is because her cords are one-third shorter. The cords of a tenor voice are also shorter than a bass one."

"How do we speak, Pill?"

"We form the voice sounds or vowels (which are true musical notes) from 'ah' to 'oo' by gradually opening the glottis in proportion as we close the mouth. For instance, in 'ah' the glottis is nearly closed while the mouth is wide open, while in 'oo' its sound is reversed. The consonants are all formed by the lips or tongue, excepting 'h,' which simply consists of an extra rush of air through the mouth, just before the next letter is sounded."

Anyhow, the cockneys do not seem to care a rush for it, Pill, except when they're excited."

"In coughing, which are the exceptions we had yesterday, the cords meet for a moment, and are then burst open by a blast of air from the lungs."

"What happens when we lose our voice?"

"We generally have to whisper; the sound formed is like noisy breathing by a rush of air through a widely opened glottis. The cause may be that one of our air cords or both are destroyed by disease, or their edge may get thick and inflamed, or the muscles that move them may refuse to act. Our voices may not be lost, and yet husky. This arises from a want of moisture, and is generally known as 'clergyman's sore throat.'

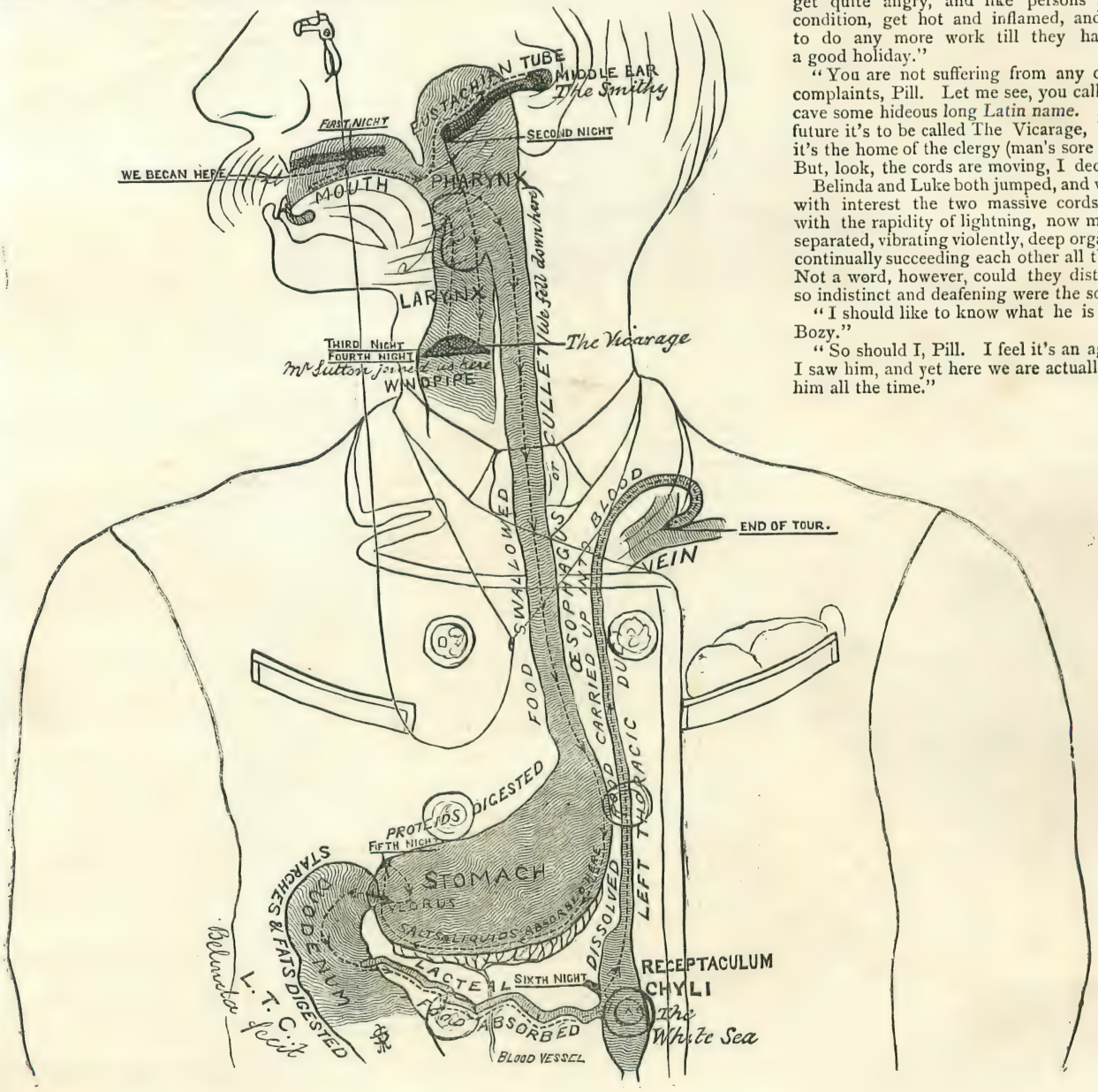
"After prolonged speaking in a loud tone, these two caves having been overworked in supplying moisture to the cords, at last are unable to produce any more. The speaking still continues, and the cords getting dry, the voice loses its silvery tone, while the glands in these caves that have been used so unreasonably get quite angry, and like persons in that condition, get hot and inflamed, and refuse to do any more work till they have had a good holiday."

"You are not suffering from any of these complaints, Pill. Let me see, you called this cave some hideous long Latin name. For the future it's to be called The Vicarage, because it's the home of the clergy (man's sore throat). But, look, the cords are moving, I declare."

Belinda and Luke both jumped, and watched with interest the two massive cords which, with the rapidity of lightning, now met, now separated, vibrating violently, deep organ tones continually succeeding each other all the time. Not a word, however, could they distinguish, so indistinct and deafening were the sounds.

"I should like to know what he is saying, Bozy."

"So should I, Pill. I feel it's an age since I saw him, and yet here we are actually inside him all the time."



"Inside, and yet outside, Bozy."

"I don't see that."

"Well, it's like going into a town, and being kept walking about the streets. They are wonderful enough, it is true, but we know very little of the inhabitants of this body world."

"What is a body world, Pill?"

"I merely referred to the millions and millions of living creatures that grow in our body. Here, for instance, is this 'live velvet.' I do not say that those little cells, from the tips of which these hairs are moving, can talk or think, but I most certainly say they are alive; they can eat, and drink, and breathe, and be born, and live, and die, and, what is more, work hard in uncle's service every moment of their little lives. I declare it's quite affecting."

"Don't, Pill, please, I'm getting watery. Oh, you dear, live velvet."

"Yes, Belinda, you might learn many a lesson of usefulness by considering these wavy hairs."

"So might you, sir; I've often seen you idling about. I don't believe you'd have worked well at all but for the examinations. But are all the red walls alive, Pill? Are his throat, and tongue, and mouth all alive?"

"Of course it is, Bozy. Every part of our interior is composed of myriads of little cells, each one with a special history and a special work of its own. Some, in a self-denying sort of a way, are simply living stones and bricks, others fetch and carry, others, again, manufacture all the difficult things uncle requires. If you could just imagine a city, with all its streets paved, and all houses built of rows of living people laid on one another, and carefully fed but not allowed to move, and full besides of inhabitants, carrying on every conceivable trade, you would understand what I mean by a 'body world.'"

"It's very hard to imagine such nonsense, Pill; but what is the next thing on our programme? Where, for instance, are we to sleep to-night?"

"Here, Bozy, in our little cot."

"And where to-morrow?"

"Far, far away, Bozy, 'down among the dead men,'" said Luke, mysteriously, in a hoarse voice.

"I know we're going to some dreadful place," said Belinda, with resignation, "but I don't care, I'm determined to see all I can."

"I think it is now my duty to tell you, Bozy, that as soon as we leave here I suppose we shall be swallowed."

"Swallowed!"

"Decidedly; it's just like going in a train. There's no other way of getting there. It's smooth and slow. It does not go as fast as a train, and it doesn't shake like an omnibus or cab."

"Where?"

"To the gasteer, Bozy."

"You're wandering, Pill; what do you want with gas? We've got the electric light. Besides, what has being swallowed to do with gas?"

"Not the gas, dear; you are opaque, the French call it *l'estomac*."

"Why cannot you speak plainly, and call a spade a spade, and say 'stomach,' instead of you going on with your rubbishing affectation, Pill? Please don't consider me the boarding-school miss of the story-book. What I want to glean is if you know what you're talking about. As far as I can see, we shall be drowned or choked, and, in any case, most certainly digested, and remember I did not bargain further."

Luke made no reply, but taking off his coat began deliberately emptying all his pockets one by one. Belinda felt slighted, and, turning away, leaned against the curtain of the cave, just under the electric light overhead, where she made as fair a picture as could well be seen. The cords had ceased to vibrate. All again was still, when suddenly Belinda gave one shriek, and fell back on the floor of the cave.

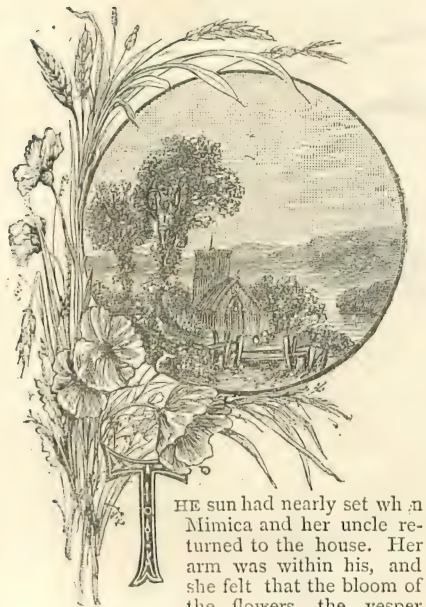
(*To be continued.*)

COURTLEROY.

By ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER XXXII.

SHORT NOTICE.



THE sun had nearly set when Mimica and her uncle returned to the house. Her arm was within his, and she felt that the bloom of the flowers, the vesper chaunts of the birds, and the soothing influence of slowly-dying day, had been more effectual in creating sympathy between them than had any previous events. The ways of God in nature are mysterious, and tend to still the perturbations which the human has aroused.

Mr. Le Roy went to his room, Mimica in search of Miss Heath. Her temporary joy at her uncle's sudden display of natural feeling vanished before the prospect of telling her friend what he had said concerning her. She found her in the schoolroom, and her manner soon betrayed that she was burdened by a secret. But Miss Heath was not one who could help to unlade her mind, as Mimica knew, so she began by making inquiries concerning the family at the vicarage. She learnt by degrees that Barbara and her father were well pleased that the singing had produced some effect, and that Mr. Leste intended to call on the morrow. Miss Heath had taken tea with them, and looked quite cheerful.

"The little change has done you good, Milly dear, after your long anxiety," began Mimica.

"Any change is good. It is time that you should have one. What does your uncle say?" replied Miss Heath.

"I have small chance of change; but I am as strong as a horse. He intends to take up his abode here, and adopt me *con amore;* only I must devote myself entirely to him."

"Self! always self! What does he mean by that?"

"I suppose that I am to be, as Mr. Sellon expressed it, steward, amanuensis, companion, and all. But, dear Milly, what is to become of you?"

"Of me? I shall be very lonely."

"Would you not like to pay your long-promised visit to Mrs. Prettyman, dear? It would do you a world of good. She is always asking you, and you might, perhaps, be with her when George returns."

A flush overspread Miss Heath's pale face.

"You want to get rid of me, Mimica."

"No, no, dearest friend, I never wish to part with you."

"Then he does."

Mimica burst into tears and threw her arms round her patient, silent, long-suffering friend. She knelt at her side and took her cold hands, but extracted no other words, and spoke none herself. What could she say? The secret was guessed, and half the burden removed; but the worst part remained behind. She could not repeat to Miss Heath what her uncle had said. At last—

"Dear Milly, say something," she sobbed.

"I have nothing to say, Mimica. I will go."

"He only says that you recall his past."

"I know. I understand. He is right. I will go at once."

"I cannot part with you; I cannot bear it. My one true and life-long friend," sobbed Mimica, abandoning herself to a grief that she was surprised to feel; for had she not sometimes been guilty of wishing to be rid of one whose secrecy irritated her?

"Mimica! you really love me!" exclaimed Miss Heath, laying her hands on the head of the kneeling girl, and letting fall a few slow, sad tears.

"Love you! Have you not been everything to me—mother, teacher, friend, all in one? And I have been often so ungrateful! Oh Milly! will you forgive me, once and for ever? Often as I have said those words to you as child, I never felt them as I now do, as woman."

"Hush, Mimica! you will break my heart."

These words from Miss Heath! They terrified Mimica almost as much as her uncle's

excitement had done. She sprang up, and perceived that her friend was breathing with difficulty, and that she was overcome by the emotion to which she was, at last, obliged to give way.

"Every one I ever loved!" she said, as Mimica stood over her. "It is hard to go forth into the world again — alone, forlorn, old!"

"You are not old, dearest friend, nor forlorn so long as Mrs. Prettyman lives, nor alone while I exist. Our separation will only be temporary, for my uncle will tire of me, and then I shall fly to you."

"No one tires of you, darling, because you are unselfish," said Miss Heath—a concession so unexpected that Mimica was moved by it, never before having been so praised by one ever scant of compliment. "Must I leave at once?" added the poor lady, struggling to recover composure.

"Certainly not. We must manage somehow. It seems unfortunate that my uncle should have returned to this room – indeed, everything is strange, but it must work together for good if he remains amongst his people, for I feel sure there is kindness somewhere below the crust of selfishness."

"What did he say about me?" interrupted Miss Heath.

Mimica told her as well as she could, hinting at the offer made to provide for her, as delicately as possible. This met with an instant cold refusal.

"I can still work," she said.

While they were talking, they were surprised to hear Le Roy's door open and his step in the passage. To their relief he passed the schoolroom and went downstairs. Soon afterwards Barber appeared with a message to the effect that his master would like to see Mimica when she was at liberty. He expected dinner in the hall at eight o'clock, and the establishment was astir to satisfy his expectations, for the half-hour bell had rung.

"You had better dress," said Miss Heath, and Mimica made herself presentable.

"Now, dear, you must rest in this chair till I come back," she said, placing Miss Heath comfortably, kissing her, and leaving her to her overwhelming thoughts.

She found her uncle seated behind the screens, which she had managed to arrange so as to make of the hall two rooms. Barber's "Dinner is served" sounded, and was received by her uncle as a sort of grim jest. To her amazement, he asked, when Barber was out of the room, where Miss Heath was. She replied that she had dined in the middle of the day, and was resting after her walk to the vicarage. She spoke with a slight embarrassment, which her uncle perceived.

"You have already told her?" he said.

"She has guessed."

"What did she say?"

"That she will leave at once, is still able to work, and would not be pensioned."

"I did not mean at once, Mimica. Let her remain as long as she likes; only, her presence oppresses me. There should be room for us both in this large house. Will you set the painters and paperers to work, and render some apartment habitable?"

Mimica could not help laughing at the prospect of superintending these men in addition to servants and tenants, and he looked displeased. Laughter grated on his refined temperament, especially when raised by his own idiosyncrasies.

"You appear amused. May I ask at what?" he said.

"Forgive me, uncle, but I think our walk among the hyacinths and daffodils has brought back my spirits. They have been nowhere lately," she replied, simply, evading his question.

"They brought only melancholy memories to me. You have yet to learn that flowers, like our hopes, wither and fade."

Mimica thought of the posy she had given Horace, and of his message to her; but the reappearance of the valet stayed further remarks, and the remainder of the meal was passed in silence. She fancied, however, that her uncle's face was less rigid, and his manner less petrified than it had been before their walk, and she hoped that the sweet influences of nature might have softened him. She was the more persuaded of this when they retired within the screen. She had managed to arrange a table at his right hand, on which were writing materials and the papers and magazines which had accumulated during his illness, and he thanked her for her thoughtfulness.

"I leave you to arrange with Miss Heath; but do not let her be put to inconvenience. We will talk of business to-morrow – to-night I will run through the *Times*," he said.

"You are really better, uncle?" she asked.

"I am as well as usual. Good-night, Mimica," he answered.

She went to Miss Heath, and found her writing letters. She had written to Mrs. Prettyman, explaining what had passed, and asking her to endeavour to find her occupation.

"Why didn't you say you would accept her invitation, pending for the last ten years?" asked Mimica.

"I force myself on no one," was the characteristic reply.

But Mimica wrote also to Mrs. Prettyman, and told her frankly the state of the case. She made such excuses as she could for her uncle, and said she had no doubt he would ask Miss Heath to return when his affairs were settled, but that at present he wished to be alone with her. "I am myself in such a whirl of excitement and astonishment," she added, "that I realise nothing. George, who sees everything at a glance, and understood my uncle, would, I think, help me; but events have passed so rapidly that I have not even time to reflect upon them. George writes of the horrors of war, and forgets himself and his honours in them. They say he was born a soldier; but if so, with a heart too tender for his profession. How I wish you would take Summerlands this autumn. It is to be let again. Lord and Lady Manville are always meaning to return, but never coming. I know we shall hear from you by return of post."

Mimica spent the next thirty-six hours in a fever of anxiety. Poor Miss Heath collapsed, and seemed to age perceptibly during their course. She grew limper and limper, and would not be roused. She reproached no one, but sat with folded hands during the day and lay with sleepless eyes all night. Mimica scarcely left her, telling her uncle she was ill.

"Beg her not to inconvenience herself," he said. "Pray use your own discretion, Mimica."

"I am sure she will leave, at all risks; but I depend on Mrs. Prettyman," replied Mimica, irritated by his apparent lack of sympathy.

"Ah! The Prettymans. I should like to see their remarkable *protégé* again. Have you written for the workmen, Mimica? Has the tuner arrived? I am sorry to give you so much trouble, but, as Barber says, 'We are creatures of external influences,' and I shall die of *ennui* if mine are not more propitious."

"Here is Mr. Leste! He is an 'external influence' in himself," cried Mimica, running to admit the clergyman, whom she left *tête-à-tête* with her uncle.

Two nights and one whole day had passed since Miss Heath's *congé*, when she was effectually aroused by a messenger that had never before invaded the retired precincts of her existence. This was nothing less than a telegram.

"For Miss Heath!" "For Miss Heath!" echoed through the offices as a porter from Summerlands railway station delivered the missive.

"What can have happened? I don't think she has a near relation in the world?" said Mrs. Stone, as she herself carried it to the schoolroom, where Mimica was engaged in writing to summon the tuner.

"It will frighten her to death," said Mimica, as she took the telegram and prepared to carry it to Miss Heath.

"The man wants to know if there is an answer. I once had one, and I had to open it first to see. What is the world coming to, that people can't wait for the post?" said Mrs. Stone.

"Here is a message for you, dear. I feel sure it is an invitation from Mrs. Prettyman. May I open it?" said Mimica to Miss Heath, who was sitting in her room, for she declined to inhabit the schoolroom, lest Mr. Le Roy should find her there.

"I see! It is a telegram!" she cried, starting up. "I will open it."

She did so, nervously, and read aloud—

"'Come at once. We are delighted at the prospect of seeing you. I want you particularly. Will write, but shall expect you Thursday.'" Then she covered her eyes and wept silently.

"Just as I expected. I wish I were going with you!" exclaimed Mimica. "You will be so happy with Mrs. Prettyman."

"I shall. My oldest friend! But——"

"'But me no buts!' Let us be thankful."

"Any answer, Miss Marmont?"

These last words, accompanying a tap at the door, brought Miss Heath to her feet, and in a few minutes she was her quiet, reserved self again. She said she would go on the morrow, if Mimica would write to Mrs. Prettyman and explain. Mimica, who did not know what was best under the circumstances, decided to let events take their course, forgetting that she was the victim, turn which way they would. Happily for her, she forgot self altogether; but she felt sure that her friend would be better off in London than at Courtleroy, and contented herself by assuring her that "it was only for a visit." So they set to work to pack and make arrangements at once.

(*To be continued.*)

THE "GIRL'S OWN" TOUR OF THE COLONIES.

By EMMA BREWER.

TASMANIA.

HELL'S GATES.

Sydney, April, 1886.

It is some two years since we, the passengers on board the "Girl's Own," parted company at Sydney, after visiting many of the colonies of Great Britain together. Our engagements made it necessary for us to part company without having visited either Tasmania or New Zealand.

The vessel, however, was left in Sydney Harbour, with the hope that we should all meet again in a few months to continue our voyage.

Most of those who were our fellow voyagers on the former occasion are here in Sydney once again, together with a large addition of bright, happy-looking girls, who bring letters of introduction to our captain, with a desire that they also may visit with us the remaining colonies.

Although so much has happened within the last two years, the very fact of our all meeting here in this beautiful city once again, and with the same purpose, makes us forget the time that has intervened, so laden with joys and sorrows; and it seems but yesterday since we wished each other good-bye.

A happy, noisy party we are on board, asserting our hopes and wishes; but we all bow to the decision of the captain to steam at once out of Sydney Harbour and make our way to the island of Tasmania, formerly known to us as Van Diemen's Land. It is separated from Australia by Bass's Straits, which are crossed by steamers from Melbourne to Launceston in about twenty-four hours. Ours will be a longer voyage, as we are going to Hobart Town from Sydney. We have heard much about Tasmania, and are looking forward with pleasure to a personal view of it. Formerly it was a prison-house of crime, and its early history so sorrowful that its natural beauties were lost sight of, or looked upon as hiding-places for criminals. Now the whole aspect is changed, and Tasmania is one of the most beautiful, healthful, and peaceful of all our colonies.

As the "Girl's Own" sails into the harbour crowded with shipping of various nations, we get a good view of the town. It stands on the beautiful Derwent, about twenty miles from its estuary, and occupies a commanding and picturesque position. It is built on about two square miles of gently rising ground, backed by lofty and thickly wooded hills, the grand old Wellington towering above all with "its head in the clouds and its feet in the sea."

After selecting our hotel, we set off to look about. Our impression is that Hobart, as it is now called, possesses every advantage that position and surroundings can bestow.

It is within easy reach of mountain, wood, and sea. The houses are mostly built of a dark-coloured freestone, of which there is an abundance in the neighbourhood. The streets are wide, and well laid out, for which advantage the town is indebted to General Macquarie, a former governor. We are astonished at the number of good educational institutions, to many of which scholarships are attached of the value of £16 a year for four years, awarded to girls and boys alike, to enable them to attend high schools; and two scholarships annually are given to successful students from public or private schools of the value of £200, for four years, to enable young men to attend an English University.

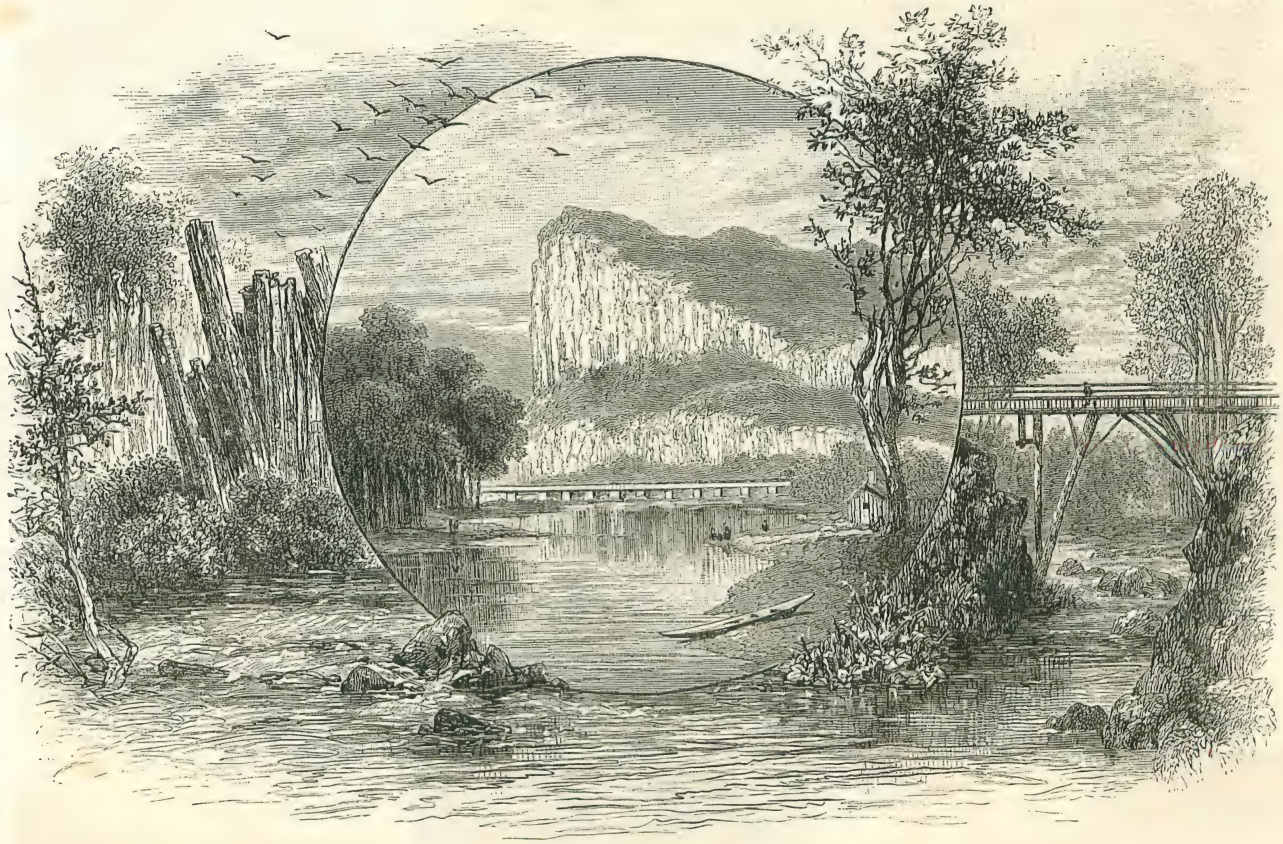
There is no neglect of education here. Churches and chapels of every denomination exist in Hobart, and Sunday schools are greatly valued and well attended, not only here but throughout the island. Such is the town we walk through to-day. What was its origin? Nearly eighty years ago the first house was built, in what is now called Macquarie-street, not of brick or stone, but of mud and wattle.

Scarcely any progress was made until 1811, when Major-General Macquarie became governor, and set himself resolutely to work to form some regular plan for buildings and streets. To the principal thoroughfares he gave names. One he called after Lord Liverpool, a second after his wife, Elizabeth, a third after his predecessor, Murray, a fourth after himself—Macquarie, a fifth after his native county, Argyle, and so on. The next step forward was the arrival of the first emigrant ship, in 1816, since which time its progress has been slow and steady.

The Wellington, 4,000 feet high, is naturally a great attraction to us; its base commences about four miles from the harbour, from which to the summit is nine miles. We set off by a very good road, which extends from Macquarie-street till we come to a

finger-post which directs us to a waterfall half way up the mountain, called the Springs, which supplies Hobart abundantly with water. It is a lovely spot, 2,000 feet high. We are desperately tired with our long walk, and rest for half-an-hour in the cottage of the guide, who is called sometimes the "old man of the mountain." Beyond this there are huge rugged rocks, separated by ravines and gullies, and its oval-shaped summit is but tressed by fluted columns of basaltic rock. Eight months in the year it is capped with snow; but the slopes towards Hobart are thickly studded with fern trees, wattle, and eucalypti, and an undergrowth of the castor oil plant, and many flowering shrubs. The land all round Hobart is hilly, and thickly wooded; and the forests, as a rule, are far more dense here than in the mainland. Some of the trees are supposed to be 1,000 years old, and attain a wonderful height and circumference.

A traveller giving a description of one says it was 250 feet high, and its girth, which he measured, was 55½ feet, and that the voices of his companions who spoke together on the other side of the tree sounded so distant that he concluded they had left him, and immediately called out to them, and that they in answer remarked the distant sound of his voice, and inquired if he were behind the tree.



VIEWS IN TASMANIA.

Many is the tale told of the loss of life among the workmen engaged in making roads through the forests. One man who had only to go two hundred yards from one company of workmen to another lost himself; he called, and was repeatedly answered, but getting further astray, his voice became more indistinct, till it ceased to be heard, and he perished.

With such difficulties of rock, scrub, and dense forests, it is easy to understand that communication between the north and south of the island was for many years almost impossible, and that the two conducted their trade wholly independent of each other, each having its own capital—Launceston in the north and Hobart in the south. Now all is altered; there are good roads throughout the island, and railways run between the two capitals and through all the principal agricultural districts in the north. We thought we should like to go to Launceston by rail, a distance of 133 miles, which is done in about seven hours, and took tickets accordingly. It is true we have arrived at our journey's end with whole bones, but not with unshaken nerves. We are not cowards, but we were frequently compelled to shut our eyes that we might not see the dangerous twistings of the train in and out and over precipices. The people tell us that the line is a marvel of engineering skill. So it may be, but none of us care to use it a second time. Launceston, which is on the Tamar, about forty miles from its estuary, is not so imposing in appearance as its southern rival, although its church-towers, public buildings, streets running up the hill, and the shipping in the river at its feet, give it a beauty of its own; but it is quite equal in places of worship, schools, and charitable institutions. The shops are not rude stores, such as we expected to see, but well stocked and well appointed; and in Brisbane street, which is its chief thoroughfare, they are scarcely a whit behind the fashions of London and Paris. There is really nothing to remind us that we are in a colonial town, except it be the many wooden houses which still exist, and even these are being superseded in the chief thoroughfares by brick buildings.

It is in the country round about Launceston that the rich arable land lies, and where the agriculturist may purchase it at £1 per acre. By the little sketches we give, it is easy to see how very charming much of this rich land is in the north and north-west. Farming is not so prosperous as formerly, when Tasmania exported largely to the neighbouring colonies, neither are the sheep-runs so extensive as on the mainland; those who do possess sheep have to be unwearied in their attention, to prevent the destruction of their flocks by the tiger-wolf and a savage, disgusting animal called the "devil," both of which find shelter in the scrub. We have seen some wool-growers in this northern part of the island, however, who seem to be very prosperous. Mining is the most attractive and successful occupation just now, the leasing of land for such purpose being rendered quite easy. The many recent discoveries of gold reefs and tin lodes have given quite an excitement to this otherwise very quiet island.

Notwithstanding the many advantages which Tasmania offers, we doubt if it would prove attractive to every class of emigrant; it seems more adapted to the tired and the weary of the middle-class of society who, having a little capital and a love of farming, could do very well here. To those who can pay their own passage to the colony a free grant of land is made: thirty acres to the man, twenty to the wife, and ten to each of the children. To parents with delicate children we would say that the climate has a high reputation for its salubrity, and that the death-rate among infants is lower than anywhere in the world. So many of the Indian army have settled here that it is called the "Sanatorium for the invalided members of the Imperial army." Wherever we go in the island we find, so far as we can see, solid peace and happiness, but no pressing forward or making haste to be rich. This accounts for so many of the vigorous "go-a-head" people emigrating to other colonies.

Taking Tasmania as a whole, it is bold and mountainous, and the gorges and defiles are often of a savage grandeur; it is well watered, and the current of the rivers is rapid. There are many wonderful and beautiful spots, some of which we are hoping to see. Among these is a defile near to Davey Port, called "Hell's Gates," a name given to it in the early days of convict settlement. We sail round the coast till we come to Port Davey, where we get into the boats belonging to our ship, and row up the river till we find ourselves between two savagely grand and almost perpendicular walls. It seems that by some convulsion of nature in past ages the mountain range must have been rent asunder, leaving a narrow, irregular passage through which the "Davey" now flows. No words of ours can describe it, or its effect upon us. It shut out the world and all its vanities, and brought us face to face with the omnipotence of God; and this was so vividly impressed on our hearts, that even here, in this awful and lonely spot, we had no fear, but, on the contrary, a sense of perfect security as His children.

On returning to our hotel we pondered as to the origin of the name by which the defile is known, and questioned the landlady, who, to use her own words, "was sure she did not know; there were a lot of queer names in the colony, such as Bagdad, Jerusalem, Troy, Jericho, Jordan, and St. Peter, but she had never thought about why they were so called." In a short time she returned with a young man, saying—

"If anybody can tell you all about it, he can."

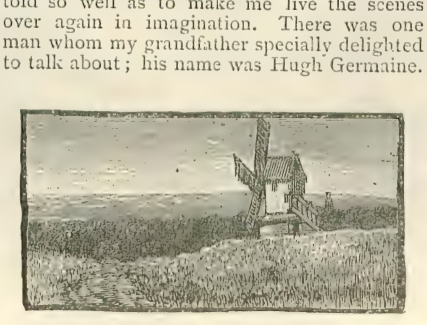
He smiled at the unceremonious introduction, but expressed himself willing to help us if it were in his power. We give his opinion as to the origin of the peculiar names in his own words.

"My grandfather was one of the early settlers in the island, not a convict; and, being strong and courageous, had taken part in many a wild and daring expedition. It was my delight when a boy to listen to his tales, which he told so well as to make me live the scenes over again in imagination. There was one man whom my grandfather specially delighted to talk about; his name was Hugh Germaine. It appears that in the first years of the settlement animal food was very scarce, and it often occurred that soldiers, colonists, or convicts were told off, under a sort of captain, to go into the bush in search of it. The favourite leader in these expeditions was the bold, daring Hugh Germaine, who knew no fear, cared for no hardship, and kept up a certain amount of good order and intelligence among those under him. This man, with a little band, pursued this kind of life for many years, returning to his master, a Marine officer, on an average 1,000 lbs. of animal food weekly, which was sold to the Government at 1s. 6d. per lb. For five years Germaine never slept in his bed, but lived entirely in the bush with his companions. Only one of the party could read, and the two books in their possession were the Bible and the 'Arabian Nights Entertainment.' These were read over and over again till the hunters became perfectly familiar with them; it was, therefore, quite natural that, when they were in want of a name to distinguish a river, mountain, or pass, they should select it from one or other of the books they knew so well; and that they did so is quite true, for my grandfather was often with them when such a selection was made."

We thanked him much for his explanation, and asked him for information on several other points; one as to the aborigines. He said, as far as he knew, there was not one on the island, the last, an old woman, having died a few months ago; but that there were a few half-castes on the islands in the Straits. Again, we asked if the Tasmanians were great travellers, to which he replies, laughingly, "Oh no; they love the island and the quiet enjoyment of their daily life too much; but," he continued, "many visitors from the more vigorous colonies come to us when they want rest for mind and body." On asking if communication is easy, we learn that steamers go to and from Melbourne every week at £4 and £2 15s., and to Sydney and back three times a month, £6 6s. and £3 10s. Tasmania is by no means, therefore, cut off from the rest of the world. We must not forget to say that in all parts of the island we have been asked to send women servants over; good, respectable girls, who would get good wages, kind employers, and opportunities of serving and worshipping God quite equal to any part of the home country.

There is no absolutely free passage; a girl is expected to pay five pounds towards it. A sailing vessel from London to Hobart takes about ninety days, the fares £50 and £26. The question may arise among "our girls" at home, what does Tasmania contribute to the mother country? We answer, very much, although a large portion is exported to the surrounding colonies—wool, tin, gold, fruit, and jams; timber, grain, and wool being some of the chief articles of her exports.

We have spent a very happy time in this beautiful island, and begin with regret to pack up for our next visit. Our captain asks if we should like to telegraph to New Zealand of our coming; if so it is quite possible, as a submarine cable unites Tasmania with Australia and New Zealand with which there is almost daily communication.



MY BROTHER'S FRIEND.

By EGLANTON THORNE, Author of "The Old Worcester Jug," etc.

CHAPTER VII.

MAKING PLANS FOR THE FUTURE.

THE sad accident that had befallen my father was not an unheard-of thing in the flat, low-lying district in which we lived. Almost every winter we heard of narrow escapes from drowning at Burford, when the river, swollen by rain, flooded the road, and from time to time some child, or animal, or drunken man would be swept away by the waters. But when John Carmichael, one of the oldest and most respected inhabitants of the little place, found his death in this way, everyone was startled and dismayed, and there was some discussion as to what measures could be taken to prevent such catastrophes in future.

How it was that my father had fallen into the river could not easily be explained. Subsequent examination of the road showed that the horse and trap had passed over the bridge. There had been no missing the way in the darkness, and straying into the main current of the stream, a misadventure known to have befallen wayfarers at other times. If the horse had been able to struggle through the water and bring the vehicle home without great injury, why had not its driver kept his place? Had a sudden jar against the parapet of the bridge thrown him from his seat? or had he, as Dr. Perrow was inclined to believe, been seized by the dizziness which had more than once overpowered him, and, losing consciousness, fallen into the deep swollen river? It was vain to ask. Of the dire fact only could we be sure—suddenly and alone, in the wet, stormy night, my father had met with his death.

I was not stunned by the shock of sudden bereavement. I did not faint, nor cry out, nor sob myself into a stupor of exhaustion. I listened quietly to all Dr. Perrow had to say, asked one or two questions, and then, refusing to allow Salome to accompany me, I went upstairs and locked myself in my own room. There had been tears in Salome's eyes, tears even in Dr. Perrow's, whilst Martha's sobs were loud and vehement; but I could shed no tear as yet. I wanted to be alone, that I might realise the calamity that had befallen me, and think out the confusion of thoughts that pressed upon my mind. Shivering with cold and excitement, I sank upon the window-seat, and pressing my icy hands to my burning brow I tried to force home on my consciousness the bitter truth that never more would father look on me and call me "Dorothy!" never more could I give him smile or word, nor render him the least service—never more!

Ah, truly has it been said that when those near to us are called away it is never our tenderness we repent of. Rather do we mourn that we have not made better use of the opportunities the past offered for tender words and loving devotion.

All my shortcomings as a daughter rose up before me in this hour. How cold and careless had been my demeanour towards my father; how little had I studied his welfare, how seldom denied myself for his sake! How much better I might have served him; how much more I might have been to him! But now it was too late—too late! The words rang in my ears like a knell.

True, I had never wilfully failed in my duty towards my father. I had only been thoughtless. But I could no longer excuse my thoughtlessness, regarding it as a common characteristic of girlhood. I saw now that thoughtlessness is sin. Since God had given me a mind capable of distinguishing between right and wrong, and discerning the duties He would have me fulfil, it was sinful to live careless of all save my own selfish pleasure. And thus, amidst the poignant regrets that stung my heart in this hour of sorrow, it seemed to me that I had lived in the past.

Suddenly the noise of opening doors and tramping feet roused me to painful consciousness of the present. I shuddered, and, throwing myself on my knees, buried my head amidst the cushions of the window-seat as I recognised the meaning of those sounds. They were bringing my father's body into the house. Then at last my composure gave way. Sob after sob shook my frame, and a hot shower of tears fell from my eyes as I cried to myself—"Thank God, thank God, he did call me good once. God knows I never deserved it; but he did, he did call me good!"

I do not know how to write about the days that followed. They have left on my mind a confused sense of pain and gloom, and I cannot recall events in the order in which they fell. Edmund came home looking pale and sad, and was very tender in his care for me. There was the inquest and then the funeral, with all the trying preparations these demanded, and through those sad days I suffered much anxiety on Mabel's account, wondering how she would bear it when they told her that father was dead.

I remember an hour on the day following the funeral, when I sat alone in the dining-room with my hands clasped in the lap of my black frock, doing nothing but gaze about me on familiar objects with that sense of unreality which sudden bereavement gives. Edmund was in the office with Howard Steinthorpe and a solicitor from Halstead. He was being made acquainted with the state of my father's business affairs, and presently he would come and tell me what had passed; but I felt no anxiety as to the information he would bring. I was yet living in the past, careless what of good or evil the coming days might have in store for me.

Presently I heard the tan-yard gate swing on its hinges, and concluded that Howard Steinthorpe and the solicitor were departing. Still some minutes passed ere Edmund came. When at last he entered his face was flushed, his eyes very bright, and there was an indefinable something in his appearance which told me he had been very much put out. I thought it wisest to keep silence, and waited till he should begin to speak. He drew a chair in front of the fire and fiercely attacked with the poker a prominent lump of coal ere he said a word. Suddenly he burst out—"For consummate astuteness commend me to that fellow Steinthorpe. He has managed things nicely for himself, upon my word."

"What has he done?" I asked, wondering at the passionate tremulousness with which my brother spoke.

"Oh, nothing," he said, bitterly; "he has merely contrived to possess himself of the tannery and all its belongings; of everything, in short, that we might have thought would have come to us at our father's death."

I looked at him in bewilderment. Seeing how astonished I was, Edmund made an effort to control himself and tell me quietly what he had learned to be the state of our affairs. It appeared that for many years the tannery had not prospered. Year after year father had lost money by it, till, about the time of Mr. Howard Steinthorpe's coming to The Towers, he found himself on the verge of bankruptcy. My father's pride shrank from an issue involving so much disgrace in the eyes of his neighbours at Burford, and he eagerly sought some means of escaping it. He was led to appeal to Mr. Steinthorpe for help, and that gentleman, after making some inquiries into the condition of the business, consented to advance a large sum of money on security of a mortgage on the tannery and its appurtenances. According to Howard's account, he had advised my father to effect sundry improvements in his methods of tanning which he believed would render the business more profitable; but father had obstinately refused to make any changes, and had gone on in the old way, to find himself after a time in increased difficulties. At that juncture Howard Steinthorpe pressed for payment of his debt, and urged my father to declare himself a bankrupt. But the idea of this was intolerable to my father, and he implored Steinthorpe to save him from it, and again Howard lent him a large sum of money, receiving as security a bill of sale on our house and furniture. And thus my father's sudden death left in the hands of Howard Steinthorpe everything belonging to the business, and all we might have thought would be ours, when our father had passed from earth, since it was utterly out of Edmund's power to redeem the mortgages.

But, as Edmund told me, it was some time ere I could take in these facts.

"Do you mean to say that this house and the furniture are his?" I asked, incredulously.

Edmund nodded.

"Have we, then, nothing?" I asked. "Are we absolutely penniless?"

"Not quite so bad as that," replied Edmund. "There are a few hundred pounds coming to us from the insurance on father's life, that is all."

At that moment I recalled the day when, seated in the summer-parlour, I had overheard part of a business conversation between my father and Howard Steinthorpe. I remembered the hard, almost bullying tone Howard had assumed in speaking to father. I remembered the trouble in my father's voice as he said: "I cannot bear to make things hard for the children."

"Edmund," I said, "I don't know what you think; but I believe that Howard Steinthorpe was very hard upon father. Could he not have helped him in some other way, without grasping everything for himself?"

"Of course, he could," returned my brother. "No one could better afford than Steinthorpe to risk money on a doubtful investment. But although John Carmichael was his father-in-law, he would *not* venture a brass farthing to save him from failure without the best security. The worst of it is," continued Edmund, clenching his fist, "what maddens me beyond anything is, that I can see he counts upon making a very good thing out of the tannery. The business has begun to look up since the new machinery came into use."

"Did he express no feeling, no desire to help us?" I asked.

"Express feeling? Of course he did. You know how smoothly he always speaks. He deeply regretted our position, and said he was ready to give me all the assistance in his power for my settlement in life; but I told him, once and for all, that I would accept no help from him. I will receive no favours from such a snake in the grass."

As I looked at my brother's flushed, indignant face, I fully sympathised with the spirit in which he spoke.

"Nor will I," I said, proudly.

"Oh, but Dorothy, I forgot to tell you; he said there would always be a home for you at The Towers."

"Did he?" I exclaimed, flushing hotly in my turn. "I am very much obliged to him; but I will never accept a home from him. I could not breathe under his roof after all that has come to pass."

"But what will you do, Dorothy?" my brother asked; "you cannot support yourself."

"I *must* support myself," I said, firmly, though my courage failed me at the thought; "I must take a situation."

"But what sort of a situation are you fit for, my Dottie?" asked Edmund, tenderly.

It was the very question father had put to me on my return from school two summers ago. Ah, he must have known then, poor father, that it was by no means improbable that I might one day have to earn my living. I could not find it in my heart to blame my father for anything he had done; but I could see that words of blame not seldom trembled on Edmund's lips, though better feelings withheld him from uttering them. Our circumstances might have been much easier if father had revealed his difficulties years ago, instead of vainly struggling to retrieve his position.

"I do not know what I am fit for," I said, sadly; "but there is surely something I can do. I would take a servant's place rather than owe anything to that man."

"Let us hope you may find a pleasanter post than that," said my brother. "I know you can't like the idea; but perhaps it would be well for you to go to The Towers for awhile! After all we must not be too hard on Steinthorpe. I suppose he has only acted as many other men would have acted in his place. And you must remember that he is Mabel's husband. You would not wish to effect a breach between you and your sister?"

"Mabel has hardly seemed like a sister since she belonged to Howard Steinthorpe," I said, bitterly.

"Of course, her husband stands first with her," Edmund replied; "but, Dorothy, you must see that at this time, when we mourn our father's loss, we three should draw closer to each other rather than allow anything to loosen the bond between us."

Edmund was right, I knew, but I would not own it. Pride was strong within my heart at that time; stronger far than love. We sat in silence for a while. The furrow on Edmund's forehead told that he was thinking deeply. Was he debating the question of my future or of his own? No one knew better than Edmund the poverty of my mental attainments, and how little they would justify my seeking a post as governess.

Presently I ventured to disturb him by a question.

"Edmund," I said, "you will return to Cambridge, will you not?"

"I think so, Dottie, for the present," he said, "till the matter of the scholarship is decided. Oh, if only I could win it; what a help it would be to me now!"

Edmund had told me when last he was at home of this scholarship, for which he was working with all his might. The money it would bring him, if he won it, would certainly be most useful now.

"Oh, I hope you will get it!" I exclaimed; "I believe you will, too."

"I am far from sharing your belief," he said, shaking his head; "for I have no mean competitors to contend with. And, you see, I have lost time, and been thrown out of training through the shock of our great loss. But, perhaps, by working ten hours a day when I get back I may be able to make up for lost time."

"Ten hours a day!" I exclaimed; "how dreadful, Edmund! It is enough to kill you! Surely there is no need for you to work so hard."

He smiled at my outcry. "That is the way we do things at Cambridge. The prizes of university life are only for men who *can* work hard."

That night I lay long awake, revolving in my mind sundry plans by which I might secure independence. But I saw objections to each. I could resolve on nothing save that on the morrow I would write to my old governess, Miss Carefull, and ask her to advise me.

I had come to this decision when my thoughts were turned into another and a gloomier channel, for in the stillness of the night I heard my brother coughing. Alas! that hard, hacking cough, what a chill it sent to my heart, what an awful possibility cast its drear shadow upon the future! Who does not know how when death has once entered the home we cling the closer to the loved ones who remain, fearing lest the grim enemy should rob us of them also?

Such fear took definite shape for me now. I cried to myself, "Edmund, too, will be taken; I shall lose him who is dearer to me than all beside; I shall be left alone and desolate." My heart made wild protest against this unendurable idea. Here was a thing I could not bear. God would be cruel if He smote me thus. How could I live without the brother, who was the only being I had to cling to now? Ah, how wildly I prayed under the pressure of that fear! In effect I cried unto the Lord—"Cause that this which I dread shall not come to pass, and I will be so good! I will toil at whatever work Thou givest me; I will do and suffer anything—only spare me this!" Who will say that such a wilful, unworthy prayer as this is unheeded by the God of love? "Like as a father pitieth his children," that scripture rebukes the thought. Yes, verily He hears us even when we pray thus, though He does not always answer us according to our words.

Praying and weeping, I lost myself in sleep at last. With the morning hope dawned on me again; I took up the cares of the present and forgot all forebodings. Howard Steinthorpe came in soon after breakfast, and I forced myself to greet him with politeness, though my cold, almost sulky, manner did not, I felt sure, escape his notice. Mabel was as well as could be expected, he said; he had told her of our father's death, and though much distressed, she was maintaining admirable self-control. Then Howard began to talk to me about my future. He appeared amazed when I quietly but firmly declined his offer of a home.

"But what will you do?" he asked; "you cannot live on the interest of those few hundred pounds."

I told him that I did not yet know what I should do; but I was determined to be independent. I could see that he was much annoyed by my refusal. Mabel would be hurt by my conduct, he declared. As he went away he said, with a sneer, that he hoped I "should enjoy independence."

After that I lost no time in writing to Miss Carefull. Two days later I received her reply, and with it there came into my hands another letter, at which I hardly glanced until I had satisfied myself as to what Miss Carefull had to say to me.

She wrote very kindly. It was clear that I had her warmest sympathy in my sad loss and the consequent difficulties which beset me; but she was too true a friend not to be quite frank with me. She reminded me how weak and inaccurate was the knowledge I had gained at school; how short a way I had travelled

in the various sciences I professed to study; how imperfect was my acquaintance with foreign languages. She did not wish to pain me, but she felt bound to say that she could not conscientiously recommend me as a teacher, save to very little children, and the position of a nursery governess was one she would not like my father's daughter to hold. What she would advise, she said, was that for a while I should give up all thought of a situation, and devote myself to earnest study with a view to fitting myself for some good post in the future. She had always maintained that I had good abilities, and she was sure that if I really *worked* I might turn a year's study to such good account that she need have no hesitation in recommending me as a governess. She could not doubt that there was some home open to me, whilst I pursued my studies (she meant Mabel's home, of course, though I had carefully refrained from mentioning to her that I was welcome to reside at The Towers); but should I ever wish to spend a week or two in London, she would be delighted to receive me, if by any possibility she could make room for me.

Dear, kind Miss Carefull! Her advice was sound although it galled me. Her letter did not help me, as I wished, by suggesting some remunerative employment on which I could enter at once. A blank feeling of disappointment came over me as I re-read her words. Live at The Towers for a while, as she half-suggested, I would not, yet in no other way did it seem possible for me to give myself to study.

As I thought thus my eyes fell on the other letter lying near me, which I had forgotten. I took it up and examined it curiously, having no idea who the writer could be. The address was written in a small, cramped, old-fashioned hand, so fine that the characters looked as if they had been traced with the point of a pin. I had a vague idea that I had seen this writing before; but whose it was I could not remember. Opening the envelope, I unfolded the note and glanced quickly at the signature.

Mary Lyell. To be sure; this was my father's old friend, Mrs. Lyell, of whom he had often spoken to me. It was at her house that he had first met my mother, and he had ever cherished a peculiar, reverent affection for this noble Christian woman, as he esteemed her, and at rare intervals had paid her a visit. I had never seen Mrs. Lyell's home at Weylea, but Mabel had twice stayed there for a week or two. It was my own fault that I had not been there, for Mrs. Lyell had invited me, and father had wished me to accept her invitation; but I refused to go, for the account Mabel had given me of Mrs. Lyell's piety and strict notions, and the methodical, unvarying routine observed by her household, made me take a prejudice against the old lady. I felt sure that I should never get on with her. I was not like Mabel, who could adapt herself to the ways and thoughts of every one with whom she was thrown.

What had Mrs. Lyell written to me now? Very kind, very soothing seemed the words to me as I read them. I have the letter still; it is one of those I can never destroy.

"My dear Dorothy," she wrote—"To-day's *Times* has informed me of your sad loss. A heavy sorrow it is that has befallen you; it would be neither wise nor kind to represent it otherwise. I, who have known your father nearly all his life, share your sorrow to some extent. There was no friend I esteemed more highly than John Carmichael, and life is poorer to me now because he is gone. But it is a small matter that I should miss a friend for a little while. The days of my pilgrimage are almost over. I grieve for you, my child, to whom life yet seems long. But remember that though the fathers of our flesh leave us, the Father of our spirits is ever with us. To Him I commend you. He is the Father of the fatherless, and He will be your guardian and friend.

"Will you write to me soon and tell me what are your plans for the future? I am wondering whether you would like to come to me for a while. Your home, I suppose, will now be broken up. Your sister, I know, is married, and your brother much engaged with his studies. If such a quiet change as a visit to an old woman would be acceptable, I should rejoice to welcome you. Come for as long or as short a time as you will. There is a home for you in my house and in my heart if you will have it.—Your affectionate friend, MARY LYELL."

This letter touch me keenly, filling me at once with wonder and gratitude. Here was a home offered to me where I could pursue my studies in peace, and prepare myself for the teacher's vocation. The very quiet and monotony of Mrs. Lyell's life, which had withheld me from visiting her before, would be to my advantage now. In her home I should be free from all outward distractions, all temptations to prefer play to work.

When I showed Edmund the two letters, he heartily approved of the decision to which I had come. I wrote without delay to Mrs. Lyell, telling her of the position in which I was placed, and how glad I should be of the shelter of her home for a time, whilst I endeavoured by diligent study to make up for my idleness at school. Her answer was even warmer and kinder than her previous note had been. She was delighted to hear that I was willing to come to her. She promised me that I should enjoy perfect freedom in her home; I should spend my time as I liked, only she should feel it incumbent upon her to see that I did not work too hard and injure my health!

I smiled as I read the last words. No one who knew me could have imagined that my health would ever be endangered by over work.

A few days later Edmund went back to Cambridge and I was left alone, save for our faithful old Salome, in the house which was no longer a home. There were final arrangements to be made with respect to the furniture and belongings of the old home, which had to be postponed till Mabel was strong enough to enter into them, so I could not leave Burford immediately as I desired to do. Mabel sent me an invitation, which was almost a command, to go to The Towers; but as I still cherished enmity towards her husband, I declined to take up my abode, even temporarily, under his roof.

When first I saw Mabel after our father's death, she did not hesitate to tell me how wrong she thought me. She looked prettier than ever, invested with the new grace of motherhood, and as I held in my arms the bundle of rich lace and lawn from which peeped out the wee round face of my nephew, I was almost sorry for a moment that I had decided to go away. I could not look without emotion on the little one whose life had begun on the wild, stormy evening that had seen our father's death.

"Is he not a beauty?" cried Mabel, gazing on her infant son with tender pride. "Ah, see, he is smiling! Look at his eyes; are they not the purest violet? But nurse says they will change as he gets older. Is it not a pity?"

"Yes, but it is just the same with kittens' eyes," I remarked irreverently, assuming some *brusquerie* to hide what I really felt. "Not one of those three I took such trouble with has blue eyes now, though they all seemed to have blue ones at first."

"The idea of likening my baby's eyes to a kitten's!" cried Mabel, indignantly. "Oh, Dorothy, how can you bear to leave that darling!" she said to me when the nurse had carried her precious charge back to his own domain, from which he had been brought for my inspection. "I thought you would have been with me to see him from day to day. It is so silly of you to go to Mrs. Lyell's. You could have studied just as well here, if you must be a governess. There is plenty of room for you in this house. I could give you a sitting-room of your own, if you liked."

"Do not speak of it, please, Mabel," I said; "it is out of the question that I should live here."

"It is very wrong of you to say so, Dorothy. Do you know that poor father always thought that you would live with me if anything happened to him? Howard told him that you should have a home here."

I looked up at her, a little startled by her words, which gave me fresh enlightenment with regard to the past. She saw my change of expression, and exclaimed quickly, "Ah, I thought that you would feel differently if you knew that father wished it."

"I am not yet convinced that father did wish it," I said, coolly. "At least I am sure that he would not wish me to do what is so averse to my feelings."

"Oh, Dorothy, why are you so proud? Why will you accept nothing from Howard?"

"Why?" I repeated, angrily; "I should think you might understand. I do not choose to accept as bounty what should be mine by right."

"By right? But you have no right, Dorothy. Father mortgaged the business and everything belonging to it to Howard."

"I know that well enough," I answered; "but do you think Howard should have let him do it? Something might have been reserved for us—some share in the business, at least."

"But you do not understand," said Mabel, looking much annoyed with me. "You are so headstrong, Dorothy. Do you know that father would have been a bankrupt but for Howard? He had sunk thousands of pounds in the tannery, and was losing money by it every year, and all because he would go on tanning in such a bungling, old-fashioned way, using methods that have been abandoned for ages by most tanners, Howard says."

"You may call father's tanning bungling if you like, Mabel," I said, coldly; "but I know this, for I have heard him say so, that no customer ever found fault with his leather."

"Oh, the leather was good, no doubt; but Howard introduced into the yard a method by which the hides could be tanned in half the time, and bring in a much larger profit. If poor father had lived to share its success things might have been better for him and for you."

"But as it is," I interrupted her scornfully, "Howard has trumped everything. Well, poor father was always unfortunate, and Howard, I suppose, is just as lucky."

"You ought not to talk so, Dorothy; you have really nothing to complain of. Howard is ready to give Edmund any help he needs, and, so clever as he is, he is sure to make his way in the world. For you there is this beautiful home with every comfort, if you will have it. And if you lived here, where you would meet nice people, instead of going governessing to see nobody, you would have every chance of making a good marriage and being comfortably settled in life."

"Thank you for the suggestion," I exclaimed, hotly. "No doubt you would enjoy making a match for me according to your mind; but as long as I have a head and hands capable of honest work, I will never degrade myself by marrying for the sake of getting a home. Say no more about my living with you, Mabel; it is out of the question."

"So I see," said Mabel, stung in her turn. "After what you have said, Dorothy, I cannot wish that you should live with me."

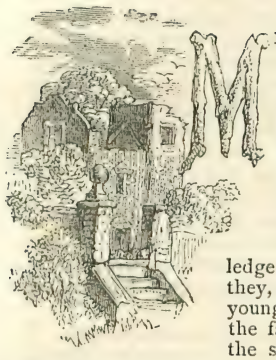
Thus our talk ended. Mabel was not the woman to allow that her husband could do wrong; nor would she soon forget what I had said about him. In spite of Edmund's warning, I had caused a breach to open between me and my sister.

(*To be continued.*)

'THE NATURALISTS' CLUB."

(STAY-AT-HOME GIRLS.)

By DORA HOPE.



MR. MAYHEW was an enthusiastic geologist. It cannot be said that his children altogether followed in his steps, for, although the two elder ones had a fair knowledge of the science, they, as well as the younger members of the family, preferred the study of nature in its more active and progressive forms. Nannie always declared that geology was like studying dead languages, for if its growth was not actually over and done with ages ago, still its progress was much too slow to interest anyone, and for her part she found animal or plant life a thousand times more interesting. As a matter of fact, she adopted as a pet, and studied the habits of, every animal that came in her way, particularly if it chanced to be ailing or despised.

As for Jeannette, the long hours of pain and prostration she had to endure were often passed, and the weary time shortened, by watching the inmates of two aquaria which Ronald had fitted up, and kept in order for her. They were oblong cases, about two feet long and eighteen inches in width and depth. All four sides were of glass, and both had glass covers, not tightly fitting, to keep out the dust. The freshwater aquarium had some small pieces of rock piled up at one end, and a rocky arch in the middle, the bottom being covered with gravel and clean sand from the river near.

Ronald's greatest difficulty had been to establish the balance between animal and vegetable life, but when that was found he had very little further trouble with the tank. A tuft of Vallisneria grew almost too fast in it, but was kept sufficiently in check by the freshwater snails and the one freshwater mussel, which acted as scavengers. The snails (Planorbis) kept the glass free from the green film that grows over it so quickly. Many a time Jeannette had forgotten her weariness in watching one of these interesting little creatures at work, noticing the so-called tongue sweeping its food from the glass through which she looked. Jack's microscope had made her familiar with the tongue and its wonderful teeth when scientifically prepared and mounted on a slide, but it was another thing to watch it at work.

Jeannette was convinced that the goldfish knew her, but Jack assured her it was only feeding time they knew, though this only came once a week, as she indignantly reminded him, and nearly every hour they looked into her face with their calm, bead-like eyes.

They tried many experiments with creatures which Donald and Jack dredged up from the rivers and ponds on their excursions, but some of the animals played sad havoc in their new home, and had to be hastily caught and removed again, while others speedily served as food for some of the original inhabitants. Once Ronald put in three young eels. They lived happily for some time, but one morning Jeannette noticed a disturbance in the tank, and found that the two larger eels had divided the smallest between them, and were fighting for the remains; and not long afterwards the smaller of these two determined to make a meal of the other, and beginning at his tail, swallowed him in the course of a day or two, in spite of his vigorous objections.

The other aquarium, a marine one, gave Ronald rather more trouble to get into order. The water was sent to him by rail from the sea-coast, and its inhabitants were procured for him by a firm of naturalists, who advertise all kinds of marine creatures and seaweed for sale. They were sent by parcel post; and though some died at once, a good many lived and were healthy. Their number was added to by a friend of Jack's, who lived at the seaside, and sent up some specimens occasionally; Ronald also hunted out some tiny sea-anemones, and other little creatures clinging amongst the shell-fish and seaweed in a fishmonger's shop in the town.

His supply of sea-water being more than was necessary to fill the tank, the surplus was kept in a shallow basin in a dark part of the cellar, and a little was taken from it occasionally, and added to the tank to make up for the loss by evaporation; but, further than this, Ronald found it was not necessary to change the water more than once a year; he was very careful, however, to keep it sweet by instantly removing any dead or decaying matter from the tank.

The sea-anemones were fed about once a fortnight with tiny atoms of raw lean beef, and occasionally with scraps of oyster. The seaweed was more difficult to arrange than the fresh-water plants had been, but with patience and watchfulness Ronald was satisfied at last, by the clearness of the water and evident healthiness of the fish, that the animal and vegetable life in the tank were fairly balanced.

Elsie, who in this, as in many other things, resembled her mother, was an enthusiastic botanist, and was gradually getting together a very interesting collection of the wild plants of the neighbourhood. Not only had she specimens of each dried and labelled, but this spring she started also a "wild bank" in a retired corner of the garden, and there she planted a single specimen of every native flower and fern she could find, and daily brought in to Jeannette stirring accounts of how the small and weakly plants struggled for life in spite of the determined efforts of the stronger ones to smother and destroy them. Nannie, with her usual impulsive devotion to everything in distress, begged Elsie to pull up the large, strong plants and save the lives of the little ones, but Elsie refused; she said they had all had a fair start in life, and they must fight it out by themselves, and it gave her a splendid opportunity of watching the progress of the "survival of the fittest." (Elsie had been studying Darwin, and was very full of his theories.) So Nannie had to give way, and solaced herself by redoubling her attentions to a nest of young birds whose mother had been killed by a cat.

Though Jeannette was not able to take any active share in these outdoor pursuits, she was none the less keenly interested in the girls' daily reports of the progress of birds and plants and insects, and herself was watching with great anxiety the gradual hatching of some tiny eggs in her fresh-water aquarium.

At last Jeannette suggested that it would add greatly to the interest of their observations of Nature if they and a few of their friends were to form themselves into a "Naturalists' Club." They might each keep specially to their own particular branch; but, at the

same time, being regularly posted up as to what the others were doing, they could be always on the look-out for anything interesting in each other's departments.

Needless to say, Nannie and Elsie eagerly assented to the proposal, and a preliminary meeting was called of all the friends they thought likely to join.

Jeannette, in the meantime, had several private conferences with individual members of the proposed club, so that when the time for meeting came, she had some definite plans to propose. One of these was that, during the summer months, every alternate Saturday afternoon should be devoted to a scientific excursion to some place in the neighbourhood, to be decided upon by vote at the previous meeting, and that some gentleman should be elected secretary, and should be requested to have a list of desirable excursions to suggest at each meeting, and should also undertake to make arrangements for the club getting tea somewhere in the course of their journey.

Mr. Lethbridge (who, with the aid of the "Boys' Club," was getting a fine collection of moths and butterflies) suggested that the tastes of each member should be consulted in turn; so that, for instance, if the first excursion was planned to some place specially interesting to geologists, the next one should be arranged particularly to suit the tastes of the botanists.

After a little persuasion Jack undertook the office of secretary, for, in spite of his natural indolence and objection to anything in the shape of steady work, he was very fond of roaming about the country, and, either on his bicycle or on horseback, had been to almost every corner of the county. Jeannette promised to do all the writing for him if he would make the arrangements, and it was decided that a post-card should be sent to each member a few days before each excursion, stating the hour and place of meeting, and the special objects of interest likely to be found there.

Mr. Mayhew was so pleased that his children should take an interest in nature, that he frequently offered prizes for the best collections made during an excursion; they were small but useful articles, such as a good pocket magnifying glass, or a geological hammer. On these occasions the offer was always announced beforehand, and Jeannette's post-cards would end with—"Prize offered for best collection of fungi;" or, "A prize for the largest number of fresh-water plants."

In addition to the excursions, and the collections which resulted from them, it was arranged that the members should take daily systematic observations of progress in the various departments of Nature, each according to their separate bent, and should compare notes, and report progress, at a meeting to be held once a month, the members agreeing, for Jeannette's sake, always to meet at Mrs. Mayhew's house.

For some years Mr. Mayhew, in connection with several gentlemen at a few miles' distance from each other, had made daily weather notes. He had a thermometer on the north side of the house at 6 feet from the ground, and another, a registering one, on the grass. At eight o'clock each morning he noted down the temperature given by these two thermometers, together with the direction of the wind, and the state of the weather and sky, and the height of the barometer. On his last birthday his children had given him an instrument for recording the actual sunlight every day; so this had been added to the list of observations. Occasionally the gentlemen met to compare their notes, and remark on any special circumstances which had struck them.

The members of the new club decided to arrange their notes in something the same way, but with many more items for observation. Mr. Morton had brought with him a number of note-books, and the members, after making their rules and passing a good many resolutions, devoted the rest of their first meeting to the task of ruling and preparing their note-books for one month's observations. The space for each day was divided into five compartments, one for each of the chief classes of objects they intended to notice. They agreed all to make notes of the weather, as the state of the atmosphere so greatly affects all living things, whether plant or animal, but the other items were left to the tastes of each individual. The remaining compartments were for remarks on plants, birds, and insects, while one was left blank, either for "sundries," to include such general observations as "skating," or "new comet visible," or for each member to fill in with any particular hobby of their own. In Jeannette's case the vacant space was labelled "aquaria." Here is a specimen of one day's notes:—

	February 11th, 1886.
Weather	Warm, damp day, after frost.
Botanical	Honeysuckle leaves out, snow-drop flowers out.
Ornithological ..	Larks, thrushes, and blackbirds singing.
Entomological ..	Found an agabus and two large water beetles in the pond in Croft's Meadow.
Sundries	Could see to read by daylight till 5 o'clock.

When notes were made of the first bursting into leaf or flower of trees and plants, it was found necessary to mention also the place and aspect where the event was noticed, as, unless the position was stated, the discrepancies between the different observations were confusing. So much difference does the aspect make, that Elsie observed that an oak, for instance, in the copse at the bottom of their garden was, as a rule, in full leaf when another oak, higher up the hill, was only beginning to show the young brown of its leaves.

Once a month the members brought their books, and one or other of them would read aloud their notes on one particular subject, while the others followed with their own note-books, and compared the differences. Jeannette had a large "Natural History Note Book," divided into weeks instead of days; and in this, after each monthly meeting, she entered the chief facts observed by all the members.

Elsie, as has been said, had always been fond of botany, but she said she never had the least idea how fascinating a study it could be made till they began these natural history excursions, when Mr. Morton's medical knowledge and interesting tales added a charm to the history and characteristics of each plant they found; indeed, her brothers laughed at her a good deal about the rather miscellaneous way in which she was accumulating stores of medical and botanical knowledge, and professed to believe that she intended setting up in business for herself as a lady herbalist.

As the summer wore on, to the great delight of everyone, Jeannette began to regain her strength so rapidly, that several times when their expedition was not to be a long one she was able to be driven in her little pony carriage to the place they had fixed upon for tea, which was always their rallying point after they had been scattered about hunting for "specimens." On these occasions a couch was generally made for her on the grass, with the cushions of the carriage, where she rested, and sometimes made sketches, while the rest of the club looked over and compared their treasures.

Several friends prophesied that the club would soon come to an end; but so far it is almost too flourishing, for the members contrive to get so much amusement as well as instruction out of their expeditions, that they are constantly asking permission to bring friends, and Jack complains that the party sometimes becomes inconveniently large; and suggests that if anyone else wishes for "amusement and true knowledge hand in hand," they had better start clubs on their own account.

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

THE SPARROWS and ROBIN.—The singular detached form of Cromartyshire originated in the ownership of several portions by an earl of olden times, who wished all his lands to be united in one shire. This county is not alone in this respect, as, for instance, a portion of Wiltshire is situated in North Devon, and the Isle of Wight is a portion of Hampshire. The German way of writing the composer's name is, Georg Friedrich Händel; in English it is George Frederick Handel. Accept our thanks for your kind letter.

LUCRETIA.—We recommend you to procure "The Handbook of the English Tongue," by Dr. Angus, D.D., published at our office.

YAYA and BROWNIE.—The terms vary at the hospitals where ladies are trained. If you can be received as a Nightingale probationer (*St. Thomas's Hospital*, Albert Embankment, S.W.) you will have nothing to pay, but get a year's training, board, lodging, uniform, and salary of £10.

ESSEX MAIDEN.—If your doctor's sister could, from personal acquaintance with a French family, obtain you a situation in it, well and good; but do not take one through an agency. If you go to Paris you had better consult the Rev. Howard Gill, chaplain of the Embassy Church, 5, Rue Daru, Paris.

NORTH-COUNTRY LASS.—There is a training school of cookery in Liverpool in connection with the Northern Union of Training Schools of Cookery, in Colquitt-street; secretary, Miss F. L. Calder. Classes are held for high-class, plain household, and artisan cookery. Teachers are trained in all three for the diploma of the Northern Union. Besides this, there is the Yorkshire Ladies' Council of Education, which includes in its work a training school of cookery, and where ladies may be trained as teachers. The central office is at 37A, Albion-street, Leeds. Address, Miss Robinson, general hon. secretary of this department, 33, Lord Mayor's Walk, York.

P. M. L. must read the article on "Work for All," in vol. v. Messrs Cassell and Co. publish a shilling "Guide to the Civil Service for Females," which would tell you all you should know. We should advise you to pass all the examinations you can, as your age is only seventeen. You should get the best education you can, and not think of a nursery governess-ship.

FAITH.—We regret that we could not advise you to select any part of America, as all educational employments are over-stocked. Write to the Women's Emigration Society, Carteret-street, Queen Anne's Gate, S.W., however, and ask their advice.

ABACUS should read Fergusson's "History of Architecture," 1874-6, for more extended information. Godwin's "Chronological Table of English Architecture" is nearly as follows:—Anglo-Roman, B.C. 55 to A.D. 250 (about), St. Martin's, Canterbury; Anglo-Saxon, A.D. 800 to 1066, St. Peter's, Lincolnshire; Gothic Anglo-Roman, 1066 to 1135, Rochester Cathedral nave; Early English, or Pointed, 1135 to 1272, Westminster Abbey, Temple Church; Pointed, or Pure Gothic, 1272 to 1377, Exeter Cathedral, Waltham Cross; Florid Pointed, 1377 to 1509, Westminster Hall, Henry VIII. Chapel, Westminster; Elizabethan, 1509 to 1625, Hatfield House, schools at Oxford; Greek Architecture revived, 1625 (about), Banqueting House, Whitehall; Pugin's Gothic Revival, about 1825.

HOUSEKEEPING.

ANTHONY.—We should think washing the articles in a lather of soap and ammonia would take out both grease and stains. They should lie in it some time, and the water should be at 100 deg. Fahrenheit.

LILLIAN.—Muslin bags filled with lavender; silk bags containing orris root, powdered; or some of the many sachet powders, sold by all good chemists by the ounce, and variously scented. All these are nice for linen presses and clothes drawers. *You must put* the powder in small bags of silk or satin; and scatter them in the drawers.

YARMOUTH may dip her curtains in coffee, or use one of Judson's dyes, there is also coloured starch to be bought for the purpose.

A. G. O. E.—Silk is produced by the silkworm only. Many different species of *bombax*, however, are being used to produce it in various parts of the world. What is called silk cotton, of which you are probably thinking, is the name given to the silky fibre of the seeds of various species of *malvaceæ*, belonging to the genus *bombax* or the allied genera. The genus has its headquarters in tropical America, Africa, Asia, and North Australia. The silk cotton of these trees is used for filling mattresses, pillows, and quilts. In some books it is termed vegetable silk.

J. C. H. N.—There is no other way of cleaning greasy pots than by using a brush and plenty of soap, soda, and boiling water. If the floors be painted they should be wiped over with a damp cloth, which will wipe up all dust.

EMMELINE SHENTONS must count the threads of the material in working cross-stitch letters on linen. The letters in little books with various kinds of alphabets are to be found in any fancy workshop.

HYACINTH, ANNIE ROBERTSON (Cape Colony).—The crewel work should be washed in water in which bran has been boiled; use no soap, and have the water lukewarm, wring out the work, and roll it up in a towel until nearly dry, then iron while wet with a cool iron on the wrong side. We do not think that the dress of deep cream colour, which you mention, is too dressy for summer afternoon use.

XEPIS.—For little children's socks use angola, Andalusia, or Lady Betty wool. We imagine you must be a very tight knitter, in which case you should have coarser needles or fine ivory.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CISSIE.—It is not essential nor compulsory in the Church of England. You say that your parents do not mind what you do in the matter. Have you made special inquiries of them? You are too young to act on your own responsibility.

AN OLD GIRL.—Many thanks for your letter.

CONSTANCE CHILIAN.—Much depends on your position in life as to the way in which you should express yourself in thanking Lady Paul —— for the present, and likewise on your age; with neither of these circumstances are we acquainted, nor whether your family be in a position for intimacy with her. You should have explained all these circumstances. Read our articles on "Etiquette," "Habits of Polite Society," and "Good Breeding," as shown under all circumstances of daily life. A man should be introduced to a woman, of course.

JOEY.—The pearl fishers at the Island of Ormuz dive without any apparatus for supplying them with air, and can retain their breath for about fifty seconds, but rarely for a full minute. They dive forty or fifty times in a day, but the practice shortens their lives, and they are also in great peril from the sawfish. There is a pearl fishery at Ceylon; and they are to be found in this kingdom also—in the river Conway and on the shores of the Tay. At one time there was a very considerable fishery in Perth, the pearls being found in the fresh-water mussel; but through gross avarice the valuable fishery was quite exhausted.

DELILAH.—Yes, the "h" is asperated in the word "hospital." Your writing is good, though rather large.

E. C. P.—You do not tell us whether you live in the country or a city, and the frequency with which your white dog should be washed depends on that. In London or in the Black Country, and such-like manufacturing, dirty places, he would require daily washing, whereas in a clean country place once a week might suffice. No "e" is required in "truly."

GERTRUDE should stir the starch with a wax candle, or add to it some glycerine.

GLAZIER'S GIRL can very easily answer her own question by asking herself another, viz., to whom does the dripping, etc., belong? If to the cook, she does right to sell what is her own; if to her mistress, then she is a thief, for she takes what does not belong to her. No one now allows perquisites, in small households; when butter is so expensive, good dripping takes its place for many things.

M. T.—What is called crushed wheat is an excellent thing for breakfast, for adults as well as children. It is made like oatmeal porridge, and requires long boiling. A recent writer says that oatmeal and other porridges should be made the day before they are wanted, as then they get the proper amount of boiling, and also improve by keeping. Many ladies like a young nurse, if she is steady, trustworthy, and thoughtful, with good recommendations in writing.

WORK.

ROWENA.—Some shops will dispose of ladies' work for them, but the ladies' work societies are generally much overstocked.

HELIOTROPE.—A blue or black serge, or a grey beige, or nun's cloth, would any of them be good materials for a travelling dress of an inexpensive kind.

M—a—s.—Coloured silk-work will not wash unless the silks used are the special washing silks. You must have the embroidery cleaned.

LIZZIE.—"Put the thread before the needle," is, we suppose, the meaning of the term. It is, perhaps, a misprint.

HYLDA HUTCHINGS.—Very pretty photograph frames are made by fulling ribbon, silk, velvet, or satin over a plain wood, or very strong cardboard, frame, to cover it completely. Oxford frames of four pieces of brown paper, folded in flat strips, and fastened at the corners with brass-headed fancy nails, are also easy to make. If you can use a pen, you can also use a brush with your left hand, and might paint some wooden frames also.

SNOWFLAKE.—To trace designs for crewel work on plush, you must use carbonised white cloth, and then run the design lines with white cotton to keep them, as the tracing wears off the plush by constant handling.

RUTH ENDERBY.—With improved conditions of health we hope, like the doctor, you will improve. No extra marks would be allowed for German text.

M. E. S.—Instructions for the folding of table napkins in a decorative style are about to appear in this paper. Your writing is good.

IVY LEAF.—We must refer you to "The Fairy of the Family," the last part of which deals with "Spots and Stains," p. 807, vol. iv.

A PRIMROSE.—The motto, "*Bis dat qui cito dat*," is Latin, and means "He gives twice who gives soon." "Primrose" and "Buttercup" write well.

C. FANE.—The wedding presents should be sent before the wedding, if possible, as the bride can then see them, and they can be arranged on a table for the guests to see on the day of the marriage. But sometimes this cannot be managed by the givers.

LITTLE BUTTERCUP and WOULD-BE AUTHORESS.—"First catch your hare, and then dress it;" and first find a publisher who will take your book, and make any terms with you, and then you can select the binding. Printing and publishing are very expensive, but the size of the book must regulate the charge made. The advertising is a costly business. Of course you must "put stops," and make paragraphs, too.

AMELOTA.—Eat very digestible food, and not in heavy meals, nor ever at late hours.

A ST. MARY'S SCHOLAR.—Would a present in silver for table use suit your brother? A dozen nice teaspoons, or a pair of silver sauce ladles, or a pair of handsome, well-plated silver candlesticks. Perhaps your brother has no gold shirt studs, and you might get some handsome ones in a leather case. You should buy what will not wear out, and go with some grown-up person to assist you in a purchase, and who could first ask him which article he would prefer, if "someone" wished to give him a present You write and express yourself very well.

MARY FEREDAY.—Possibly the name may be a corruption of another. We are not acquainted with it.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

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LADY JANE GREY.

A HISTORICAL SKETCH.

By LILY WATSON.

THE EXECUTION OF LADY JANE GREY.
(*From the painting by Delaroche.*)

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CHAPTER III.

N the evening of Thursday, August 3, 1553, Mary rode in queenly state through the streets of London. She was accompanied by her sister Elizabeth, and escorted by a splendid retinue; thunders of applause, mingling with the roar of cannon and the pealing of church bells, greeted the Sovereign whom the people were soon to learn to detest as cordially as they now welcomed her. To the Tower gates she came, where she alighted and kissed four kneeling prisoners of note, ordering their instant release.

Among them was Bishop Gardiner, but, alas! neither Lady Jane nor her husband. In the universal rejoicing no one seems to have spared a pitying thought for the poor girl-wife, immured for no fault of her own. Northumberland was so hated by the nation that satisfaction in his fate eclipsed the sorrows of his daughter-in-law. Suffolk, Lady Jane's father, had, however, been set at liberty.

The Ambassador Renard, Minister of Charles V., Emperor of Germany, Spain, Flanders, and the Low Countries, is a prominent figure in the history of Mary's reign, and his letters to his master furnish much information respecting contemporary events. He was for ever urging the Queen to put Lady Jane and Guilford Dudley to death, and Gardiner advised the same. But Mary leant to the side of mercy. She had, it is true, no love for her young kinswoman. They were at opposite poles on religious matters, and a former refusal of Lady Jane to do obeisance to the Host, repeated to the Queen, caused her much indignation. Tennyson thus tells the story:—

MARY. What wast thou saying of this Lady Jane
Now in the Tower?
ALICE. Why, madam, she was passing
Some chapel down in Essex, and with her
Lady Anne Wharton, and the Lady Anne
Bowed to the Pyx; but Lady Jane stood up,
Stiff as the very backbone of heresy.
"And wherefore bow ye not," says Lady Anne,
"To Him within there who made heaven and earth?"
I cannot, and I dare not, tell your grace
What Lady Jane replied.
MARY. But I will have it.
ALICE. She said—pray pardon me, and pity her—
She hath hearkened evil counsel—ah! she said,
"The baker made him."
MARY. Monstrous! blasphemous!
She ought to burn——

Notwithstanding this religious aversion, Mary had a certain sense of justice that made her wish to spare her innocent rival, and in the glow of satisfaction on the attainment of the throne, she would not consent even to the punishment of Northumberland until the disturbed state of London made it evident that the conspirators must be tried.

Those were stirring times, and events of importance followed close upon one another. Mary only remained in the Tower till August 12, when she removed to Richmond. On August 18 a court of peers sat in Westminster Hall to try Northumberland, Warwick, and Northampton for high treason.

The Duke fought hard for his life. He argued that he had received a warrant under the Great Seal for what he had done; that the peers, his judges, were his accomplices, but neither plea was allowed. Death was pronounced upon all three prisoners. Northumberland fell upon his knees, and implored mercy for his children; for himself he asked a brief space of life, and the assistance of a confessor.

The story of his last days is stained with cowardice. To Gardiner, who visited him as confessor, he declared he was a Catholic and always had been one, even when striving for Protestant doctrines! Life! this was the one boon he implored by every means in his power. Gardiner did intercede for him, but the Ambassador Renard prevented Mary from consenting to his pardon.

He was doomed. On Monday, August 21, 1553, he publicly recanted in the Tower chapel at a solemn service. After this was over he exhausted himself in a long and passionate written appeal to Arundel. Life, yea the life of a dog at the Queen's feet, he entreated, soldier and nobleman though he was. But it was of no avail, and the next morning he was led out to Tower Hill to die.

Before laying his head upon the block he made a speech to the assembled crowd, declaring that he abjured Protestantism, and exhorting them all to return to the Catholic faith. Then the executioner's axe ended his wretched life.

Far different was the spirit that breathed in the victim of his ambition, Lady Jane, to whose prison cell we must return. She was confined apart from her husband, but otherwise was not treated with severity. Not until November 13 did her trial take place, and on that date she was led forth on foot with Thomas Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord Guilford, Lord Ambrose, and Lord Henry Dudley, from the Tower to the Guildhall, there to be arraigned for high treason.

With dignity the noble girl-prisoner faced the crowd, the imposing array of men-at-arms, and the dread ceremonial of the court; nor did she quail when the keen blade of the Tower axe was turned towards her, and the sentence of death was pronounced upon all five prisoners. On her return to the Tower she spoke calm and cheering words to her heart-broken attendants. It is said that the judge who condemned her to death afterwards became raving mad, and died crying out that Jane Grey should be taken from his sight.

But Mary did not mean the sentence in her case to be carried out, and it was only the insanely rash conduct of Lady Jane's father, the Duke of Suffolk, that caused a change in the royal clemency. The student of English history will recollect that the Queen, who was of mature age and unattractive appearance, was bent upon marrying the young Philip of Spain, son of the Emperor Charles. The match was most heartily disliked by her subjects, and the prevailing discontent found expression in a rebellion which broke out under Sir Thomas Wyatt in January, 1554. In this rebellion the Duke of Suffolk took part.

The midland and eastern counties were all astir, but Mary's courage saved her. She rode boldly to the Guildhall, appealed from the steps to the loyalty of the citizens for protection against a presumptuous rebel, and promised that Parliament should decide on the question of her marriage. When Wyatt arrived at Southwark, London Bridge was secured. Meanwhile, at Astley Park near Coventry, an estate belonging to the Duke of Suffolk, the noble proprietor himself was hiding in a hollow tree. There for two days and a night he shivered without food. His gamekeeper betrayed him, and the troopers who came to apprehend him found he had at length crawled out to seek food and warmth over a cottage fire. He was carried to the Tower, and in a few days the insurrection was suppressed.

And now the counsel tendered to the Queen is well expressed in the words Tennyson puts into Renard's mouth:

"Yet too much mercy is a want of mercy
And wastes more life. Stamp out the fire, or this
Will smoulder and re-flame, and burn the throne
When you should sit with Philip; *he will not come*
Till she be gone."

Here we may read the motive of Mary's change from leniency to cruelty. Philip of Spain would not come to a disturbed and turbulent realm, to risk his precious life among rebels. While Lady Jane lived, insurrection for her sake was possible; therefore Lady Jane and her husband must die, and that immediately.

The news of her speedy doom was borne to the prisoner by the Catholic priest Feckenham, afterwards Abbot of Westminster—a gentle and humane man, who was charged by Mary to employ the time in converting her to the "true faith."

When he informed her she was to die the next morning, Friday, she received the news with the greatest calmness, but declined the religious arguments into which he wished at once to enter.

Lady Jane was able to give a reason for the hope that was in her; she was no weak girl to be brought over easily to a change of views. On finding the nature of the "heretic" with whom he had to deal, Feckenham hurried back to the Queen to beg for time that, in spite of herself, the victim's soul might be saved. Mary granted a respite until Monday.

This news was not welcome to the noble and patient girl, who found herself obliged to enter upon a discussion with the learned Feckenham upon the nature of the sacraments. The prospect of her approaching fate did not, as might well have been the case, cause her to waver in her logical clearness of mind and firmness of judgment, and she held her own against him; though weary indeed was the task to a spirit that would fain have been absorbed in preparation for the solemn change.

The tone of her mind is shown by the fragments of her writing during this period that have been preserved. The Lieutenant of the Tower, Sir John Brydges, asked for some memorial of her, and gave to her a "vellum book of a small thickish size," being a manual of English prayers, in which she wrote as follows:—

"Forasmuch as you have desired so simple a woman to write in so worthy a book, good Master Lieutenant, therefore I shall as a friend desire you, and as a Christian require you to call upon God to incline your heart to His law, to quicken you in His way, and not to take the word of truth utterly out of your mouth. Live still to die, that by death you may purchase eternal life, and remember how Methuselah, who as we read in the Scriptures was the longest liver that was of a man, died at the last; for, as the Preacher saith, there is a time to be born and a time to die; and the day of death is better than the day of our birth. Yours, as the Lord knoweth, as a friend, JANE DUDLEY."

In the same book, which is preserved in the British Museum, is a note from Lady Jane to her father, perhaps written there out of the fulness of her heart when other materials were not at hand. It is as follows:—

"The Lord comfort your Grace, and that in His word, wherein all His creatures only are to be comforted. And though it hath pleased God to take away two of your children, yet think not, I most humbly beseech your Grace, that you have lost them; but trust that we by leaving this mortal life have won an immortal life. And I for my part, as I have honoured your Grace in this life, will pray for you in another life.—Your Grace's most humble daughter, JANE DUDLEY."

Suffolk was not yet sentenced to death, but Jane knew it was inevitable, and knew also that the exhortations to recant that had been lavished upon her would be repeated in his case. She feared lest he might, through weakness, imitate the example of Northumberland, and wrote a letter to him entreating him not to lament overmuch her early doom, which was only union with "Christ our Saviour, in whose steadfast faith, if it may be lawful for the daughter so to write to the father, the Lord that hitherto hath strengthened you, so continue to keep you, that at the last we may meet in heaven."

Not once does this brave and lovely spirit seem to have wavered in the prospect of her cruel fate. The night before her execution she wrote a farewell in Greek to her sister Catherine, on the fly-leaf of a Greek New Testament.

"Follow the steps of your Master, Christ, and take up your cross," is the burden of her exhortation. And in sooth this young girl had learnt the lesson she strove to impart. With true and steadfast heart she followed Him, drawing from His Cross and Passion the inspiration that led her to tread the verge of death with unfaltering step.

All around the prisoner seem to have loved her. Her very gaolers were softened; the confessor, who was constantly with her, was touched and impressed by her wisdom and composure, although his efforts to change her faith were hopeless.

The fatal morning dawned, Monday, Feb. 12, 1554; and the Lieutenant of the Tower entered early, bringing a request from Guilford Dudley, who was to die that day. He would fain see his wife for a last embrace and farewell. He was to suffer on Tower Hill; she inside the walls. So had Bishop Gardiner advised, lest the people should be stirred by her youth and beauty to an outburst of compassion in her favour.

At first Lady Jane's heart beat high at the thought of seeing again the bridegroom from whom she had been separated for many cruel weary months. Then came the thought of the terrible agitation such a meeting would bring to both of them. Especially did she fear that her boy-husband would be unfitted for meeting his doom with the fortitude and composure befitting a Christian and a gentleman; and she knew that any lapse in self-control before the concourse of spectators would cause him keen suffering.

Mastering her own longing, she sent back word to him to be patient; within a little while they would meet in heaven, never to part again. To bid farewell on earth would only be to excite useless anguish.

The officer withdrew with the message, but Lady Jane knew her husband would pass below her window, and waited steadfastly there to cheer him on his last journey. He came along the courtyard, escorted by the guard; she waved to him again and again, and he turned his face towards her to the last.

In a little while she saw his mutilated body brought back in a cart to the Tower. She did not cry out or weep, but sate down and wrote on her tablets three sentences that speak of intense emotion. The first was in Greek, to the following effect:—"If his slain body shall give testimony against me before men, his blessed soul shall render an eternal proof of my innocence before God."

The second in Latin:—"The justice of men took away his body, but the Divine mercy has preserved his spirit."

The third in English:—"If my fault deserved punishment, my youth and my imprudence were worthy of excuse. God and posterity will shew me favour."

The bitterness of death for her was past, and she resigned herself quietly to Sir John Brydges to lead her to the green within the walls. Attended by her gentlewomen and Feckenham, she went to the foot of the scaffold absorbed in silent prayer. She then turned to the confessor. "Go now," she said. "May our God fulfil all your desire; and receive my warm thanks for your attentions to me, although they have tried me far more than death can now terrify me." "She exhibited a countenance so gravely settled with all modest and comely resolution that not the slightest trace of fear or grief could be observed in her words or actions;" but the bystanders were weeping bitterly.

She ascended the scaffold, and looking round upon the spectators, said to them that she had broken the law in usurping the Crown, but as for any desire or effort after it, she declared, wringing her hands, that she washed them clean of all such offence before God and man. She called on them to witness that she died trusting in the mercy of God and the merits of His Son, and entreated their prayers.

Feckenham was still close beside her. "'Shall I say the Miserere?' she asked him; and he said 'Yea.' She then said the fifty-first Psalm in English in the most devout manner; and then, after giving to one of her attendants her gloves, handkerchief, and book, she uncovered her neck, while her two gentlewomen helped her and gave her a fair handkerchief to knit about her eyes."

The words in which the Chronicle of Queen Mary tells the rest are too simple and pathetic for paraphrase.

"The executioner kneeled down and asked her forgiveness, whom she forgave most willingly. Then he willed her to stand upon the straw, which doing she saw the block: then she said, 'I pray you dispatch me quickly.' Then she kneeled down, saying, 'Will you take it off before I lay me down?' And the executioner said, 'No, madam.' Then tied she the handkerchief about her eyes, and feeling for the block she said, 'What shall I do? where is it?' One of the bystanders guiding her thereunto she laid her head upon the block, and then stretched forth her body, and said, 'Lord, into Thy hands I commend my spirit.' And so ended."

One cannot read without grief and indignation the account of this pearl of beauty, goodness, and wisdom thus roughly flung out of the world. Tennyson describes her by the lips of Sir Ralph Bagenhall:—

"Seventeen! and knew eight languages; in music
Peerless; her needle perfect, and her learning
Beyond the churchmen; yet so meek, so modest,
So wife-like humble to the trivial boy
Mismatched with her for policy! I have heard
She would not take a last farewell of him;
She feared it might unman him for his end.
She could not be unmanned—no, nor outwoman'd.
Seventeen! a rose of grace!
Girl never breathed to rival such a rose;
Rose never blew that equalled such a bud."

Her strength of will and intellect did not—and here we may lay an emphasis for the sake of those who oppose a so-called masculine education—interfere with her womanly sweetness. Nay, there is no doubt that her training in the wealth of past learning, the discipline of her understanding, helped her to meet misfortune with the dignity and composure born of true culture. Withal she had an earnest faith, so real that she could forego a present interview with her husband in the firm expectation of a meeting within a few hours when the headsman's axe had set their spirits free. And she did not vaunt herself upon a courage above her age and sex; nay, rather she confessed her weakness. These are among her recorded words:—

"I will do it; for I am weak by nature and very timorous, unless where a strong sense of duty holdeth and supporteth me. There God acteth and not His creature."

Brief was her life; but, although discrowned in outward seeming, she is one of the true Queens of girlhood, whose sway shall not grow less while there are hearts to own the empire of innocence, fortitude, and truth.

TOILET TABLE ELEGANCIES.

By MEDICUS.

IN the GIRL'S OWN PAPER of April 9th, 1881, there appeared an article, entitled "The Toilet Table, and What Should Lie Thereon," in which many useful hints were given on the hygiene of the hair, the skin, and complexion.

The subject is a very important one, and but little apology is needed for recurring to it, which may very easily be done without any danger of treading upon ground already covered.

The present paper is called "Toilet Table Elegancies," for the simple reason that the writer would wish that the best of everything was used by his readers, and that they really knew when they had genuine articles on their tables.

It does not follow, however, that the most expensive articles, or those most prettily got up, are the best or the most useful either. Indeed, many toilet requisites can be made at home quite as well, if not better, than they can be had in shops.

I have not the slightest wish to interfere with the trade secrets—so-called—of either chemist, perfumer, or hairdresser; but I must take the liberty of saying that, while, for the most part, the articles disposed of with high sounding names are simple in their composition, many of them are highly dangerous. You pay for a pretty name, you pay for the pretty appearance of the article; it looks well on the table, and it is possible you may have faith in it. Well, faith goes a long way, but it cannot render a poisonous application harmless.

I am going to divide my present paper into heads, so that it may be all the more easily consulted by anyone in need of information.

1. *The Bath and Ablution.*—I give these first place because they include so much that

LADY JANE WATCHING HER HUSBAND LED OFF TO EXECUTION.—*See page* 595.

is necessary to the health and beauty of the person.

Every girl, every young lady, at all events, should have a bath in her bedroom or dressing-room. It is a most inexpensive luxury, and the habit of constantly using it, if once engendered, is hardly likely to be given up for life. The bath is not only a cleanser of the skin and pores contained therein, but it braces the whole nervous system, and renders those who constantly use it fresher as regards animal spirits, and far less liable to colds and to diseases of every kind.

The bath is more, for if the skin of the body be not kept wholesome, pliant, and in good working order, then you may spend hours every day at the glass, you may spend pounds a month on cosmetics, but you can never have a good complexion. I think I remember saying some time before now, that beauty of complexion did not lie in the skin of the face alone, but in the conjunctiva of the eye; if this last be in the least degree muddy or—pardon the word, it is expressive—fishy, then what brooks it how pliant and fair the face may be? Dark skin Arab girls know this full well; they know that nothing on earth could brighten their skins, so they seek for power of fascination in the eye, and that they are successful enough in finding this every one who has seen a beautiful Arab girl can testify.

But does she acquire this liquid beauty by the aid of medicaments alone? The fact is that, until she begins to grow old, she seldom needs or seeks such aid. But—and please take a hint—her habits of life are all most simple. She neither eats meat nor very strong condiments, and she drinks nothing but water, or water sweetened by fragrant syrups. Eternal summer dwells in the land she lives in, so she makes constant and plentiful use of the fruits that grow therein—lemons, oranges, citrons, limes especially. She makes good use of the bath, too; and the consequence of all this is that her digestion is perfect; nervousness or unhappiness is almost unknown to her; she is calm and serene and dignified, and her eye—well, that is a thing of beauty. I am talking, remember, of Arab ladies, many of whom I have had the honour of an introduction to; and I might say all this about many high-caste East Indians also.

Well, now I think you will admit that the bath is a necessity of health, even in the country, but much more so in the city, where dust and smoke and impurities of every kind fill the air constantly. Luckily for the dwellers in towns and cities, soft water is to be had in abundance; and I ought to warn my country friends that to have the morning bath of hard water is injurious to the skin.

A good soap, I need hardly say, is a toilet elegancy of no mean order. The constant use of a bad one is dangerous to beauty and purity of complexion. Few girls can afford toilet vinegar for the bath, but every one may have it in the basin. I know nothing more refreshing on a summer's day than bathing face and hands with water that has been cooled and perfumed with a delicious *vinaigre de bouquet*. This may be made by simply infusing the petals of sweetly-smelling flowers in one part of rectified spirits, with two parts of the best white wine vinegar, and straining. Sometimes the addition of benzoin in powder will greatly add to the efficacy of the vinegar as a tincture; or add to half-a-pint of lavender water half an ounce of strong acetic acid.

2. *The Face and Hands*—Neither face nor hands can be pliant as to skin, or white and beautiful, if the digestion be out of order. It is well to begin by saying this. The laws of health are well known, and certainly not difficult to adhere to. Commence by doing so before expecting any very great benefit from the use of toilet elegancies. Now, I have already mentioned good soap and soft water. Should the water be hot or cold? This is a question which admits of some controversy. My own impression is this: that in washing either face or hands, both hot and cold water should be used—the former first, of course. This is not only done with a view of getting quite rid of all impurities, but because warm, or moderately hot water, acts as a soothing bath to the nerves and the capillary blood-vessels of the face, and laving it afterwards with cold soft water, in which a dash of toilet vinegar has been mixed, closes the mouths of the pores to some extent, and braces the nerves, so that the skin is rendered defiant of wind or weather.

Washing and laving face and hands is one of the principal operations of the toilet, and plenty of time should be taken. A soft towel should be used to dry with. Not a hard one by any means. Hard towels have their uses; they are good for the body after the bath, and sometimes may be required for the face, but if you wish to escape skin-roughness, which is so disfiguring to a young girl, have nothing but a soft towel to dry the face with. This stands to reason, for, after ablution, especially where warm water has been used, the skin is soft and tender, and therefore easily rubbed off. Then, if a hard towel is used, mischief is done. It is as if Nature said to herself, "I have given this girl a fine and beautiful skin, but it seems of no avail as a protection against so rough a towel as she is bent on using. I'll try a thicker."

Nature acts upon a rule that is never departed from — that of supplying a thick coarse skin, in parts that need protection against friction, as the palms of the hands or the soles of the feet. So beware of hard towels for the face and back of the hands.

3. *Cosmetics for the Skin.*—Girls will use these, and I am bound to say they are not all injurious. What I do object to is, my readers paying three to five prices for an article which they could easily make in their own rooms. Here is an elegant prescription for a face and skin wash, to be used after lavation. Ten ounces of elder-flower water, two drams of borax, and half an ounce of any perfume you please—say, eau de Cologne or lavender water.

An infusion of scraped horseradish in milk is often used, and often sold under another name at a high price.

Then there is a *Lait Virginal*, made in various ways. Take two drams (quarter of an ounce) of the simple tincture of benzoin, and add it to ten ounces of any flower water—orange, rose, elder, or melilot; a dram of the salt of tartar may be added.

I have but little faith in the various remedies advertised and sold for the removal of those little sun-spots called freckles, but the following is, at all events, harmless:—Muriate of ammonia one dram, pure water half a pint, eau de Cologne half an ounce. This should be applied three times a day with a morsel of sponge. I may mention here that this same muriate of ammonia, commonly called sal ammoniac, is useful in two other ways, viz., in from ten to thirty grain doses in facial neuralgia (if the first four doses do no good, nor effect a cure, it had better be stopped; if it does effect a cure, it may be continued for a day or two in smaller doses); secondly, as a remedy for warts. The sal ammoniac is simply rubbed over the warts three or four times a day, and they soon disappear.

For sun-browning, the best application is probably the following:—Lemon juice, two ounces; sugar, a small teaspoonful; borax, half a teaspoonful; put in a bottle, and shake till dissolved.

Camphor balls are easily made. They are used to rub on the hands after washing to prevent roughness and chapping. The simplest formula is this:—Pure lard an ounce and a half, white wax an ounce, powdered camphor a quarter ounce. Melt in a jelly jar in boiling water, and stir.

Lard four ounces, white wax a quarter ounce, alum in powder a teaspoonful, and a little alkanet to colour, make a beautiful and useful lip-salve. If you add to it a few drops of otto of roses, you have indeed an elegant preparation.

For softening the hands the French have a plan which is harmless enough; a pair of white kid gloves—not tight fits—are turned inside out and smeared with the foregoing salve, without the alkanet. They are then returned, and worn thus all night.

Face-whites, &c. I need not say I object to these on principle; I would not even mention them only I am aware they will be used whether I do so or not. Magnesia is harmless; so is French chalk, rice powder, or starch. Bismuth or lead are unsafe.

Scent-bags are made and filled in many ways. Perhaps the easiest way is to take carded cotton and load it with some scented powder, and fill the little sachet with it. Here are two simple formulæ for scented powders:—1. Powdered starch two ounces, orris powder one ounce, otto of roses four or five drops. Mix well. It may be coloured with a little carmine. 2. Powdered orris-root one ounce, essence of ambergris and essence of bergamot, of each five drops.

4. *Cosmetics for Teeth.*—I must warn my readers against the use of bought tooth-powders, the composition of which they are not familiar with, and which may be harmful by destroying the beautiful enamel which covers the teeth. Decay is sure to follow.

A little powdered charcoal could hardly be called an elegancy; but it is very harmless and effective.

I knew a little village maiden once who used to rub her toothbrush up the chimney before commencing operations. Don't smile. It was not elegant, but it is true. A dairyman's little daughter she was. Said village maiden had no other looking-glass except a bucket of water to reflect her charms; but really it was wonderful how rosy her lips and cheeks were, and how sparkling her eyes; and as she went singing to school I do believe the larks bent down to listen.

Equal parts of lime, willow, or areca-nut charcoal and powdered chalk is an excellent tooth-powder. Here is a more effective one still:—An ounce of charcoal, five grains of magnesia, three grains of quinine, rubbed or mixed well and perfumed with a drop of otto of roses.

One ounce of orris-root powder, five of prepared chalk, and a quarter of an ounce of carbonate of soda, perfumed with otto of roses, is a nice, wholesome tooth-powder.

Avoid tooth-pastes; they do not keep overwell, and often the more elegant they are in appearance the worse they are in reality.

5. *Teeth or Mouth Washes.*—When there is sponginess of the gums, or when they bleed easily, depend upon it all cannot be right with the digestion. That must be seen to, but, at the same time, some liquid cosmetic may be used.

I have great faith in tincture of myrrh. Try this for example: tincture of myrrh, four ounces; eau de Cologne, two ounces; water, four ounces: or, steep one ounce of Turkey myrrh in a pint of eau de Cologne for seven days, and filter through blotting paper.

To the last formula a few cloves and a bit of orris-root might be added with advantage. Sometimes decayed teeth make the breath offensive in spite even of a good digestion. Well, the teeth ought to be seen to without delay, but a lotion or mouth wash may be

made by mixing a few drops of the solution of chlorinated soda with a little water. Or water reddened with the *permanganate of potash* or Condy's disinfecting fluid will answer the same purpose, only take care of the latter, it stains so much.

6. *Hair Cosmetics.*—With depilatories I do not think my readers ought to bother. Many are dangerous; I believe the following is safe, though I have no general experience: A strong solution of the sulphide of barium is made into a paste with powdered starch, this is smeared on, and left on for about three minutes, then scraped off with the back of a knife.

But remember most depilatories injure the skin, and some contain arsenic, so great caution is always needed.

Brilliantine is made as follows: castor oil, one part; eau de Cologne or lavender water, four parts; or, of eau de Cologne, glycerine, and clarified honey, equal parts; spirits of wine four parts.

MY BROTHER'S FRIEND.

By EGLANTON THORNE, Author of "The Old Worcester Jug," etc.

CHAPTER VIII.

A QUIET HOME.

I ARRIVED at Mrs. Lyell's on the last day of May, having on my way thither stayed for a few days in London, at Miss Carefull's. During that interval I to some extent shook off the inevitable sadness that fell upon me as I closed a chapter in my book of life by saying farewell to my dear old home. I was looking forward with somewhat of interest and curiosity to my sojourn with Mrs. Lyell when I stepped from the train on to the East Weylea platform that afternoon in May.

I knew that the house was close by; but having luggage with me I took the solitary fly that was waiting outside the station. I was driven, it seemed to me, about a hundred yards along the broad, main road to London — the metropolis was not more than six miles distant—ere the driver turned his horse into a narrower, more rural road, and drew up before two high iron gates which, dismounting, he proceeded to throw open. Whilst he did so I had time to take in the appearance of a long, two-storied house built of pale brick, and wearing an expression—for houses as well as persons have expressions—of neat, staid respectability. There were two wings to the house: that to the left, as I afterwards learned, contained the kitchens and servants' rooms; that to the right, which had false windows, the coach-house and stables. Between the house and the iron gates lay a garden bright with flowers, unlike most gardens in having a pond set in the centre of its circular lawn, round which on either hand swept a broad carriage drive to the house. As I drove by I caught sight of the white and green buds of water-lilies floating on the surface of the pond, and noted the tree—it seemed to me a kind of ash—quaintly clipped to the form of an open umbrella, which stood on the lawn between the pond and the sweep of gravel in front of the house. But ere I could observe more the fly came to a standstill before the square porch, and I saw that the door was open, and an elderly woman attired in black, with white cap and apron, was waiting to receive me. "Miss Carmichael, I suppose," she said, coming forward to assist me to alight. "My mistress is expecting you. If you will walk this way, miss, I will see to your luggage."

So saying, she took my bag and led the way across a square hall into which a broad shallow staircase descended. Even in those few seconds I received an impression of dainty purity as I crossed the hall with its shining oilcloth, soft rugs, spotless paint, and was conscious of the exquisite country freshness which pervaded the house. Throwing open a door on the left, the servant announced me, and I entered a long, lofty room with a large French window at its further end, overlooking, as I saw at a glance, another garden at the back of the house. But my attention was immediately engaged by a little form which rose from an easy chair and came towards me with outstretched arms. How can I describe Mrs. Lyell as I then saw her? It is not always easy to recall our first impressions of a face we have learned to love—a friend who has become most dear to us; but I will try.

I saw a tiny woman wearing a black stuff gown, relieved by a soft grey shawl and a widow's cap of snowy white. Her face was withered and wrinkled, her hair silvery, the hands which clasped mine so tenderly were shrunken and bony from age. I had not expected to see so aged a woman. Mrs. Lyell was nearly eighty, and eighty seems very old to nineteen. I was wont to shrink from the very old; but Mrs. Lyell's appearance inspired me with neither awe nor repugnance, for the aged, furrowed face was radiant with goodwill, and the faded eyes shone with the light of a pure and loving soul.

"Welcome, dear Dorothy," she said, in her gentle, quavering tones; "you are welcome both for your own and for your parents' sake. Your father has often spoken to me of you, and I am very glad to see you at last."

It was natural to me to restrain emotion in the presence of others. Since my father's death scarce anyone had seen me weep; but now tears rose in my eyes as I stooped to receive Mrs. Lyell's warm kisses, and I had hard work to keep from crying. She saw how I was moved and was silent for a few moments, merely showing her sympathy by stroking my hand which she held in hers.

"How tall you are, my love!" she said, presently. "I had no idea you were such a tall girl."

And indeed I felt very tall and big as I stood before that wee, fragile-looking old lady.

"I am dreadfully tall!" I said, apologetically, "a great deal too tall."

"Never mind, dear, that is a matter beyond our control. The Bible reminds us, does it not, that we cannot add one cubit to our stature? And it makes no difference whether we are short or tall as long as we try to be good. But here comes Sarah; I daresay you will like her to take you to your room. We shall have tea in half an hour's time."

The servant who had admitted me now appeared. She was a thin, sallow woman, almost as tall as I was, but rather crooked of figure. She must have been many years younger than her mistress, but she looked old to me, for her hair was grey, and there were wrinkles on her forehead, and crow's-feet about her eyes. I caught her black eyes examining me with a hard, narrow gaze, which was not agreeable, and though she was very polite as she attended me upstairs, her voice and manner were not pleasing to me.

The room in which she left me was furnished according to old-fashioned ideas of comfort. There was a huge four-post bedstead hung with snowy dimity, and holding a mountainous feather bed, covered with a heavy knitted counterpane. White textures, too, curtained the window, shrouded the looking-glass, and enveloped in voluminous folds the dressing-table. A large Bible lay on a table at the foot of the bed, and beside the table stood a high-backed, luxuriously cushioned elbow-chair. I smiled as my eyes fell on it. It was the chair for an old lady or an invalid, but hardly one in which I should care to sit often.

On taking possession of a new room I always hasten to the window, for it is a matter of importance to me what sort of outlook my bedroom commands. I did so now, and, drawing back the curtain, looked down upon another garden, even pleasanter than that through which I had approached the house. My eyes rested on a large, well-kept lawn, soft as velvet, green as emerald, in the centre of which stood a fine mulberry tree not yet in full leafage. At each extremity of the lawn on the side fronting the house rose, like a giant sentinel, a tall walnut tree, still brown and irresponsive to the touch of spring, though the other trees in the garden were showing their freshest green. I could see little more of the garden save a deep border of flowers and a laurel hedge behind it, above which rose the trunks and foliage of sundry fruit trees; but the prospect held me long at the window. I dearly loved a garden, and there was more than the garden to be seen, for beyond it stretched a fair expanse of fields and hedgerows, with wooded uplands faintly visible in the distance, through a veil of blue haze.

Suddenly I remembered the punctuality practised in that house, and that I

had to unpack some of my things, and rearrange my dress ere going downstairs. I was as expeditious as possible; but when I entered the dining-room tea was waiting, and Mrs. Lyell had already taken her place at the table. She requested that I would be kind enough to pour out the tea. Of course, I willingly complied; but how strange I felt as I seated myself before the handsome antique silver equipage! Then Mrs. Lyell folded her hands and bent her head with a reverent, child-like air, and, to my surprise, offered up, not a formal grace, but a short prayer, in which she thanked God for bringing me there in safety, and prayed that His blessing might rest on me. I knew not what to think of this proceeding, it seemed to me so odd. I scarcely liked it, and yet I could not help being touched by the simple, trustful spirit the prayer breathed. I grew accustomed afterwards to Mrs. Lyell's habit of thus, at the beginning of a meal, pouring forth in brief but earnest prayer the thoughts and desires uppermost in her heart.

It was very pleasant, that first meal I took with Mrs. Lyell. The dainty nicety of the table arrangements, the home-made bread, the delicious butter, the rich cake and sweet biscuits on which the cook prided herself, were all duly appreciated by me. Whilst I took my tea my eyes wandered to some portraits placed on the mantelshelf. There was a miniature painting of a lady in a very short-waisted gown, with her hair piled in a high crown above her brows, which, greatly as the little wrinkled face beside me had altered since then, I could yet recognise as representing Mrs. Lyell in early life! The portrait, wrought in similar style, of a gentleman wearing the straight-cut coat and stiff stock of a previous age, I concluded to be that of the deceased Mr. Lyell. Between these, in a pretty morocco frame, was a portrait which was quite modern, the photograph of a young man with a bright, animated countenance. The face seemed to smile as I looked at it; but the smile was in the eyes alone; the strong, well-cut mouth was firmly closed. This portrait attracted me. It had a fascination which drew my eyes to it again and again, so that Mrs. Lyell, who sat with her back to the mantelpiece, seeing my glance constantly turning in that direction, asked me at length—

"What do you see there, my dear, that interests you so much?"

"Oh!" I stammered, a little embarrassed by the question, "I was only looking at that likeness."

"Whose likeness? my nephew's? Ah, you may well admire that; a good face, has he not? He is my grand-nephew, Leonard Glynne by name. His father died in India years ago, when Leonard was a mere child, and his mother did not survive her husband many years. She was my dearly-loved niece."

I looked at the portrait with still more interest. Leonard! I liked the name. It suited him, I fancied, for I felt sure that he was brave and strong.

"It was very sad for him to lose both his parents," I said.

"Yes, a great loss; but he was brought up in the home of his father's brother at Bournemouth, and his uncle was very good to him. Since he grew into manhood he has lived in London, for he does business in the city."

"Do you see him often?" I asked.

"Not very. He spends his Sundays with me when he has no other engagement, and he drops in now and then to ask how I am; but he has many friends, and his company is so much in request that I do not see him very often although he lives near. I do not complain of that. An old woman's society is not very enlivening to a young man, and there is little to interest him here. But Leonard is very good and kind when he comes, dear fellow!"

I could not wonder that Mr. Leonard Glynne was popular with his acquaintances, for his looks seemed to testify to a happy, genial nature. When should I see this nephew of Mrs. Lyell's?

"He has just gone off for a month's tour in Switzerland," Mrs. Lyell said, as if in answer to my thought. "He came in last night to bid me good-bye. I see more of him than I used to since I made him the present of a horse. My motives for doing so were rather interested; but he was delighted with the gift. Now he need no longer complain of the distance Weylea is from the city. He can ride to and fro and see his friends, and is to a great extent independent of the railway."

"It was a happy thought of yours," I said, longing to ask some questions but too shy to do so.

"Yes," said Mrs. Lyell, smiling; "I forget now what made me think of such a thing. I suppose he gave me a hint that he should like a horse."

"It must be lovely in Switzerland at this time," I said, with a little sigh.

"It is a most beautiful country at any time, I suppose; but in June the flowers are said to be so lovely," replied Mrs. Lyell. "Leonard has been there before. He is very fond of travelling; rather too fond, I think, sometimes; but, perhaps, I should not say so, for it is a pure and elevated pleasure he finds in beholding the grandeur and beauty of the works of God."

When we rose from the table, Mrs. Lyell asked me if I should like to take a turn in the garden. Perhaps she caught some wistful glance I cast in that direction, for I was longing to get amongst the trees and flowers. She could not accompany me, she said, with a smile, for she was so feeble and so susceptible to cold that she rarely went out, and then only in a bath chair or carriage.

With what pleasure I opened the window, stepped on to the little stone balcony, and ran down the steps into the garden! Our dear old garden at home was a wilderness compared with this well-kept, well-ordered ground; but somehow the one reminded me of the other. Ah, how I came to love Mrs. Lyell's garden in after days! At this hour I could almost weep to think how it has vanished, and of the commonplace, suburban houses which stand, row after row, on the ground where roses once flourished, and apples and pears mellowed in the autumn sunshine.

And yet it was an ordinary garden enough; there were no tortuous mazes no leafy alcoves or miniature glens. Straight down, on either side, ran a broad gravel path, intersected here and there by other paths, equally straight. Best I liked the lower part, where apple and pear trees grew amidst cabbages and kitchen stuff, where fruit trees were trained against the walls; where there were thickets of gooseberry and currant bushes, and where a bed of strawberry plants promised a fine crop of that luscious fruit. As I paced the garden paths on that fair May evening, whilst a thrush perched on the mulberry tree made the air ring with his sweetly-thrilling notes, my heart was content. So elastic are our spirits when we are young, that in spite of the sorrowful changes I had recently experienced I was not unhappy. Mrs. Lyell and her surroundings were different from what I had expected. Everything was much pleasanter than Mabel's representations, or rather my imagination enlarging upon Mabel's representations, had led me to expect. Already I loved the dear old lady, and believed that I should be happy with her. I was not afraid of the quietude and monotony which Mabel had warned me I should find hard to bear.

Presently, however, I felt constrained to go indoors. Mrs. Lyell was seated in her easy chair knitting. I fetched some needlework, and sat down beside her. She talked to me very kindly about my father and mother, and asked questions concerning Mabel and Edmund. I must confess that the hour we spent thus seemed long to me. At a quarter to nine Sarah appeared, bringing a couple of tall candles. She closed the shutters, lighted the candles, wheeled her mistress's chair to the table, and placed a Bible and prayer-book before her. Then the household came in for family worship. How old everyone about the place seemed! I had encountered in the garden an old gardener, bent double with years, who had scowled at me, as though he thought so young a being had no right to be there, and now as I saw that the cook was even older than Sarah, and the housemaid, supposed to be young, was a woman considerably past thirty, I felt myself ridiculously juvenile compared with everyone about me.

Immediately after prayers Mrs. Lyell retired to her own room, where, as she explained to me, she took her supper of gruel. She begged me to excuse her leaving me, saying that she found it necessary for her health to live by rule, and never on any account deviated from her mode of life. As she said this, Sarah stood waiting to lead her upstairs. I half suspected that she, even more than her mistress, believed in a strict observance of rule. Mrs. Lyell kissed me tenderly as she said good night. The younger servant brought in a light repast for my solitary consumption. I ate it contentedly, and, not long after, I too went to bed. I laid my head on the pillow that night with a feeling of deep thankfulness. I had gained the quiet, peaceful shelter I needed till I could furnish myself with the means of winning independence.

(*To be continued.*)

THE GARDEN SEAT.

AN OLD-FASHIONED GARDEN.

By MARY ROWLES.

A LOVELY place in the evening light
  Wherein to rest and be idle;
Its borders so shadowy, yet so bright,
Where old-fashioned roses dwell by right,
And queenly lilies are clad in white,
  Like flowers adorned for a bridal.

Here gillyflowers spread till their branches seem
  A brood of chicks round their mother;
There, tender-eyed pansies muse and dream,
And jessamine stars through the twilight gleam,
And sunflowers and hollyhocks, grown supreme,
  Pay stately court to each other.

Here wallflowers open with rich perfume
  Their velvety brown and yellow,
And, taking more than their share of room,
In far-spread patches sweet-williams bloom,
And regal dahlias their crowns assume
  When the year grows ruddy and mellow.

Dear, haunted garden, at dusk we stand,
  And your dim memories ponder,
Of children who played here—a household band—
Of lovers that, haply, a lifetime planned—
Of aged ones resting here, hand in hand,
  Now at rest on the hillside yonder!

They have passed away, but their work survives,
  Its fragrance to strangers granted;
And as their garden still blooms and thrives,
Even so the grace of their homely lives
Beyond the winter of death revives;
  They are not dead, but transplanted.

O, sweet the flowers that our love await
  Where the springtime is fresh and vernal,
Where never the summertide comes too late,
And never a blossom is out of date;
Thank God, in the peace of that heavenly state,
  The old-fashioned joys are eternal!

A LETTER ON MUSICAL RHYTHM.

By OLIVERIA PRESCOTT.

MY DEAR PUPIL,—You ask me to tell you something about rhythm, and say that you cannot understand what it is; that you wrote a little tune the other day which you thought rather a nice little tune, and some kind friend told you the rhythm of it was "all out of shape." Very likely it was, and very likely you did not know it, for it is quite possible to have your music aright in your mind and to make it all wrong on paper. That is one of the things we all have to learn.

The broadest, simplest explanation of rhythm is that it is a balance of sounds. You put one sound in one particular place, and you must have another sound in another particular place to balance it. Imagine yourself to be holding a pair of scales or balances in your hand. You have put a sound in one scale, and you must put another in the other scale, or the music will topple down, and be "all out of shape," like your little tune the other day.

Rhythm begins with the very outset of music, for we cannot have a single note without it. How is that? A note is one thing, you say, and we cannot balance one thing against itself. No, I say; a note is not one thing, or, to speak more truthfully, it is one thing made out of many things; and the balance of those many things makes the note musical. Science tells us that a sound is made by pulsations of the air, which start from the sounding body, and travel along the air till they strike upon the ear. If you place your finger lightly upon the inner part of your wrist, the pulsations within the veins make corresponding pulsations in the skin and nerves of your finger. The feeling is communicated from one to the other. Just in the same manner, but many times quicker, the throbbings or pulsations of the string, or wood, or metal, cause throbbings or pulsations in the air. But the sound-pulsations go further than those of your finger. The throb just outside the string causes another throb in the air just beyond. That again causes another outside that, and another and another, till yards of air have felt the pulse. These open out all round the string like an ever-swelling soap-bubble. Different in one respect, however, in that as each pulse-bubble comes out, the smaller one continues throbbing; and the numberless throbbing shells exist within and without, like the many skins of an onion, or the balls within balls of our grandmother's Indian cabinet of curiosities. If these throbbings come at regular distances, like the regular swaying of a pendulum, or the regular beatings of your pulse, they make a musical sound. They are the many things balanced together which make the one musical note. But if they are irregular, jerking and intermittent, they make what we call a noise. It is an unmusical sound.

The next step upwards in the rhythmic ladder is the balance of bars or balance of accents. You know how every piece of music is cut into divisions or measures of certain lengths, which we say are in "common time" or "triple time," and write down as $\frac{2}{4}$ or $\frac{3}{4}$, $\frac{6}{8}$ or $\frac{9}{8}$, and what not. I dare say you have often been told, too, about accent, though perhaps you did not understand it. When I was a girl I was taught the piano by a very clever man. He told me one day that I played without accent. He was particularly clever in the way he put this remark, for he added that English girls never played naturally with accent, but that French girls always did. This so worked upon my John-Bullish feelings that I put my will to work, jumped to a conclusion as to what accent was, and succeeded in playing with it in future—at all events, to some extent.

Accent is the emphasis which we put upon the notes falling at particular places in every bar, and it is the balance of the accents of one bar with those of the next that makes bar-rhythm. In every kind of time, common or triple, simple or compound, the first note of every bar should be more marked than all the other notes. When you went to that dance the other evening you were a little late, and you did not know which number in the programme was being danced. You listened to

the music, and heard that it was a waltz. How did you know it was not a polka? Simply by the accent which was put upon the *first note of* every bar; this balanced bar by bar, bar by bar, till you felt that the music went *one,* two, three, *one,* two, three, and not *one,* two, three, four, *one,* two, three, four.

There is another accent, weaker than the first, which falls on the note at the half of every bar of common, or even time, whether it be counted by 2, 4, 6, or 12. Listen to some of those quadrille or Lancer figures that are printed in six-eight time (for instance, the visiting figure in the Lancers); they sound *one,* two, three, *four,* five, six. But you never think of confusing them with the waltzes; for though the notes come in groups of three, the secondary accent at the half-bar is less marked than the first one. There is, perhaps, happily no one sitting by our side counting one, two, three, four, five, six, but we know very well by the sound that one is one and not four, because *one* is made a stronger sound than *four.* It is as though we wrote it ONE, two, three, *four,* five, six, with two lines under one and one under four.

The primary accent of every bar, then, balances with the primary accent of all the other bars, and the secondary accent of every bar balances with the secondary accent of all the other bars. When there are many shorter notes in the bars, there are other accents still weaker in all the different times, which balance with the same weaker accents in every bar. The second and third counts in triple time, whether it be simple or compound, balance from bar to bar. The second and fourth counts in common time of four beats, whether it be simple or compound, balance from bar to bar.

The third step of the rhythmic ladder is the balance of phrases. You ask, what is a phrase in music? Let me answer you with another question. What is a phrase in words? You have to learn out of phrase-books in your French and German lessons. I dare say you once learnt something like this from them:—"I have the wooden horse of the black tailor!" That is a phrase. Or perhaps this:—"I have a wooden horse, which the black tailor sold to me; it is a very good little horse, and I am very much pleased with it." I do not know why the black tailor should sell wooden horses, but it is always so in phrase-books; and, after all, a phrase is just as much a phrase, even if it is nonsense.

Perhaps the authors live in country places such as one I know of, where the ironmonger sells honey and you buy plums of the plumber. In music we rarely have a single phrase such as the first named; they are generally long phrases made up of little ones. Just in the same way, the second named above is made of four little phrases connected with one another. Look at the old tune called "Near Woodstock Town; or, the Oxfordshire Tragedy." You will find it in Chappell's Old English Ditties, and in many other collections of old tunes. The little bit of tune belonging to the words, "Near Woodstock town I chanced to stray," is one little phrase. Then the second phrase goes to the second line, "When birds were blithe and fields were gay." The third phrase goes to the third line, "Till by a glassy river's side," and the fourth phrase to the fourth line, "A weeping damsel I espied." The first and second music phrases are connected together, and make one longer phrase; just as the two first of your phrase-book join together "I have a wooden horse which the tailor sold me." The third and fourth music-phrases join together and make a longer one, just as do the last two word-phrases, "It is a very good little horse, and I am very much pleased with it."

The two longer phrases of "Near Woodstock," that is, the first pair of little ones and the second pair of little ones, join together and make one doubly-long phrase, or complete strain of music. In the same way, the two pairs of little word-phrases join together and make a complete thought about the little wooden horse which is so delightful, and which was sold by the tailor.

But we must go elsewhere for another comparison. You tell by your ear that those four little word-phrases are not rhythmically balanced; but you are quite sure that the musical phrases are balanced. What is it that makes them so? It is that, besides the rhythm of the measure, which makes every bar balance with the others, there is a rhythm caused by the phrases being of the same length. They all have the same number of bars, so that each phrase balances with the others. If you take a verse of any kind of metre you will find the same thing. You know this verse—

> The walrus and the carpenter
> Were walking by the strand;
> They wept like anything to see
> Such quantities of sand.

You feel there is rhythm in it, though, if "Alice" will forgive me, there may not be very much sense. It is that, besides the balance caused by equality of accents (which is parallel to the bar-rhythm of music), the lines themselves are of parallel lengths, and thus balance with one another. If you were to put the words in different order you would disturb the length of the lines, as well as the position of the accents. Say—

> The walrus was walking by the strand with the carpenter,
> To see such quantities of sand they wept like anything.

All the rhythm is gone out, and not even printing it in certain lengths will put it straight.

One more item, for which we must go back to our prose example about the tailor. Look at the stops in it. There is a comma after the first little phrase, a semicolon after the next, then a comma, and a full stop at the end. You say those are caused by the sense of the words. We only write them down to make the sense clearer. Quite right; and there was a time before the writing of stops was invented, when readers had to find them out by the sense. It is so still in legal documents, and hard enough they are to understand. That is just what I want to show you in the music. Musical stops are not yet invented in the writing, but they are in the sense; and you have to put them in when you read the music, or rather when you perform it, otherwise the sense will be made nonsense. What are called closes, or cadences, are the exact parallel in music to the sense of stops. A perfect close, or full close or cadence, is parallel to the full stop, while the half cadence or half close, is parallel to the semicolon. Other closes there are, which are more indefinite than these two, but which may be felt at the end of every phrase of music, and which must be sounded to some extent as parallels to the commas of word-writing.

Now to describe the full cadence and the half cadence. You do not know harmony, but you know the scale; I can show you by that, if you will forgive the many letters and numbers.

A piece of music must always end with the tonic or key-note in the bass; and if any different notes are wanted over it, they must be the fifth or the third note of the scale. So in C, you have C in the bass, and perhaps above, for the last note; and if you want others, they must be G, which is the fifth note of the scale, and E, which is the third. Play the scale

G
C, D, E, F, G. These three notes E make
I. II. III. IV. V. C

what we call the common chord of the key-note, or tonic, in the key of C. Then before this chord we want to have the fifth note of the scale in the bass; that is G, as we found out just now. Then above G we may have the third note from it; play on in the same scale G, A, B, and besides B, we may have the fifth note from G; play again G, A, B, C, D.

D
These three notes B make the common chord
G

of the dominant of C, for G is the fifth or dominant note in the key of C. These two chords, the dominant followed by the tonic, make a perfect close, or cadence. You play the two chords now, and think them very ugly, though you do not quite like to say so. Ah, that is because you have made a mistake which sets every musician's hair on end, not omitting your own; but I cannot teach you what it is till you come to learn what we call part-writing. Play the second chord (of C) with a second C at the top, and you will avoid that

D, C
terrible mistake. Thus, B, G; it sounds
better now. G, E
C

Every piece of music, be it long or short, must end with these two chords, or something very like them. To balance this full cadence, or full stop, at the end of this strain, we want the half cadence, or semicolon, at the end of the first half of the strain. This is made of the dominant chord (in the key of C it would

D
be B), with some other chord before it, what-
G

ever the composer likes to choose. If you look again at the music of "Near Woodstock Town" in any edition you can get, you will find it is most probably in the key of C, and that the last note of the first half of the tune is G; another G is in the bass, and perhaps B or B and D in the accompaniment of the right hand. That, with the chord just before it, is the half-close, or semicolon. At the end of the tune you will find C, with C in the bass, and E, or E and G, in the right hand; and the note before the last is D in the tune, G in the bass, and B in the middle. There is very likely an F or an E somewhere close by, but these are extra notes which I need not yet account for. These two chords are the perfect close, or full stop. I do not think they will make your hair stand on end, for the editor knew something about "part-writing" when he made this accompaniment.

This tune, then, has its half-cadence, equivalent to the semicolon of word-writing, in the middle of the tune; while this is balanced at the end by the full cadence, which is the full stop of word-writing.

Can you stop to read any more? No, your head begins to spin round. Brains are like precious stones; we value them for their rarity, therefore we must be careful not to waste them. Some other day I will tell you of the varieties of phrase-rhythm that are to be found in different kinds of music.

COURTLEROY.

By ANNE BEALE

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE LOST STRADUARIUS.

ONCE more at Summerlands station. How the sun shone, and the birds sang, and the breezes moved the young leaves and blossoms that sweet April morning! But Mimica was sadder at heart than when she first set foot on that platform a dozen years before. A hundred times over she repeated to Miss Heath, "Only a visit, dear," and as often waited for a response, but received none. She felt as if she were sending forth a child to struggle through the sloughs of the world, instead of parting with a woman forty years her senior. She knew she was the stronger of the two, and as she stood waiting for the train, her arm within Miss Heath's, she lamented secretly over her uncle's selfishness. He had excused himself from taking leave of Miss Heath—having repeatedly expressed his wish that she should be put to no inconvenience, and it was apparent that he desired to be rid of her. The household speculated over the telegram, and assigned that as the reason of her sudden departure. The domestics were neither glad nor sorry, for Miss Heath was a sort of negative that gave the "No" to general sympathy. They would have been heart-broken had it been Mimica.

"We shall soon meet again," were the girl's cheery words as the train steamed up, and she placed Miss Heath and her wraps in the carriage.

A final embrace, and a "God bless and keep you, my darling," and the whistle sounded, and Mimica was again on the platform, watching the train steam off, but not imagining the burst of grief that overwhelmed her passive friend when it moved away.

"How do you do, Miss Marmont? Yours is the first familiar face I have seen," sounded at her back, and turning, she fixed her eyes, full of tears, on the speaker.

She did not recognise him; but at the moment the Monkton carriage drove up and Sir Joshua and Lady Helena got out, hurried to the platform, and also faced the seeming stranger.

"You none of you know me," he said, sadly, and instantly Lady Helena's arms were round him, while Sir Joshua grasped his hand, and Mimica knew that the pale, thin man was Captain Carew.

He was leaning on a stick, had a soldier servant near at hand, and looked a miserable invalid.

He was such, indeed, having returned invalided from the war. When the parental embraces were over, Mimica advanced and held out her hand.

"Not flattering, Miss Marmont," he said, grasping it warmly; "but I am glad to reach England alive."

"We only heard yesterday that he was at Portsmouth," said Lady Helena, "and not at all before that he was coming home."

"I was put on board the Basilisk at the last moment. Your friend, George Hope, saw me off, Miss Marmont. He is a young hero, if you please. But I shall see you again. Good-bye."

He staggered, and she assisted him involuntarily. His man was busy with the luggage, so he went to the carriage between her and his father, leaning on their arms. Lady Helena stayed behind to recover from an emotion that she could not conceal. As for Sir Joshua, he could not speak for the tears he was trying to hide. Their eldest son, their pride and joy, to return to them a broken-down man, looking twice his age.

"And is this war? And will George come back to me like this?" reflected Mimica, as Captain Carew got into the carriage with difficulty, and gave her a sad little smile as he essayed to lift his hat.

"Ah, Miss Marmont, it breaks my heart to see him thus," whispered Lady Helena, as she shook hands with Mimica.

"He will soon get well now he has come home," returned Mimica, as hopefully as she could; for it seemed to her that she had never seen anyone look so ill.

"Tell Le Roy he must come and see us now," said Sir Joshua, ruefully, as they drove off.

Mimica had driven Miss Heath to the station, and as she drove the old pony and the old coachman back, followed by the cart that had conveyed the luggage, she was engrossed in thought. Her sorrow at parting with Miss Heath was lost in her sympathy with the Carews, and she was led to reflect that pain and grief are more endurable at home than in banishment. What if George were wounded—what if he were killed? She had never before realised how much she loved this, her adopted brother, nor how empty her life would be without him. She thanked God for him, and prayed that he might be spared to her and his other friends.

"He do look shocking bad," mused the coachman, half aloud, and roused Mimica from her reverie. "Why, he've got death in his face."

She found her uncle awaiting her with some show of impatience. He was actually walking up and down the drive when she approached the house, and as he saw her turn towards the yard, he went there to meet her.

"What makes you take the back entrance, Mimica?" he asked, irritably.

"Shock likes it, and we never contradict him, do we, Shock?" she replied, taking a biscuit from her pocket and presenting it to the pony.

They walked together to the house.

"You are sure she is gone? I begin to breathe freely," he said. "She was an incubus, but I trust she has not taken offence. How have you borne it all these years?"

"Do you mean Miss Heath, uncle? Yes, she has gone. I have seen her off. We have done very well together. Thank you for giving her to me so long."

Le Roy looked inquiringly at Mimica, as if to ask whether she were in earnest, and seeing tears in her eyes, turned suddenly, and asked her to show him her flowers. This was the first act of consideration she had seen in him, and she led the way to her garden. She delivered Sir Joshua's message as they went, and told him of Mr. Carew's return, and of his state. He made no comment. When they reached the garden, Mimica feared that old memories were again crowding upon him, for he turned pale and looked sternly round him. They were, in effect, called up by every tree and shrub; by the tame birds that frequented the spot; by the path through the shrubbery, even by the girl herself.

"This was your mother's garden. You represent her well. Another race, that is all the difference," he said.

He sat down, and, with a sudden and unexpected effort of will, asked Mimica to tell him about the tenants, the Leste family, and the parish generally. She obeyed, and succeeded in interesting him, most especially in the Lestes. He even questioned her about the children, saying that it must be impossible that so large a family could have been brought up respectably on such slender means. Time sped on while they were conversing, and a certain calm stole over Le Roy that he had not felt for years. It showed in his face, though his niece scarcely understood what he meant by some words that he let fall. They were—

"We must economise if we would redeem the past."

She comprehended them, however, as time went on.

That afternoon the tuner arrived, and the next morning came sundry workmen of Mimica's acquaintance. Letters from Sellon had advised her to incur no expense that was not absolutely necessary, so she summoned her country friends and held a consultation. Carpenters, masons, and painters believed themselves up to the mark, but she was not sure of her paper-hanger. She must consult her uncle, and, with the natural buoyancy and decision born with her, she went to the schoolroom, where he had ensconced himself, and asked his advice.

"Whatever will cost the least money. The rest I leave to you, as steward," was all he said.

She was not daunted. She had been so long used to economy that she would not have known how to launch out had the means been at her disposal. She took Barber into her confidence, and he was of opinion that whatever was done must be effected without his master's knowledge.

"Bit by bit, ma'am. I consider the change in him a miracle; but workmen and women are his abhorrence in a house, and we must keep them out of his way. If only he had his musical instruments! I feel lost without my violin."

"Poor Mr. Barber! You shall be found directly. I know of one. Come into the library," said Mimica. "There it is, on the topmost shelf. You must use the steps to get at it."

Once in the library, Barber mounted the ladder with difficulty, for he was not, as he expressed it, "as ageele as he used to be." He was well rewarded for his effort by finding, stowed away far back on the shelf, a violin case. He forgot his lack of agility as he descended, and brought down his prize triumphantly.

"I wonder—can it be? scarcely possible, I fear," he muttered, as with trembling fingers he tried to open the musty, mouldy case. "It is! It is! It is the long-lost Straduarius," he shouted, holding a shabby-looking violin up before Mimica, and dancing with delight. "I am reconciled to Courtleroy; master will be reconciled to Courtleroy; music, heavenly maid, will return. Excuse me, Miss Marmont. It is worth a fortune."

"Then we will sell it, for we want ready money," laughed Mimica.

Off went Barber with his prize, and she followed, curious to know what he would do with it. He carried it to the schoolroom, and for the first time in his life went unsummoned into the august presence of his master.

"I have found it! We have found it! I have got the Straduarius!" he cried, almost dancing up to Le Roy, who was seated in Miss Heath's chair.

"Got the Straduarius!" echoed his master, jumping up with an elasticity that astonished Mimica. "Found the Straduarius! Where—how? Impossible; I cannot believe it."

He took the instrument from Barber and examined it.

"You are right. It is—it is the Straduarius! How—where—did you get it?" he asked nthusiastically.

"Miss Marmont pointed it out to me, sir," replied Barber, recovering his respectful manner.

"It has been on the library shelf ever since we came to Courtleroy, uncle," said Mimica, coming forward.

"Thank you, Mimica. You have indeed performed a benefit to mankind. It is, or was, one of the most valuable in England—in the world."

Mr. Le Roy laid it affectionately on his shoulder, and drew the bow across it. There was sound in it still, despite the lapse of time, the damp, the decay.

"As I say, sir, music never dies!" said Barber. "The heavenly maid is a consolation under all the ills of life. She is superior to all other female characters either in novels or life, for she 'soothes one's senses to forgetfulness,' and women mostly irritate them."

Mimica wondered how her uncle would receive his valet's poetical speech, and perceived that he was so much engrossed with the treasure found for him that he had not even heard it. She left them together, thankful that her curiosity and love of literature combined had led to the discovery of an instrument so highly valued by its owner, but distressed to think that a mere violin could call forth feelings that human griefs and privations had failed to move.

She found Barbara Leste awaiting her in the hall. She had come to console Mimica for the loss of Miss Heath, and to inquire if there were anything she or anyone belonging to her could do for her. But Mimica forgot her own troubles at sight of her friend, and began to consider the best way of breaking to her the return and illness of Captain Carew.

"One friend departs and another arrives," she said, as carelessly as she could. "You will be surprised, dear Barbra, as I was, to hear that Captain Carew has returned, and got out of the train just as Miss Heath got in. Sir Joshua and Lady Helena came to meet him, having only heard of his return to England yesterday."

She spoke rapidly, without daring to look at Barbara, who received the news in silence. Had she looked at her, she would have seen a flushed face, an erect and haughty figure, and an unflinching mien.

"He has come home from Africa invalided, Barbra," she added, timidly, glancing at her friend at last. "He looks ill, and I feel so sorry for him and his father and mother. Poor Sir Joshua was crying, not having heard of——"

"Not wounded! Not dying!" broke in Barbara, roused from forced apathy to fearful interest.

"Only what they call invalided, dear," replied Mimica, sitting down at her friend's side and taking her hand, which, however, was soon withdrawn.

"He will soon be better, I hope, now he is at home again; but indeed he looks dreadfully ill."

"I am very sorry, but what can it matter to me?" said Barbara, coldly.

"Oh, Barbra! If you had seen him, you could not be so indifferent. Why are you so stony and so changed?"

"I will tell you, Mimica. He was my friend, mine, till you stole him from me. Why do you, of all people, mention him to me? I forget him, and you remind me of him; I despise him, and you praise him; I am thankful for his absence, and you tell me he is near me. Why do you torment me so? He has given you his love—keep it; but do not let me be expected to sympathise."

"Barbra, you are unjust to him, to me, and yourself. He does not care for me, nor I for him."

"He proposed for you—that you cannot deny; and if he did so without loving you he is—well, even worse than I thought him. The ambition of a Lady Helena might prevent his asking the daughter of a poor curate to be his wife, but could not oblige him to perjure himself by proposing for another. I am not so blind as not to perceive that the attractions of a Mimica Marmont are sufficient to enslave any man, and I have told him so."

"You were wrong, Barbra, so to speak of me; unkind and unlike yourself. But if you saw him now you would pity him, because he is very ill, and you always feel for the sick and dying."

"Dying! You do not mean what you say! Monty Carew dying, and I have not forgiven him, nor he me!"

"Dear Barbra, be calm. I do not think him dying; only he looks so wan and thin and changed that he alarmed me. You will see him—meet him as an old friend, for all our sakes?"

"I cannot, Mimica. You do not know—you never will, I hope—what it is to be deceived in one you love."

During this conversation Barbara was first stoical, then passionate, finally subdued. She sobbed and wept for a few moments, and Mimica was frightened at an emotion she did not understand and knew not how to allay. The Barbara whom she loved and considered all but perfect was but a weak woman after all, unable to conquer evil feelings bred of disappointed hopes. Was it this "to be in love"? Was it thus her uncle, the strong man, had suffered, when his prospects were so strangely wrecked? If so, better to steel the heart against affections too strong for its feeble powers of endurance.

Barbara rose suddenly to her feet and put her arm round Mimica.

"Forgive this outburst, and forget it," she said. "I hold you blameless, but not him. I will pray to forgive also—forget, never. But, Mimica, if I could be of use, I would die to serve or save."

She kissed Mimica, and without another word opened the hall door, closed it after her, and was half-way up the drive before Mimica could realise the words she had spoken.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

PATRICK AGAIN.

"My dear Milly, I am glad to see you," were the words that greeted Miss Heath, when she found herself in Mr. Prettyman's spacious entrance hall.

They were accompanied by a warm embrace, and Miss Heath felt that if she had been almost turned out of one home, she had found another. And what a different one! But for Mimica, regret for Courtleroy would have ceased with the hour which brought her to London. Besides, she loved London: the wildernesses of houses, the ever accumulating crowds, the shops, the bustle, the noise, the rattling cabs, the street cries, the placards, the sandwichmen—every object that she had passed in her drive from the station delighted her. To come to London once more on a visit to a friend was Elysium. No companion or governess duties to perform; no part to play; but once more to be a guest! Youth returned from the moment when she was hugged by her old schoolfellow with almost girlish enthusiasm. Mrs. Prettyman forgot her Milly's silent secretiveness, Miss Heath her Louisa's loquacious openness, in the pleasure of the meeting.

"Everything is more forward in London than the country. Why, the trees in the square are in full leaf," said Milly, enthusiastically for her, when she had taken off her things, and was partaking of a dainty little tea.

"The parks are delicious. I shall take you everywhere," rejoined Mrs. Prettyman. "It is the height of the season, and though Joe says the times are dreadful, owing to the war, and the ministers, and the government, and all sorts of things, the fashionable world don't know it."

"I wish Mimica were here," sighed Miss Heath.

"I'm sure I wish she were, and Georgie too. We heard from him this very morning. He thinks he has heard something of his father from a soldier who served with him at the Cape, and who knows all about a Corporal or Captain Hope, who——"

"His father! George's father!" exclaimed Miss Heath, with unusual vehemence.

"Yes. Here is the letter. I only hope he will find that he is dead out-and-out, and that will satisfy him. I don't mean to have murder in my heart you know, Milly, for that is awful; only when I look on George as my own son, and couldn't love him better if he were, it is very trying to have him hankering after another father and mother who have done nothing for him—deserted him, in short—isn't it, Milly?"

"Yes, certainly," said Milly, poring over the letter.

The intelligence it conveyed was slight and uncertain. George Hope had encountered an Irish soldier who had fought in Africa in a previous war with the disaffected natives, and who had been in the regiment with Corporal Hope. Having obtained the name of the regiment, George felt sure that he could trace his father, dead or alive.

"Dead, or he would not have forsaken his child," mused Miss Heath, as she read.

"That is just what I say, Milly," cried Mrs. Prettyman, joyfully. "But Joe is so provoking, and says George is sure to come back, with his wounded and decrepit father leaning on his arm. I say I shall be glad if he come back at all from those burning deserts and savage demons. Have you seen the pictures in the *Illustrated* and *Graphic*, Milly?"

"Yes, they are exaggerated," said Milly, still studying the letter.

"I'm sure I'm glad you think so. I want to send out more missionaries to teach them, instead of soldiers to kill them, or be hacked to pieces and tortured by them. Only fancy George a prisoner with such savages."

Miss Heath's brow contracted with pain.

"He writes in excellent spirits," she said. "He thinks that peace will soon be made."

"He is so good, so wise, so brave, there never was such a young man!" said the ecstatic Louisa. "Why, he has won honour enough already for a major, or even a colonel. Joe says so, and I am sure he would be made a general at once if he were old enough."

Miss Heath laughed. It was delightful to hear the innocent enthusiasm of her friend once more. When Mr. Prettyman came home, he welcomed her kindly, and assured her that she was quite a godsend, because his wife did nothing but mope since George had been

engaged in active service. Thus Miss Heath's drooping head looked up.

"Besides," continued he, "Sellon wants to see you. He is a bachelor, you know, and has lost his heart either to you or Miss Marmont."

"Mimica is much admired," said Miss Heath, colouring.

"And there is another friend of yours who is a frequent visitor here—not an admirer though. Mr. Patrick, of hop-picking memory, has been to inquire for George, and I am sorry to say his costume has not improved." Miss Heath made no remark on this information, and preparations for dinner soon ensued.

That first evening was spent entirely by her in answering questions concerning Courtleroy and Summerlands. Mr. Prettyman was acquainted with Mr. Sellon, and had heard the state of the Courtleroy affairs from him. He had indeed lent money to Mr. Le Roy, through Sellon, to stop the gap of his negligence. He sang the praises of the young Leste who was in his office, and promised that Miss Heath should meet him as well as Sellon. She did in effect see them both frequently; and was able to cheer Mrs. Leste by an account of the prosperity of her son.

But Mr. Sellon had much to say to her, and from him she heard, as time went on, more of Mimica and her uncle than she gathered from Mimica herself. He was gradually disentangling the affairs, and was hopeful about setting them right at last, but not of replacing them on the old footing. Searle had not been traced, but he said he had secured the house Searle had built on Le Roy's estate by an arrangement with the liquidators. It belonged, in fact, virtually to Le Roy, having been built with his money. The London mansion was let at a fabulous price, and the tenant was so well pleased with it as to be ready to purchase if Le Roy would sell; but this he positively declined.

Miss Heath's so-called "visit" seemed interminable, and she was still with Mrs. Prettyman at the close of the season. She heard constantly from Mimica, but found a constraint in her letters which she had never been conscious of in their daily intercourse. However, she was so well amused that it did not trouble her: besides, the whole of the Prettyman household was engrossed by their hero George, and had small space for heroines. Letters from him had ceased since the one Milly read on her arrival, and his friends were getting anxious. Mrs. Prettyman comforted herself by repeating, "Africa is so far off, you know, it takes so long to hear." For, never having learnt geography correctly in her youth, she could not realise its position with regard to Europe, and looked upon it as beyond all knowledge, being "the dark continent." She never quite took in why the sun was so hot there when it was "all so dark."

"There is that Irishman again, ma'am, and he has a woman with him," announced Sampson, one morning, when she, her husband, and Miss Heath were talking over the last telegrams.

"Clear away the breakfast, and show them in here," said Mr. Prettyman. "I'll be bound Pat has found his Biddy Malone."

Mr. Prettyman was right, and the Patrick of the hop pickers' tea entered, pushing a good-looking woman before him. He was neatly clad, by comparison with his former habiliments, and she was dressed in the picturesque costume of an Irish milkwoman: for there is a certain amount of picturesqueness in the short petticoated, white aproned, and well-shawled Irish and Welsh women who trundle their noisy milk carts through the streets, or walk beneath the yoke of well-poised cans.

"I've found her, sorr; I knew I would. She's Biddy," cried Pat, cap in hand.

Biddy curtseyed and looked awkward, but was soon set at her ease by Mrs Prettyman, who rushed up to her with extended hands and beaming face, crying out, "Are you the good woman who nursed our Georgie?" forgetting for the moment that her "good woman" must have thrust him upon her charity.

"Yes, indeed, ma'am; and Pat has made me come to tell you all about it."

"I found her with a milk-cart miles away. I knew I'd find her. She's dressed me up, and we'll be married and go back to Ould Ireland as soon as she've made a clane breast of it," said Pat.

"An' we come to-day because it's Georgie's birthday, yer honours. He's twenty-one this blessed day, the Lord presarve him," took up Biddy.

"And we were never sure of his birthday. We used to keep it on the anniversary of the day he first came here," said Mrs. Prettyman. "Was it you who brought him here? Just sit down and tell us."

"An' sure it was, my leddy, an' small blame to me, for them as paid for him tould me to bring him here, an' sent me the money to pay his carriage."

Mr. Prettyman was about to speak, when he was arrested by a voice in the hall. He was leaning against the mantelpiece; his wife was standing in front of Biddy, who was seated on the edge of a chair with Pat beside her; and Miss Heath was in the background, her elbow on the table, her face in her hand.

The door opened.

"Padre! Madre!" sounded on the ears of the worthy Prettymans, and in another moment George Hope was in the arms of his foster-parents.

Mrs. Prettyman began to sob for joy, and her husband to laugh and rub his hands, while Miss Heath rose, sat down again, and finally came forward to join the group.

"It is Milly Heath; kiss her, Georgie," said Mrs. Prettyman.

He kissed the shy, trembling woman, who suddenly burst into tears, and whispered, "How is Mimi?"

"There's a fine young man for ye," whispered Biddy to Pat. "An' sure I'm glad to a' lived to see the day. But for you I'd never a' come."

"He's as brown as a berry," responded Pat, "but the double of his father, and a sodger all over. God bless him."

"Are these friends?" asked George, suddenly perceiving the pair. "Why! it's Patrick."

"An' by yer lave, sorr, this is Biddy Malone," said Pat. "Yer fosther-mother, as nursed ye and brought yer honour from Ould Ireland."

"Two foster-mothers! Madre and Biddy!" cried George, going up to Biddy and holding out both hands. "Who so fortunate as I?"

"The same Georgie wid de blue eyes and jewel of a mouth, but shure ye're forgettin Biddy? I'm niver so young as I was, an' you've not set eyes on me since I left ye in this blessed place, though many's the time I've looked after ye. 'He's a gintleman now,' says I, 'an I won't disthurb him,' so I tuk to the milk-walk when ye went to school."

MIMICA AND MISS HEATH.

George stood holding Biddy's hands and looking down upon her with a face expressive both of joy and pain; laughter and tears were there, and when he glanced from Biddy to Patrick, who was close to her, and then at the worthy couple who had joined the little group, he well-nigh broke down. So did Miss Heath, watching the scene, and struggling against an emotion she rarely displayed.

"We will celebrate your coming of age by-and-by with historical reminiscences," broke in Mr. Prettyman, laying his hand on George's shoulder. "But first of all, Mr. Patrick and Mrs. Biddy must drink your health, and you must have something to eat. I'll ring for Sampson."

Scarcely did the bell-handle move before Sampson was in the room. Behind him, in the hall, were all the maids, Ada foremost. George was amongst them in a minute, shaking hands, and answering questions; and the party in the dining-room followed, like bees after their queen. It was a scene as charming as it was natural, and George Hope, the central figure, was well worthy of the enthusiastic welcome he received from the attached household of his foster-parents. Biddy said he was of age that day, but to look at his manly figure, bronzed face, and erect head, he might have been five and twenty at least. Strangers accounted him so; though the frank clear blue eye, and almost boyish manner, recalled his childhood. Sampson and Ada looked upon him as belonging especially to them, and they and their master and mistress could but recall the night when they had first seen him a little ragged urchin, ready to challenge the world. Tom, who had been page at the crisis, was now footman, and he had been the first to greet their hero when he arrived, to pay his cab, see to his luggage, and spread the news among his fellow servants.

The hubbub ceased at last. Patrick and Biddy were carried off to the servants' hall, and while a substantial breakfast was being laid, George went to his room to refresh himself after his voyage and subsequent journey.

Mr. Prettyman remained at home on that day, and "ordered everyone's goings." He and his wife might have been boy and girl, they were so hilarious, and their jollity was so infectious that not only all the domestics, but even Miss Heath, caught it. Biddy and Patrick were ordered to remain the day. Tom was commissioned to run to the Ragged School at the back and ask the teachers to allow the children to have tea and buns in honour of their hero's return; Sampson was told to bring his wife and such of his family as he could get hold of to spend the evening; and the "fatted calf" was killed, though there was no prodigal. Mrs. Prettyman spoke the truth when she said that had George been their very own son they could not love him better.

(To be continued.)

THE MOTHER AND HER CHILDREN.

By MRS. CHARLES READ.

"WHERE are my treasures?" the mother spoke, smiling,
To her two little boys as they nestled there,
One on each side, in the gleam of the firelight.
Loving, she laid a soft hand on their hair:
"Here are my treasures,—I own none greater,—
Never a queen had riches more rare!

"All I would do for you? Ah! well you know it!
Answer me, now, one question instead:
What would you do for mother, I wonder?"
The younger lifted his eager head,
And his wide brown eyes were soft in their beauty,
As, "For you, sweet mother, I'd die!" he said.

His was the poet heart, sensitive, ardent;
Fain would he mount upon fancied wings,
While visions, or fair, or fantastic and dreamy,
Mingled with musings on heavenly things;
And the words that he uttered were warm with the feeling
That flowed from deep-hidden yet powerful springs.

Pleased with the answer, she turned to the elder:
Slower to speak than his brother was he,—
But he noted the question, and quick rejoinder,
And smiled as he listened approvingly;
And his mother waited in happy impatience,
Wishful to know what his thoughts might be.

His was a nature unselfish and tender,
Lovingly-gracious and childly-wise;
And now, with the light of affection shining
In the depths of his earnest dark blue eyes—
"Do you ask, am I ready to die for you, mother?
Ay, and to live for you, too!" he replies.

Well-contented, she kissed them fondly:
Precious to her were the words they spake,
And when Time, swiftly-flying, brought sad occasion
For each to perform the task he would take,
He found them ready, both one and the other,
To live—and to die for a mother's sake.

Not mine to tell of the how and wherefore,—
Enough to say that the deeds were done;
Unknown—like many an act of valour
That will shine one day in a cloudless sun,
Where angels joy o'er a well-kept promise,
A faithful trust, and a victory won.

Brave, is it not? to throw down life's sweetness
Or ever that sweetness is marred by pain,
While hopes of a dawning earthly glory
Must fall in the dust by our own hand slain;
And the last look dwell with a wistful fondness
On scenes it may never behold again!

But courage is needed more deep, more enduring,
Than any in valiant conflict shown,
By him who, ne'er pausing in selfish misgiving,
Will take up a burden beside his own,
And toil through life with a deep devotion
For one who could never have toiled alone!

Oh! Father, who weighest our every action
In Thine own balance so just and true,
What need to wonder which deed was greater?
Thou knowest man's efforts are feeble and few;
Thou knowest he fails to attain true perfection—
Christ only hath lived—and hath died for us, too!

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

HOUSEKEEPING.

MATRON.—Presuming that your damask curtains be woollen, no mordant will be requisite in re-dyeing them. Weigh them, and so regulate the proportion of the dye to the number of pounds the curtains weigh. To fifty pounds of curtain-weight, use eight pounds of lima wood, half a pound of cudbear, and three-quarters of a pound of tartar. Boil these ingredients for half an hour, strain, and pour the colour into water as hot as the hand can bear it. Pass the material through and through the bath, until the colour be perfectly taken up, and do not express any of it by squeezing. Then hang up the article until it be cold, which only takes a few minutes to accomplish, and plunge it into soft water, changing the water twice. After that place it in hard water, then into alum-water, and hang it up to dry, taking care to iron it before quite dry. As the above-described process is troublesome, and amateurs usually turn out poor and streaky specimens, we advise you to send your curtains to a professional dyer.

JULIA should steam the plush and take the stiffness out of it, and when damp, try whether the milky stain can be removed by rubbing with a damp sponge or soft towel. Change of air will sometimes do neuralgia good when everything else fails.

FARE FAC.—We think the fowls need some gravel to peck at, and also a box of ashes to get into, to clean their feathers.

BEATRICE DIXON is kind enough to send us a recipe which she has tried with success. To take inkstains out of linen, take about half a wineglass of vinegar, heat it, and then add to it the same quantity of benzine. Dip the stained linen into it, and allow it to soak in the mixture from five to ten minutes, then take it out, rinse in clean water, and the stain will disappear.

G. B. HORNE can purchase the stain and varnish for the floor at any oil shop; inquire for oak stain, and try a little to see the colour before you apply it. You can dilute with water and make it lighter. Apply evenly with a brush.

ZOE BROWNE will have to go some distance from London to find a house at £20 a year. It would be better to make such inquiries before marriage, as the season ticket for her husband would have to be considered.

CULEX.—The greatest enemies of fleas are cleanliness, ventilation, and light. They flourish in dirt, warmth, and darkness. If you have a carpet on your floor, you should have it taken up and the floor washed over daily, especially under the bed, with water in which some chloride of lime has been dissolved, and place bags of lump-camphor in the blankets and between the mattress. Pennyroyal is also considered to drive away insects.

GERTRUDE ANNIE M.—We have read your letter with great pleasure, and we are glad you have had comfort and help from the G.O.P. But do not let your busy life make you neglect self-improvement entirely. Read the history of your own country, learn some geography regularly, write copies, and improve yourself in every way. You are only sixteen, and you must not stand still.

A CONSTANT READER (Poplar).—It is said the rind of the cucumber will drive away crickets. All holes should be stopped up with plaster about the hearth and grate.

LILY OF THE VALLEY.—Your hair rug has evidently been put away damp, or has been kept in a damp place. We have never found any cure for moths, save great care in picking out the grubs, keeping everything dry, and rubbing black pepper well into the skins, when putting them away. A tin box is the best to use for the latter purpose.

F. G. McD. (Dewsbury).—We never heard that soap in the bar, or hard soap, had any worse effects on clothes in washing than soft soap.

PRISCILLA had better employ a whitesmith or ironmonger to clean and restore the Britannia metal teapot, as it has been out of use so long.

LOTTIE.—Use turpentine to remove the spots of paint. If very hard they may need some soaking in it. If a mark be left after this, a little spirits of wine will take it out.

ANXIOUS ONE.—The head, after being well washed and the hair cut short, should be abundantly greased.

EMILY O.—Knives that are not in constant use should be greased and wrapped in brown paper when put away.

WORK.

IVY.—We much fear that work to be done at home is not easily found, especially fancy work, as everyone seems now able to do her own. "Ivy" might take samples of her work to the shops, and see what orders she could obtain.

C. O. S. Moss could earn money by the sale of her needlework if she, or her friends for her, found out a shop or depôt where they would undertake the sale for her at a fair percentage. Ladies always bow first to gentlemen. Of course she should bow to the doctor who has attended her, even if he only came once.

NELLY W.—Your best and most practical plan is to buy a cheap one of the style you like, and take it to pieces when soiled, measure the quantity of lace employed, and cut out the form in paper, observing how all is put together. You should learn to spell words correctly before writing them, as, for instance, you write "plastroon" for "plastron," which is a French word.

CARRIE (Rutland).—We must refer you to the last section of our article entitled "The Fairy of the Family," "Spots and Stains," page 807, vol. iv. But we much fear for your success in removing wine stains from your dress, since what would extract that colour would probably extract the original dye also. We are much gratified by your kind assurances of comfort and profit derived from our paper, and thanking you for your good wishes, we wish you heartily "God-speed."

CORA W.—If you require instructions in reference to lace, both ancient and modern, English and foreign, you had better consult "The Dictionary of Needlework" (Gill, 170, Strand, W.C.), which contains most beautiful illustrations of the several makes, and is a standard work.

BERRY PIE.—Crewel-work should be washed in bran-water; use no soap; dry it by rolling it up in a towel; never expose the wet material to the air or sun; iron while still damp. The 24th November, 1870, was a Thursday.

OISEAU.—The scarlet colour can be fixed by dipping the knitting in alum-water; but this will make the wool harsh. Try washing in bran-water for the future, and drying quickly in a room, not in the sun.

A. H. RUSSELL.—Lardeur's patent is at present withdrawn, as there is a lawsuit pending.

LUSITANIA.—To draw crewel-work designs upon dark materials, either prick holes in the pattern lines and rub white chalk through them on the material, or transfer the pattern with the white carbonised cloth sold in Hanway-street. To fix the white lines made with either process, paint with Chinese white mixed with liquid glue.

MUSIC.

MAY.—Write and consult the English chaplain at that place, if there be one, as we believe; he would inquire for you; while it is quite impossible for us to tell you what demand, if any, there may be for English teachers. If living at home, we think that, at your age, you are doing fairly well in earning £35 per annum. It would be a very risky speculation to go to Leipsic, unless already possessing means for both your board and lodging, and to pay the fees.

PIANIST.—You should write to Novello, or some other music-publisher, for both the instruction book and the instrumental piece.

KATHLEEN O'MOORE.—Sing for a quarter of an hour for the first three months, learning one song at a time, and all the rest of the time scales. Then extend the practising to half an hour a day. But obtain the opinion of an experienced master as to the quality and compass of your voice. Beware of straining your voice.

EXCITABLE JACK.—We have continually told our readers that no girl should begin learning to sing till sixteen years of age. Avoid looking at what makes you laugh at unseasonable times. At such moments some would recommend you to "meditate on your mother-in-law," only you are too young to have one. But, joking apart, you must endeavour to attain to a little self-control, or you will get into sad "hot water."

CARNÆTION is not at all too old to learn singing at twenty years of age. Her hands can only be improved by wearing gloves.

MOLLY.—"Technique" relates to the practice of any art or science.

HAVELOCK must wait a year or two before he begins to sing. We can only advise him to go to a barber and have his hair curled, as he seems so very unhappy about its being quite straight. Washing the head, too, is said to make short hair curly.

"GUYELLA."—How to play Mendelssohn's "Songs Without Words," will be found in vol. ii., pages 537, 548. The monthly parts may be had. The article on "How to make a Dressing-gown" is in vol. ii. (not vol. i.), page 444.

JEANIE SCRUBSCHALL.—Why not buy an English cheap edition instead of the American? Messrs. Boosey & Co. publish many, and you had better first go and look at them. There would be no penalty for having such an edition, if it were not taken from your friend in passing through the Custom-house.

SOMERSET.—You give no address, so we cannot tell whether you are in a position to call in person at a music publisher's and make inquiries. If in the country, write to one of the large firms, and obtain addresses of song composers. No doubt they need good words, and yours are pretty, and suitable for the purpose.

VIOLET.—We do not know what you mean by "lady-like" for girls to play the violin in public. If you mean feminine, we may reassure you, as the violin and viola are played by women in the highest ranks of society. If a professional musician, and you play it well, it is a question of duty to earn a livelihood in that way, as modestly and gracefully as you can; if an amateur, and able to do so for some charitable object, it is equally a matter of duty, and there is nothing coarse nor masculine about it.

KATHIE L. C.—There is no harm in singing for the gratification of uneducated people, though untrained yourself. But it would be very presumptuous, and in bad taste, to attempt to do so to an educated audience.

A DOCTOR'S DAUGHTER.—We should think that the violin was the best instrument. A grey polonaise, trimmed with black, would look well with a black satin skirt; but why not get some black cashmere, or one of the new canvases, and make a black polonaise, and trim it with woollen lace, and a little satin with it, for the cuffs, collar, and bands for the skirt.

ART.

CICELY.—The sizing and varnishing of painted panels depend on the paints and mediums employed. In the ordinary way of painting with tube oil-colours and using Roberson's medium, one coat of varnish is sufficient and no sizing is necessary. If, however, painting on wood that has no previous coating of paint of any kind, lay on one of size before commencing to work. Even then you will not require to size the picture before varnishing it. You should buy the indexes for every volume. The set of pictures, title-page, and index for the last volume are sold for 1s. at our office. Address Mr. Tarn, of the publishing department.

NUNHEAD.—We cannot give you the information you desire—at least, at present.

DONNINA.—Water-colours are not used for mirror painting. You must employ oil-colours mixed with a special medium, and lay on a coat of flake-white as a commencement. See our article on 'Mirror Painting," page 148, vol. vi.

OLIVIA PYRAH.—Paint terra-cotta plaques with water-colours. Lay on a coating of white of egg, cover the design with Chinese white, and work with moist colours.

HOLLY FARM.—Megilp is a gelatinous compound of linseed oil and mastic varnish, used by artists as a vehicle for colours. A medium is a vehicle, too. Much secrecy prevails as to the manufacture, as each maker has his own method; but the general ingredients are as we have stated.

GERTRUDE.—The articles, "How to Paint in Oils," will be found at pages 401 and 545, vol. iv. Those on "Sketching from Nature," in vol. ii., at pages 36, 124, 179, 279, 223, etc.

A. F.—You should procure a small shilling manual, at any artists' colourman's, giving instruction in water-colour landscape painting. Your handwriting promises well.

NAUGHTY JOSEPH.—There is an art school at Hastings and St. Leonards-on-Sea. A list of art schools in all parts of the country may be obtained from the annual report of the Science and Art Department, South Kensington, which may be obtained from Mr. King, Parliament-street, S.W., price 1s. 6d.

JAMES BARCLAY JOYCE.—The picture by Millais, called the "North-west Passage," was painted when the public mind was exercised about the fate of some Arctic explorers. The young lady reads aloud a history of Arctic travels and dangers. The face of the old sailor was painted from Mr. Trelawny, the companion of Byron and Shelley, and is a good portrait. The same model sat for the young lady and for "Stitch, stitch, stitch."

MISCELLANEOUS.

ELSIA KOSER.—The questions you ask of a personal character are not seemly. You should ask your mother, aunt, or your nurse. We reciprocate your good wishes with our thanks.

ALMIDA.—The verses you send us are not in correct metre, but a good deal of taste is shown in the little sketch and in the feelings the verses express.

LITTLE BROWNIE.—If the other remedies could not be obtained perhaps your friend could obtain the treatment of a good magnetic rubber. Your verses, though not quite correct, give some promise.

A KING'S DAUGHTER.—We sympathise much with you in your home troubles, and approve of the spirit in which you meet them. We have already given our girls an article on "Duties to Parents." The paper you send is not suitable for publication.

CONSTANCE.—We have already answered your question at length, and at so recent a date as last year. We must refer you to it.

I. DE VALNEIGE.—We read your letter with much interest, and are surprised at the amount of useful work for which you find time without neglecting your health and the recreations suitable to your age and position in life. In commending your labours we must affectionately remind you that in all we do for our fellow creatures our first motive should be to please our blessed Lord, to whom we owe so much. (See St. Matthew xxv.) We wish you, very heartily, God-speed.

EMILY and LAVINIA ask us to give them the essence of optics. Some explanation is essential to our compliance with their request. If engaged in manufacturing a pudding, we should recommend the essence of vanille. The writing promises very well.

DAISY.—Why should you bathe your face with tincture of benzoin? It is good for inhaling when you have a bad cold in the head, but we recommend you to use soft water, washing your face well with a mild curd, honey, or glycerine soap at night, and bathing in the soft water in the morning. Leave Nature alone; keep your face thoroughly clean, and if chapped by the severity of the weather rub in a little glycerine.

A. D. C.—Send the pictures and cards to the Children's Hospital at Shadwell (East London Hospital), or to the Evelyna Hospital, Southwark Bridge-road, or the Cripples' Home, Marylebone-road, No. 17a.

ISABELLE MARY.—It is indeed sad that your guardian should place difficulties in the way of your enjoying the means of grace, especially now that you are eighteen years of age. If you know any clergyman, especially of your own church, consult him about your admittance to the Lord's table. As there is much difference between the construction, grammar, and idiom of languages respectively, no translation can be made word for word, only the exact meaning can be given. But the translators of the Bible were so scrupulous that whenever that meaning could not be rendered in English without the addition of any words, they signified which those assistant words were by putting them in italics.

EUGENIE PARIS.—We thank you for your kind letter, and your verses are fairly correct in composition and show good feeling. Yet you may not object to our drawing your attention to two errors. "Lambs" do not "bloom on high;" flowers might; the metaphor is incorrect. Again, "He giveth His beloved sleep" means He giveth His beloved ones. The word "beloved" is used as a substantive, not as an adjective; the sleep is not beloved. But were the poem suitable for insertion, it should be certified. That is our rule. Accept our good wishes with our thanks for the card.

ROY'S WIFE.—The "water clock" or "clepsydra," was introduced at Rome about the year 158 B.C. by Scipio Nasica. It is said that they existed in Britain prior to Cæsar's invasion in some form (55 B.C.). The earliest complete clock of which we have any dependable record was made in the thirteenth century by a Saracen mechanic. King Alfred measured time by wax tapers, placed in lanterns to defend them from draughts, in 887. We have not space to add more.

E. P. M.—We regret that your verses are unsuitable to our pages. The composition is quite incorrect and irregular.

EMMA B.—The Balearic Islands, though belonging to Spain, were peopled, it is said, in the first instance, by the Canaanites, who were driven out of their country by Joshua. They also took refuge on the northern coast of Africa, whence they easily crossed over. The name is derived from the Phœnician, "Baal-jare," which had reference to their skilful use of the sling as a weapon of warfare. Majorca is famous for wine, oil, and oranges. The scenery is grandly picturesque, and visitors will find many excellent roads. Palma has 22 parish churches and a fine cathedral, and has 60,000 inhabitants, and some of the other towns are large and flourishing. The hotels are not very good. You had better get a recommendation to some boarding house, as these are respectable and registered on the books of the police, to whom you had better apply.

TIT FOR TAT.—Yes; some people who have made handwriting their special study can make wonderfully correct sketches of character from it. We do not give advertisements of those who do so as a trade. Your own handwriting is not formed, and no one tells character from children's scribbles. You must remember to write every word at its full length, not I've, you'll, aren't, and yrs. It is not well bred, and no doubt you would wish to know what is right. We do not know what has made your eyelids red, as there are various causes.

ON THE THAMES.

A DISHEARTENED ONE perhaps laces her stays too tight, and the constant standing affects both hands and feet. We should advise her to rub herself all over with a wet towel, and afterwards with a dry rough one in the morning. Wear woollen stockings and underclothes, and eat slowly and carefully, avoiding beer.

TODDLECOMES.—The word *cueillir* is a French verb, and means to cull, to pick, to gather. The noun *cueillir* means a spoon. The kind of spoon is explained by the addition of a word at the end, as *cueillir à café*, a teaspoon; *cueillir à bouche*, tablespoon; *cueillir à dessert*, a dessert-spoon. The cactus is a greenhouse plant, but will thrive in warm rooms; the soil should be light; they do not require water at all from November to March, and they may be grown even in bedrooms. This rule about water must not be forgotten, as it is the secret of their flowering. Never mind how dry and shrivelled the plants may look, give them no water, and when March comes place them in a sunny window, and give them some water, and as soon as the thick leaves have swollen, and show signs of growth, take a kettleful of boiling water and pour enough out of the kettle, hot as it is, to soak the ball of the soil in the pot. Be careful not to touch the plant, only the soil, and repeat every two or three weeks, till the buds of the flowers show.

PRIMROSE.—We have more than once given the whole story respecting Roland and Oliver, who were two Paladins of Charlemagne, so nearly matched in every respect that the exploits of one were always equalled by those of the other. Meeting in single combat on an island in the Rhine, they fought for five days without any advantage gained on either side. See our article on "Mourning Attire," page, 398, vol. ii. You should wear it a year for a brother or sister. The crape at least for six months.

J. L.—Oliver Goldsmith predeceased Dr. Johnson by ten years, as he died in the year 1774, and his friend Johnson in 1784. Within our memory an ox has been roasted on the Thames, during a very severe frost, but a fair was held on the frozen river in January, 1814. You write fairly well.

LINA M.—The greatest number of Parliaments held in England between the reigns of Edward I. and George III. were held during that of Edward III., *i.e.*, 37, but then he reigned 50 years. In Queen Elizabeth's time there were only 10 parliaments, though she reigned but five years less than her great predecessor.

WATFORD LASSIES, and RUTH.—A cathedral is the chief church of a diocese as containing the *cathedra* (Latin) or seat of the bishop; it obtained the name in the tenth century. Cathedrals in England are divided into two classes—namely, of the old and new foundation. The latter are those which, before the Reformation, were monastic institutions, but at that period were refounded as secular cathedrals—that is, with clergy to minister to the laity—or were newly created sees of that nature. Their chapters consist of residentiary canons, who were formerly called prebendaries. The old foundations are those which were always held by secular canons. Their officials consist of dean, precentor, chancellor, treasurer, archdeacons, prebendaries, and canons. The mother church of England is Canterbury Cathedral, the first church on the same spot being an old British church given with his own palace by King Ethelbert to Augustine, the first Archbishop of Canterbury, about 602 A.D.

DIANA.—If your father be satisfied and like to have you with him, we see no reason for calling you fast, and a girl can always be well bred and polite in accepting services without encouraging familiarities. If you try always to act on high principles and as a Christian and a lady, you will not be afraid of epithets, which are often given by thoughtless, rash-judging people, and are undeserved.

EMILY.—Persons suffering from indigestion should eat plain food and very sparingly, dine early, refrain from taking suppers, the last meal not later than seven p.m. They should eat slowly and masticate well, and should do nothing for an hour after dinner, as the brain should rest while the stomach is at work and needs strength for the process of digestion. Meat should be very sparingly eaten, and very new bread avoided. A dose of ground ginger and hot water (in a wineglass) or one of sal volatile taken in the same way (one teaspoonful) would relieve the pain.

FAIRY CUP.—You may have caught cold in your eyes, or their condition may be the outcome of some constitutional mischief, and needing not merely local treatment. You should consult a good doctor. Your writing looks better than it really is, because so many of the letters are left only half formed. For instance, the final "e's" do not deserve the name of a letter.

MARGARET (Cardiff).—Write to our publisher, Mr. Tarn, and he will supply you with all the monthly numbers you require. The editor has nothing to do with that department.

CURIUS DENTATUS.—We suppose that the man who was called by the name you have selected was the origin of the legendary tale, and had some peculiarity about his teeth.

TAFF.—The origin of "Seeing is believing" is in the Italian proverb, "*Che con l'acchio vede; con cuor crede;*" "Who sees with his eyes, believes with his heart." The yew belongs to order cciv., *Taxaceæ*, a family sometimes included in *Coniferæ*. The botanical name of the yew is *Taxus baccata*.

PISO.—David divided the priesthood into twenty-four classes, each of which officiated in their order. They appear to have remained in the temple during their turns of service. You should obtain Dr. Edersheim's book on "The Temple, and its Ministry and Services," 5s., 56, Paternoster-row, E.C. The vine was sacred to Bacchus, the god of wine. Branches were borne at his festivals by his worshippers. We suppose the Roman soldier you mention was at some festival of the kind. We believe that Lamartine was the author.

A. C. S. (Chelsea).—There are many charities connected with the Drapers' Company, and they are trustees to many munificent bequests. The clerk to the Company is Mr. H. W. Sawyer, The Hall, 27, Throgmorton-street, E.C.

A LITTLE GIRL OF THIRTEEN.—Your verses are not poetry, nor are they prose, and we are very sorry to find you of so belligerent a spirit at your age; we hope for "peace on earth and good will" with all men. We should like the reference to your text in the Bible, "Be true, be brave, be bold."

MRS. PUDGY, BUDGERIGAR, S. W., and others write to ask questions about their birds. In nearly every case they could have found recent answers in the correspondence. Of course seaweed would be unfit for birds.

TOPSY (Jamaica) has written a very nice letter, and has our thanks and good wishes. The 4th of November, 1855, was a Sunday. The brownish stains on old china are not mildew; they are, we fancy, grease marks, and we know not how they could be removed. We are sorry that any letters of yours should have been unanswered. We have had other correspondents in Jamaica, but do not remember having heard from you before.

NERISSA.—Read your Bible, especially the New Testament, and pray to God daily to enlighten you, and to grant you faith, asking for pardon, grace, and guidance in the name of our Blessed Redeemer, God Incarnate, for our sakes. He has promised that "they that seek shall find."

BLACK AND TAN.—We have given full details as to the qualifications needful in a ladies' companion. They depend much on the description of situation offered. Some old ladies would think much of good taste in making their caps, in your efficiency as a housekeeper, or in your being a clever nurse. If a travelling companion for an invalid, conversational French, German, or Italian might be an essential qualification. In every case she should be healthy, cheerful, and good-tempered, have pleasing manners, write a good hand, read aloud well, and be a good needlewoman.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

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MY BROTHER'S FRIEND.

By EGLANTON THORNE, Author of "The Old Worcester Jug," etc.

CHAPTER IX.

I EXPLORE THE NEIGHBOURHOOD, AND BECOME ACQUAINTED WITH MR. LEONARD GLYNNE.

I WAS downstairs by eight o'clock the next morning, for I had always been accustomed to early hours. My appearance took the housemaid, who was dusting the dining-room, by surprise. Breakfast would not be ready for half an hour, she said, so I betook myself to the garden, which looked most inviting in the bright sunlight of the first June morning. Birds were fluttering to and fro between the lawn and the mulberry tree, picking up their breakfast with much satisfaction. A delicious breath of sweetbriar was wafted to me as I descended the stone steps from the balcony. There were rose trees here and there on the beds, and roses were trained across the rustic arches, which at each end of the laurel hedge crossed the broad gravel path where it led down into the more homely kitchen garden. Some of these were in bloom, and by standing on tiptoe I managed to secure one half-blown beauty, which I fastened in my gown.

To the left of the house, as I stood facing it, was a long greenhouse. It had been locked on the previous evening, and I had only been able to catch tantalising glimpses of the flowers through the glass, but now I saw that the door stood open. I hastened to enter it. There was nothing more rare to be seen within than fine geraniums and fuchsias, with

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"'I AM GLAD MRS. CARSDALE IS BETTER.'"

maidenhair and other ferns; but I enjoyed looking at the bright flowers. Close beside the door of the greenhouse was a door leading into the stable-yard. This, too, stood open, and through it I caught sight of a young man engaged in grooming a fine chestnut horse. It was a lovely creature, light and graceful in movement; and being an ardent lover of animals, I could not resist standing in the doorway to watch it. I admired the horse's shapely head, its bright, glossy coat, and the dainty white fore-foot with which it was proudly pawing the ground as if anxious to draw attention to his beauty. I knew enough of horses to be sure that this was a valuable animal, and I wondered a little, for it scarcely seemed fit to draw the brougham which I saw standing in the yard. I should have thought, moreover, that an old lady like Mrs. Lyell would have preferred to use a less high-bred, spirited animal than this appeared.

Presently the man turned and saw me watching him at his task. I ventured a "Good morning," to which he responded awkwardly. I made a remark on the beauty of the day, but elicited nothing beyond a sheepish assent. I heard afterwards that he was the son of the morose-looking old gardener I had encountered the evening before. Evidently he had inherited the taciturn temperament of his parent.

I turned back towards the house and met Clara, the housemaid, coming to tell me that breakfast was on the table. I went indoors and sat down to the meal in solitary state. How I longed for my dear kittens, which I had had to consign to the tender mercies of Salome! As yet I had seen neither cat nor dog upon Mrs. Lyell's premises. On inquiry I learned from Sarah that Mrs. Lyell never came down before noon, and then, when strong enough, she spent the interval till luncheon in reading and answering her letters, for she had rather a large correspondence, and, although it took her some time to indite a letter, preferred writing herself, whenever possible, to employing an amanuensis. Mrs. Lyell's way of spending her morning fitted in well with my own plans. It left me free to devote to study the hours till dinner.

Soon after breakfast I established myself with my books in the library, a small square room, the window of which looked into the front garden, whilst it communicated by means of folding doors with the large drawing-room lying parallel to the dining-room, and having French windows opening on to the stone balcony at the back of the house. The library Mrs. Lyell had told me I might consider my own room whenever I desired seclusion. It was furnished with high book-shelves, which, however, I found, to my disappointment, contained only the oldest and driest of books. However, as Miss Carefull had lent me a number of books, and planned for me a course of work with these, I was not dependent on the resources of Mrs. Lyell's library, to which no book had been added since her husband's death, some years before I was born.

To one so unused to application as I was, it was not easy to settle to work amidst strange surroundings. For some time my eyes would keep wandering to the window, and I found myself idly watching the insects fluttering above the pond, the old bent gardener going leisurely about his work, or the few passers along the quiet road, who, especially if children, would often pause and stand peering through the iron gates at the pretty garden within. At last a sense of shame roused me, I goaded my flagging resolution with the thought of all that depended on my exertions, and set to work in good earnest. The rest of the morning fled quickly.

Not till the dinner hour came did I see Mrs. Lyell. She met me with the sweet, serene kindness which is one of the greatest charms of the aged. "Well, my love, have you been at work?" she said, tenderly. "Not working too hard, I hope; you must not overdo it. Your cheeks look rather pale. Do you not think so, Sarah?"

"Yes, madam; Miss Carmichael does not appear strong," said the maid.

"You are mistaken," I replied, rather vexed by this remark; "I am as strong as possible."

But this statement neither seemed able to believe. Hardly a day passed after this without Mrs. Lyell's giving me a similar warning against over-work, and it was one of the trials of my new position that everyone in the household would persist in treating me as if I were very delicate. I was warned against running into the garden without my hat; if I stayed there too late in the evening, Sarah would presently appear with a shawl for me and a reminder that the dew was falling, and she feared my shoes were thin; whilst endeavours to dose me with bark, port wine, and beef tea tried my temper sadly.

After dinner I sat and talked with Mrs. Lyell for a while, and read to her scraps from the newspaper. She was rather deaf, but was not aware of her infirmity, and had a great dislike to anyone, as she expressed it, "shouting at her as if she were deaf," so I had some difficulty in modulating my voice so as to catch her ear without annoying her by its loudness.

Presently Sarah appeared and took her mistress upstairs, where she always rested for an hour or so of an afternoon. Now I was free to take a walk, and I lost no time in setting off, being anxious to see what sort of a place Weylea was.

It was a large scattered village, quaint and rustic still, though London was fast encroaching on it. Its bounds extended for many miles; there was North and South Weylea, besides East Weylea, where Mrs. Lyell resided, though perhaps as they lay a mile or two apart, each place so styled deserved to be regarded as a separate village.

I wandered along the winding street of East Weylea, looking with pleasure on the old-fashioned houses, many of them the abodes of gentlefolks, and the thatched cottages and funny little shops scattered between. I was struck with the number of narrow fenced passages, overhung by fine trees, which ran in and out amongst the houses. Following one of these it brought me, after many windings, into the main London road again, which I had already crossed in order to gain the village. I was now, however, at a point at some distance from Mrs. Lyell's. The old road looked very pleasant, and, allured by the delight of walking amidst fresh scenes, I pressed on without thinking how far I was going. Presently, at the corner of a cross-road, the name Beechwood caught my eye. Was I near Beechwood? I must go there and take a look at the place where my brother's friend lived. So I turned into the narrower road. A pleasant road it was, with tall hedges and grand old trees skirting it, very different from the roads about Burford. Here and there the footpath rose considerably higher than the road, and I caught glimpses of the country around, bright with the emerald verdure of early summer. But I had some way to go ere I reached Beechwood. Down one long hill and then up another equally long and steep I went, ere the road opened into a broad village green, bounded on either side by plantations of noble trees. All my life I have been a lover of trees, and I rejoiced to find that the neighbourhood of Weylea was remarkable for the beauty of its trees. Crossing the green, I went on along a road shaded by stately beeches, till I came to some large iron gates. These, I felt sure, guarded the way to Beechwood Hall. I looked through the gates only to see that the carriage drive turned sharply to the left, and the house was not visible. No one was in sight, and so keen was my curiosity that I ventured to step inside the gates, and passed before the windows of the little lodge in order to satisfy myself.

Yes, there was the old and rather broken avenue of beeches, which Edmund had described to me, and the stately old house, forming three sides of a square. I looked intently at it for a few seconds, not liking to move nearer; then, turning abruptly, I almost knocked over a little lady who had just come out of the lodge. Though little, however, she was sturdy, and quickly recovered from the shock of the collision.

"I beg your pardon, I am sure," I stammered, hot and confused, as I met the inquiring glance of her calm, grey eyes. Even in my confusion her face struck me as different from any other I had ever seen. There was such a look of strength and loving kindness, blended with a certain sadness in her expression. She wore a black gown of rich material, though simply made; there was a narrow border of white within her close-fitting bonnet, and a long veil floated behind it.

"Do not mention it; I was to blame as much as you," she said, brightly; "I was looking at Mrs. Grey, and did not see you were so near." She spoke in a sweet, clear, buoyant tone, the sweetest voice it seemed to me that I had ever heard; and I think so still.

Bowing, I turned away without another word. What she thought of my presence there I could not conjecture. Mrs. Grey, standing at the door of the lodge with her baby in her arms, eyed me curiously as I went by.

As I walked back to Weylea I remembered that Edmund had spoken of a widowed sister of Ralph Dugdale's, who lived at Beechwood Hall. This, then, was she. As I came to this conclusion I asked myself again, "What could she have thought of me?" She did not look as if she could think unkindly of anyone. I carried with me a vivid impression of her face. She could not have been many years older than myself, but her look revealed depths of character into which I could not penetrate. It was strange how in so brief a meeting this stranger had fascinated me. I could not help thinking about her all the way home. Was it a proof that she was destined to play an important part in the development of my life? I had no presentiment that it was so.

When I reached Mrs. Lyell's, Sarah opened the door to me and told me, with suppressed indignation in her bearing, that tea had been on the table for a quarter of an hour, and Mrs. Lyell was waiting for me. I had committed the unpardonable sin of arriving late for a meal. Mrs. Lyell looked grave as she inquired if I had met with any accident to detain me.

After tea Mrs. Lyell asked me if I had yet written to my sister to acquaint her with the fact of my safe arrival at Weylea. I replied in the negative.

"Then you will do so, my dear, will you not?" she inquired, rather anxiously.

"Oh! there is no need to write," I said, carelessly; "Mabel will not disturb herself about me."

Mrs. Lyell looked at me in surprise.

"Are you not fond of your sister, Dorothy?" she asked, after a pause.

"Oh, yes," I exclaimed, "I used to love her intensely before she married; but since then she has been so different, and now she has a baby she will care less for me than ever."

A pained expression came to Mrs. Lyell's face. "Then you have all the more to love, dear," she said, gently. "It grieves me to hear you say that you used to love your sister. You cannot know what true love is, or you would not speak so. We do well to guard and cherish our own love, but it is a mistake to exact love in return. Believe me, Dorothy, it is far better to love than to be loved."

I was silent, feeling rather piqued at being told that I did not know what true love was.

"What sort of a man is your brother-in-law?" inquired Mrs. Lyell, a few minutes later; "do you love him, Dorothy?"

"No, that I do not," I answered, decidedly. "There are some people we cannot love, and he is one."

"Pardon me, dear," said Mrs. Lyell, gravely, "there is no one whom it is impossible to love. We are told to love even our enemies, and God does not require of us that which we cannot do."

"It is impossible to me!" I broke in, hotly. "I cannot love a man who is harsh and selfish and unjust, and who makes it clear that he hates me."

"Oh, my dear, do not speak so," said Mrs. Lyell, looking grieved. "I know you cannot love what is wrong and unlovely, but whilst we hate the sin we should love the sinner, if only that he is one of the children of our Father in heaven. However wrong people may be, we can always pray for them, and we soon learn to love those we pray for."

But her words did not touch me; I could not receive them then. I did not continue the discussion, because I was fearful of saying what would grieve her still more. To please Mrs. Lyell I sat down and wrote a letter to Mabel, but I wrote in a cold, constrained manner, for I still felt angry with my sister. This done, I settled to needlework till Mrs. Lyell invited me to have a game of draughts with her. Thus the long evening passed.

This first day at Weylea was a specimen of most of the days I spent there during the next month. The only break in their monotony was that once a week I went up to London in order to take French and arithmetic lessons at Miss Carefull's. I must say I often wearied of the unbroken routine. To be constantly in the society of the aged, however dear and good they be, is a trying experience for any young person. There were days when I found Mrs. Lyell's oft-repeated narrations exceedingly tedious, and the stillness of the house so oppressive, that I longed to scream, sing, dance—do anything, in short, to break the quietude. The wet days were the worst, and we had many ere the month of June was past. If it were fine I could relieve my irritation by a scamper round the garden, though sometimes my enjoyment of such childish abandonment was checked by catching sight of Sarah's face at an upper window, gravely watching me. She never lost an opportunity of watching me, yet I felt that her interest in me was not kindly. Instinctively I knew that she disliked me, though why was a mystery to me, unless it were that she was jealous of her mistress's love for me, which the dear old lady made more and more manifest as we became better acquainted with each other.

Oh, how I longed sometimes for the presence of young life in that staid household! A strange feeling would come over me as if I, too, were growing old. The only young thing on the premises beside myself apparently was the beautiful chestnut horse, and I was not content till I had made friends with him. To do so I had first to conciliate his taciturn guardian, and win from him the freedom of the stable. I was not to be deterred by Sam's representations that his charge was uncertain of temper, and might as like as not kick out at me. I fell into the habit of slipping round to the stable almost as often as I went into the garden. Opening the door and advancing to the side of the loose box, I would call the horse in the most coaxing, alluring manner I could assume. His name I had not yet discovered. He had a name, I knew, for I had asked Sam, and he had pronounced it several times for my benefit, leaving me, however, no wiser than that the name was something like "Hairy Hal," which seemed too absurd. However, without the aid of a name, I soon succeeded in winning the horse's confidence, and he would turn towards me with evident pleasure when I appeared, and would put his lovely head over the side of the box, that I might stroke his nose and give him the piece of sugar that he loved.

Every day Sam took the horse out for exercise; but I did not see him between the shafts of the brougham. Mrs. Lyell talked of taking me for a drive, but day after day went by and the wind was too cold or the air too damp for her to venture out. But towards the end of June there came such a lovely warm day that even Sarah owned that her mistress would run no risk in taking a drive. The carriage was ordered for three o'clock, and came round punctually to the moment. A few minutes before the postman had arrived, bringing Mrs. Lyell a letter with a foreign postmark.

"From Leonard," she said, with pleasure, as she opened it. He had written dutifully to his aunt once or twice during his absence, but his letters, which I was permitted to see, were very short, and gave only the barest information as to his doings. This was no exception.

"Only a few lines to tell me that he will be at home by the end of the week," said Mrs. Lyell, as she laid it down. Upon which we went out to the carriage, I rather curious to see how my chestnut beauty would deport himself under rein. But though the brougham familiar to my eyes stood before the door, a horse of another hue and build was harnessed to it, and it was not Sam who sat on the box. Yet I had never seen but one horse or man in Mrs. Lyell's stables.

"Why, Sarah!" I exclaimed, in my surprise, "this is not the horse I generally see in the stable."

Sarah looked at me as if she thought I had taken leave of my senses. "To be sure not, miss," she said. "Do you think Mr. Glynne would let his horse draw the brougham?"

"Oh! is that his horse?" I asked, bewildered.

"Certainly it is. My mistress has not kept a horse for years. So seldom as she drives out it would be no good. When she wishes to use the carriage she has a horse and man from the livery stables at the Stag's Head." So saying, Sarah helped her mistress into the carriage, and carefully arranged the cushions and wraps about her.

"My dear," said Mrs. Lyell, as I took my place beside her, "you look very puzzled."

"I cannot understand it," I replied. "Does Mr. Glynne live here, that he keeps his horse in your stables?"

"He does not live in my house," said Mrs. Lyell, "but he lives close by. His lodgings are within ten minutes' walk. How strange that you did not know! I must have told you. We will drive that way, and you shall see where he lives."

It was certainly strange that I *should* have remained so long in ignorance of this fact. I remembered now that in speaking of the horse Sam had once or twice referred to Mr. Glynne in a way

that seemed to me rather irrelevant. Was it strange that my heart grew lighter as I received this news? After all I was not the only young person connected with Mrs. Lyell's household. There was another who would surely pass to and fro here pretty frequently if he did not tarry. I suppose my face must have brightened, too, with this thought, for suddenly I caught Sarah's eyes fixed upon me with a gaze which seemed to say that she could read what was passing in my mind. Doubtless she credited me with subtler hopes than I had conceived of, for there was something in her look that made me colour deeply as we drove from the door.

On Saturday afternoon I was sitting with Mrs. Lyell. It was a fine day, but I had not been farther than the garden, having worked myself into a headache that morning, which made me languid and depressed. There had been no visitors to the house during the week. Callers were rare at Mrs. Lyell's, though sometimes old friends from distant parts of London would come to take luncheon and spend a few hours with her; but now for several days not even the most frequent visitor, the old clergyman, whose dreary, drawling talk, usually confined to a discussion of his own and Mrs. Lyell's health, and the deathbeds he had lately attended, used to strain my slender patience to the utmost, had been in. I was rather startled, therefore, when, as I was trying to pick up some dropped stitches in Mrs. Lyell's knitting, the stillness of the house was suddenly broken by a sharp, decided peal of the house-bell.

"That sounds like Mr. Glynne's ring, ma'am," observed Sarah, who was laying the table for tea.

"Ah, it is he, no doubt," said Mrs. Lyell; "he has come back, dear fellow."

To my vexation I felt the colour rising in my cheeks, and at the same time was aware that Sarah's keen eyes were upon me. Yet it was not pleasure that I felt at the thought of making Mr. Leonard Glynne's acquaintance. The shyness at meeting strangers, for which Mabel had so often rallied me, came over me once more. I was annoyed that Mrs. Lyell's nephew should arrive just now, when I was headachy and out of sorts.

He it was, however, and in another minute he was in the room, greeting his aunt in the kindliest fashion, and listening, with amusement sparkling in his eyes, to her exclamations at his sunburnt, healthy appearance. How bright of hue, how strong and vigorous he looked as he stood bending down to the pale, withered little old lady in the arm chair. Stealing a glance at him, I decided that the photograph did not do him justice; he was even better-looking than it made him appear.

"You see I have a young companion now, Leonard," said his aunt; "this is Miss Dorothy Carmichael, of whom you have heard."

As we shook hands his eyes met mine with a curious, questioning glance. Perhaps he wondered what sort of girl could be content to share his aged aunt's quiet home. Anyhow, I divined that I had some interest for him.

"Yes, I am rather brown," he said, in reply to Mrs. Lyell's remarks; "but so would you be, aunt, if you had been toiling up mountains or crossing glaciers beneath a burning sun as I have." Whereupon his merry glance sought mine, and I laughed, as did Mrs. Lyell, too, at the idea of her achieving such exploits.

"I suppose you did not meet with any one whom you knew abroad?" said Mrs. Lyell.

"Oh, yes; I met with several acquaintances. At Chamounix I fell in with the Carsdales. Mrs. Carsdale is better; they talk of coming home in the autumn."

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Lyell, with a certain stiffness of manner and change of face, of which I had learned the meaning. Who were the Carsdales? I had not heard of them before. Clearly they were not favourites with Mrs. Lyell. Good, kind-hearted, little woman that she was, she had her prejudices I knew. After a minute her manner softened, and she said, though not without an appearance of effort, "I am glad Mrs. Carsdale is better."

We sat down to take tea. What a different meal it was from any I had yet taken in Mrs. Lyell's house. Some shyness was at first experienced by me as I presided, with that bright, brown face opposite to me and the brown eyes constantly watching me. But the feeling soon passed. It was pleasant to meet the gaze of Leonard Glynne, pleasant to listen to his talk. Mrs. Lyell enjoyed it as much as I did, for she had no difficulty in hearing his clear, strong tones. When tea was over, Mr. Glynne rose, saying that he must go round to the stable and see how his horse had fared during his absence. I suppose he saw that I looked interested, for he asked me if I would come too. "But perhaps you do not care for horses," he added.

"On the contrary," I replied, "I care for them so much that I have already made friends with your steed."

"Indeed!" he said, with a look of pleasure; "I am glad that Ariel has had someone to pet him in my absence."

"Ariel!" I cried. "So that is the name! I could get from Sam nothing nearer it than 'Hairy Hal.'"

We laughed merrily at Sam's defective pronunciation. How good it was to laugh once more with a congenial companion! I had not had such a laugh since I came to Mrs. Lyell's. We made a long visit to Ariel, and strolled about the garden for a while before going in. By that time a perfect sense of comradeship united us. The rest of the evening was passed in looking at the Swiss views Leonard Glynne had brought with him, and listening to his animated description of the scenes they represented, with many an amusing story of his adventures. Very short that evening seemed. It left me strangely happy, with an indefinable sense that everything had changed, and my life at Weylea could no longer be devoid of interest.

(*To be continued.*)

NOTICES OF NEW MUSIC.

JOSEPH WILLIAMS.

Too Soon. Song by Frederic Rivenhall.—A farewell to a beloved friend, with whom the day of reunion cannot be "too soon." This song is decidedly above the level of the usual drawing-room ditty. The compass is an easy one—from D up to E flat.

When Delia on the Plain Appears. Pack Clouds, Away! Settings, by Leslie Mayne, of the well known old English words of Lord Lyttelton and Thomas Heywood.—Well written, containing several interesting points and an effective accompaniment. Suitable for young men to sing.

Album of Short Classical Pieces for Piano. Arranged and fingered by William Smallwood.—Another of these capital little shilling books, containing twenty-one standard pieces, some being original piano compositions, others simple transcriptions of vocal or instrumental movements. It is refreshing to find Dr. Arne's little-known song there—viz. "Water parted from the sea," a beautiful air from his opera of *Artaxerxes*. Mr. Smallwood adds fingering wherever he deems it needful.

Minuet Impromptu pour le Piano. Par W. H. Harper.—For some hidden reason this part of the title-page is in French, and yet the dedication on the same page is "To L. C. Venables, Esq.!" A really English piece (it seems to us) in short, solid phrases; generally each phrase being, as it were, echoed. This piece we can warmly recommend for its simplicity and good writing, and for the quaintness it possesses.

Airs, with Variations, for the Violin, with piano accompaniment. By E.

Davidson Palmer, Mus. Bac., Oxon.—An air with variations may be a very dangerous weapon. It has been known to clear a room in a very short space of time. The above specimens are not very dangerous, but they are simply little exercises for the violin. We fear that the age for the true variation ended, as it almost commenced, with the immortal Beethoven. He endowed every variation with a charm peculiar to itself; his ingenuity, especially when more than one instrument was employed, was enormous, as was his care that each part should be equally interesting to the several players. He did not take the poor air, and, having knocked it down, proceed to tread on it, to pull out its teeth and then each hair separately, and then to shake up all that remained of the poor victim, and then go home! He never made the varying of a melody an excuse for personal display or undue prominence. We have no such variations nowadays. We have chosen the best out of six airs, viz., No. 1, "Robin Adair," and No. 6, "Jenny Jones."

PATEY AND WILLIS.

Love will Guide. A semi-sacred song. By Joseph L. Roeckel.—A good contralto song; easy to learn, and likely to become a favourite.

The Antiquary. By Michael Watson. Words by A. C. Jewitt.—A very humorous song, telling of the adventures of an F. S. A. A footnote in the song is devoted to explaining the meaning of these initials!

J. AND J. HOPKINSON.

The Little King. Song. Composed by Odoardo Barri.—One of the melancholy stories too frequently found in music now to be genuinely healthy, in which a little boy is introduced to you in verse 1, put into action in verse 2, killed or dies a natural death in verse 3, and is carried away by angels to an accompaniment of triplets in verse 4.

The Old Homestead. By A. H. Behrend. Mr. Behrend is the best of the kind of writers above-mentioned. He gets hold of all the woe-begone, dismal, and, we are bound to say, complaining people. These points are made more apparent by the "parlando" nature of the songs, there being no special melodic charm to lighten the weight of sadness. To those who need a melancholy song we heartily recommend the above.

J. B. CRAMER AND CO.

The Sacrifice of Tears. By Odoardo Barri.—The story of our Saviour's weeping at the grave of Lazarus, and a prayer that he will accept our gifts of tears.

ALFRED HAYS.

A River. Words by Ronald Burrows. Music by Mary Travers.—A contralto song, requiring good expression and careful phrasing.

LONDON MUSIC PUBLISHING AND GENERAL AGENCY COMPANY, LIMITED.

Fifty Popular National Tunes for Violin (without accompaniment). Selected, bowed, and fingered by Edward Gray.—It is well to have a thorough knowledge of the national airs of all countries. It is an excellent way of seeing the nation's characteristics, and you may trace a country's history in the style of its traditional tunes.

BOOSEY AND CO.

The River's Message. Song by Marcella Cusack Clark.—A captivating little ballad, compass from middle C to F.

AUGENER AND CO.

Impromptu in F. Also by M. C. Clark.—Graceful ideas expressed in comparatively easy passages. There are no great difficulties in it.

ROBERT COCKS AND CO.

Love the Wanderer. Rondel. By Austin Dobson. Set to music by Mary Travers.—Another expressive song by this promising composer.

Hommage au Prince. A stirring march for piano solo. By Michael Watson.—It is arranged as a duet, as well as for orchestra, and has a good likeness of the Prince of Wales on the cover.

J. AND W. CHESTER (of Brighton).

Etude Melodique. Par Farley Newman.—A study, in which the right hand has all the hard work in *arpeggio*, whilst the left hand vaults over it to the notes of the melody. The right hand passages need very equal, steady playing.

Three Romances for Violin and Piano. By John Gledhill.—In all of these the piano part is more than an accompaniment. They are really duets. The only fault is the great similarity of character in all three. We crave for greater variety, for a little more passionate expression; but they are interesting, well-written works. They can be purchased separately; the first two in D, the third in A.

NOVELLO, EWER AND CO.

Gavotte in E. For pianoforte. By Gordon Saunders.—Dr. Saunders' charming little piece has already reached its second edition, and we heartily recommend it to all who love good music.

Like the Gale that Sighs. Trio for soprano, contralto, and baritone (or tenor). Poetry by Thomas Moore. Music by Gordon Saunders.—Vocal trios for mixed voices are scarce, and the two we now recall—viz., those by Henry Leslie ("O Memory") and Myles Foster ('A Wish")—are in the form of a canon. This is also the form of the exquisitely-written trio before us, which, with its musicianly accompaniment, should be a favourite in every household.

THE PRINCESS LOUISE HOME.

BY ANNE BEALE.

WE are now able gladly and thankfully to announce that Mr. and Mrs. Gurney Barclay have generously offered the use of their grounds and conservatories at Knolls Green, Leyton, for the Bazaar to be held in aid of the Princess Louise Home. The nearest railway station is Hoe Street, Walthamstow, and we hope that many of our readers may manage to reach it on the auspicious morning. H.R.H. the Princess Louise is so good as to promise to open the Bazaar, the date of which we hoped to be able to affix to this notice, but it is not yet quite settled. We know that it is to be in July, *et voilà tout.* All our princes and princesses work so hard on behalf of their royal mother's people, that all the charities are obliged to look far ahead to secure their gracious services. We hear, however, by a side wind, that our "Home's" particular princess will travel by special train from St. Pancras, to inaugurate our particular Bazaar; and the exact date can be obtained by writing to the secretary, 32, Sackville-street, W.

Now we have to offer special thanks to a few more of our girls for further contributions. We cannot resist copying one letter in full, because the contents are singularly interesting to all who know anything of the late rebellion in Canada. "Dear Sir,—I take THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, and in it saw we could help the Home by sending some useful things for the Bazaar to be held shortly. I trust the two needle-cases I am sending will be a small addition. It may help to sell them if you tell that they were made by one of "Big Bear's" prisoners, and on cloth I had picked up while in captivity last spring, or during the North-West Rebellion. They are both made after the Indian way of doing fancy-work—one with beads, the other of porcupine quills got on the Mackenzie River, N.A.—With best wishes, yours truly, AMELIA MCLEAN, Fort Alexander, Manitoba; late of Fort Pitt, Saskatchewan, North-West Territory." We hope this young lady will pardon our making her letter public.

We have to thank "S. M. E." for a dozen beautifully-painted cards. "A Surrey Snowdrop" for a cushion and antimacassar, her own work; the three Miss Blanckensees for three dozen toilet-tidies and other fancy articles; an "Old Reader of the G.O.P." from Bath, for a box and parcel of welcome contributions; Helen Kenyon for "a few articles for the Bazaar," as she simplifies her gift; and Amica for "five pincushions, &c.," and a donation of one shilling. Mary, Maggie, and Ada Penrith send us 3s. This is the only monetary help since our last list. Once more, whether wittingly or unwittingly we know not, two masculine letters have slipped in amongst those of our readers. These apprise Mr. Gillham that two hundredweight of soap have been presented by Messrs. Anderson and Cattley and the "Sanitas" Company, for the use of the juvenile washerwomen. By the way, the laundries will be opened shortly, and will, we anticipate, not only be self-supporting, but will enable the girls to help to maintain their Home.

"MY LITTLE KNIGHT."

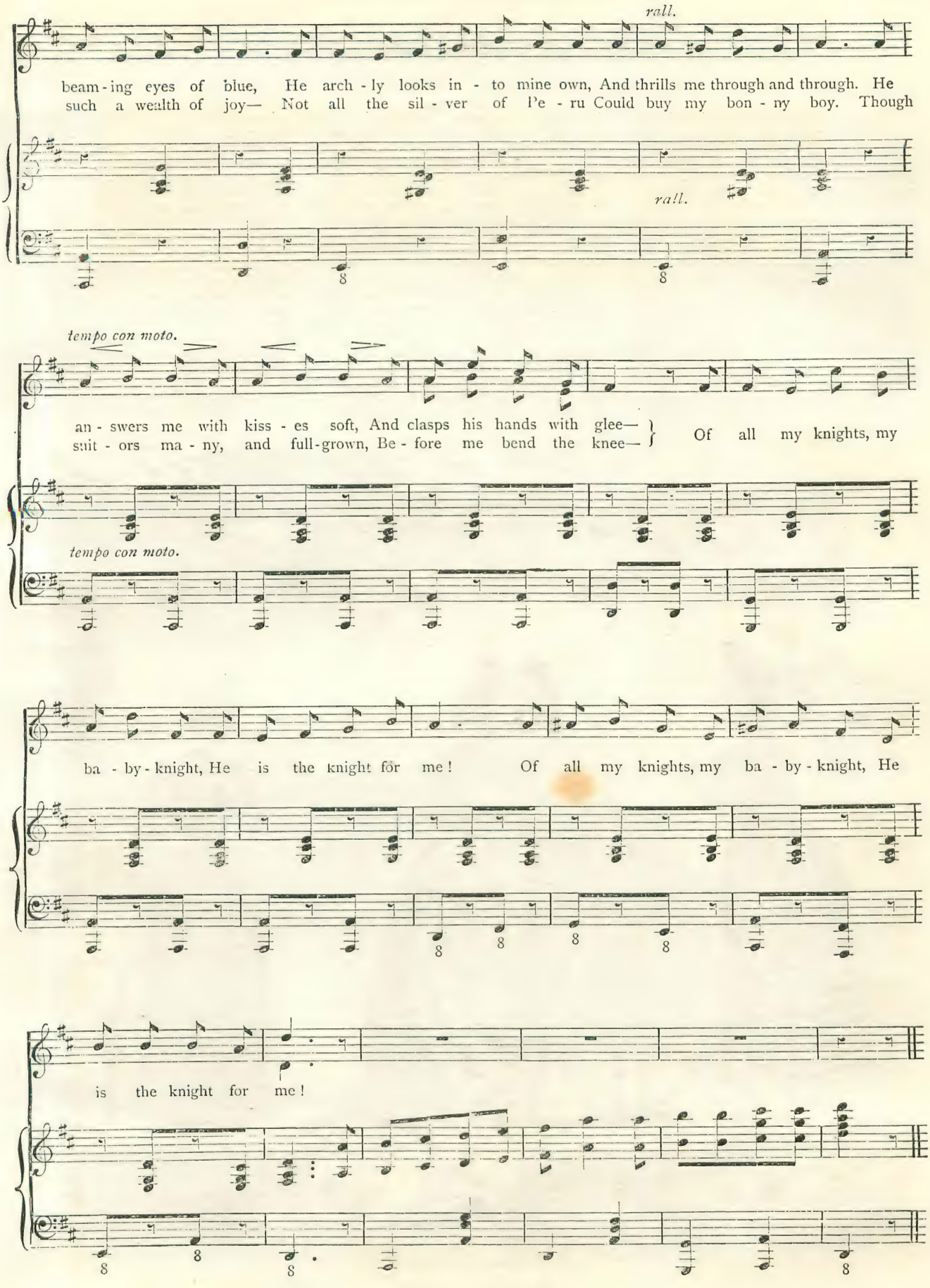
Words by ASTLEY BALDWIN. *Music by the late* ELIZABETH PHILP.

PIANO.

Moderato.

1. I have a lit - tle loy - al knight, He is but four years old, He
2. Of rank or fame he can - not dream, Nor knows he aught of wealth, If

does not care a but - ton When I chance to frown or scold; When I ca - ress his gold - en curls, His
ev - er love was gen - u - ine, He loves me for my - self. Oh! my fond heart doth o - ver-flow With


rall.
beam - ing eyes of blue, He arch - ly looks in - to mine own, And thrills me through and through. He
such a wealth of joy— Not all the sil - ver of Pe - ru Could buy my bon - ny boy. Though
rall.
tempo con moto.
an - swers me with kiss - es soft, And clasps his hands with glee—
suit - ors ma - ny, and full-grown, Be - fore me bend the knee—
Of all my knights, my
tempo con moto.
ba - by - knight, He is the knight for me! Of all my knights, my ba - by - knight, He
is the knight for me!

DRESS: IN SEASON AND IN REASON.

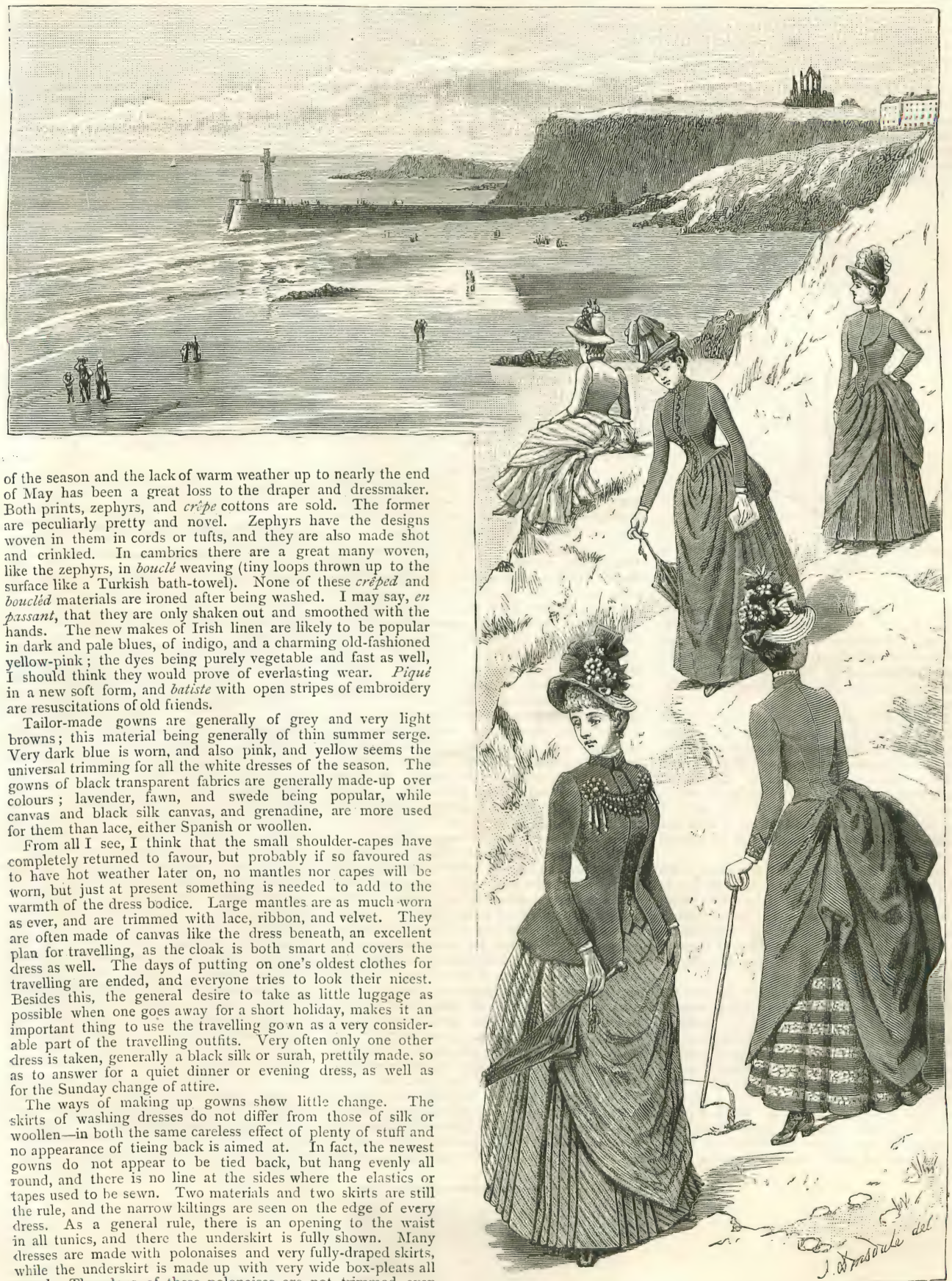
By A LADY DRESSMAKER.

One of the changes worthy of notice this season in London is, that hats are now worn so much more in town than they used to be, and on occasions when no one would have thought of wearing one. Formerly to wear a hat was considered the worst "form" in London, even for young and unmarried women. This year not only girls, but matrons, young and middle-aged, wear them, both in the morning and afternoon also. Most of the hats worn are extravagant in shape and style, and look as senseless and as unlike head-gear as it is possible to imagine. Many of them turn up more at the back than the front, and some have crescent-shaped and round pieces of brim turned up, and stuck flat against the sides and back, in a way that is hard and ungraceful. Some of the trimmings are put on quite at the back, and there seems a strong tendency to lift them up higher and higher on the crown with every succeeding week. On some hats indeed all the trimming is on the crown, but in that case it is put on evenly, not stuck at one side as if it hung there by accident, not by design at all.

One of the odd introductions of the day may be seen in the coral-leaf bonnets, which are shown in the Bermudas Court of the Colonial and Indian Exhibition, and which is a product of the West Indian Islands. The bonnets and hats made of it are, at present, too highly priced to become very popular, and it can only be mentioned as a curious novelty. Another novelty is produced in the bonnets made of a fungus, called tolgi, which looks like dull brown leather. Hand-painted bonnets and hats of straw are also new. Some of these have flecks of colour laid on at intervals, to contrast with the straw; others have a marbled effect in bright hues, or a pattern like paper mosaic. They are in fast colours, so that a shower will do them no harm; and though the hat itself is so decorated, this is not intended to be a substitute for other trimming, which latter is put on to harmonise with it. In thin bonnets and hats we have our old friends crêpe, areophane, and tulle again; and many bonnets of transparent jet bead-work, more generally unlined than lined. The veils that are now most used are of plain white tulle, or of white with black spots; and with the stringless bonnets, a veil is always worn. The new pins which, since the bonnets became so small and stringless, are really needed to hold them on the head, are very large and peculiar in shape — tridents, daggers, pikes, and bishop's croziers, are amongst the designs. Many of them are of catseye, or of the brown spar, both so much used at present.

In the way of fashion in gowns there does not seem much to chronicle, and the lateness

SUMMER COTTONS, CREPES, ZEPHYRS, AND PRINTS.



of the season and the lack of warm weather up to nearly the end of May has been a great loss to the draper and dressmaker. Both prints, zephyrs, and *crêpe* cottons are sold. The former are peculiarly pretty and novel. Zephyrs have the designs woven in them in cords or tufts, and they are also made shot and crinkled. In cambrics there are a great many woven, like the zephyrs, in *bouclé* weaving (tiny loops thrown up to the surface like a Turkish bath-towel). None of these *crêped* and *bouclêd* materials are ironed after being washed. I may say, *en passant*, that they are only shaken out and smoothed with the hands. The new makes of Irish linen are likely to be popular in dark and pale blues, of indigo, and a charming old-fashioned yellow-pink; the dyes being purely vegetable and fast as well, I should think they would prove of everlasting wear. *Piqué* in a new soft form, and *batiste* with open stripes of embroidery are resuscitations of old friends.

Tailor-made gowns are generally of grey and very light browns; this material being generally of thin summer serge. Very dark blue is worn, and also pink, and yellow seems the universal trimming for all the white dresses of the season. The gowns of black transparent fabrics are generally made-up over colours; lavender, fawn, and swede being popular, while canvas and black silk canvas, and grenadine, are more used for them than lace, either Spanish or woollen.

From all I see, I think that the small shoulder-capes have completely returned to favour, but probably if so favoured as to have hot weather later on, no mantles nor capes will be worn, but just at present something is needed to add to the warmth of the dress bodice. Large mantles are as much worn as ever, and are trimmed with lace, ribbon, and velvet. They are often made of canvas like the dress beneath, an excellent plan for travelling, as the cloak is both smart and covers the dress as well. The days of putting on one's oldest clothes for travelling are ended, and everyone tries to look their nicest. Besides this, the general desire to take as little luggage as possible when one goes away for a short holiday, makes it an important thing to use the travelling gown as a very considerable part of the travelling outfits. Very often only one other dress is taken, generally a black silk or surah, prettily made, so as to answer for a quiet dinner or evening dress, as well as for the Sunday change of attire.

The ways of making up gowns show little change. The skirts of washing dresses do not differ from those of silk or woollen—in both the same careless effect of plenty of stuff and no appearance of tieing back is aimed at. In fact, the newest gowns do not appear to be tied back, but hang evenly all round, and there is no line at the sides where the elastics or tapes used to be sewn. Two materials and two skirts are still the rule, and the narrow kiltings are seen on the edge of every dress. As a general rule, there is an opening to the waist in all tunics, and there the underskirt is fully shown. Many dresses are made with polonaises and very fully-draped skirts, while the underskirt is made up with very wide box-pleats all round. The edges of these polonaises are not trimmed, even with lace—in fact, the whole effect aimed at seems to be

TAILOR-MADE GOWNS FOR THE COUNTRY, SEASIDE, AND TRAVELLING.

simplicity, with long plain lines combining fulness and grace.

So far as bodices are concerned, they are not as simple for washing dresses as they were; but every description of open bodice, vests, gimps, plastrons, waistcoats, and yokes are all used, as well as an over and an under bodice, such as we showed last month in the "Early English" one. The newest sleeves are tight and moderately long, with small cuffs, intended to look as if the sleeve itself were lined and turned up, and the cuff is open on the inside or the outside of the arm. Some cotton dresses have velvet ribbon fas-

UNDER BODICE. TO TAKE THE PLACE OF STAYS, IF DESIRED.

tened on the shoulder and then brought round, like the Order of the Garter, to the hip. The fancy for using velvet ribbon and velvet collars and cuffs with cotton and linen dresses still continues, while gauze and all kinds of fancy ribbons are seen on thicker and richer materials.

In our pretty sketches of Whitby and St. Hilda's Abbey, we also illustrate the general method of making tailor-made and thicker gowns, and, as we have described, their hues are all of great simplicity and purity. The jacket worn by the nearest figure is made of elastic cloth, and has a waistcoat of silk with a handsome passementerie trimming of cord and beads on the front. The dress is of striped canvas.

The figure with her back to us wears a dress of striped canvas, and plain, and her hat is trimmed behind in the new style. The figure descending the hill has a felt hat trimmed with loops of thick *grosgrain* ribbon put on at the top, and a very simple dress of summer serge. Both the gown and the hat are of light brown.

In our illustrations of summer cottons we have tried to give one of every kind, as well as the easiest and prettiest methods of making. The nearest figure on the right hand wears one of the new zephyrs with *bouclé* stripes, and the dress is made with a pleated under-skirt, draped over-skirt, and plain bodice. The next dress is a crinkled *crêpe* with a border, and the next a printed cotton. The last dress is a plain and striped zephyr made up together. These dresses all follow the same general rule of silks and woollens in their plainness of skirt and plain bodice. The fronts are very generally much trimmed with lace, ribbon, bows of velvet, or flat pleatings of material. Full waistcoats, *à la Bernhardt*, are also worn with them, and are made of lace, generally tied across with ribbons or strapped across with velvet, but all these trimmings can be put on by the owner, and are a matter of individual taste.

The paper patterns selected for this month are a child's petticoat, the waist of which is long enough to extend over the hips, and which is intended to combine both stays and petticoat. One of our next patterns shall be a pair of drawers and chemise combined for a child, which will complete the outfit now considered needful—only two articles of dress in all, which will be found a very great saving of expense by all mothers, and of an incalculable amount of trouble. Our pattern is intended for a child of four years old, and, of course, when cut without turning would fit a smaller child, or with larger ones would fit an older one. The bodice is well-shaped, and if carefully fitted, should make the dress worn with it fit better, and its shape completely obviates bunchiness, and does away with the weight and the heat of the many garments formerly worn.

The pattern is in seven pieces, *i.e.*, front, back, side-piece of back, and side-piece of front, skirt, and two sleeve pieces. If the latter be too long it may be cut off in equal parts, both at the top and at the bottom, and in the same way the length of the petticoat can be regulated, which can be lengthened or shortened at the waist or lower edge.

The materials used may be calico, serge, flannel, or winsey, and the bodice may be lined or unlined as required. If unlined, however, and made of material or flannel, the seams should be faced with washing tape to make them neat, while the backs must be faced with the material, and closed with buttons and button-holes. The bodice may be trimmed or not, or may be made with or without sleeves as represented. Of course, if the combination under it have sleeves they will not be required on the petticoat as well, but if the combination be without them, the petticoat certainly will need them to supply enough warmth. The quantity of material, twenty-seven inches wide, would be about two yards if very deep hems and tucks be needed, and these are always desirable, as children usually grow at this age with great rapidity. Price of pattern, one shilling.

The under-bodice illustrated, and of which the pattern is prepared, it is intended to add to the list of new and hygienic underclothing which we have been showing throughout the year, with a view of helping our readers to more sanitary conditions of dress. In many cases, of stout figures for instance, I should not recommend the rejection of stays entirely, but where the figure is slight and youthful they prove only an unnecessary constraint and encumbrance. I do not know how far the new theory is carried out by facts, but it is said that women would not grow so extremely stout if they did not wear stays, which prevent the play of the muscles and check the circulation of the body, and so the flesh, instead of being firm and healthy, degenerates into fat.

The bodice may be made of stout white or grey jean, which can be slightly boned and washed when needed. If well starched it will add to its stiffness. It may otherwise be made of flannel, serge, lined with linen or any other materials that the wearer may select. Steels in front are not needful, and it is best closed with buttons and button-holes. The neck is either corded or bound, according to the material, and we give long sleeves with the pattern, which may be used or not as liked. The pieces are six in number—front, back, two side-pieces, and two sleeve-pieces. It is thirty-six inches in the bust measure, and will require about two and a half yards of material of thirty inches wide, with long sleeves. It will be found a thoroughly good fit, and any bodice may be fitted over it as

CHILD'S PETTICOAT AND STAYS COMBINED.

well as over stays if it be slightly boned in the seams.

No turnings are allowed for, and one size only is prepared for sale. No patterns are kept in stock but those distinctly advertised, and all the patterns already issued can be still obtained, because they are constantly of use in making new or re-arranging old gowns—as "The Lady Dressmaker" tries to show in her articles. Each pattern can be had, price one shilling (postal note), from "The Lady Dressmaker," c/o Mr. H. G. Davis, 73, Ludgate-hill, E.C., and it is hoped that great care will be taken in sending all addressses correctly and legibly written, adding the county, and, if a village, the nearest post town. A postal note is preferable to stamps, and the number of it should always be taken.

The following patterns have been already issued:—April, 1885, braided loose-fronted jacket-bodice; May, velvet bodice; June, Swiss belt and full bodice; July, mantle; August, Norfolk or pleated jacket; September, housemaid's or plain skirt; October, combination garment (underlinen); November, double-breasted out-of-door jacket; December, Zouave jacket and bodice; January, princess underdress (bodice and skirt combined); February, polonaise with waterfall back; March, spring dress-bodice; April, divided skirt and Bernhardt mantle (with sling sleeves); May, bodice with yoke and "Early English" bodice; June, dressing jacket, princess frock, and Normandy peasant's cap for a child of four years; July, under-bodice and child's petticoat and stays combined.

WOOD-ENGRAVING AS AN EMPLOYMENT FOR GIRLS.

By RICHARD TAYLOR.

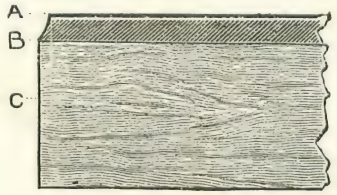
When working from a photograph on the wood the engraver has the advantage of having the original drawing before him to refer to, if in doubt about the effect when, the proof, being taken, the revision stage is reached; but then as the best photographs, if they do not leave out altogether the delicate shades of a drawing, never truly render them, he is at a great disadvantage until this time arrives, and has to refer constantly to his original, the relation of shades to one another being sometimes most inexplicably falsified, the grain of the paper or marks of the brush appearing, in place of the varying shades represented in the drawing. Thus, while he is helped by a photograph in the final stage, that stage is prolonged and made all important by the imperfection of the process of photography itself. The ground, too, is in many cases a great impediment: its thickness and toughness prove as much a hindrance as a thickly painted drawing on the wood; but doubtless with the improvement of the art these obstacles will be overcome and future engravers may enjoy the advantage of seeing the artist's drawing faithfully rendered on the block, and still have it in front of them to correct inadvertences when finishing their work.

It has now been shown how engravings on wood are produced. The process has been indicated step by step, and the reader may form some idea of the care and intelligence demanded of block maker, artist, and engraver before a block is ready for the printer, and will therefore, I have no doubt, be surprised when he learns that after all has been done to prepare it for the printer's use, it is very seldom indeed that he sees it. As a rule not more than two or three impressions are taken from the block, and these are made by the engraver, not the printer. The wood is so delicate and liable to injury that the carelessness of a printer's boy might destroy in a moment the labour of weeks, and postpone the issue of the book or journal in which the illustration was to appear. Consider also the consequences of taking 150,000 to 200,000 impressions from a block. Thin lines would be worn to thick ones by the friction, and others to a black mass.

How long, too, would it take to print even the smaller number mentioned above? Why, at the rate of 1,000 an hour, more than six days of twenty-four hours each. At this rate there would not be time to print one week's issue of such a magazine as The Girl's Own Paper before the next became due, and it would be impossible to supply so large a demand were it not that the art of electrotyping enables us to reproduce in metal any number of replicas of a block. It is no part of my subject to speak of this art, so I shall merely tell you generally that the block when finished is sent to the electrotyper instead of to the printer, and he having ready some softened wax, presses it in a press against the engraved surface, and thus obtains an impression from it in wax, showing all the engraver's cuts reversed, that is, as little hills instead of valleys.

This mould is then placed in a bath containing a solution of sulphate of copper in connection with a galvanic battery for a few hours until a thin deposit of copper is formed upon it, following and reproducing, of course, all its undulations, the face nearest the wax being the exact counterpart of the engraved surface.

This shell of copper is then backed up with type metal till it is a little more than one-eighth of an inch in thickness, and screwed on to a piece of hard wood to make it the same height as printer's type. The diagram, showing a section of such a cast, and the wood on which it is mounted, may help the reader to understand the description. A shows the copper shell, very much exaggerated in thickness; B, the type metal backing; C, the wood on which the whole is mounted. This metal cast or *cliché* can now be used in place of the engraved block, and when it begins to show signs of wear, it being comparatively inexpensive, another can be sub-



stituted for it. The wood block is preserved free from all risk of injury, and as a replica of a page of type can be as easily obtained in this way as that of a wood block, many printing machines can be employed at the same time to print the weekly issue of such a magazine as this.

Block and electro being ready for the printer, on his skill now rests the entire effect of the work of both artist and engraver. It remains with him to determine whether their work shall be adequately presented to the public, or in a way that shall make them regret that they had anything to do with it, knowing that good work badly printed appears far inferior to indifferent work when pains are taken in this final process.

I say on his skill, but that is not quite correct, for such is the interdependence of various arts and trades that he has to rely upon the electrotyper, the paper maker, and ink manufacturer performing their respective parts satisfactorily. These conditions unfavourable, the most skilful printer may strive in vain to produce good work.

I have spoken of the process of electrotyping (though strictly not a part of my subject), thinking it might be interesting to the reader to know something of the arts closely allied to it; and for the same reason, therefore, it may not be out of place to conclude with a word or two on the method of printing wood-cuts.

If the reader read carefully the paragraph describing the way the engraver takes a proof, she knows that he does not rub all parts with the same degree of force.

Where he had a delicate grey to print he rubs lightly, not only to avoid bruising the thin lines, but so that he may gently lift the ink from their surface instead of spreading it down the sides of them, and to print a piece of black or dark shade he would rub vigorously in order to take up from the block as much ink as possible. It is only the method the printer adopts to obtain the variations of pressure that I now allude to, for on this part of his duty being properly performed—other conditions being favourable—depends the correct rendering of the artist's and engraver's work.

With the block, or *cliché* (for blocks are sometimes, though not often, sent), it is usual to hand the printer one of the two or three proofs taken by the engraver, as a guide to him and an example of the way it should appear when printed, and his aim is to reproduce by his machine thousands of impressions like it. If the proof be defective and he follows it, he is blameless. He is true to his model. His method is first to take some half a dozen impressions from the block on paper (not too thick) and to carefully cut away from one of these impressions all the parts which he sees by his model should be the lightest.

Then, taking another impression, he will cut from that all the parts which should appear a degree darker. These he pastes over what he preserved of the first impression, being careful that the superimposed parts fall exactly over the same parts in the first sheet; then, cutting from another impression the parts that are to be still darker, he pastes this on the top of the previous sheet, and so on, forming layers, the darkest parts having the greatest number.

This overlay is then attached to the tympan of the press, or cylinder of his machine, and carefully adjusted to fall over the places on the block corresponding to those of the proof.

The block, or form in which it is fixed, being then rolled over with ink, the sheet of paper on which the impression is to be taken is placed by the action of the machine between the surface of the block and this overlay, and will consequently be pressed by it more or less firmly to the block in proportion to the number of layers of paper composing it.

COURTLEROY.

By ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER XXXV.

ALL THAT BIDDY KNEW.

In the afternoon of that auspicious day, Patrick and Biddy were summoned to the library, in order to tell all they knew of George Hope's early history. This was not much more than Patrick had already made known; still, Biddy had a few letters, or more properly memorandums, in her possession, together with some trifling articles of dress which she was anxious to place in George Hope's possession. He and his foster-parents questioned her from time to time as she told her story, and at their request Miss Heath listened. She sat near a remote window, the others by the large library table.

Biddy said she lived with her mother on the outskirts of a place called Bragh, where was a small garrison. One day she saw a soldier with a child in his arms, wandering about as if seeking someone. He looked into their

cabin and was invited to enter. This was Corporal Hope and his little boy, who were received by Biddy and her invalid mother with the respect and admiration due to a red-coat and a beautiful child. Biddy made much of George, who seemed happy with her, and his father asked her to take charge of him while he was with his regiment at Bragh. He promised regular payment; the bargain was soon made, and George was transferred to Biddy's care. The corporal said the child had lost his mother just before he left England, and had been brought over by one of the soldier's wives who had a baby of her own, and could not take proper care of him. He was therefore anxious to place him where he would have plenty of milk and fresh air and be let to run about and grow strong, for he was weakly, and, they said, not as forward as he should be.

"That wasn't thrue, for yer honour was as strong as a young lion," put in Pat.

His account of George and his father given at Courtleroy tallied exactly with Biddy's, and it is needless to repeat it; but Biddy alone knew what had induced her to bring George to Mr. and Mrs. Prettyman. She described the departure of Corporal Hope for Africa, and his separation from George (then about four years of age), with much pathos. She said that he had promised to return and fetch the child away, and had assured her that she should receive regular remittances. He gave her all the money he could spare before he left, and bade her be a mother to his boy.

"An' shure we was two mothers, till my mother died," she said, "an' thin I was but one. But niver a penny cum from the corporal. They tould me Africay was a long way off, and maybe it was lost on the road."

"My father was dead. I have ascertained that," interrupted George, and his announcement was variously received.

"I am thankful you are quite sure, Georgie, for now you will be content with us," said Mrs. Prettyman.

"Dead! When? How?" ejaculated Miss Heath, half rising, and letting fall the work she was making believe to do.

"Then how did you manage to bring Master George here, Mistress Biddy?" asked Mr. Prettyman.

"The reçaipts cum from London, yer honour. Once or twice I had a five-poun' note, which was a fortune, an' wid it the words, 'For George Hope.' Says I, 'Money must be chape where you live, my honey.' At last I reçaves a letter, wid orders from the corporal's friends to pack up Georgie and bring him straight to London. Here's the letther, Masther George."

Biddy took a well-thumbed missive from her bosom and put it into George's hands. He opened it with some difficulty, and read aloud as follows:—

"Biddy Malone. You are requested to bring George Hope to London, and to leave him just as he is at the enclosed address. Ring the bell and put him inside the door, and he will be taken care of. His father's friends will see to him, and you need not be troubled about him any longer. The ten-pound note sent herewith will pay all expenses, and you must call a cab when you get to London, and tell the driver where to take you. Pay him before you leave the boy, and if you love the child never go near him again or tell anyone about him."

The writing of this letter was partly obliterated by time and friction, but it was apparently in a lady's hand. George's eyes filled and his voice trembled as he read it. Amazement seized on Mrs. Prettyman.

"How could they have known that we were going to adopt a child? It is like mesmerism or some of those spirit rappings," she said.

"My dear Lou, did you not visit every orphanage in London?" laughed her husband. "Poor George! you have certainly been an unwilling victim. But what have you discovered concerning your father?"

"That he fell in his second engagement with the Caffirs, after he had been raised to the rank of captain owing to bravery in his first. He had risen from the ranks. It was my name that recalled him to the memory of General Bosanquet, in whose regiment he was, and there is no doubt that he and the regiment left Bragh at the time specified by Biddy. The General said I was like him."

"Like as two peas. An' shure he was as foine a man as ever the sun shone upon," said Patrick.

"My dear Georgie, I'm so thankful you're quite sure. I don't mean I'm thankful you've lost him, you know, only that we're out of suspense," said Mrs. Prettyman, laying her hand on our hero's shoulder.

"I understand, dear *madre*; you are the only parents I shall ever know, and I love you as such."

"I am sure of that, dear. Now Mrs. Malone, would you mind telling us why you stayed in London?" said delighted Mrs. Prettyman.

"Not Mrs. yet, ma'am, but Mrs. Malone next week, by your lave," replied Patrick, while Biddy explained, blushing at her future prospects.

She said she had remained for some time in the neighbourhood of the square, watching George and earning her living as she could. Having quarrelled with Patrick and finding London "cheerful," and not having money enough to pay her way back to Ireland, she had stopped on, and, "as luck would have it," had met Pat all of a sudden, and so had been induced by him to make the disclosures she had now made.

"If your father's friends as wrote the letter should be angry, Masther George, you can say as Biddy Malone was tired of the sacret, and have 'washed her hands av' it all,'" she concluded.

This was a strange coming-of-age for George Hope. He did his best to be gay, but the letter given to him by Biddy weighed on his spirits. He locked it away when his friends had duly examined it, and tried to divest himself of the wish to know something of the writer. Who could she be?

"AND WAS INVITED TO ENTER."

His mother was dead; of that he was assured, but these friends of his father, who were they? At least they were respectable, he thought, for the letter was well written and correctly spelt, though the writing appeared disguised.

"What does it matter?" he resolved at last, rousing himself. "Padre! Madre! I used to celebrate my *jour de fête* by feeding the hungry. What shall I do to-day?"

"Go and do likewise," returned Mr. Prettyman.

And he did likewise, for in the evening he and his foster-parents went to the ragged-school in which he had taught as child and youth. Miss Heath excused herself on the plea of headache, and retired to her room at Mr. Prettyman's orders. Sampson and the other domestics had done wonders, for knowing the family proclivities, and being aided by kindly schoolmasters and school-mistresses well used to "treats," an *ad libitum* supply of food had been secured, and, as if by magic, guests had been bidden to a feast. When George sought his old and favourite haunt, he found the yard already full of ragged urchins waiting for admission, and no sooner did they find out who he was than they began to cheer with might and main, not ceasing until they were admitted into the big ragged church at the top of the building and began to scramble into their seats. Formerly he had been the hero of the fife and drum band, now he was the hero of colours rescued at an Indian fort and life saved in an African desert. His fame had preceded him, and no sooner did Sampson inform the teachers in whose honour the feast was given than the news spread, and several friends from the neighbourhood, voluntary instructors of the ignorant, arrived to greet him. Old pupils, too, whom he had helped up the steep ladder of poverty, were there, and in the hearty grip of their hands and the "God bless you" of their hearts, he and his foster-parents found more satisfaction than they could have found by any other means. As to Patrick and Biddy, they were both lost in amazement.

"Them's the slums you mintioned," said Pat. "Ould Ireland and London may shake hands," says I.

George's eyes were as clear and honest, his smile as winning, his manner as frank and true on that, his twenty-first birthday, as they had been in his boyhood, and as he waited on the children and promised the teachers to be at the school, as had been his custom, the following Sunday afternoon, he won the hearts of old and young, teachers and taught, clothed and ragged. No wonder his *madre* blessed him, and congratulated herself that she had no rival in that happy estate of motherhood.

When they cheered him again and welcomed him home and thanked him for the treat, he said, as he had often done before, "You owe all of it, as I do, to these generous benefactors; nothing to me," which oiled the throats of the youngsters for more hurrahs in honour of Mr. and Mrs. Prettyman, names well known in that over-crowded locality.

"I have had a very happy birthday," said George to Miss Heath, when they returned to the house.

He found her alone in the drawing-room, and seated himself at her side. Mr. and Mrs. Prettyman were making arrangements with the Irish *fiances* for their intended wedding.

"I am very glad. I wish Mimica had been here," said Miss Heath with her usual quietude.

"Is Mimi much altered? I have not seen her since we were at Summerlands six or seven years ago."

"She is scarcely changed at all; but you are grown out of knowledge. You look older than you are, she younger."

"Is she happy? Is Mr. Le Roy good to her? Why did you leave her, Miss Heath?"

"Mr. Le Roy dismissed me. I was in his way."

"Poor Mimi! My Mimi! She has had a lonely life. I have not heard from her for some time; but I have written regularly. My last letter, just before I left the Cape, was about poor Horace Leste."

"Horace Leste? What of him?"

"Have you not heard? How strange! He is dead."

Miss Heath sprang up with a sharp cry of, "Dead!" For this sudden intelligence startled her terribly. George took her hand and held it, as if to reassure her, and either the sad news or the tender action opened the locked heart, and she began to cry copiously.

"I should not have been so hasty; but it is old to me, this sad event so new to you. I wrote to Mr. Leste, and the captain wrote, and ere this the letters must have reached. It was not long before we left the Cape, and I was with him. I went on board his ship to bid him good-bye, and found him in the horrible African fever. I was able to remain with him a day and night, and to receive all his last messages, and to take possession of his little property and remembrances for home. Oh, Miss Heath! it was a melancholy time; but not half so melancholy as to see comrades fall around you in battle, and not be able to offer a word of consolation or to watch them breathe their last. So fell my own father; but Horace was surrounded by friends who all loved him—for was he not brave and gentle? And he was quite ready. I was to tell his father that all his lessons were remembered, and that he trusted alone for salvation in his Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ."

"Poor Mrs. Leste! Were you able——?" sobbed Miss Heath.

"Yes; he died, his hand in mine. I followed him as chief mourner, for they buried him on land; and I promised him to see his friends as soon as I came to England. I must go to-morrow. What will *madre* say?"

Mrs. Prettyman came in just as he was asking the question, and looked at first in amusement then in surprise at the pair on the sofa. George still held Miss Heath's hand, and she was still weeping. He communicated to her what he had told Miss Heath. She was all sympathy in a moment, and when almost immediately Mr. Prettyman entered, his kind heart was equally moved.

"The eldest son! the apple of their eye. God bless them," he exclaimed. "Of course you must go to-morrow, George, and his brother shall go with you. He will be a comfort to them, but he has not heard of it, I am sure."

"Horace asked the captain not to announce his death by telegram, lest the shock should kill his mother," said George; "therefore the news may only just have reached them. I trust they may be prepared by letters, and that I may not be the first to break it to them. I do not think I could bear it; Mimi, too! They were——"

Here George paused, while a flush of colour overspread his face.

"They were like brother and sister; Mimica will feel it as much as anyone. I wish she were here," put in Miss Heath.

The melancholy conversation was interrupted by Sampson, who came to ask George to wish their Irish guests good-night. The little party went into the hall, and were soon transferred from "grave to gay."

"Ye'll come to our weddin', Masther George?" said Pat, while the comely milk-woman, Biddy, took George's hand and gazed lovingly into his face.

"That I will," returned George. "And one or other of you must write to me regularly and tell me all that happens to you. I shall never forget when I came away from Ireland."

"If you had stopped there you would have been a prize-fighter instead of—well! What's the difference? You are a prize-fighter as it is," laughed Mr. Prettyman, while George looked grave.

"We will pay for the wedding and the passage home, and help you to set up in life," said Mrs. Prettyman.

"Biddy a' saved a lot o' money. 'Tis the womens as is the wonders of the world," remarked Pat. "I niver saved a penny in my life, but I found her all the same. Good-night, and God bless yer honours for iver and for iver."

(*To be continued.*)

A GIRL'S RAMBLES THROUGH HAUNTED LONDON;

OR,

ANECDOTES OF THE STREETS OF THE GREAT METROPOLIS.

By JAMES AND NANETTE MASON.

VIII.—From Holborn to Charing-cross.

We now start, girls, on our last ramble, for the present, through London streets. The point at which we paused in the preceding article was the east end of Holborn. We have now to go westwards to Regent-circus, then southwards down Regent-street, and then westwards again along Piccadilly, after which we shall set our faces eastwards by Constitution-hill, the Mall, and Pall-Mall, till we reach Charing-cross, where we shall bid each other farewell.

Castle-street, on the south side of Holborn, leads to Cursitor-street, where Lord Chancellor Eldon lived in his young days with his pretty wife, Bessie Surtees, with whom he ran away from Newcastle. This first London perch of theirs was a humble little house, but Bessie contrived to make it bright and cheerful. Lord Eldon, we are told by Mr. Jeaffreson, had in after life to regret his wife's peculiarities, her stinginess, and her nervous repugnance to society; but he remained devoted in his attachment. "Poor Bessie!" he said, in his old age, after she was dead, "if ever there was an angel on earth, she was one. The only reparation which one man can make to another for running away with his daughter is to be exemplary in his conduct towards her."

For observing the fashions, one of the best places in London in the days of Charles II. was the Gardens of Gray's Inn, entered from Holborn by Fulwood's Rents, then a very different sort of locality to what it is now. The ladies and gentlemen of Charles II.'s time used to promenade in these gardens on summer evenings and on Sundays after church.

Pepys, the diarist, often went there, sometimes alone and sometimes with his wife. Mrs. Pepys kept her eye on the costumes, but it was otherwise with Mr. Pepys, and his wife seems to have had her jealousy occasionally roused by his outspoken admiration of the handsome faces.

There are several recollections of Queen Elizabeth linked with Gray's Inn. The members of this inn were always treated by her Majesty with marked distinction, and to this day at all festal occasions the only toast proposed by the benchers is the glorious, pious, and immortal memory of good Queen Bess.

Little Queen-street, Holborn, will always be remembered in connection with Charles Lamb and his sister Mary. It was in poor lodgings here that the insanity of Mary Lamb broke out into violent madness, in a fit of which she killed her mother. This took place on the 23rd of September, 1796, when Charles was about twenty-one years old and Mary about thirty-one. On that day, just before dinner, Mary seized a case-knife which was lying on the table, pursued a little girl round the room, hurled about the dinner-forks, wounding her father in the forehead with one of them, and finally, in a fit of uncontrollable frenzy, stabbed her mother to the heart. Charles was at hand only in time to snatch the knife out of her grasp before further harm could be done.

After the inquest she was placed in a lunatic asylum, where in a short time she recovered her serenity. She was, however, throughout life subject to frequent returns of the same disease, and her brother on one occasion writes, "I consider her as perpetually on the brink of madness."

To her comfort and protection Charles Lamb sacrificed everything; to save his sister—a gentle woman who had watched like a mother over his own infancy—the whole length of his life was devoted. "What he endured," says Barry Cornwall, "through the space of nearly forty years from the incessant fear and frequent recurrence of his sister's insanity, can now only be conjectured. In this constant and uncomplaining endurance, and in his steady adherence to a great principle of conduct, his life was heroic."

The whole north side of Bloomsbury-square, off Holborn, was once occupied by Southampton House. Here Lady Rachel Russell—whose husband, Lord William Russell, was executed in 1683—died in 1723. She is one of the famous women of history—pious, reflecting, firm, and courageous; alike exemplary in prosperity and adversity, when observed by multitudes or hidden in retirement. "Her name," it has been well remarked, "tells its own touching story; it recalls her as her own contemporaries beheld her, sitting by her husband and taking notes during his trial; consoling him in his prison, and wearing a calm almost cheerful mien at the very time her heart was breaking with love and grief. When was a great sorrow so deeply felt, yet so simply borne, as during the last silent parting witnessed by Burnet; and which, when she had left him, made Lord William Russell exclaim, 'The bitterness of death is past!'"

In Oxford-street we are reminded of a curious story thus told by Mr. Edward Walford in "Old and New London":—"Amidst all its bustle and business, Oxford-street has, nevertheless, had a touch of 'the romantic,' if a peculiar eccentricity, brought about by disappointment in love affairs, can be called a romance. At all events we read how a certain Miss Mary Lucrine, a maiden of small fortune, who resided in this street, who died in 1778, having met with a disappointment in matrimony in early life, vowed that she would never see the light of the sun! Accordingly the windows of her apartments were closely shut up for years, and she kept her resolution to her dying-day."

The famous collection of pictures in needlework by Miss Mary Linwood, of Leicester, was first exhibited in London at the Pantheon, in Oxford-street. It was subsequently removed to Leicester-square.

No needlework of ancient or modern times seems to have surpassed the productions of Miss Linwood. Her pictures were executed with fine crewels, dyed under her own superintendence, and worked on a thick tammy, woven expressly for her use. All the work was done by herself, the only assistance she received, if such it could be called, being in the threading of the needles. She was an industrious needlewoman; her first picture was executed when she was thirteen years old; her last when she was seventy-eight. She died in 1845, at the age of ninety.

Most of the needlework pictures in her collection—and in the end there were sixty-four of them—were large or gallery size, and copies from paintings by great masters. The best of them all was "Salvator Mundi," after Carlo Dolci; three thousand guineas were offered for it and refused, and it was left by Miss Linwood at her death to Her Majesty Queen Victoria.

Berners-street, Oxford-street, was the scene of the famous Berners-street hoax, which made such a sensation in 1809. This was a hoax played off by Theodore Hook, and one or two of his friends, on a lady living at No. 54, against whom they had conceived a grudge. They despatched thousands of letters to all sorts and conditions of men, asking them to call on a certain day and at a particular hour at this lady's house.

"So successful was the trick," says Dr. Robert Chambers, "that nearly all obeyed the summons. Coal-wagons heavily laden, carts of upholstery, vans with pianos and other articles, wedding and funeral coaches, all rumbled through and filled up the adjoining streets and lanes; sweeps assembled with the implements of their trade, tailors with clothes that had been ordered, pastrycooks with wedding-cakes, undertakers with coffins, fishmongers with codfish, and butchers with legs of mutton.

"There were surgeons with their instruments, lawyers with their papers and parchments, and clergymen with their books of devotion. Such a babel was never heard before in London, and, to complete the business, who should drive up but the lord mayor in his state carriage, the governor of the Bank of England, the chairman of the East India Company, and even a scion of royalty itself in the person of the Duke of Gloucester.

"Hook and his confederates were meanwhile enjoying the fun from a window in the neighbourhood, but the consternation occasioned to the lady who had been made the victim of the jest was nearly becoming too serious a matter. Hook never avowed himself as the originator of the trick, though there is no doubt of his being the prime actor in it."

At the head of Regent-street we are in the immediate neighbourhood of Hanover-square, the name of which is well-known in connection with St. George's Church, the scene of so many fashionable marriages. It was at this church that the Duke of Wellington gave so many brides away.

Passing down the cheerful thoroughfare of Regent-street, we make our way, with what speed the tempting shop windows will allow, to Piccadilly-circus.

Running westwards, parallel with Piccadilly, is Jermyn-steet, which got its name from Henry Jermyn, Earl of St. Albans, who is said to have married Henrietta Maria, after the execution of her first husband, Charles I. According to Pennant, "she ruled her first husband, a king, but her second husband, a subject, ruled her."

In this street, close to St. James's Church, there lived, in the days of Queen Anne, a Mrs. Howe, whose husband once disappeared in an extraordinary manner. The story is told by Dr. W. King in his "Anecdotes of His Own Time." The Howes were well-to-do people, Mr. Howe having a fortune of £700 or £800 a year. One day, seven or eight years after he was married, he left his wife and his two children, for apparently no reason in the world, and for seventeen years there was nothing heard of him. At the end of that time, her two children having died, Mrs. Howe removed from Jermyn-street to a smaller house off Golden-square.

Now it appears that during the whole seventeen years Mr. Howe had gone no further away than Westminster, where he lived, disguised in dress and under another name. He even saw his wife at church every Sunday at St. James's, Piccadilly, and used to frequent a coffee house, from the windows of which he could watch her at her meals. Oddly enough, the keeper of the coffee house, taking Mr. Howe for a bachelor, used to point to the lady over the way and say, "There is a widow who would make a very good wife for you."

When the seventeen years had expired, Mrs. Howe received an anonymous letter asking her to come the following night to Birdcage-walk, as the writer had something particular to communicate. She went, and there found her truant husband, and, in the words of the story-books, "they lived happily together ever afterwards." His whim of running away, and staying away so long, was never explained.

In Arlington-street, Piccadilly, Lady Mary Wortley Montague lived, before her marriage, in the house of her father, who afterwards became the Duke of Kingston. Lady Mary eloped with Mr. Wortley Montague, but the father, after a certain interval of course, received them, notwithstanding their contempt of his authority, into some sort of favour and countenance. They had probably, it has been suggested, saved him money by their irregularity, and economical frailties are rarely judged severely by men of fashion who are benefited by them.

Whatever her faults, and she had a good number, Lady Mary deserves to be remembered for her charming "Letters," and for her having brought home from the East, where she had resided with her husband, the notion of inoculation as a means of warding off the ordinary attack of small-pox. She did her best to render this malignant disease as comparatively harmless in her own country as she had found it to be in Turkey.

She did not get much thanks at the time, and, like most improvers, was very roughly spoken to. The medical profession rose against her almost to a man, predicting the most awful consequences. The clergy, too, denounced it as wicked to have a disease which Providence did not think fit to send, and the common people were taught to regard Lady Mary with abhorrence, and to hoot at her as an unnatural mother who, in trying inoculation on her own boy and girl, had risked her children's lives.

Devonshire House, in Piccadilly, deserves notice by us on account of its having been the residence of the beautiful Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire. She was one of the most distinguished ladies of high rank whom the eighteenth century produced. Her personal charms constituted her smallest pretension to universal admiration, and her beauty did not consist in regularity of features and faultless formation of limbs and shape; "it lay rather in the graces of her deportment, in her irresistible manner, and the seduction of her society."

She took great interest in public affairs,

and played an active part in securing the return of Mr. Fox for Westminster in 1784 these were the eventful days of the struggle between Pitt and Fox. It was in connection with her exertions at this time that the following lines were written by one of her admirers:—

"Arrayed in matchless beauty, Devon's fair
In Fox's favour takes a zealous part;
But, oh! whene'er the pilferer comes—
beware!
She supplicates a vote and steals a heart."

Many compliments were paid to the beautiful duchess, but she used to say that of all flattering speeches the one she valued most was that of the drunken Irishman who asked to light his pipe by the fire of her eyes.

At the corner of Stratton-street and Piccadilly is the residence of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, of whose wealth and benevolence nothing need be said, for they are known to everybody. The house was previously occupied by Mrs. Coutts, the widow of Thomas Coutts, the banker. Mrs. Coutts was originally Harriet Mellon, the actress, and ended in becoming the Duchess of St. Albans. We spoke about her when going through the Strand.

Before turning eastwards we may as well prolong our ramble a little farther, and visit Kensington Palace, which is interesting as the home, during her early life, of Queen Victoria. It was here that she was born, at a quarter past four on the morning of the 24th of May, 1819. On the 24th of June she was christened in the grand saloon of the palace by the name of Alexandrina Victoria.

It was at Kensington that Her Majesty first heard of her accession to the throne on the 20th of June, 1837, when she was just eighteen years of age. There is a description given by Miss Wynn, which has been often quoted, and will bear quoting again, of the way in which the young sovereign received the news.

King William IV. died in Windsor Castle at twenty minutes past two on the morning of the 20th of June, and the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Howley, and the Lord Chamberlain, who was the Marquis of Conyngham, at once left Windsor for Kensington Palace. They reached Kensington at about five in the morning.

"They knocked," says Miss Wynn, "they rang, they thumped, for a considerable time before they could rouse the porter at the gate; they were again kept waiting in the courtyard, then turned into one of the lower rooms, where they seemed forgotten by everybody. They rang the bell and desired that the attendant of the Princess Victoria might be sent to inform Her Royal Highness that they requested an audience on business of importance. After another delay, and another ringing to inquire the cause, the attendant was summoned, who stated that the *Princess* was in such a sweet sleep that she could not venture to disturb her. Then they said, 'We are come on business of state to the *Queen*, and even sleep must give way to that.' It did, and to prove that she did not keep them waiting, in a few minutes she came into the room in a loose white nightgown and shawl, her nightcap thrown off and her hair falling upon her shoulders, her feet in slippers, tears in her eyes, but perfectly collected and dignified."

The Prime Minister, Lord Melbourne, was at once sent for, and the Privy Council was summoned to meet at Kensington Palace at eleven o'clock, when the Lord Chancellor administered the usual oaths to the Queen, and Her Majesty received in return the oaths of allegiance of the cabinet ministers and other privy councillors present.

At this trying ceremony, says Mr. Greville, "she seemed rather bewildered at the number of men who were sworn, and who came one after another to kiss her hand, but she did not speak to anybody, nor did she make the slightest difference in her manner, or show any in her countenance, to any individual of any rank, station, or party. I particularly watched her when Melbourne and the ministers and the Duke of Wellington and Peel approached her. She went through the whole ceremony, occasionally looking at Melbourne for instruction when she had any doubt what to do, which hardly ever occurred, and with perfect calmness and self-possession, but at the same time with a graceful modesty and propriety particularly interesting and ingratiating."

We return now to Hyde Park Corner, and, leaving the line of Piccadilly, proceed by Constitution-hill towards Buckingham Palace. On Constitution-hill an attempt on Her Majesty's life was made on the 10th of June, 1840, by a youth about seventeen years of age, named Oxford. The Queen and the Prince Consort (Her Majesty had then been exactly four months married) were setting out on their usual afternoon drive, and were proceeding slowly up Constitution-hill, when Oxford fired two pistol-shots very deliberately at her.

The Queen and the Prince were fortunately both uninjured, and displayed the utmost self-possession. As for the would-be assassin, he was at once arrested. He proved to be "an absurd creature, half crazy, with a longing to consider himself a political prisoner and to be talked of." On being tried he was declared insane and sentenced to incarceration for life.

The sentence was not, however, carried out to the letter, for in 1867 he received a free pardon and release, subject only to the very proper provision that he should leave the country and never return.

A similar attempt was made two years later on the very spot where Oxford fired his pistol shots. The man in this case was a machinist in Drury Lane. He was tried and sentenced to death for high treason, but the sentence was commuted to one of transportation for life.

A third adventure her Majesty had on Constitution Hill was the firing of a pistol at her by an Irish bricklayer. This was in 1849. The pistol, it appears, was charged only with powder, but the man who fired it was sentenced to seven years' transportation.

Buckingham Palace, which has been called the ugliest royal residence in Europe, is where Queen Victoria took up her abode in 1837. It is here that the Princess Royal and the Prince of Wales were born, and it has also been the birthplace of most of the other children of her Majesty.

There is a modern air about all the recollections connected with Buckingham Palace—it was only built from 1825 to 1837—but it is otherwise with the old palace of St. James's, the next object of our attention. "Bloody Mary" died at St. James's Palace on the 17th of November, 1558. We all know how her end was hastened by grief at the capture of Calais by the French, a town that had been held by the English for two hundred and ten years. "It is said," remarks an old historian, "that in the beginning of her sickness her friends, supposing the absence of her husband, King Philip, afflicted her, endeavoured by all means to divert her melancholy. But all proved in vain, and the queen, abandoning herself to despair, told them she should die, though as yet they were strangers to the cause of her death; but if they would know it hereafter, they must dissect her, and they would find Calais at her heart: intimating that the loss of that place was her death-wound."

In the Chapel Royal, St. James's, there have been some interesting marriages. Here Prince George of Denmark married the Princess Anne, and a later Anne, the eldest daughter of George II. and Queen Caroline, married the Prince of Orange. In the case of the second Anne the bridegroom was anything but handsome, but the princess's love of power made her eager for the alliance. When her parents reminded her of her intended's ungainly (one might almost say hideous) appearance, "I would marry him," replied Anne, "even if he were a baboon." The marriage, however, seems to have turned out a happy one.

Queen Victoria and Prince Albert were married in the Chapel Royal This event took place on the 10th of February, 1840, at one o'clock. At half past twelve the Queen left Buckingham Palace for St. James's, her mother and the Duchess of Sutherland being in the same carriage with her. Her Majesty wore a dress of rich white satin, trimmed with orange flower blossoms. On her head she had a wreath of the same blossoms, over which, but so as not to conceal the face, a beautiful veil of Honiton lace was thrown. The bridesmaids were in white with roses.

The wedding breakfast at the palace followed the ceremony in the chapel, and in the afternoon the Queen and Prince left for Windsor Castle. "Our reception," the Queen relates in her Journal, "was most enthusiastic, hearty, and gratifying in every way; the people quite deafening with their cheers."

An insane woman, called Margaret Nicholson, made an attempt on the life of George III. one day in the autumn of 1786, as he was alighting from his carriage at the private entrance communicating between St. James's-park and the garden of St. James's Palace. She attacked him with a knife. "The bystanders were proceeding to wreak summary vengeance on her when the King generously interfered on her behalf. 'The poor creature,' he exclaimed, 'is mad; do not hurt her; she has not hurt me.' He then stepped forward and showed himself to the populace, assuring them that he was safe and uninjured."

Marlborough House, St. James's, interesting to us now-a-days as the residence of the Prince and Princess of Wales, has had many famous characters connected with it. The great Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, died here. It was she who used to speak of her "neighbour George," meaning the King at St. James's Palace.

This was one of the houses assigned for her residence as Queen Dowager to Adelaide, the exemplary wife of William IV. To keep up her establishment here and at Bushey-park she was allowed the magnificent sum of £100,000 a year. A large portion of this—it is said upwards of £20,000 a year—she spent in charity; she was especially munificent towards institutions connected with the navy, to which her husband, the late king, had belonged.

Between Marlborough House and Charing Cross we might speak of many an interesting incident and many a notable character. The longest day, however, has an end, and considerations of space must be allowed to influence even the most enthusiastic. With the mention of an estimable queen, we close, then, these notes on the womanly recollection of the great metropolis. What countless tales we have left untold, everyone with a little research may discover for herself both in the streets we have visited, and in those through which we have never been. From the lions at Trafalgar Square we set out, and under their shadow, with all friendly wishes for those who have accompanied us on our pilgrimage, we now must take our leave.

"LILY LEAVES,"

OUR

EXTRA SUMMER NUMBER,

IS NOW READY.

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Varieties.

The happy days are come again
When far and wide the land rejoices;
When birds sing out with might and main,
And merry are the children's voices.
Sweet summer in the sunshine weaves
A thousand garlands at her leisure,
And finds among the lily leaves
Her purest and most fragrant treasure.

And you, our smiling girls, for whom
Each golden morn is fraught with duty
As buried as the wealth of bloom,
Which gives to earth a crowning beauty—
Will you not think there henceforth cleaves
An added charm, a hopeful presage,
About the shining lily leaves,
Whose emblem bears you now a message?

VOL. VII.—NO. 340. JULY 3, 1886. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

LOVE AND SUMMER.

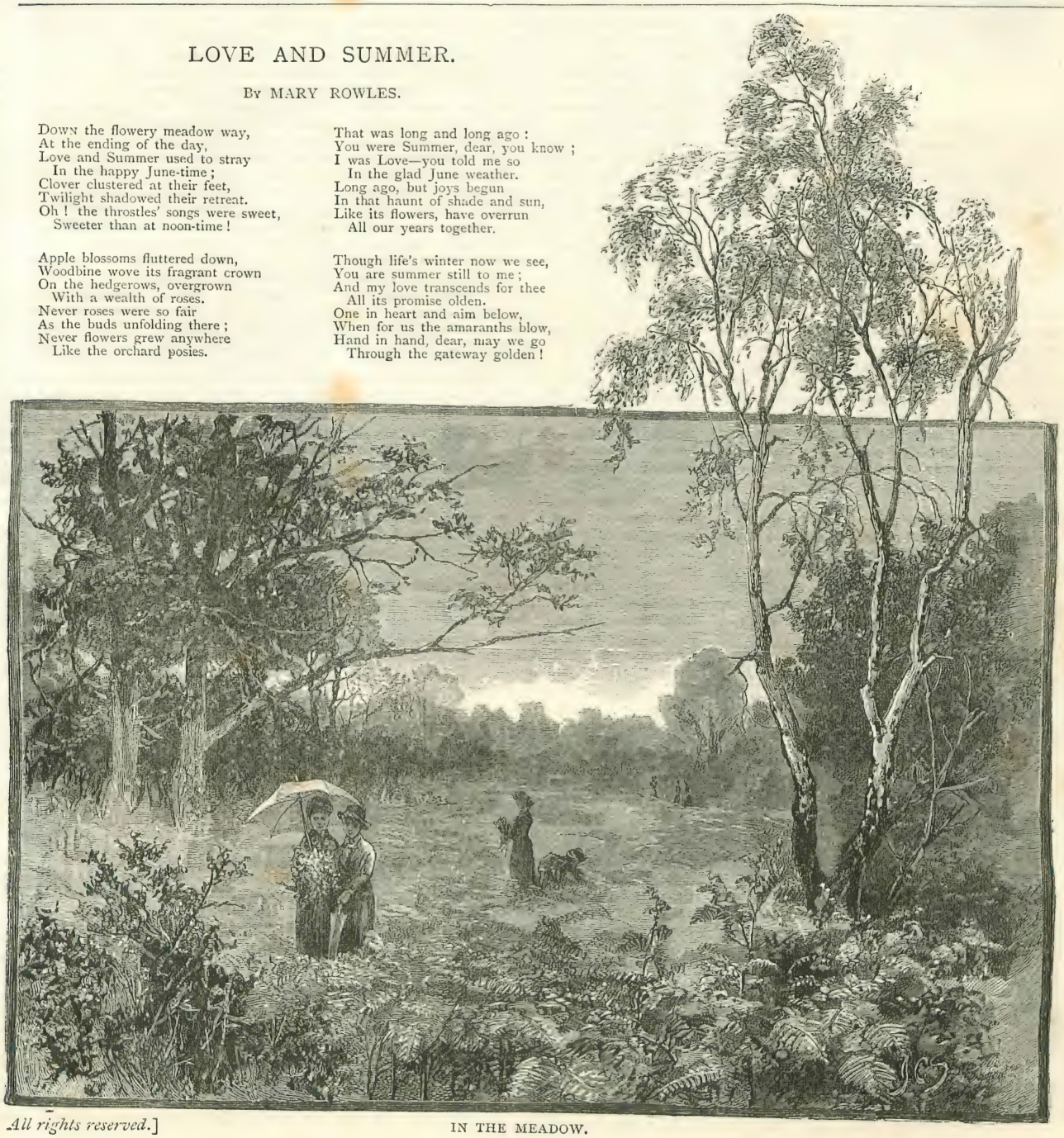
BY MARY ROWLES.

Down the flowery meadow way,
At the ending of the day,
Love and Summer used to stray
  In the happy June-time;
Clover clustered at their feet,
Twilight shadowed their retreat.
Oh! the throstles' songs were sweet,
  Sweeter than at noon-time!

Apple blossoms fluttered down,
Woodbine wove its fragrant crown
On the hedgerows, overgrown
  With a wealth of roses.
Never roses were so fair
As the buds unfolding there;
Never flowers grew anywhere
  Like the orchard posies.

That was long and long ago:
You were Summer, dear, you know;
I was Love—you told me so
  In the glad June weather.
Long ago, but joys begun
In that haunt of shade and sun,
Like its flowers, have overrun
  All our years together.

Though life's winter now we see,
You are summer still to me;
And my love transcends for thee
  All its promise olden.
One in heart and aim below,
When for us the amaranths blow,
Hand in hand, dear, may we go
  Through the gateway golden!



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IN THE MEADOW.

A BACHELOR ON BABIES.

EIGHO! what a world of delusions it is! Here have I been chuckling for the last ten years about the folly which makes all mothers or fathers entertain the belief that there is something so very extraordinary about their own baby, as to distinguish it from every other baby in the kingdom. And now I've a little niece of my own, who, I am firmly and impartially convinced—this time without any possibility of a delusion—is the most remarkable child in Great Britain or out of it. No other child that I have seen has such interesting ways; and I am absolutely positive that none other has or could have such wonderfully beautiful eyes. To look into them is like gazing down a cool, shadowy, moss-fringed well, and catching a glimpse of the blue crystal heavens reflected from the depths below. Sometimes I almost lose myself in the silent and infinite world that I see shadowing itself forth behind the blue haze of those baby-eyelets; and her childish prattle is to me the quaintest and sweetest music that was ever made by two little lisping, laughing lips.

But I know I'm a fond, foolish, doting old uncle all the same, and that at this very moment there are thousands of equally fond and foolish folk who are looking into the depths of their own little bairnies' eyes, and wondering if there ever was such a child since the days when the Lord of Life Himself lay on the lap of His beautiful young mother, a wee helpless Babe.

We bachelors, many of us, affect a manly—save the mark!—and cynical abhorrence of the nursery, but the thought of *that* babyhood and motherhood should sanctify and hallow every little cot or cradle in the world, if the memory of our own mother has not already done so. I am afraid, however, that I have no right to speak as representing the great army of—I was going to say martyrs, but I mean, of course, unmarried; for although I have never a chick nor child of my "ain," I fancy there's a good deal of the father, if not the mother, in my heart of hearts, which may come to the surface some day. At least I hope so.

The thought of that Divine Babyhood, of which I have just been speaking, has often made me feel as if I did not wonder that nearly every woman (every mother, at all events) should be born, as she seems to be born, with a sort of instinctive and intuitive faith in Christianity. And if that thought were not enough, what mother is there who could read of His taking the little ones in His arms and blessing them, without praying that hers too might be led to Him; without her heart swelling up in a great stream of love and faith and trust to Him who was Himself meek and lowly as a little child?

Yes—to come back to my subject again—I know that it's all one vast delusion, and that my little niece Theodora (the "gift of God," a beautiful name for a child!) is just like thousands of other little Marys and Willies and Rosies in this great world, whose parents and uncles and aunts are all victims of the same hallucination. While I am wondering why my neighbour, Mrs. Williams, allows her little boy's hair to grow down upon his shoulders in that untidy and unbecoming fashion, she, with a mother's love and pride, is watching him go down the road to school, fully assured that everybody will, like herself, be struck with his resemblance to an infantile Hamlet or St. John. And if we could look right into the depths of her mother-heart, we should, I doubt not, find there as much love and thankfulness to God for giving her such a beautiful child, and as much kindliness and affection to others, as if he really were such.

What a beautiful and loving delusion it is! Although, when I come to think of it more attentively, I am not so sure that it is a delusion, after all. It may be that, instead of having hoodwinked and blinded us to the imperfections of our own children, our Father, and their Father, has but lent a new keenness to our vision, has but brushed away the cobwebs and dust that blinded us, so that we can see more truly and deeply into the hidden beauty and mystery which He has cast around each of His little ones.

And so, though others may smile at our "delusion," and think our idolised darling only an "ordinary" baby, and in no way different from thousands of other little pink-fleshed, soft-dimpled scraps of humanity in the world, we yet know that she is none the less a special and loving gift sent down to us from heaven by the Father of Light.

Yes, she is only an "ordinary" baby; only a little soul fresh from the hand of God, and carrying with her some waft and whisper of the far-off Eternity from whence she came. You know what Emerson says, that "Infancy is the perpetual Messiah which comes to the arms of fallen men, and pleads with them to return to Paradise." And there is a beautiful saying of old Jean Paul, of which I often think: "The smallest children," he says, "are nearest God, as the smallest planets are nearest the sun." And if it be so, it is no wonder that we should feel hushed and awed and thrilled, as we sometimes do, in the presence of a little child.

I have often wished—as what scribbler has not?—that I had the gift of second sight, so that I could follow this or that magazine on its way from the central office, *till it found* a welcome and a resting-place in one of the many homes of this great kingdom. It would be very interesting, and perhaps not a little humbling and edifying, to hear the different opinions of the various folk who might read or skip, as the case may be, one's own "prose and worse," as (I think) Tom Hood has it. I fancy, in the present case, I see some indignant young mother tossing her pretty head with an air of matronly and superior wisdom, as she exclaims: "A bachelor, indeed! What can *he* know about children? Such impudence these scribbling fellows have!"

Or perhaps some matter-of-fact young Briton throws this gossip on one side as "sentimental humbug." Yes, perhaps it is sentiment, I don't deny it; but "sentiment" is very different from "sentimentalism." I know there are people who would stand on the graves of England's noblest sons, in Poet's Corner, Westminster Abbey, and remark derisively that the nose of Shakespeare's statue was crooked—but I'm not one of them. And you wait till you've a bairnie of your own, my fine fellow, and see if you're not as big a fool as the rest of them—or if you're not, well, I'm sorry for you, that's all!

What the women leave unfinished in our moral education, says Goethe, the children complete in us; and I believe with Oliver Wendell Holmes, that many of the noblest and most beautiful traits of a man's character are left undeveloped and unperfected, until he knows what it is to have a little child look up in his face, and say, "father."

COULSON KERNAHAN, F.R.G.S.

DIPS INTO AN OLD COOKERY BOOK.

By RUTH LAMB.

DIP I.

HERE was no GIRL'S OWN PAPER, or any other cheap periodical with its column of "Useful Hints" or choice recipes for concocting table dainties, in the days when this old MS. cookery book was written out. Now, if we want to study the culinary art, we are bewildered with the number of volumes offered for our instruction. We may read for ourselves, or we may go to school and learn cottage cookery, or we may fit ourselves to prepare a dinner composed of almost endless courses, and embracing everything, in and out of season, that wealth and luxury can suggest.

Things were different a century and a half ago. There were few printed cookery books, and these passed into very few hands. There were family recipes for dainty dishes, much valued and thought of. Instructions for making these were guarded as almost sacred mysteries, and rarely committed to paper. Mothers, even in well-to-do-homes, did the more delicate part of the cookery themselves, and taught their daughters, and so the knowledge was passed on from generation to generation, or perchance from mistress to maid, when the latter was trustworthy.

The MS. book into which you are going to peep along with me, dear girls, was written out in 1721, and is one of the household treasures in a delightful old home, built more than a hundred years earlier still. The title page runs as follows:—"Mrs. Anne Jackson. Cook Book. Anno Domini, 1721." But, alas! I cannot easily give you a notion of the elaborate flourishes which adorn the name.

The capitals are something to be remem-

bered; but the zeal of the writer seems to have evaporated before the title was completed, for the "Domini" is quite devoid of ornament, and the date a very poor sample of figures.

Half a century later "Mrs. Anne Jackson. Cook Book" had passed into another hand; for, on the next page, we find the inscription: "Barbara Wilkinson's Book," with the further admonition, "When this you se, Remember me."

Mistress Barbara appears to have used this family cookery book as most people do their family Bibles; for, on its last page, we have a list of "Childer Born of John and Barbara Wilkinson," thirteen in number, between 1743 and 1767.

In the country districts of Cumberland at the present time there is a strong leaning towards Scriptural, and especially patriarchal names. John Wilkinson and his wife Barbara manifested the same liking in their day, as the register on the fly-leaf of the old cookery-book abundantly testifies. Amongst the boys' names are Isaac, Jacob, Joseph, Jonathan, John, Thomas, and Mark, only George having a modern appellation. The girls are Ann, Mary, Grace, Betty, and Barbara.

Grace would, I suppose, be almost reckoned a Bible name, on the same principle as that of the man who called his child Acts in order to compliment the Apostles. Any way, Grace is a sweet name, and suggestive of everything that is good as well as attractive.

To return, however, to the contents of the "Cook Book," which comprise some ninety recipes, beside many which are lumped together in this wise: "For jillies, pastes, and creams, with some preserves, from ye 148 to ye 154"—that is, page.

The writing all through is beautifully neat, clear, and legible, being something like printing in italics, and has been the work of one hand, the index and one or two pages excepted, which are of a later date, and probably added by its second possessor, Barbara Wilkinson.

Mrs. Anne Jackson's views on the subject of orthography must, however, have been very independent of fixed rules, and her style foreshadows modern phonetic spelling.

One cannot but feel that it is at least desirable to select and adhere to one method of spelling a word; but Mrs. Anne sometimes uses a "c," an "s," or two of the latter, just as it happens.

I remember once asking a person, "How is your name"—a rather peculiar one—"spelled?"

"Some spells it one way, and some another," was the cheerful response.

"But how do *you* spell it?" I asked, determined to be correct if possible.

"I don't spell it at all, ma'am, or anything else, for I can't tell one letter from another. Put it any way you like. It's sure to please me."

I accordingly did my best, and I hope the person to whom the letter went would have no difficulty in finding out who was the writer, per my hand. I could not help thinking of this when I glanced through the "Cook Book."

One thing I feel certain about, and that is the excellence of the recipes so carefully preserved for more than a century and a half. I will quote a few in the quaint wording and spelling of the MS., and I think they will be found equally instructive and amusing.

The recipes for preparing freshwater fish, such as are found in the Cumberland lakes, are decidedly *toothsome;* and as we are this very day operating upon a large pike, caught by one of the youngsters, we will tell how he is to be cooked, *à la* Mrs. Anne Jackson's Cook Book:—

How to Rost a Picke.

"Take ye pike. Scrape it and take liver, sueitt and herbs, and beat them all together like forcemeat. Then put it into the pike bely, and then sue up ye bely of ye pike. Then speet" (spit) "it all ye length; then corde it with brood inckle. So baste it with butter that it burn not" (you may take this for sauce). "Then take ye forsemeat out of ye pike belly, and ye gravy that drops from the pike and a little sack or wine and anchove dissolved in it. Beat it altogether" (for sauce.) "So serve it up. Garnish ye dish with pickel cockels & oysters."

We are told in another place how to pickle the cockles. "Take 6 quarts of cockles, and wash them: then sett them over ye fire. Stue them to ye open, then pick the fish out of them. You must save ye liquor and put salt and whole peper and clove peper, whole cloves and mace. Boyle those all together, then put your fish and give them a boyle. So then take them off ye fire, and cover them up fitt for use."

The instructions with regard to the quantity of salt, and the various spices, would seem to a youthful cook slightly indefinite. An experienced cook would know that only a little of each is needed.

"To Bake Charrs" (a delicious little fish for which Windermere is famous, and the name of which is usually spelled char). "Take ye heads and tails and finns off them. Then cutt them and rub them very clean with a cloth. When you bake them, take for 3 dozen of charrs, one ounce of mace and cinnamon, the same of cloves, and peper for your seasoning. You must save a third part till they be baked, and then lye it on when you put in ye clarified buttor."

The above is really a recipe for the famous potted char, the baked fish being placed in layers, seasoned, and covered with clarified butter, like other potted meats.

With our "Roast Picke" we must have a contemporary soup, and here is a recipe to make one, which will serve a good, large party.

"Take a hough" (shin) "and a neck of beef. Set it all night over ye fire. Put in a little peper of both sorts, a race or two of ginger, and a posy of sweet herbs. Stir up your pot next morning, and strain it through a collander, and let it stand till it be cold, and take off all ye fat. Fry some beef or veal or mutton with a little bit of butter to keep ye pan from burning, & to get ye gravy, and put ye meat and gravy into ye soup. Sitt it over a slow fire about half an hour. Put in 2 onions. Stick one with cloves; then put it" (the soup, not the onion, which should go in before the half hour's stewing takes place) "through ye collander again & then put in 2 or 3 anchoves and a little clarrit or strong bear, then pour out your soup into a boull. Then put into your stue pan half a pound of butter. Sitt it over ye fire till it be burnt brown; then put ye soup into it by podingers" (or mugfuls) "and lett every podinger full boyle up as you put it in and stir it very well all ye time with a little salt. Have on ye dish bottom a little rice or french barly bread and a little parsly, spinage, & sallory scodded" (scalded) "and shred small. Poor ye soup on it and into ye soup fried bread cut in slices. Garnish your dish with nice parsley and carrots."

For our entrées we will have first "A Friggocy of Chickins." "Take chickens: cut them in small peices, season them with cloves, maces, nutmugg, peper and salt, some time and parsely shred small, and a handfull of grated white bread. Fry them in sweet butter indiforant tender, then drane ye butter from them and put to them a pint of clarrit wine and some strong; or, if you have it not, take faire water and 3 anchoves, nutmegg and an onion and some lemon. Lett these all stue together and 2 yolks of eggs with a little clarrit wine. Put all together, stir it well together and dish it up *in all hast.*"

Our second entrée shall be "Broyled Pigens." "Take peigons fresh out of ye coat. (Nothing is said about killing them before cooking). Pull them and dress them very clean. Wash them well and drye them with a cloth. Then take ye livers and shred them very small. Season them well with peper and salt and put the livers with a good peice of butter into their bellies and sew up at both ends. You may broyle them in an appleroster, if you have not a thing on purpose" (Dutch oven suggested) "not too near ye fire and bast them as ye drye."

No instructions are given for ordinary roast meats, but we have elaborate information "How to dress Turkes and there sauce."

"Take yor Turkes and cut ye heads of, and dress it clean, and then drow it and square it like a chicken for rosting and stuff ye crops with forset meat, which make of veal, taking out ye skins and beast sueit. Shred and beat with a pestell to it be like past almost and then season it with cloves and nutmegg and peper of both sorts and salt, and sweet herbs dryed and rubbed. Sage, sweet margon" (marjoram) "and time or winter savory and parsley with a yolk or two of eggs and a spoonfull of cream or two according to ye quantity of meat: but 1 yolk and 1 spoonfull of cream is sufishent for 2 Turky crops. Then speet them and ly them up close. So rost them; & for ye sauce take ye neck and head and set them on a stue-pan with a little water and an onion or two. Lett them boyl along time. Then put in some grated bread and dust in some black peper and let it boyl to it be very thick. And so dish it up."

Game does not seem to have occupied the attention of the fair writer of the Cook Book, or else it was not plentiful in the neighbourhood. At any rate we find no recipes for cooking anything but ground game. There are instructions "How to Stue a Hair, a Rabbet, and to rost them;" also a recipe for venison sauce, which last is so very comically worded that we may get a laugh out of it, though we may not be much enlightened in a culinary point of view. It runs thus:—"Take a neck of mutton and sett it on to boyle in a stue-pan and lett it boyle all night. You may put in a few whole cloves and Jeemaca peper—if you have no other—for ye broth; then take it off and put it through a collander, then hadd clarritt wine and brown suggar and a good peice of cinnment and grated bread, and then let it boyle a peice to it be thick."

It is easy to ascertain the intentions of the writer, though the directions are slightly hazy, and we are not informed what should be put in if we are not restricted to "whole cloves and Jeemaca peper."

There is also no limit to the other seasonings, so a tyro would have to keep spoon in hand, and taste as she goes on adding.

But I will close the "Cook Book" for the present, only adding that our "Rost Picke" turned out supremely good, equally to the satisfaction of the young angler, and those who partook of his spoil, when thus prepared for the table.

I will dip again into some very attractive recipes for sweets, cakes, and home-made wines, and give you, dear girls, the benefit.

(To be continued.)

ON COPYING THE OLD MASTERS.

By EMILY MACIRONE.

CORREGGIO (1493—1534).—Burnet says, "Correggio seems to have been one of the first who employed chiaroscuro in its greatest extent, to give to his compositions that dreamy character, which removes them from the 'ignorant present,' and which is the result of breadth and melting of the outline in the tint which surrounds it."

He greatly enhanced the charm of his paintings by the beauty of his landscape settings, in which respect he was unsurpassed by any Lombard artist. His early paintings have a warm, almost glowing tone, while his later works are distinguished by the broken lustre of that brilliant, yet soft grey, which may justly be termed the highest charm in painting.

It has been stated by the artist Benedetto Luti, that he occasionally prepared his painting by an underlayer of gold leaf, in order to increase the brilliancy and transparency of his colours, as in "The Reading Magdalen" at Dresden.

Like Leonardo, he artistically conveyed the idea of roundness by the softest gradations of light and shade. His lines elude us as in nature, for everything melts into air. Correggio mellows down the local colours of drapery and landscape by the effects of light, which permeates through everything. When a bright colour is necessary he breaks it up into numberless half-tones. He puts on his lights with heavy, rich, and smooth coats of colour, which was not the custom previously. The light tints of the flesh as well as the shades are equally painted with a strong impasto. The accessories, such as draperies and landscape, he laid on at first with strong local colour, and then heightened the effect in the later coats with a strong medium.

There is no doubt that Correggio used different varnishes for the same picture, according to what he deemed requisite. In his luminous shadows he probably used the common varnish, *Vernice liquida*. In his flesh he used amber varnish, which was particularly smooth and firm. He appears to have laid on the first coat in a light warm tone, and imparted the utmost finish to all he undertook.

In 1522 he was commissioned to paint in fresco the dome and choir of the Cathedral of Parma—his greatest work. The subject is the Assumption of the Virgin, for which he was to receive 1,000 ducats, equivalent to about £500 of our money. Correggio was remarkable for his violent foreshortenings, which are always skilfully and gracefully managed. It is said that he was assisted in this most difficult labour by his friend Begarelli, who moulded figures for him in the necessary attitudes so well that Correggio, having placed them in the right light and position, was enabled to paint them.

They say there is nothing new under the sun. Wilkie, about 300 years later, adopted the very same plan with his rustic figures, groups, and interiors. He would model the figures in clay, or sometimes dress little, tiny dolls and place them in the proper attitudes. He would then construct a rough wooden model of the room out of an old box, cut out the windows and doors, and paint the walls, and make a little peep-hole, through which he could see his picture in miniature, and whatever time and trouble the model took to make, you may be quite sure it was well worth it; there is a breadth and naturalness in the light

and shade that is a wonderful help to the artist. To return to Correggio's dome at Parma. The painting when complete was not appreciated, until one day, when Titian was passing through Parma in the suite of Charles V., he went to see Correggio's painting, and he was the first to attract the attention of the Parmese to the beauty of the dome of their cathedral. "Why," he said, "if you were to fill the dome with gold pieces, you would not have paid for it what it is worth."

It is well for the good people of Parma that this immortal fresco is in the interior of the dome, whence it cannot by any manner of means be taken away, or it would long ago have been sold to enrich some museum and leave the city stripped of its brightest ornament. What a puzzle for the hanging committee—the interior of a dome! Of his "Ecce Homo," in the National Gallery, Eastlake says, "The painter ought in such subjects to express more the passion of grief than the profound sense of sorrow and resignation. In this picture the expression of the Christ may be said rather to excite sympathy than to inspire awe, while those of the Madonna and the Magdalen embody the intenseness of grief."

As this picture is on wood the relative prominence of colours is sufficiently apparent; the blue of the Madonna is much raised; the richly varnished shadows also indicate the use of a copious vehicle. The cracks in general appear to be those of the panel, or of the ground only, but behind the figure of Pilate the peculiar cracks of the *Vernice liquida* are apparent. The hand of the Magdalen appears to have been an afterthought or pentimento, as the other drapery was originally completed underneath it.

In the "Madonna della Cesta," in the National Gallery, also by Correggio, everything looks enveloped in a soft veil of light and air. This little gem should be carefully studied. Nothing can surpass the tender love and playful grace of the figures, and the refined and delicate colouring of the whole picture.

"Cupid Reading," also in the National Gallery, one of the painter's masterpieces, is a noble specimen of all Correggio's qualities of style, though the picture has somewhat suffered from time. It was part of the collection of Charles I. dispersed by Cromwell, and bought by the Duke of Alva for £800, then an immense sum. It belonged afterwards to the Prince of Peace, and was eventually restored to this country through the munificence of the Marquis of Londonderry, of whom it was purchased for the nation in 1834, together with the "Ecce Homo" by the same painter. Sir Joshua Reynolds was of opinion that Correggio began his pictures with cool colours. The "Leda" in the Colonna Palace by him is dead coloured, with a black or ultramarine in the shadows. Over that is scumbled, thinly and smooth, a warmer tint. The picture is painted in panel in a large and broad manner, but finished like an enamel; the shadows harmonise and are lost in the ground.

RAPHAEL SANZIO *il divino.*

Tu solo sei il Pittor dei Pittori.

We have not the space to give any detailed account of the priceless works with which Raphael, the last and greatest of the great painters, enriched the world during his short life of thirty-seven years, nor can we discover any description of his method of painting, such as we have found of other artists, but there are many points of interest connected with his life that we may gather for our instruction and example. His passion for learning was never satisfied, whether from any of the noble brotherhood of artists of that period, or from the treasures of antique sculpture that were perpetually brought to light in those days of wonderful excitement in Rome. He gathered honey from every flower, and he made it his own, and reproduced what he had gathered after passing through the crucible of his imagination refined, and glorified.

Like the true student that he was, he joined his comrades in making every building and every statue and fragment of ruin an object of pilgrimage, and his ardent imagination pictured, from remnants that had been laid bare, the grandeur and importance of what lay still concealed.

Such was his zeal, that on being commanded by the Pope to direct the Roman excavations, not feeling satisfied with the perspective he had learnt from Antonio di San Gallo, he determined that he should have Vitruvius at his fingers' ends. He found an antiquary named Fabius Calvo, who lived the life of an hermit, and fed on herbs and lettuces in a den scarcely larger or more comfortable than the kennel of Diogenes. He took Calvo to his palace in the Borgo, and kept him there in a state of ease, that he might profit by his advice and experience. Calvo had already translated the works of Hippocrates; he now turned Vitruvius into Italian, and Raphael mastered the text with ease and minuteness, so that he was soon able to lecture on and censure or defend the rules of the ancients with facility and grace. Raphael laboured with but one purpose in life, that of studying everything that had been done by others before him, from Urbino to Perugia, thence to the Citta di Castello, Sierra, and Florence, and then Rome. Throughout that wonderful journey he studied Nature, the antique, and the Tuscan, and when he broke the fetters of Umbrian tradition, not a single one of the craftsmen then living could have said he copied any one of them; none except, perhaps, Michael Angelo would have denied that he was the best and most perfect of them all.

His was that kindly, generous nature that loved to praise and encourage merit wherever it existed. No wonder he kept the retinue of a prince, and was followed with loving admiration by all the young students of Rome.

He fostered the genius of Marc Antonio Raimondo, the engraver, at a period when the graphic art was in its infancy. In the midst of his labours and occupations he found time to design subjects for his burin, and to superintend its execution; but, more than all, he defrayed the whole expenses of these engravings himself, taking Marc Antonio under his protection, until the new art was established in popular favour, and could be followed as a lucrative profession. To Raphael, therefore, the art of engraving and the traders in prints owe a deep debt, for he was ever alive to the progress of art, and its interests were consulted by him in the largest way.

He was so fond of Albert Durer that his prints were all pinned on the walls of his painting-room. In learning a few details of his home life we feel a longing to retrace, if only for a few short hours, Raphael's daily avocations. We turn to the pages of history, and find them a blank.

We have seen how eager was his thirst for knowledge on any point connected with the art, and in the endless variety of his studies we see how diligently he laboured to see which movement or attitude would please him best, or more completely fit into the body of his composition. In the priceless collection of sketches by Raphael at Oxford, and also in the British Museum, the student may learn how hard a great master laboured at his art. There is probably no composition, except the "Entombment," to which Raphael devoted more thought or more patience and study than the altar-piece of Cardinal de Medici, "The Transfiguration." We cannot pretend to know all the preparations which were made for it; but the studies for the whole composition, and its different parts, are still in existence, and prove how conscientious Raphael remained to the last.

We have in the National Gallery (No. 213) "The Vision of a Knight; or, Duty and Pleasure," a very small picture by Raphael; and, what gives it additional value, his prepared outline of the same work, by which we can learn how carefully he prepared his outlines before he painted his picture. The "Madonna delli Ansidei," lately added to the National collection, was painted when Raphael was only twenty-two, and betrays the Florentine influence in every part, though the general ordering of the picture is in the style of Perugino.

The Virgin, seated on a throne, holds the infant Jesus on her knees. Both are reading in a book. At the left St. John the Baptist, at the age of manhood, is pointing to the Saviour and raising his eyes towards him. At the left the Bishop Nicholas de Barrie is reading in the Scriptures. His venerable features express deep thought.

The two saints may be considered symbols of divine inspiration and profound science.

Raphael was brought up in the cloister stillness of Urbino, where the legends and memories of St. Francis of Assissi were the daily talk of the devout. In such calm, happy isolation, trained in religious art by his father, Giovanni Sanzio, and tenderly loved by his sweet young mother, young Raphael was surrounded from his earliest years by all the holy and poetic influences calculated to ripen such a nature as his to its full perfection. His peculiar element was grace and beauty of form, in as far as these are the expressions of high moral purity. Hence, notwithstanding the grand works in which he was employed by the popes, what may be called his peculiarly Raphaelesque qualities are most fully developed in his numerous Madonnas and Holy Families. His Madonna groups are not representations of the Queen of Heaven in mediæval jewelled copes, but of the purest and most lovely of earthly mothers, sometimes rising into a mystical and even awful loveliness, as in "The Madonna di San Sisto." They give us the Blessed Virgin as a woman, as she must have been, holding and guiding the infantine limbs of the Holy Child wherein God was incarnated. She is the sweetest type of all our mothers, and not spiritualised too far to cease being to all men the realisation not of antique but of Christian maternity.

He lived but thirty-seven years; but his influence caused a revolution which changed, without destroying, Italian art, and firmly seated the new on the foundations of the old, which taught with equal reverence the lessons of Giotto and Masaccio, and those of Ghirlandajo and Da Vinci, and gave at last a social position to painters.

It has been said how little is known of Raphael's life. In that he resembles our own Shakespeare, of whose mode of living the most devoted research can hardly gain any information whatever. But what of that! If we cannot have many details our reverent admiration would rejoice indeed to know, we have the priceless legacy of their works. The treasures of their glorious intellects are unfolded to us for our edification and delight. "The gods," they say, "live alone," like the kingly mountain-tops that seem nearer to heaven than earth; and it is well there should be a hushing of the petty incidents of our common humanity before we enter the presence-chamber of the great spirits that are among the choicest blessings of our race.

We have endeavoured in these few pages to collect for your assistance in copying from the old masters whatever accounts we could find of the methods employed by the old masters themselves, always premising that you have

already learnt the use of your palette and brushes.

We have seen how ardently students from the earliest days devoted themselves to the study of nature, and of the great men who preceded them. We who live in London have an unspeakable advantage in the noble collections of paintings in the National Gallery and elsewhere, which are rich in specimens of all schools of art. It has been truly said that to make a careful copy of a head by Titian or Velasquez is a better and surer means of forming a good style of handling than all the precepts in the world, provided the work be done under good direction. Study the Mantegnas, and observe the delicate handling of the drapery, the loving and careful execution of the foliage, and of every detail in the pictures, and see how an artist proceeds who is truly in love with his art.

We have seen in our review of the various modes of working of different artists, that though they differed very much in their process of colouring, they were all agreed in the great care and scrupulous cleanliness with which they made their outline.

Be very careful to avoid blackness in your copy, often the fault of those who are very much in earnest, and perhaps over-anxious in their work. So be wary of your darks, and now and then rest the eye by comparing the piece you are about with the rest of the composition, or else turn from your picture altogether and look at the surrounding objects; remember there is no organ so sensitive or easily put out of order as the eye. In proof whereof, as a curious example in modern life, they say that at the Queen's Drawing-room the ladies-in-waiting, whose duty it is to stand behind Her Majesty and watch the brilliant toilettes of the ladies approach in endless succession, will tell you that after about five minutes their eyes get so bewildered and dazed that they can no longer distinguish red from blue; so never fear pausing in your work to rest the eye, and when you return you may find you have escaped that terrible danger of making your copy too black—in oil colours difficult indeed to repair, in water-colours impossible.

It is also a good plan to place your copy close to the original, and then look at both at a distance; and, if possible, study the reflection of the two together in a looking-glass; it will be as good as a lesson from a very clever but rather severe friend, and if your copy has a mistake this truth-telling glass will be sure to let you know. In copying from a picture or from nature this plan is equally good. Should you wish to study composition, you would find it a great assistance to make a number of small studies (about four inches by three) in light and shade and colour—very simple, so that you only indicate the general lines of composition, the opposition of dark and light, of warm and cold colour, and you will learn to trace how the lines move in a circle round the central object, as the planets round the sun. Make a great many of these studies (twenty minutes to each is quite time enough) of all subjects—figures, landscapes, architecture—and of all schools and masters, the greater the variety the better; you will find it delightful work, and you will also discover how the same laws govern the most dissimilar compositions, whether a Holy Family by Titian, a group of children by Reynolds, or a Dutch interior by Ostade. When Mulready gave his invaluable lessons on composition, he used to set his pupils to make very small studies of their pictures in light and shade in the broadest and simplest way.

Gainsborough's manner was to form all the parts of his picture together, the whole going on at the same time, in the same manner that Nature creates her work. There is more to be said on this matter, but that my space fails, and I can now only advert to the accompanying chart, which I have drawn up for your edification and my own—a chart, which I have vainly tried to find, of the great schools of art—because I felt it would be so very interesting to trace, as in an open map, their rise and fall, and see what great men flourished at the same time, and how rapidly (after, by slow degrees, attaining perfection) a great school comes to its decay, such as the Roman, the Venetian, and the Dutch, and how, though late in the day, the art of England rises with her noble roll of artists' names in full strength, magnificently begun, and, we may trust, to be as nobly continued.

The art of the present day, so far as it is dependent on the past, owes its allegiance to Rome, Florence, Venice, and Bologna, the great cities and centres of Italian revival. The student still bends his pilgrim steps to their ancient shrines, which are now the tombs, as they once were the cradles, of Christian art. Modern exhibitions prove that all present and national vitality has died out of these renowned cities, though they may be the chosen abode of artists who yet find warmth in the expiring embers. Modern art dates from those countries and cities which now stand pre-eminent in the world's civilisation. The arts ebb and flow with the general tide of human progression. The lowest ebb has passed, and the waves are rising.

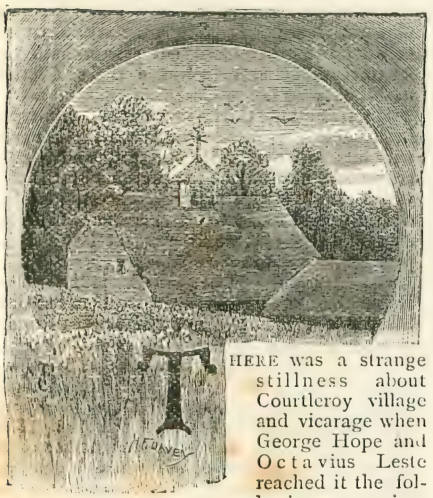
[THE END.]

COURTLEROY.

By ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

POOR HORACE!



THERE was a strange stillness about Courtleroy village and vicarage when George Hope and Octavius Leste reached it the following evening. They stood a moment leaning on the vicarage gate, while the fly that brought them waited.

"Go in first, Octavius, I will follow. They must know all ere this," said George.

Octavius went, and shortly afterwards Mr. Leste appeared. He came to meet George with outstretched hands and the words, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord." Neither said another word, but both went into the house and upstairs to the sitting-room. Mrs. Leste was on her couch and Octavius bending over her; Barbara and Leila and the younger girls were there also, all surrounding Octavius and their mother. They made way for George to go first to her, and as he stooped over her she kissed him and whispered, "You saw him last, God bless you," and then she covered her face. As George greeted one after another of his old friends, he was astonished at their calm. The news had only reached them a few days before, but they seemed already resigned to God's will, and were sustaining one another, and especially their mother.

"We have two sons here, love," said Mr. Leste to his wife almost cheerfully, "for George is like a son, and Dick will come to-morrow."

"Yes. Horace is with us too, perhaps," replied Mrs. Leste. "George, will you tell us everything?"

George, seated in the midst of the family group, gave them in detail the account of Horace's death. He had already written much of what he had to tell, and he refrained as much as possible from painful details; indeed, his illness had been so sudden and so short that there were not many. He was sensible to the last, and had sent none but messages of hope and peace to his friends. To his mother especially he had begged George to speak only of his faith in the cross of Christ. On his journey down George had wondered what he could say to console his afflicted friends, and, lo! God had already been their comforter. They had also been sympathised with by friends and parishioners on all sides. Everyone was ready to help those who had helped others in times of sorrow and suffering: and now Octavius, the youngest born, was come to supply the vacant place of the eldest, and Mr. Prettyman's kind thoughtfulness was well appreciated.

While they were still talking, Barbara left the room. She had been, as usual, the stay of her family, and had from the first been calm and self-possessed—she who was Horace's nearest and dearest! But she knew that life must still go on to the survivors, whatever the loss and pain; and she knew that the travellers must be refreshed and her own people sustained, albeit grief was heavy. She went downstairs to prepare the evening meal, and while standing a moment, bewildered, her hand pressed to her forehead, she saw a figure pass the window. She heard the front door open, and in another minute someone came into the room, she could not tell who. It was a man, tall and thin, but she did not recognise him.

"Forgive my intrusion, but I cannot rest until I know, from yourselves, how you all are," said a voice she knew only too well.

It was Montague Carew, and they had not met before, face to face, since his return home.

"Thank you; it is very kind of you. We are—we are quite well," she replied, while he took her cold hand in his.

It trembled so that he could scarcely hold

it, and he saw that her face was white as marble. She also looked at him, and perceived the ravages that Africa, war, and consequent illness had made in his once strong frame and handsome face.

"Horace was just like my own brother," he began, hurriedly, letting go the cold hand and sitting down in answer to a mute invitation from her. "I have barely escaped a similar fate—if, indeed, I have escaped it. This is the first visit I have paid since my return, and I am come now almost by the sly. Mr. Leste has been so good to me, and I wish—oh, how I wish!—I could comfort him."

"Thank you, he is—wonderfully supported," replied Barbara, tears trickling slowly down her white face.

"And you? I am sure you are ill. And your mother, and all the rest?" he asked, not daring to use the once-familiar name of Barbara.

"We are all well, thank you. Mother keeps up for father's sake, and we all do our best, but——" Here a rising sob choked the remainder of the sentence.

"Yes, I understand. You would die rather than give way and cause them pain. But I know you are ill. What will become of them all if you fail?"

There was intense feeling in the voice that asked that question, and Barbara's lip quivered.

"Even if I do, there are others to fill my place. Octavius and George Hope have just arrived, my brother Richard comes to-morrow, Leila is staying here, and Helena is invaluable. Besides, Mimica has been here almost all the day, and we help one another."

Montague Carew sighed heavily. Was he conscious of a certain quiver in the voice when the word "Mimica" sounded, or did old memories of the old broken friendship arise in the breast that breathed the sigh?

"Can I be of service to anyone?" he asked. "I stole a march on my mother, who scarcely lets me out of her sight, to come and ask this question and to say how much, how heartily, I grieve for you. You believe me, Barbara?"

The name was spoken at last that had not been spoken for years. They had been Captain Carew and Miss Leste to one another when they had chanced to meet, which was seldom, and the man of the world and the high-spirited woman had greeted one another almost as strangers. And Barbara knew that the fault was hers, for had he not a right to love Mimica best? Now his changed manner, his kindness, and above all his calling her Barbara, touched her, and she looked into his face. If she appeared ill to him, what did he seem to her? She could not speak for the emotion she felt.

"We are friends again, Barbara," he said simply, holding out both hands as they rose simultaneously. "You will let me help you if I can. You will give my love to your mother and let me know when I may see her. You will give me your precious friendship once more. I have been drifting, drifting, since you withdrew it."

"Yes, be it so," was all Barbara could say as she laid her hands in his.

When he was gone she smiled sadly, and murmured, "'Affliction cometh not from the ground.' But for our grief and his illness we had never been friends again."

And she was happier for the renewed friendship and the mutual forgiveness, feeling the brevity and uncertainty of life.

"He might almost be dying," she said to Leila, when she came in search of her a few minutes later.

"Who?"

"Montague Carew. He has been, and is gone."

The melancholy ceremonial of supper succeeded; not absolutely melancholy, perhaps, but quiet. No laughter, no jests; for Horace would never share that usually cheerful meal again. George Hope was the chief speaker, and as he had much to tell and ask, he kept conversation going. It was arranged that he should sleep at the vicarage and visit Mimica the following day. He was to rejoin his regiment on the next but one, and would have only a few hours with his foster-parents.

He and Leila had a short conversation before he retired for the night, and she being, like himself, unburdened by reserve, he learnt more of his friends from her than he would probably have done from anyone else. She gave him to understand that she was herself happily married, had four children, and was blessed with a devoted husband.

"Four children since that memorable evening?" asked George, with surprise.

"That is years ago," she replied, with a smile. "I am now an old married woman, you are a young man, and the whole world seems to have changed since then, but no one so much as Barbra. This sad loss has roused her, and will, I hope, bring good from evil; for anything is better than her strange indifference."

"Bold Barbra indifferent!" ejaculated George.

"I do not mean indifferent to her duties, she is more intent on them than ever; but to herself. She lives and works for others, but is always just the same as you have seen her to-night. Mr. Le Roy has taken a fancy to her and her voice, and she might live at the Court if she would, but the glory of his favour affects her not."

There was a touch of the old Leila in this, which induced George to ask about Mimica and her uncle. "You will see them to-morrow. I would not forestall your amazement for the world. Mimica has the county at her feet, being an acknowledged heiress and beauty, but she says she is wedded to her uncle."

"How did she bear this sad news?" asked George, with an involuntary flush.

"She came here at once and comforted us all. She loved Horace."

This recollection of the departed brother stayed further talk on indifferent subjects, and brought it back to him. Soon afterwards the family reassembled in Mrs. Leste's room for prayers, and tears flowed silently as the special petition for one "going down into the sea in ships" was omitted, and the father's voice faltered. Immediately after breakfast the following morning George walked to Courtleroy, carrying a parcel. He was surprised at the changes he saw. The lodge was in decent repair, the drive no longer overgrown with weeds and grass, the railings freshly tarred, and the general aspect of affairs sufficiently prosperous. It was a bright July morning, and nature wore her summer garb jauntily. As he approached the house he perceived that it also was restored to what must have been its original appearance, and stood out from amongst its background of trees as if proud of rejuvenescence.

As he rang the hall bell he stood wondering who would answer it, and looking through the still open doors at the room he remembered so well. It was unchanged, but the appearance of Barber in solemn state altered its aspect. He had seen him in London and introduced himself.

"Bless me! I am proud to see a young officer who has been such an honour to his country," said Barber. "Walk in, sir. I think—at least, I imagine—that my master will feel equally delighted. He is at home, but not always, hem! able to see visitors."

"If I might see Miss Marmont first, unannounced," said George. "I want to surprise her, just to discover if she will know me."

"By all means, sir. She is in the library."

Barber led the way to the room so well remembered by George as a mildewed, mouldy receptacle for antiquated volumes. As the door opened he saw a lady seated at a library table, writing; a perspective of open windows, through which came branches of trailing roses and sounds of summer, and greenery outside everywhere.

"A gentleman wishes to speak to you, ma'am," said Barber, who entered grimly into George's plan.

George went in, and Mimica rose and made a polite little inclination of the head, as to a stranger. She was his Mimi still; scarcely changed, only more graceful and beautiful than ever, he thought. She looked at him, asked him to be seated, and said she would call her uncle. She did not recognise him. How should she? A fine, handsome fellow, nearly six feet in height, and brown with foreign work, instead of the slight boy, fair and frank, who had been her Georgie. She was moving towards the door, and he noticed that she wore slight mourning, at least she had some sort of black trimmings on her grey dress, and he doubted not it was for Horace.

"You do not know me!" he said, as, coming from behind her table, she stood near him.

"George! Is it really you?" she cried; for the voice, though deepened, was familiar and the smile that broke into eyes and mouth more familiar still.

"Yes, it is George, Mimi," he replied.

"After all these years!" she said, as she put her hands in his and gazed up into his face as if to discover some trace of the child and boy whom she had adopted as her brother and friend. "Impossible! It cannot be!" she added, and withdrew to a little distance.

They looked at one another in silence for a few seconds, and then Mimica's eyes fell before his deep, loving, confiding gaze. She coloured slightly, for the look was that of the boy George, the face that of the man. He looked years older than she had expected to see him, and forgot her own seniority.

"I have brought you remembrances from poor Horace," he said, laying his parcel on the table and still watching her.

"Poor Horace! I wish I had loved him better," she returned, tears filling her eyes.

They sat down by the long paper-strewn table, the parcel before them. He gave it to her, and she laid her hand on it reverently.

"He bade me tell you, Mimi, that you were always with him; he sometimes wandered a little, but your presence seemed a reality to him. He told me of these trifles which he wished you to have out of his small property; the rest I have brought to his family. He spoke of a posy you had given him which I was to tell you had never left him, and was to be buried with him. The withered nosegay was placed on his breast. Don't cry, Mimi; he was quite happy, and went to Heaven just as if he were going a short voyage, after which he would see us all again."

"George, you do not know! You cannot tell," sobbed Mimica. "I did not even write to him, and was so ungrateful for the love he bore me."

"But you loved him, Mimi?" he asked, taking the hand that still lay upon the parcel, and holding it as if to console her.

"Yes, of course; we all loved him, but now that I shall never see him again, I feel how slight was the return I made for all he did for me."

"I think it must be always so, my Mimi. When my friends and comrades fell around me I asked myself 'What have I done for them? What opportunities have I lost which never can occur again?' But then—he only

thought at the last of our love, and of a greater love than ours."

"These are the mysteries of life and death," mused Mimica. "You have seen much of them since we met last, and yet you are so young."

"Youth and age are matters more of temperament than years. Tell me about *yourself, Mimi.*"

"I have told you all by letter, up to poor Miss Heath's departure. Since then I have filled my post as steward, sometimes well, sometimes ill. My uncle has worked with me, or rather through me, for I am the active agent. We have made the house habitable, and this is now my domain. He prefers to inhabit the west wing, which you know Miss Heath and I used to live in, and I sit in solitary grandeur in the state apartments. The schoolroom is now full of musical instruments sent from the town house, and he and Barbara Leste forget their troubles in Beethoven and Bach. I wish, for his sake, I had cultivated music; but, as Barber says, "it needs a refinement of soul," and mine is fast vanishing in these files of bills and receipts."

She pointed to the heaps of neatly-arranged papers that covered her table.

"Are you happy with your uncle, Mimi?" asked George.

"Hush! I hear his step. You must judge for yourself," she replied, and withdrew to the seat which she had filled when George saw her first. "You must be—indeed, I think you are—an especial favourite to bring him into these regions at so early an hour."

The door opened, George rose, and Mr. Le Roy entered.

(*To be continued.*)

CHRYSÉ.

A TALE OF ROME IN THE GOLDEN AGE.

By ARTHUR W. GROSER.

CHAPTER I.

THE grand old City of Romulus was, at the time our story opens, prosperous and tranquil. The wounds made by the terrible civil strife were beginning to heal, and men were bowing contentedly beneath the mild and equitable rule of Augustus. Antony, his great rival, was dead, and peace, broken only by distant Parthians or Arabs, crowned the seven hills of the Eternal City. The shops in the stately Forum are thronged by curious purchasers, and business, too long retarded by war and tumult, is brisk and lucrative. The shampooers at the public baths are once more plying brush and strigil, and the lazy bathers are no longer agitated by thoughts of Cleopatra and her fleets, as they bask in the genial warmth, or listen to the poets as they recite their interminable verses. The Campus Martius is resounding with the thud of quoit and javelin hurled in unwarlike sport, or with the light tread of swift-footed youths competing for the leafy prize. The slave market, too, is crowded with unhappy victims, torn from their homes and exposed for sale to the rich owners of the mansions yonder. Some are branded; others, though full of shame and sorrow, are glowing with health and loveliness. To them peace and prosperity bring little. Life to the older captives has no charm without freedom; but to the younger, who have never tasted the sweets of liberty, the busy scene is watched with eager interest.

Everywhere there is movement and animation. Now a gay chariot drawn by cream-coloured steeds dashes by with its high-born charioteer. Now a senator passes with purple-laced toga, and countenance dignified and imposing. Now a company of stalwart mail-clad soldiers provoke the awe-struck comments of the loiterers as they escort a successful general through the city. Presently, if the day be fine and the sun's rays not too powerful, the little fat bald-headed poet, Horace, may be met in lively conversation with his bosom friend, Virgil, for the poets have come out of their retirement, and are giving to the golden age its greatest glory.

Within doors life is no less pleasurable, and the marble halls and colonnades of the patrician palaces are nightly gay with banquetting and revels.

One of these stately mansions is for a while the scene of our story, and in the fortunes of its inmates our interest is centred.

The wealthy owner, Parmenias, had followed the standards of Octavius during his terrible struggle with Antony, and the victories that made Octavius master of the Roman Commonwealth brought lands and fortunes to Parmenias.

His valour, no less than his calm and sagacious judgment, had attracted the special notice of his august master, who never wearied of bestowing fresh marks of favour upon his faithful follower and friend. Cold and unemotional, Parmenias, to a casual observer, might have seemed devoid of any passion save that of ambition. The stony Roman hardness seen in the stern mouth and massive brow, his inflexible will and taciturn demeanour, savoured of arrogance and pride to those unacquainted with the secret of his inner nature. Naturally undemonstrative, his reserve had been deepened and increased by bitter and overwhelming sorrow.

His passionately loved wife had been taken from him in the summer of her beauty, ten long years before, leaving the strong man stunned and desolate.

One joy in life alone remained, one blue rift in the black and gloomy sky. A little daughter had been born to him five years before her mother's death, and to his golden haired Chrysé the broken-hearted husband and father turned for comfort and solace. To her he resolved to dedicate all his powers, and for her he would win rank and fame. With this aim he had followed the eagles of Octavius, leaving the little maiden in the care of a capable and trusted nurse.

Throughout the weary years of protracted warfare, Parmenias bore himself with dignity and honour, but his heart was away in Rome with his darling child. Was it well with the little maid? Had she grown beyond recognition? Was the servant faithful to her trust? Would Chrysé know her father? Had his own hair grown much greyer? When would the war end?—were the questions the stern soldier asked himself daily, vowing that if Jupiter Redux would bring him safe again to his dear one, he would never leave her until called to rejoin her mother in the cold halls of death.

Peace came at last, bringing spoils for the victors, but to Parmenias the promised palace and a retinue of slaves were a reward insignificant and contemptible in comparison with the purer and more lasting happiness of reunion with his Chrysé.

We can well imagine the emotions of the soldier-father, as, bronzed and scarred by exposure and fierce conflict, he nears the home where all his happiness is centred. Staying his chariot before the house is reached, he steps softly towards its portals. Thrusting aside the sleepy Janitor, who, unconscious of his master's return, tries in vain to stay his entry, he crosses the hall with its familiar frescoes and mosaics, and with beating heart enters the inner apartments where he bade farewell to his darling eight long years before.

In another moment Chrysé is folded in her father's arms, and sobbing with joy on his bosom. He had left her a child of seven, and he finds her now a lovely girl of fifteen. Her golden hair, still unbound, falls in profusion over her shoulders; and her figure, tall and slight, is full of that easy grace and dignity characteristic rather of the Greek than of the Italian. Her whole being seems overflowing with health and vigour, which a life of comparative seclusion, still general among Roman ladies, had been unable to repress. Her features were lacking, perhaps, in statuesque regularity, but in the depths of her clear penetrating eyes, and in the small but firmly chiselled mouth and chin, a student of character might have discerned abundant promise of intellectual strength.

When the first few moments of overwhelming joy were over, Chrysé, beckoning to her attendants, who had risen respectfully at their master's entry, led them one by one to her father, and with simple and graceful kindliness spoke of their care and devotion to her.

To each of the women Parmenias addressed a few words of acknowledgment, dismissing them with the promise of reward for their faithful services.

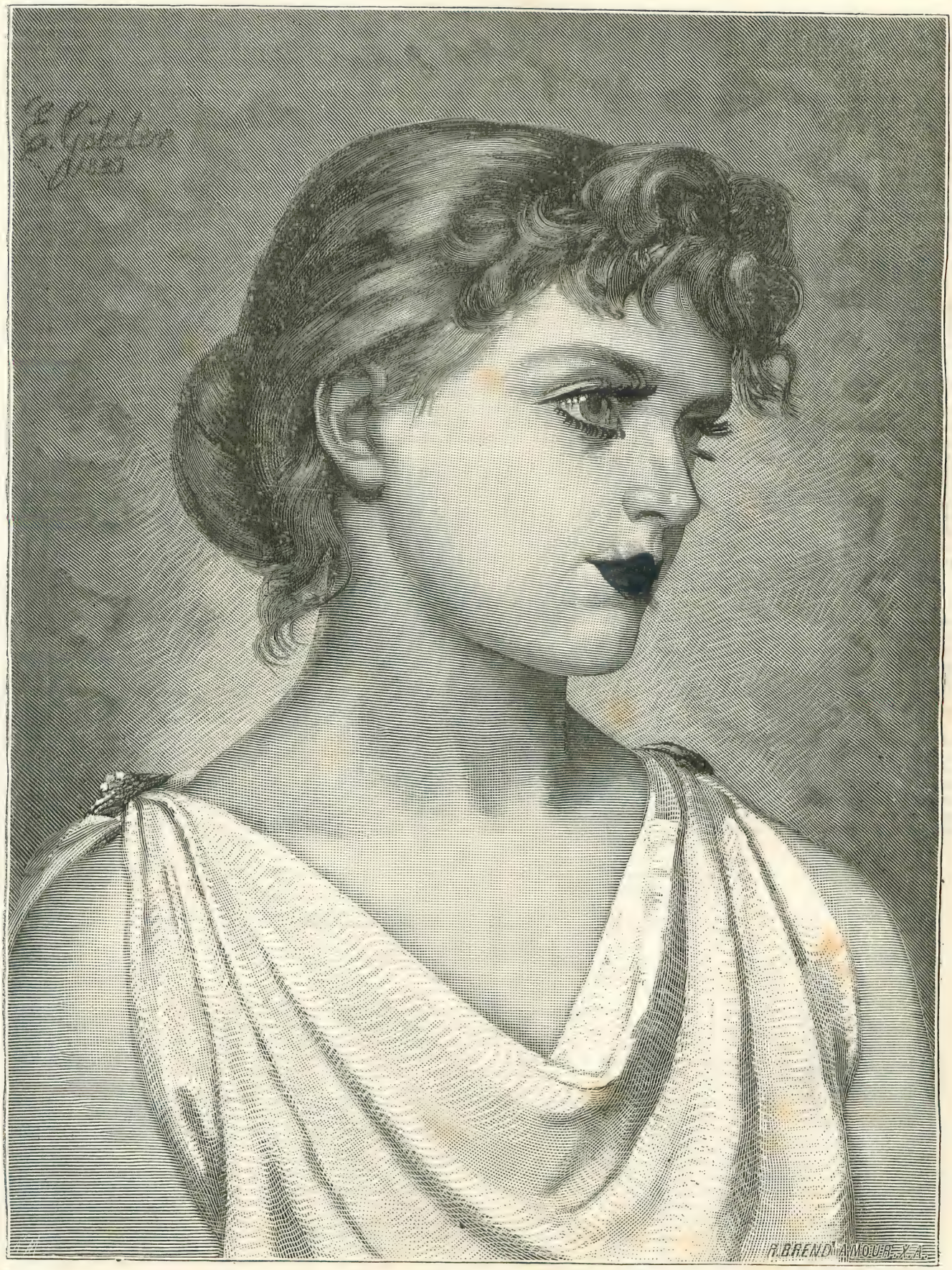
One only remained—a young girl somewhat older than Chrysé, whose beauty and unadorned grace were no less striking than those of her young mistress.

"And this is Doris," said Chrysé; and throwing her arms round the slave-girl's neck she kissed her with tender sisterly affection. "You know Doris, do you not, dearest father? She came here when I was very little, and not long before mamma was taken from us by cruel Death. Hebrus is her brother; you remember him? but Doris is the best of all, and next to you I love her most dearly."

"And why do you love Doris?" asked her father, listening less to her talk than watching the enthusiasm depicted on the girl's face.

"Oh, for a thousand things. She has been so good to me while you were away. If it had not been for her I think I could not have borne your absence. She used to talk to me about you and dear mother, whom she remembers. And when Hebrus brought news from the market-place of the dreadful wars, Doris would always talk to me about victories and peace, and so I lost all fear for you. And then Doris seems to know so much."

"I think I shall have to go away again," said Parmenias, half jealous lest his darling's love might be shared by another, even though that other were a slave girl. "Shall I not spoil your long talks by coming back to you?"



CHRYSÉ.

The young girl's eyes filled with tears at the half-intended sarcasm, and her look of pain dispelled the fears of the stern warrior, whose only happiness was centred in his child.

Dismissing the slave, who manifested natural anxiety at the progress of the conversation, flattering though it was to her, Chrysé curled herself up in the strong man's arms, as she was wont to do in her childhood, and nestling down upon his shoulder, softly scolded him for his jealousy and suspicion.

"And is my Chrysé quite happy?" asked Parmenias, gently, as he stroked her golden hair, with hands that so recently had wielded javelin and sword with the legions of Octavius.

"Quite happy now, dearest father," was the soft response.

"But is there nothing she would like?"

"No, nothing, and yet——" and Chrysé stopped, glancing up at her father timidly and inquiringly, and half unwilling to proceed.

"What is it, my child? Tell me. All that I have, you know, is yours," said Parmenias.

Chrysé paused still, and then she whispered slowly, "I should like to be able to do good."

Parmenias looked down upon the fair young face with astonishment. Never in his experience had a Roman girl expressed so strange a desire, and he was curious to ascertain the motives that had prompted the request. The life of Roman ladies had few features that were self-sacrificing or noble, and the conditions of female education, and the dull monotony of household existence, with its spinning and embroidery, offered few more inducements to self-culture and earnestness than the more questionable pleasures of a frivolous society.

The teachings of Epicurus, that the pursuit of happiness was the highest and truest aim of life, and that such happiness was to be found in virtue alone, had been debased and degraded. Men sought enjoyment in gladiatorial combats, athletics, feasting, money making, and the grosser pleasures of sense, while the Roman women fortunate enough to possess rank and wealth, lived for fashion and flattery and the dull fribbles of domestic ease.

No wonder then that Parmenias marvelled at the young girl's wish; no wonder that a shade of annoyance and disappointment clouded his brow. Her desire was unexpected and almost unnatural, and it seemed to convey, as it were, a reproof. And yet had not he himself tried to do good for her? He had suffered much that she might be the more happy, he had endured hardship and privation that she might have position and luxury; and now on on his return he finds her possessed by some wild notions of philanthropy, which in his heart of hearts he could not but confess were just.

"What good does my little girl want to do?" he asked. "And who has been putting these thoughts into her head? Has she not her birds and flowers, her carriages to ride in, and her needlework and her slaves? Are not these enough to make her happy?"

"I love them all," was the timid reply, "but Doris says that we cannot be truly happy unless we try to make others happy. And it seems so selfish for me to have all these beautiful things, while Doris, and Lydia, and Geta, and Hebrus, and all our slaves have nothing to call their own. And then, when I have been enjoying the cool morning or evening air, I have seen sights so sad, that I have wished I could give some of my happiness to the poor people who seem to have none."

Chrysé paused, but Parmenias did not interrupt her, vexed and disappointed though he was at these, to him, unnatural fancies. The sight of the fair young face flushing with the natural eloquence of the Italian, and lighted up by the glory of the setting sun, disarmed the cold sarcastic criticism that rose to his lips. Emboldened by her father's silence, Chrysé continued—

"Oh, if only I were a man like you, dearest father, I would set all slaves free, if I could; but I am only a weak girl, and can do nothing. If the gods are so good, why do they let men and women be beaten and starved and thrown to wild beasts, as Doris says some slaves are? Why, too, are rich men allowed to rob the poor, and go unpunished, while a slave who steals a little bit of bread is burnt in the hand with a dreadful iron? Are the gods dead? Sometimes I used to lie awake at night-time when all was quiet, wondering if all these things were really true, and whether there was really so much hunger and sadness. And then I have longed for you to come home, that you might tell me. And now, my own darling father, you have come back, and you will help me, I know, to do good, will you not?"

The strong man quailed before the searching question that impeached the very social system of Rome itself. He had come back that he might devote the remaining years of his shadowed life to Chrysé, and now she asked that he would apply himself to some vague and visionary efforts to reform the state, whereby he would probably offend half his friends, and destroy his prospects of preferment with Augustus. He felt uneasy with himself, and angry with those who had gained his daughter's ear. Her repeated references to Doris, combined with her enthusiastic praises of the young attendant, were sufficient evidence of the sources whence Chrysé had obtained her new ideas; and though too considerate of his daughter's feelings, and too eager for her happinesss, to remove the slave girl and her brother from his establishment, Parmenias determined to watch their movements with vigilance and jealous care. He was vexed at the influence and ascendancy this Doris had obtained over his daughter, and yet Chrysé's very loveliness, and the glow of vigorous health in all her movements, showed that her material wants had been faithfully supplied. He was angry, moreover, with strange inconsistency, that the young domestic, Doris, showed a refinement in her bearing far beyond her station; but then he remembered that it had been her childish grace and beauty which had attracted his attention, as she stood with her brother in the Egyptian slave market many years before. What answer should he make to Chrysé's question? an affirmative or negative reply would be equally inconvenient. His embarrassment was terminated by the questioner herself.

"Forgive me, dear father," she exclaimed, "for my thoughtlessness; you are weary and in need of rest and sleep. I ought not to have troubled you this happy evening with my questions and complaints; we can talk of this some other day."

Parmenias was glad of this respite, and as the summer shadows closed round them, and the late moon was rising over the chestnut trees on the distant hills, he bade his daughter a tender good-night. Then, seeking his chamber, he threw himself upon his couch, and gave himself up to reflection. He was at home once more, he had embraced Chrysé again, and had found her beautiful as the sunshine. But there was a feeling of disappointment mingled with his joy, and a vague presage of trouble and disagreement seemed to cloud his anticipation of future happiness with her.

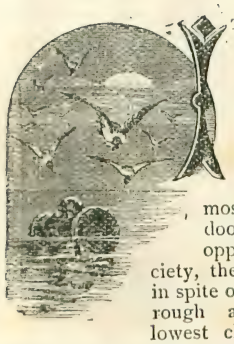
His dreams too were troubled, and in them it seemed as if Chrysé were separated from him by an ever widening gulf, across which he heard her voice calling to him in strange and mysterious tones.

(To be continued.)

PICNICS BY LAND AND WATER.

(STAY-AT-HOME GIRLS.)

BY DORA HOPE.



It is a curious circumstance that all classes of society, from the highest to the lowest, are fond of an open-air life.

It is said that when at Balmoral the Queen spends most of her time out of doors; and, to go to the opposite extreme of society, there is no doubt that in spite of the hard work and rough accommodation, the lowest classes in our large cities look forward to their annual tour, harvesting or hopping, as the happiest part of their lives.

Perhaps the taste is an inheritance from the days when our forefathers were wild men living in the dense forests, or on the spreading moors of old England; but however that may be, true it is that from the time children are allowed for a treat to have tea in the garden, till they reach mature age, their delight in an *al fresco* meal never flags, in spite of the little inconveniences and discomforts inevitably associated with such a repast.

As might be expected, the Mayhews had the taste strongly developed, and in the summer time, whenever either of the brothers could get a day's holiday, Mrs. Mayhew was quite accustomed to having a sudden raid upon the larder, and being called upon to help to fill baskets with cold meat, cake, cheese—anything they could find, in fact, wherewith to make an impromptu picnic. On these occasions Mrs. Mayhew knew she would see no more of her children till evening, when they would come home with splendid appetites, and with the girls' baskets filled with miscellaneous treasures they had collected on their way.

This summer their excursions were more numerous than usual; Jeannette was slowly regaining her strength, but was still quite too much of an invalid to leave home, and under these circumstances Nannie and Elsie gave up their usual summer visit to Scotland to stay with her. But they made up their minds to have a great many excursions as a compensation, and to visit all the places of interest they had ever heard of in the neighbourhood.

They generally arranged their excursions a day or two beforehand, fixing the time and place of meeting, and always settled definitely

what was to be done if the weather should prove to be wet or unsettled. In some cases, when their object was to visit some gentleman's seat, or an interesting old church, it would be decided that a few showers would not matter, if they all went suitably dressed; but if they were to be out of doors all the time, and the weather proved unfavourable, they generally arranged to postpone the excursion, and, without further notice, to meet at the same time and place the next day. It was also arranged beforehand what provisions each one should supply; this was found to answer very well, as they could thus have frequent excursions with very little trouble or expense to anyone.

The provisions, though ample, were generally of a very simple kind.

Sandwiches usually formed the more substantial part of the fare, to save the trouble of knives and forks. They were made of ham, potted meats, scraped sardines, or sliced eggs, and were done up in little white paper packages, with sprigs of watercress between each sandwich. One package was provided for each person, and one or two over, for hungry ones. Sometimes, however, they would take little meat pasties, made with finely-minced meat, instead of the sandwiches. By way of sweets, they had jam turn-overs, Swiss roll, or Victoria sandwich, and plenty of fresh fruit, with sometimes a jar of marmalade or jam and bread. For tea they took cake, scones, or buns, with tea and sugar; and either carried a bottle of milk with them, or if they knew they would pass through a village, they would trust to getting the milk there, also the bread and marmalade if they needed it. There was generally some cottage where hot water could be obtained, and teacups, too; but if they knew their destination was not within reach even of a cottage, they took a little spirit lamp and kettle with them, or if they had very far to walk, and so objected to any extra weight to carry, they sometimes gave up the tea altogether, and contented themselves with plenty of fruit and a bottle of milk.

They were always most particular not to leave paper or orange peels lying about, to disfigure the landscape for the next visitors, but always made a little hole and buried them; or else carried them in their baskets till they found somewhere to throw them where they would not be an eyesore to anyone.

As they had no boat of their own on the river, the young men had engaged one for the whole summer. It was always left in charge of a man who had a few boats for hire, at a bend of the river about a mile from their house; and as the girls were fond of boating, and could row well, many of their excursions were made by water. Sometimes, as the summer wore on, Jeannette herself was able to accompany them in these water parties, for she could bear the gentle motion of the boat without much fatigue as she lay on her improvised couch, in the bows of the boat, shaded by a large Japanese umbrella fixed into a ring in the side. Mrs. Mayhew frequently went with them, so that the parties were sometimes too large for the boat, and they would have to take it in turns to walk and row.

As it seemed probable that these picnics would be so frequent through the summer, Mrs. Mayhew thought it would be prudent to buy a special stock of everything required for an outdoor meal, to be kept for this purpose only, so as to avoid the risk of her own table linen and silver being lost or injured.

She began by buying a large provision basket, with a strong handle at each end, so as to be conveniently carried by two people. Next came a pile of small, inexpensive plates, the size of old-fashioned cheese plates, which are preferable to larger ones, as taking up much less room. Instead of ordinary teacups, she bought small mugs, to avoid the additional trouble of saucers, and two coarse kitchen table-cloths were to be used instead of her own fine damask ones. The silver was a great difficulty to her at first, till she heard from a friend that nice-looking and durable spoons and forks could be bought, plated on nickel silver, at a low price, and she finally bought a supply of these. The forks and dessert spoons cost about 7s. 6d. a dozen, the teaspoons 4s. 6d. She bought also some inexpensive table knives, some small tumblers, with a few large ones for effervescing drinks, a corkscrew, a small kettle, and a block tin teapot; and last, but not least in importance, she had a strong iron hook made by the blacksmith, with one long pointed end to drive into the ground; in fact, it was much the shape of a shepherd's crook. When the party wished to boil the kettle, this was to be planted in the ground, and the kettle hung on the hook over the fire lighted on the ground beneath it.

Though not exactly a necessary addition to their excursions, one other item must not be overlooked which added much to their comfort, namely, a store of the "fire-lighters" made of wood soaked in resin, which can be bought at oilshops, for kindling a fire quickly. After one or two attempts at boiling the kettle, they found that the wood collected on the spot was so often a little damp that it was some time before it would burn up, but by taking a couple of these "fire-lighters" with them the water could be made to boil wonderfully quickly, almost without any other wood at all.

As the girls had a good many friends staying with them through the summer, these excursions took place very frequently, and, after the purchase of all these requisites, could be undertaken with very little trouble or anxiety to anyone. Sometimes, when a good many were going, half the party would drive, the others coming by water; on other occasions, when they wanted to go rather farther than they could manage in one day, the boat would be rowed some distance up the river the day before, and they could drive as far as its mooring place, to save time and fatigue.

They had a small bell tent, which they generally took in the boat with them; and when the weather was showery, or the sun too hot, they could set it up by the riverside and take their lunch and their afternoon siesta under its shelter. On other occasions, when they intended either sketching or fishing from the boat, they rigged up an awning round one side and over the top of the boat, in imitation of those over fishing punts. The awning was made of striped material, such as is used for outside blinds, and was cut out and stitched into shape by Nannie and Elsie themselves, while their brothers arranged the iron uprights, with cords and rings for securing it to the sides of the boat.

But besides these frequent and pleasant excursions, once or twice in the year they gave more formal picnics, when they invited a larger party of friends to join them, and planned out a programme beforehand. One of these was generally down the river to a particular meadow, close to a ruin with a wood, and a little reach of water beyond; another by land, generally to the highest hill near, for there were no mountains, or to a lovely wood within driving distance, which charmed everyone who visited it by its profusion of wild flowers.

Of course the providing food for these picnics was a much more elaborate business than for the more homely excursions, and as they had considerable experience to guide them in their choice of a bill of fare, a sample menu may be useful to others.

It should be explained, however, that even these formal picnics were of two kinds: one to which only their less intimate acquaintances were invited, those whom they felt obliged to treat with a certain amount of ceremony; the other, though equally carefully arranged, was, for less particular people, who would enjoy their picnic just as well if provided with less cost and trouble.

They generally found twenty guests a convenient and manageable number, and, as far as possible, contrived to have an equal number of ladies and gentlemen.

A light cart was generally hired from the greengrocer, or one of the other tradespeople, to take the provisions to the place selected in good time in the morning, and on these more ceremonious picnics one or more servants accompanied it, so as to have everything arranged by the time the party arrived.

Generally a light refreshment would be waiting for them, in the shape of cake, biscuits, and cool drinks; after which some of the chief points of interest would be visited before dinner itself was served. Then, after a long afternoon walking, rowing, sketching, or botanising, tea was provided just before starting on the journey home again.

The food provided for twenty people was generally something of this kind: A boned and stuffed leg of mutton; a pair of fowls or ducks, which had been previously cut up and tied together again with ribbon; a tongue; a piece of pressed beef; one dozen veal patties and one dozen sausage rolls; three dozen large dinner rolls; six lettuces, with a variety of other salad vegetables, such as tomatoes, endive, and cucumbers; some stewed fruits in well-corked bottles; four jars of clotted cream; one and a half dozen covered tartlets of different kinds; one and a half dozen cheesecakes; two jellies and one blancmange, all carried in the moulds; a piece of cheese; two pounds of butter, packed in jam-pots with a little ice; one pound of plain biscuits; and a large basket of fresh fruit.

For tea or early luncheon, if required, they took also four pounds of plum cake, two of madeira or seed cake, two dozen scones, two pounds of sweet biscuits, a few cakes of shortbread, half-pound of tea, two pounds of loaf sugar, and two quarts of milk.

A large block of ice, wrapped in a clean blanket, was always taken when the provisions were sent on in a cart, but had to be dispensed with when everything was to be taken in the carriages with the guests, as no amount of care could prevent its melting to a certain extent.

Having found from experience that a few things are frequently forgotten at picnics, which, though trifles, are essential to a comfortable meal, they always headed the list of articles to be provided with the following: Hammer and chisel for breaking ice, corkscrews, salt, and powdered sugar (both carried in labelled bottles to prevent mistakes), mustard, and a bottle of salad dressing.

Though milk is put down in the list, they did not always take it with them, for one of the young men made it a rule of going to the place they had fixed upon a day or two beforehand, and if there was a farmhouse near, he would arrange with the proprietors to supply all the dairy produce they required.

If fishing was to be part of the programme, he would either ascertain that the water was not preserved, or, if possible, obtain a permission for the day's fishing, and arrange that all necessary tackle should be in readiness. Or if the chosen place was near some ruin or country seat, he would make sure that there would be no obstacle to their visiting it on that particular day.

The beverages taken varied according to the company. If several of the party were known to take wine, two or three bottles of claret were generally provided, and some ale for the gentlemen. They took also about two dozen

bottles of lemonade, and one dozen of soda water, or sometimes ginger beer.

For the other picnics, the provision was rather less elaborate; the beverages were much the same, and the light refreshments for tea and lunch; but the dinner was something of this kind: Rolled ribs of beef; a veal and ham pie; a beef-steak pie; eight lettuces; four large cucumbers; three dozen covered tartlets; two blancmanges; five dozen rolls; a jar of marmalade, and one of jam; a piece of cheese; two pounds of butter; fresh fruit.

Sometimes, if they knew that good water was to be had, a smaller quantity of effervescing drinks were taken, and in their place a bottle of raspberry vinegar and some kind of fruit syrup.

The remnants of their meals were given away on the spot, if there were any poor near to receive them, but if not, Jeannette was always ready to provide them with the names of some hungry and deserving people in their little town, who would thankfully receive any fragments they might have left over; so that they rarely went for a picnic without having the satisfaction of knowing that some poor children were the happier for their outing.

MY BROTHER'S FRIEND.

By EGLANTON THORNE, Author of "The Old Worcester Jug," etc.

CHAPTER X.

SWEET AND BITTER; FLOWERS AND THORNS.

My dream of happier days was not altogether illusive. Leonard Glynne's return made a marked difference in my life at Mrs. Lyell's. The days were no longer all alike—colourless and uneventful. There were sharp contrasts between them—some were bright, some dark. I lived in those days, the young, eager life within me making itself felt by many a quick heart-throb, many a thrill of pain or feverish glow of rapture that was akin to pain.

But for a while I drank of a sweet, intoxicating cup of delight. I first sipped it on the Sunday following my introduction to Leonard Glynne. He joined me as I sat in Mrs. Lyell's square, crimson-curtained pew in the old ivy-grown church at East Weylea; he walked home with me at the close of the service, and spent the remainder of the day with us. I remember how we strolled about the garden together in the afternoon, whilst Mrs. Lyell rested; how he searched the strawberry bed to find for me the first ripe strawberries; and how he picked for me a rose growing against the house-wall, and just beyond my reach. He was hardly more than an inch taller than myself, and this incident led to a discussion of our heights, in which he delicately conveyed to me his admiration for my tall stature. Ah, my foolish woman's mind which retains such trifles, but lets weightier matters slip!

Mrs. Lyell was too feeble to go to church. Leonard and I went again in the evening, and after service he took me for a walk. It was a cool, delicious evening. The walk was delightful to me, and I could see that he enjoyed it no less. How we talked as we went along—pure nonsense for the most part, I fear. We forgot how time was passing, and barely got back to Mrs. Lyell's in time for prayers. But the dear old lady did not seem displeased. The day ended as happily as it had begun.

The next day Leonard came in again, rather to his aunt's surprise, I thought. And throughout that week I saw him constantly, for if he did not come to the house, I somehow chanced to see him as he passed to or from the stable. Sometimes he would have a long ride before breakfast, and bring his horse in just as I was taking my morning stroll round the garden. He would be sure to catch sight of me, and, leaving Ariel to Sam's care, he would join me for a few minutes ere he returned to his lodgings. Then, as we walked round the garden, I seldom failed to see Sarah's face pressed against the pane of her mistress's bedroom window. But I could defy her watching eyes. There was no harm in walking and talking with Leonard Glynne, my new-found friend, who understood me so perfectly, and who seemed to find as much pleasure in my company as I found in his.

One evening I had been to the post-office in the village, and was returning to the house through the front garden, just as Leonard came in from his ride. As soon as he saw me he checked his horse and alighted. I paused to stroke Ariel's graceful neck, and he bent his head to me so prettily as he recognised me.

"Oh, you beauty!" I exclaimed; "how lovely it must be to ride you!"

"Do you think so? would you like to try him?" asked Leonard, eagerly. "Come, jump up; you need not be afraid; I'll lead him."

I needed little persuasion, for I had no timidity where animals were concerned. In another minute, with Leonard's assistance, I sprang on to the saddle. Then he led the horse two or three times round the garden. Ariel's paces were delightful. To me, who had never ridden anything above a rough pony, it was the height of enjoyment to be mounted on such a creature, and I said so.

"I am glad you like it," said Leonard; "you shall have a ride on him one day; I can easily borrow a side-saddle. I have no doubt Ariel will carry a lady, though I will have him tried to avoid all risk."

Of course I protested against his taking such trouble on my account, but in vain. I had already discovered that Leonard Glynne was remarkably firm of purpose. Whatever he willed to do he did, as a rule, and it was so in this case. In spite of Mrs. Lyell's nervous dislike to the thought of my risking my life on a horse, in spite of sundry difficulties, he would not give up the idea. He succeeded in borrowing not only a side-saddle but a habit for me. It was rather short, but I managed to adapt it to my use, and, thus equipped, I started one evening for my first ride, mounted on Ariel and escorted by Leonard Glynne, who rode a less elegant animal hired from the stables at the Stag's Head.

I was not an accomplished rider, and Leonard had to give me some instructions as we went along. I did my best to profit by them, promising that he should one day be proud of his pupil. I think we each liked our respective *rôles* of teacher and learner. For me the enjoyment of that ride was perfect.

We took a long round, passing Beechwood on the way. As we approached Beechwood Hall I reined in my horse, and looked curiously through the iron gates, smiling to myself as I recalled the droll incident that had occurred there the day I first saw it.

"I take an interest in this place, because it is the home of my brother's friend, Ralph Dugdale," I said to my companion.

"Ralph Dugdale!" he repeated, looking at me rather fixedly; "is he your brother's friend?"

"Yes," I said, "they are both at Trinity, and are very great friends, though Mr. Dugdale is a fellow-commoner and Edmund only a sizar."

"Then you know Dugdale, too, I suppose?" said Leonard.

"Oh, yes, I know him," was my reply. "He came to see us on the day that Mabel was married. He was so nice; I liked him very much. Do you know him?"

"Yes," said Leonard, so curtly that I asked, in surprise—

"Do you not like him?"

"Certainly. I have no cause to feel otherwise towards him. I am not intimate with Mr. Dugdale, but he appears to be a very good fellow. Everyone speaks well of him in this neighbourhood," said Leonard, with rather forced warmth, as it seemed to me.

"I knew he was good," I returned. "Do you know if he is at home now? Edmund is staying on at Cambridge for part of the vacation in order to compete for a scholarship, and he said that Dugdale talked of remaining to keep him company. Oh, I do hope Edmund will succeed."

"You are very fond of your brother," remarked Leonard.

"He is all that I have now of my very own," was my reply, rather sadly given I suppose, for Leonard's eyes seemed to soften with sympathy as he looked at me. Then, more brightly, I added, "Mrs. Lyell has invited Edmund to come to us for a few days when his examination is over, so I hope he may be able to make your acquaintance."

"Thank you," he said, cordially; "it will be a pleasure to me to know your brother." With that we broke into a canter.

"Our first ride has been very pleasant," said Leonard, as he helped me to dismount at Mrs. Lyell's door; "it must not be our last."

Yet it was the last.

It was exquisite pleasure I had had that evening; but I paid for it, as I paid for every hour of joy, by hours of reactionary depression. It was no settled happiness acquaintance with Leonard Glynne brought me. There were days when he did not come to the house, mornings when I lingered till the last moment in the garden without seeing him, and then the quiet hours I had to spend with Mrs. Lyell seemed almost unendurable, as I sat longing to hear that well-known ring of the bell, or straining my ears to catch the sound of Ariel's hoofs on the gravel outside. Sometimes for days that distant sound or a glimpse from a window of him riding forth was all I knew of Leonard. When at last he appeared again, he would tell us what he had been doing during these days; how he had dined at such and such a house, or gone to a picnic, or formed one of a riding party in which there had been several ladies.

As I listened I was conscious of a dull, aching pain at my heart. I thought it was caused by a longing to share in such amusements. I was very restless in those days. I used to roam round and round the garden till I grew weary of the confinement of its walls. I took long walks, but though I often returned tired and foot-sore, sound sleep deserted me. It was something new in my experience to find myself lying awake half the night. Naturally my studies suffered; I could not fix my mind upon my books; I seemed to be growing stupid. And yet I remained in ignorance of what these signs meant.

There was one, however, who read me and understood me better than I understood myself, and to her I owed my enlightenment when it came.

Running upstairs one evening I paused before the landing window at the head of the staircase. This window was above the porch, and commanded a full view of the front garden, with a bit of the road and the green country beyond. The distant view, however, was spoiled by a new-looking Gothic villa, which stood just opposite Mrs. Lyell's gates, and was, as I knew, a great eyesore to her. I was not looking at this house in particular; I believe I was lingering at the window with a vague hope of seeing Leonard Glynne come up the garden, when Sarah came softly from a bedroom at the left of where I stood.

"So you are looking at the villa, miss," she said, in her smooth tones; "a pity it stands there, is it not? My mistress will never get over her dislike to seeing it. She has not cared to go into the front garden since it was built."

"It is not beautiful, certainly," I said; "it has a Londonified look, which makes it seem quite out of place at Weylea."

"They are London people who live in it," said Sarah, "Mr. Glynne knows them; he goes there a good deal; there is a very pretty, fashionable young lady there."

It was impossible to mistake the meaning tone in which Sarah spoke. A sharp, horrible pain clutched my heart as I heard her. The next moment my mind refused to receive her insinuation.

"I thought the villa was unoccupied," I said, with all the indifference I could assume; "the window blinds are always down, and I never see anyone pass in and out."

"It is empty now," said Sarah; "Mrs. Carsdale and her daughter are on the Continent."

"Carsdale!" I exclaimed, not without dismay, which doubtless my tone expressed; "do the Carsdales live there?"

"Yes, miss, that is where they live; Mrs. Carsdale is an invalid, and needs constant change. They came to Weylea because she was ordered country air. There is nothing the matter with her but nervousness. My mistress thinks she would soon be better if she would rouse up and think of someone besides herself. Mrs. Carsdale called here one day, but Mrs. Lyell could not get on with her; she is not one of my mistress's sort."

"Dear me!" I said, striving to speak lightly, "I thought Mrs. Lyell loved everybody."

"So she does, miss, in a way; I have never heard her say an unkind word of Mrs. Carsdale. But I will tell you what it is, she does not like Mr. Glynne's going there so often; she is afraid lest he should care too much for Miss Carsdale, and she cannot bear the thought of his marrying a gay, worldly-minded young lady."

It was easy to understand this. I had seen with what horror Mrs. Lyell regarded everything comprised in her idea of worldliness, and her peculiar shrinking from the society of fashionable people. She had very strict notions on the subject of dress, and even my own simple black had met with some disapproval from her, because it was made according to the prevailing fashion.

I waited to hear no more of what Sarah might have to say. Doubtless she knew what a sting her words had implanted in my heart. I went into my room and closed the door. I stood for some moments with hands clasped tightly before me, forgetting what I had come to fetch. The rush of pain and despair and indignation made me suddenly aware of what had been the meaning of the half-delightful, half-painful excitement and agitation of the past week or two. How I scorned myself as I discovered the truth! To think that I had "fallen in love"—horrid expression! To think that I had given my heart to one who had only treated me with common friendship! But no, I had not fallen in love, I had simply walked into it, blinded, deluded, thrilled, without the least consciousness whither the flowery path I pursued was leading me. And now that I saw to what a pass I had been brought, my heart cried out against fate for inflicting on me such a cruel wrong.

How could I help it? The friendliness had been such as I had never known before, marked by such keen perception of my tastes, quick reading of my thought, and eager readiness to give me pleasure. Was it not hard that I must pay for its enjoyment in this heart pain!

For I had no hope that the hint Sarah had given me was mistaken; I had no reason to suppose that Leonard cared for me otherwise than as a friend. Of course it was Miss Carsdale whom he admired. Had he not joined them on the Continent? Only yesterday Mrs. Lyell had remarked that Leonard came to see her more often than he had been wont to do, and I, in my foolish vanity, had imagined that my presence accounted for his more frequent visits. Now I knew the true reason. It was because the Carsdales were still absent from home that he found more leisure to visit his aunt.

"A pretty, fashionable young lady!" how Sarah's words tormented me! Just the kind of girl to attract him, I knew, for Leonard was not in all things what his aunt would have him. He had his taint of worldliness; he was by no means perfect—kind-hearted, frank, and generous as he was. He had a high regard for the world's standard of gentlemanly decorum, and would have felt as much ashamed of failing in a point of etiquette as of committing a far graver error. He was scrupulously nice in his dress, and only his strong common sense prevented his fastidiousness from degenerating into foppery. More than once I was aware that I had offended against his delicate sense of neatness and propriety. Once, when he drew my attention to a rent I had made in my gown whilst scrambling through the currant bushes, I told him, laughingly, that my sister Mabel would have suited him exactly, for she never tore her frocks, or did anything that was vulgar and unladylike. But though I laughed I lost no time in mending the tear as neatly as I could, and from that day I took great pains to be neat and tidy in my person.

What was the use? It was impossible that he could really care for one so ungainly as myself. "A pretty, fashionable young lady!" How the words stung me! As I repeated them I caught sight of my reflection in the mirror, and the words seemed to mock my short rough locks, my sallow skin, my long neck, and general gauntness.

"Well," I said to myself, stoically, "I am glad that I know the truth. I might have gone on like this for weeks; but now I know, I can, and I will, conquer this folly."

With that I resolved that I would henceforth think as little as possible of Leonard Glynne; he should be to me no more than a mere acquaintance; and gathering myself together in the strength of that resolve, I went downstairs, challenged Mrs. Lyell to a game of draughts, and sat down to play as if I cared for nothing so much as for the game. Alas! it was not easy to crush thought, and whilst I was struggling with myself there came the sharp, decided ring I knew so well, followed in

a few minutes by the entrance of Leonard Glynne.

Weak was my self-control. My heart beat tumultuously; I was trembling, and my hand was cold when I gave it to him.

"We had better give up our game now, my dear," said Mrs. Lyell.

"Oh, no!" I remonstrated, "I am sure Mr. Glynne will excuse us if we finish it. A few moves will now decide the issue."

Of course he begged us to go on. He came and stood behind my chair to watch the game. Could I forget for a moment that he was there? I made a false move which delivered two of my pieces into Mrs. Lyell's hands. Leonard told me that I might yet win if I were careful; but I was far too disturbed in mind to profit by his hint. Another mistake and the game was Mrs. Lyell's.

"Whatever were you thinking of?" said Leonard; "you had the advantage, you ought to have won."

"I daresay; but I am stupid to-night," was my lame excuse. I took my needlework and began sewing desperately, as if it were of the utmost importance that I should finish the apron I was making for Mrs. Lyell's Dorcas basket. I hardly raised my head once, nor contributed a word to the talk Leonard was having with his aunt. At other times I had experienced a subtle delight in meeting the quick, flashing glances Leonard would give me as he talked; now I dared not look at him.

Suddenly he turned to me, "By the way, Miss Carmichael, I have been thinking that we might have another ride now the weather seems settled again. Would it suit you to go on Saturday evening?"

The colour flew into my face. I was obliged to look at him now, but my eyes fell almost immediately, as I said hurriedly, "No, thank you, it is very kind of you, but I cannot go on Saturday."

"Well, then, we must make it one day next week. Tell me what day will suit you best."

"You must excuse me," I faltered, in sore distress and confusion; "I do not think it will be well for me to ride any more."

"You are quite right, my dear," put in Mrs. Lyell, "I do not like the idea of your riding; it is running a great risk. Horsemanship is all very well for men, who have more strength and courage, but I do not think it becoming to our sex."

I was silent. It was all I could do to keep on sewing with the consciousness that Leonard's eyes were fixed on me with a grave, questioning gaze.

"Do you mean," he asked, after a minute, "that you do not wish to ride again? Would you rather not?"

"Yes," I said, firmly, though it cost me an indescribable effort; "I would rather not."

"Very well," he said, and his tones were cold and hard; "of course it must be as you wish."

He was proud and quick tempered, and I had offended him. Oh, what would I have given at that moment to recall my words! How I longed to explain that I was not ungrateful, that I valued his kindness, and should enjoy the ride above all things!

A few minutes later he rose to go. He shook hands with me rather ceremoniously. Against my will, as it seemed, my eyes were drawn to his, and I read mingled reproach and wonder in his gaze.

And what of my feelings when he was gone—what of the night that followed? No need to record the bitterness of those hours. Suffice to say I did not find it easy to be a stoic and ignore the pain that tore my heart.

Several days, days full of heavy hours, passed without my seeing Leonard Glynne. Sunday did not bring him, for he had gone to spend the day with friends in London. On Monday morning I saw him from my bedroom window walking in the garden. He cast several glances towards the house. My heart told me that he was looking for me; but I only drew back into the shelter of the curtains, and did not venture downstairs till he had disappeared. Two days later, from an upper window, I saw him ride forth on Ariel. How well both man and horse looked! Leonard was a graceful rider, and never appeared to more advantage than when on horseback. My heart ached as I watched him ride out of sight.

On Friday evening I was sitting with my books in the library. I had not long returned from town, whither I had been to take my lessons. My work had been ill done during the past week, and my arithmetic master had not been pleased with me. I had come back vexed both with him and myself. I was brooding now over a difficult problem he had set me to work out. He had given me some explanations, but I had failed to grasp their significance, and now I found, to my mortification, that I could make nothing of the sum before me. It was foolish of me to attempt it when I was weary and dispirited. My head ached, I was sick at heart; life seemed just then too hard to be borne. I said to myself that I was hopelessly stupid; I should never be capable of teaching others; at best I could only hope to drudge through life as a nursery governess.

And then a bitter wave of depression swept over me; I fancied that a life of loneliness lay before me, and that I should be bereft of all whom I most tenderly loved. With a sob I pushed aside the puzzling arithmetic book, my head fell on my hands, and I indulged in a flood of weeping. As I thus gave way I heard the hall door softly and quickly opened and closed, a step crossed the hall, and before I could recover myself Leonard Glynne stood beside me.

"Why, Dorothy!" he said, and his low, gentle tones were inexpressibly soothing, "what is the meaning of this?"

He had never called me Dorothy before; but I did not think of that till afterwards. It seemed right and natural now that he should so address me. But his kindness had at first the effect of making my tears flow more freely. I could not speak; I could only shake my head and sign to him to leave me.

"I cannot go away till you tell me what is the matter," he said, firmly. "Are you in trouble? Shall I call Mrs. Lyell?"

"No, no," I managed to say, with some vehemence, "it is nothing; it is only that I am silly. Don't call anyone, please."

"There must be some cause; it is not like you to cry for nothing."

By this time I was heartily ashamed of myself, and made a determined effort to conquer my emotion.

"Indeed, it is next to nothing," I said. "You will laugh when I tell you. I was bothered over this sum, and my head ached, and I was vexed to find myself so stupid, so I cried."

But he did not laugh. There was a grave, tender look in his eyes as they rested on me, though after a minute he said, playfully—

"Did you think that crying would be likely to clear your brain? Come, let me see this formidable sum. It is some years since I left school, but I hope I have not forgotten all I learned there. Perhaps I can help you."

So saying, he drew up a chair beside me, took paper and pencil, and waited for me to show him my difficulty. Like most men of business, he was quick at figures. He saw his way at once to the heart of the problem. In a few minutes the sum was stated and worked out to its right conclusion, I having been made to follow him through every process.

"There!" he said, as he threw down his pencil triumphantly, "was that worth crying about?"

"Of course not," I said; "but I can't regret that I cried, for it has brought me your help. Thank you very, very much. I see it all so clearly now. I shall be able to work out the other examples, so Mr. Oesten will not be displeased with me."

"What an ogre he must be, if the thought of his displeasure melts you to tears!"

"Oh, no, he is not an ogre, and I cried more because I was so vexed at my own stupidity than from any fear of his anger."

"Stupidity, indeed! That is a word you have no right to apply to yourself. Now, promise me that you will cry no more over your sums, but if you come to any difficulty you will tell me and let me help you. I can't profess to teach like Mr. Oesten, but I have no doubt we could puzzle the things out together. Come, let it be a compact."

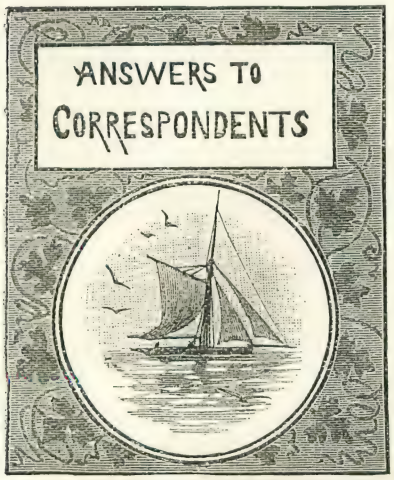
"Indeed, you are very, very kind," I said, "and if you really do not mind the trouble I should be so glad of your help."

"Mind the trouble!" he repeated, significantly. "As if it were not a pleasure to me to help you! You don't know how I felt when, glancing in at the window, I saw you crying in that desperate way."

As he spoke his eyes met mine. There was that in his gaze that both thrilled and fascinated me so that I could not at once withdraw my eyes from his. It

seemed a long while that we looked at each other with that peculiar gaze in which soul meets soul. Then my eyes fell, and, to hide my confusion, I began hurriedly to gather my books together, saying that I must go to Mrs. Lyell. But I was almost too happy to know what I was doing. Sarah, Miss Carsdale, and every cause of grief was forgotten. At that moment I felt sure that Leonard loved me.

(*To be continued.*)



EDUCATIONAL.

CARRIE JONES.—Miss Ellman, of The Rectory, Berwick, Sussex, is the hon. secretary of an early rising society, as well as several educational ones. She is one amongst many ladies who have formed those private amateur clubs and associations for the help and better instruction of girls that are so invaluable.

VERITE SANS PEUR.—We may name a society for promoting education by correspondence, of which the secretary is Miss Hedge, East Gates, Colchester, Essex. Girls who have not had much school training, and live in country villages where no masters can be had (as in your case), are in great need of such institutions. The address we have given is for English, as well as foreign languages. For handwriting, Miss Mary Kemp, of Merton Rectory, Beaford, North Devon.

SARAH JAMES.—No doubt our language is full of exceptions to general rules in the matter of spelling. In reference to the position of the letters "e" and "i," when placed together after a "c," perhaps the easiest way to remember which comes first is this—They keep the order in which they stand in the alphabet, the letter "c" taking precedence, and the "e" coming before the "i." But if, instead of a "c," the letter preceding these two letters be an "l," then the "i" comes before the "e." For example, observe "receive" and "believe."

ANNIE HORSFIELD.—There is an agent-general for Canada in London, but not one for Canadian public schools. The address of the former is Sir Charles Tupper, Office of the Dominion of Canada, Victoria-street, Westminster, S.W. It is against our rules to write private answers to our correspondents.

VIOLET.—We do not take in any description of girls' work for correction. You had better inquire amongst your friends for someone acquainted with the science of harmony, and obtain the information from them. A finishing governess in any family would look over your MSS. free of cost, or a music teacher. We could not give the address of any. You write a pretty hand. The organist of your church might help you.

BETA.—Candidates for telegraph clerkships must be between fourteen and eighteen years of age on the day of examination; those for clerkships in the Receiver's and Accountant-General's office, and in the Post Office Savings Bank department, must not be less than eighteen nor more than twenty on the day of examination. See "Work for All," page 510, vol. v.

A LOVER OF G. O. P.—John Colet, Dean of St. Paul's, was born 1466, died 1519. He founded St. Paul's School, and appointed William Lilley first master. He died 16th September, 1519.

EMERALD.—We know of no means to improve the handwriting, save by writing copies or taking some handwriting which you admire and making a careful study of it.

ALDEBURGH.—A nursery governess is only expected to teach the rudiments of English, music, and needlework. The salary at its highest would not be more than £25 to £30. You had better try to obtain a certificate from the College of Preceptors, for instance, and get a better salary by teaching older girls.

DEMURITY should get Lempriere's Classical Dictionary. A secondhand copy can generally be found at a moderate price.

MAY CAVENDISH.—For particulars respecting the Cambridge higher or junior local examinations, write to the Rev. G. F. Browne, St. Catherine's College, Cambridge. The junior local is held in December; fee, £1. The senior local in December and June; fees, £1 and £2.

IVONAÏK.—We thank you for your very kind and beautifully-written letter. In answer to your first question, see "Practical Hints About the Hair," in the part for July, 1885. It is difficult to recommend Italian story-books, but you might read that by Manzoni, "I Promessi Sposi," and Silvio Pellico's "Mici Prigioni."

ART.

JENNY LIND.—The classical colours used for painting the drapery of the "Nine Muses" are any of the dull art shades of blue, cinnamon, green, and brown. As you have already old gold and green in your background, paint your draperies with either pale blues, terra-cotta reds, white or golden browns.

A VIOLINIST.—If you have painted your terra-cotta plates with water-colours, only size the part coloured; if with oils, size and varnish the whole of the surface.

M. D. N.—When you have stretched the cloth on the large screen, size the cloth, or rather canvas, with a coating of common size, made hot and used liquid; then paste sheets of common lining-paper on it, such as is used by paper-hangers when hanging expensive papers to protect them from any dampness in the walls; size this lining-paper, and paste on the pictures. These should be cut out and stuck temporarily to the screen with pins, so as to be the better fitted together and enable the designer to judge of the effect before too late. They may then be carefully pasted on the paper.

MIMICA MARMONT.—You can paint in oils on brown paper, or any kind that has a rough surface, and no preparation is necessary. Oiled paper is sold by all artists' colourmen for sketching in oils. We do not advise you to prepare it at home. It is inexpensive. Butter a small piece of bread or biscuit (as much as you could put into your mouth), place a piece of cheese upon it, and so raise it to your mouth. To eat with a knife is very vulgar and painful to witness.

SEPIA.—When you use the word "etch," do you mean to draw with your pen and ink or to etch upon copper? If the former, you have used a wrong term. To draw pen and ink sketches, use Gillott's steel crowquills and the best Indian ink. You do not need lessons in the art, for if you faithfully copy good wood engravings you can teach yourself. To cure chilblains on the hands, it is said that soaking the hands in milk, made as hot as you can bear it, is an excellent cure.

EVERINA.—To paint on satin with water-colours, use water-colour size; it will prevent the tints from running into each other. See also for full instructions our article in the G. O. P., page 223, vol. v. The allusion in "The Lost Leader," the poem by Robert Browning, about which you inquire, is to the poet Wordsworth's change of opinions from Republicanism to Toryism.

HOUSEKEEPING.

AN ANXIOUS LITTLE MOTHER may try a good rubbing with flour to clean the soiled counterpane, but if it be for a present and is to take so long a journey she had better have it cleaned at a cleaner's.

P. A. S., IGNORAMUS, AIDA.—See "The Duties of Servants," vol. ii., page 534, by S. F. A. Caulfeild; also in vol. vi., pages 155 and 374. We will give some attention to the matter.

TAN.—The general way of taking ink spots from muslin is to use a little salts of lemon. If the stain be an old one it must be damped, and the salts of lemon left on it some time. Avoid heating foods and beer, and do not use too much soap to your face.

GIP.—To clean marble, make a paste of pumice-stone, chalk, and washing soda, all finely powdered, and put on wet, leaving it on the marble for twenty-four hours. For an ink stain on the same, try a pennyworth of salts of sorrel and as much of cream of tartar mixed.

LY.—Wash the leather chairs with a little milk and water and curd soap. To restore the gloss of the leather, use some white of egg. If the colour be gone, use some of Judson's dye of the same colour. A penny bottle would suffice.

HASTY CHILD.—White woollen shawls can be cleaned in either flour or bran without wetting them. Rub the steel fender well with grease to get off the rust. Leave it a day or so, then rub off the grease and polish with bath brick.

A CONSTANT READER (Walthamstow).—The starch made in the usual way with hot water is stirred with a wax candle, or has a few spoonfuls of glycerine added to it.

ARIADNE.—Stephens's stains for wood can be bought by the gallon at any oil and colour merchant's. They can be put on the floors and then varnished or polished.

NITA would do well to purchase the varnish for her floors. She should inquire of any bookseller. Audsley's and Bowles' is one of the best books on Japanese art, but it is not cheap.

MR. D. (Clitheroe).—We think the recipe for preserving eggs is a good one.

JANE S.—Strawberry sandwiches is a very favourite form of delicacy for garden parties and afternoon teas when that fruit is in season. They are laid on thin bread and butter and sprinkled with a little sugar. They look like any other sandwiches when made, except that the red juice comes out on the bread. Cracknels can be purchased at any grocer's.

PUZZLED must refer to Mary Pocock's articles on "How I Kept House on £250 a Year," pages 9 and 107, vol. vi.

COOKERY.

ALICE.—To make home pickles, see page 662, vol. iv. You write very well.

IMPATIENT ONE.—You will find directions for making pastry at page 303, vol. ii.

FLORENCE GERMAN.—For making dough nuts, see page 494, vol. ii.; also at vol. vi., page 495.

EVA.—You can obtain a recipe for making chocolate cream in vol. vi., page 495.

IDRIS.—You have probably been using Goodall's or Nelson's jellies. See our recipe at page 234, vol. iii.

ROBINA HOOD.—A good recipe for toffee is to be found at page 99, vol. v.

PEG and BEM.—See "Vegetable Marrow Preserve," page 111, vol. iii. We thank you for your recipe for a pudding. Tapioca and Cocoanut Pudding:—Soak three tablespoonfuls of tapioca over-night in water; put the tapioca and a quart of milk to boil for half an hour; beat up the yolks of three eggs with a cupful of sugar and three tablespoonfuls of grated cocoanut; stir in, and boil for ten minutes longer. Pour into a dish; beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff frost; stir in three tablespoonfuls of sifted sugar; pour this over the top, and sprinkle grated cocoanut thickly over it; then bake for five minutes.

MUSIC.

LADY FLOSS.—We hope to insert an article on "How to Play the Zither" soon. Messrs. Novello's primers are very excellent for all the subjects you name.

HENRIETTA.—The Abbé Liszt is a real abbé of the Roman Church. He is one of the greatest living pianists, born October 22nd, 1811, at Räding, near Pesth, Hungary, and took holy orders in April, 1865, at Rome; afterwards he returned to Hungary, and became director of the Academy of Music. His musical education began at six years old, his father guiding his career, and his first performance took place at Oldenburg in 1820. Two noblemen at Presburg guaranteed him an income for six years, enabling him to take lessons from Czerny on the piano in Vienna, and from Salieri in composition (1821). In about the year 1827 a disappointment in love, combined with religious impressions and political enthusiasm, led him to abandon music for a time, but he resumed his profession in the year 1831.

WORK.

CABBAGE ROSE.—The only thing that would go with the brown checked tweed would be a brown velveteen.

PIP.—Holes may be made in shells with a red-hot darning-needle.

MARGUERITA.—We have answered the question about "oil on troubled waters" many times in our correspondence columns. It is a saying founded on a fact well known to the ancients, and now put into actual practice successfully by moderns also. The "splash-work" was described in vol. i., page 623. There is no great difficulty about it. "Marguerita's" account of the 160 words into which the letters of the name Paterson can be transposed, foreign words excepted, is very surprising.

LOMO.—A full notice of how to treat skins was given in vol. iii., page 368, and another also in vol. vii., page 703.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DR. C.—It would perhaps have been clearer had the columns on page 516 consisted only of Roman Catholics and Protestants, in "Facts and Figures of Girl-Life," yet in having the three we have followed the example of the Gotha Almanack, Kolb, and other great authorities. Under the heading "Protestants" (take Ireland for example) are included Protestant Episcopalians, Presbyterians, and Methodists, while under the term "Other Christian sects" are gathered more than a hundred sects. In Scotland, under "Protestants" are included those belonging to the Established Church of Scotland, the United Presbyterian, and the Free Church; while under the third heading all are collected who belong to the subordinate classes of Presbyterians, Wesleyans, Methodists, Society of Friends, Unitarians, Evangelical Union, Christian Disciples, Reformed Protestants, Relief Church, and many others, some of these having very large congregations. To give

one more example. In the Australian colonies, under the heading Protestants, are all those belonging to the Church of England, Presbyterians, Methodists, Independents, and Baptists. Under the third heading are included Welsh Calvinists, Evangelical Lutherans, Society of Friends, Moravians, and others. You suggest that in the marriage tables the number of husbands and wives should be the same in a country. This, however, can rarely occur. Husbands may be soldiers and sailors on foreign service, or they may have emigrated to the colonies to prepare the way for wives and families; or, on the other hand, wives may be travelling in other lands with their mistresses, or they may belong to the musical or theatrical professions, and travelling with their companies. Many are the circumstances to prevent an equal number of wives and husbands living in a country at the same time. Yes, our attention has been called to the fact that six instead of five found its way into the line of Protestants in Ireland on page 516.

ANONYMOUS.—Miss Finn is very much obliged to a reader of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER for the parcel of clothes sent for the poor Jews, which will be sent with other clothes to Jerusalem. Kindly thank the workers.

LIZZIE.—See "Practical Hints About the Hair," in the July part, 1885.

EINNA.—Go to the vicar of your parish and tell him your difficulty, he will arrange for your baptism. There is no need to make any other change.

URSULA.—A fish knife and fork are usually given to eat fish with; where they are not supplied use your fork. It is not compulsory to eat fish at dinner unless you like it.

TWO FRIENDS.—The meaning of the word "Mizpah" is a beacon. The latter, a heap of stones, was raised by Jacob on the occasion of the bitter quarrel between him and his father-in-law, and neither was to cross this beacon the one to the other with any evil intent. And his father-in-law said that if Jacob afflicted his daughters when they were absent one from the other, God should be witness between them, and Nahor called upon God to "watch between" them, and see that he was faithful to the pledges then made. See Genesis xxxi.

HENRIETTA STEVENS.—We should think that the illuminated crosses to which you allude must have been covered with luminous paint. We have seen such.

WELL-WISHER.—We should like to give you a day's work as a compositor (to set up the types of any paper) and to count the number of words you would omit.

ELIZABETH GOLDIE.—A "wooden wedding" is the fifth anniversary of a marriage, and is so named from the custom of giving the wife a present of wooden articles to mark the day. A "silver wedding" is the twenty-fifth anniversary, and the presents are then of silver articles. In Germany a silver wreath is presented to the wife. A "golden wedding" is the fiftieth anniversary, and the gifts are then of gold, and so is the wreath. If there be a "diamond wedding," we suppose it would be on the seventy-fifth anniversary; one that is rarely seen.

FORGET-ME-NOT.—Thrushes are fed upon German paste, or paste made with oatmeal, moistened with milk, and a few snails or worms occasionally. They require special cleanliness on account of the food they eat and to be supplied with plenty of water for drinking and bathing.

ELIZABETH MONTGOMERY D.—Go to the first bookseller's where they sell bibles and prayer-books and order both. You will have no difficulty whatever in obtaining them.

THOUGHTFUL.—Before the discovery by Columbus America had been visited by the Scandinavians, who had previously colonised Iceland and Greenland; and in 1170 a Welsh prince, named Madoc, is fabled to have landed on the coast of Virginia. The original inhabitants, who had reached a high state of civilisation, did not possess a written language, so all their previous history was veiled in obscurity.

HIGGAION.—We thank you for your very encouraging letter. The 13th December, 1865, was a Thursday.

INDIGNATION seems to have excited herself without cause. "Considering a paper" is *not* promising a prize! We think the study and reading which our competition will entail will prove valuable to everyone, and a sufficient reward, whether they get a prize or not. It is never well for young girls like yourself to "jump at conclusions," and think that others are either unjust or will be unfair.

CLARE.—The London Diocesan Deaconess Institution, 12, Tavistock-crescent, Westbourne-park, W., is in connection with the Church of England, and they are anxious for probationers. Head-sister deaconess, E. Cassin.

NELLIE DEE.—Although the verses are not correct in composition, they may be better than others that will be sent into the Sunday-school competition. We are glad you like our paper.

A LONELY ORPHAN, who has our kindest sympathy, seems to be hugging her sorrow in an unhealthy manner. One of the uses of adversity and grief is to teach us to seek after better things. So she must remember this, and avoid dwelling on her sorrows, filling both heart and thoughts with love and care for others, so shall she receive the blessing of God.

JOSEPHINE.—Do you mean the General Domestic Servants' Benevolent Institution, 32, Sackville-street, W.?

WHITE CLEMATIS.

KIT.—The word "kindergarten" is a compound German word, *kinder* meaning a child, and *garten* a garden, denoting a child's place of recreation. A *saraband* means a minuet. It is danced slowly and in a stately manner, and the movements are constantly repeated. Hence the term "drowsy," as applied to the saraband.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

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COURTLEROY.

BY ANNE BEALE

CHAPTER XXXVII.

PARTIALLY RESTORED.

"I AM glad to welcome you back to England after your well-fought campaigns and attendant honours," said Mr. Le Roy, offering three fingers to George. "Mimica, that draught still pursues me, and the carpenter is here."

"I will see to it, uncle. I shall not be long," replied Mimica, rising, glancing at George and leaving the room.

"None of these windows close, and I abominate a draught," said Le Roy. "Mimica is wonderful. She is a universal genius in all but music. You play still, Mr. Hope? I remember you mastered Mozart creditably when a boy, and greatly enjoyed the Handel Festival. Why did you never come again to see me?"

"I suppose because you did not invite me," replied George, meeting the very critical survey of the fastidious Le Roy with the resolute front he would have shown in battle.

He was now a man and a soldier, and his first impressions of the relation between uncle and niece were not quite favourable. He was, however, as natural and unembarrassed when he entered into conversation as he had been when a boy. He interested Le Roy at once by telling him what had brought him into the neighbourhood, and while he was still speaking of Horace, Mimica returned, and joined, naturally, in what they were saying. Before doing so, however, she told her uncle that she hoped the draught was, or would be, abolished. George was relieved, for he saw that they understood one another.

"I have never called on Mr. Leste. If you will stay to luncheon—and remark, I *ask* you," said Le Roy, with a sort of condescending sarcasm, "I will pay my visit of condolence with you and Mimica this afternoon. Is that as it should be, Miss Marmont?"

"Quite. We shall all be glad," replied Mimica, with an appealing look at George.

"I must leave by the last train from Summerlands," said George, hesitating.

"We can send you to Prestbury; eh, Mimica? You can then take the night mail. Thanks to Miss Marmont, we have now our brougham and a capable

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"'GIVE MY COMPLIMENTS TO YOUR MOTHER,' HE SAID."

horse, which she drives in the pony carriage, and which old Grant does his best to misdrive. She kindly consented to carriage and horse being sent down from Prince's Gate."

"Poor old Shock passes a happy old age in the paddock," put in Mimica, apparently unmoved by the allusions to her management.

"You remember that you told me that my niece, or Mimi, as I think you called her, was anxious to be of use in the world. You said many flattering things of her from which I gathered that she must be a very disagreeable young person. I find her, on the whole, better than I expected; but so occupied that her present leisure must be a miracle wrought by you. I seldom praise her, but as you are such old friends, it may please you to learn that she entirely governs me, and has been the means of bringing me back to my forsaken duties as squire, landlord, and churchman."

"That was Mr. Leste's doing," broke in Mimica.

"In return for which I have a nut to crack with him this afternoon in your presence, and that of your ally and most voluminous correspondent."

Mimica looked conscious for the first time, but said nothing. What did her uncle mean? What could he be doing at such a time?

"I trust it is a filbert with a large kernel, Mimi, such as old Gandy gave us," laughed George, but he paused on the word Mimi, feeling that her uncle did not approve of the familiarity.

"I feel sure that both Miss Marmont and Mr. Hope will find it to their taste. Now let us go to the music-room," rejoined Le Roy, loftily.

"Snubbed," was George's mental word, as he glanced at Mimica, and saw that her face was flushed, and for the first time he crushed down an unusual burst of pride as he followed Le Roy to the old schoolroom, Mimica remaining behind.

"Not quite like the room in which you played your bit of Mozart," said Le Roy to George, seemingly unconscious of having given offence. "But it suits me better than those below, where I am subject to interruption. Sellon has managed to send down some of the instruments, and as Barber puts it, 'Half a loaf is better than no bread.'"

There was, in effect, a new piano, a harmonium, and a medley of other instruments, all of which George had seen in the beautiful music-room he remembered; but otherwise, the schoolroom was unchanged. There was Lady Margaret's portrait, which had always interested him, and the other pictures, and all the furniture, as of old, but massed together in some confusion, to make room for the "sackbuts, psalteries, &c.," as Sir Joshua called them. Le Roy had appropriated all the apartments of the west wing, retaining Mimica's bedroom, and installing Barber in Miss Heath's.

Mimica had not paused to consider the selfishness of this arrangement, but had adapted herself to it, taking for herself a solitary chamber over the library, whence she could look out upon lawn and distant firwoods.

"I owe to you the first intimation I ever received of the defalcations of Searle," said Mr. Le Roy, as George stood near the piano, professedly turning over music, while hoping that Mimica would appear. "By a chain of unfortunate circumstances I am here."

"Mr. Leste says they have proved most fortunate," returned George, recovering his frank manner. "And, indeed, I should scarcely have recognised the house or park, they are so changed."

"That is my niece's work. She has generously promised to devote her life to me as her vocation, and I give her *carte blanche* to manage the property and people. She and my lawyer do it all between them."

"You have a trusting nature," laughed George, who was amused at Le Roy's still casting all responsibility upon others. "It is lucky that Miss Marmont should know the people so well." He slightly emphasised the name.

"Very," replied Le Roy, curtly, and took up his Straduarius, lying near at hand.

He asked George to try it, but he waived the request by begging Le Roy to play instead. He acquiesced, and had soon forgotten other topics in his violin, but not so George, whose bright smile gave place to a grave listening, as his friend failed to appear.

He did not see her again until luncheon. This was served in the dining-room, under the presidency of the ubiquitous Barber, who had consented to undertake every department, provided he was not interfered with by anyone save his master.

"I have been accustomed to valeting all my life, ma'am," he had said to Mimica; "I have also given orders; but as regards waiting, that is not in my line. Still, rather than leave Mr. Le Roy in the present predicament, I will do so, provided I am not interfered with by women, and have an apartment where I can discourse sweet music unmolested."

"You shall have everything you want if you will stay," Mimica had said; and accordingly a certain business-room near the butler's pantry was appropriated to him, where he excruciated Mrs. Stone by scrapings on his violin.

George found the large dining-room cheerless and empty—not half so delightful as the hall or schoolroom; but Mr. Sellon had suggested that in order to keep Le Roy in the country the old *régime* must be resumed, and accordingly Mimica had sacrificed self and associations to the formality of custom. She could not discover whether her uncle liked it or not; but as soon as the room had been inexpensively done up, the meals were laid there, and he submitted. Money was so scarce that the house had to be repaired by degrees, and the drawing-room and principal bedrooms were still untouched. The servants' offices were, however, restored to comfort, and a new maid or so added to the establishment. As the affairs righted themselves, Sellon said the house would right itself, but "Who goes slow goes sure." Mimica was compelled to add "secret" to this axiom, and to keep her workmen at one apartment at a time, and out of her uncle's way; but her self-dedication to him was not merely nominal but real.

George was the chief speaker during luncheon, for Le Roy plied him with incessant questions about the war; and Mimica's interest in them was so apparent that he answered freely, and with such evident knowledge of his subject in all its bearings, that she felt that her uncle was surprised. She was becoming a politician for his sake, but George fancied she had lost the spirit and zest which used to characterise her interest in all that happened around her; and he found himself speculating as to whether she would be still his Mimi. Doubtless Horace's death had something to do with the change. However, Le Roy perceived that she was depressed, and with more anxiety than George would have given him credit for, asked if any fresh misfortune had happened.

"No unexpected bill or unpremeditated lawsuit?" he added.

"None," she replied, foreing a laugh, for, truth to tell, she was pining to be alone with George, and to talk of things her uncle would not care to hear. But no such opportunity occurred. After luncheon they walked to the Vicarage, Mr. Le Roy between her and George. It all seemed unnatural and formal to the friends who had enjoyed so many years of unrestrained intercourse, and George thought the old times best.

"The pleasure shall be yours. Give Mr. Leste that letter," said Le Roy to Mimica, when they were awaiting Mr. Leste in the drawing-room.

He and Barbara came in at the moment, and both expressed their extreme pleasure and gratitude at Le Roy's visit.

"You have both comforted me; I wish I could do as much for you. Help me, Mimica. The letter," he replied.

Mimica put the letter into Mr. Leste's hands.

"Read it, Leste," said Le Roy.

Mr. Leste read to himself, almost without understanding it, the following words:—

"Dear Sir,—The Rev. John Linton, Incumbent of Courtleroy, died this morning; I believe the living is in your gift.

"Yours faithfully,

"JAMES HUSON,

"Rural Dean, &c., &c.

"Mem.: I give it to Charles Leste, the best man I have ever known.

"REGINALD LE ROY."

"What does it mean, Barbara?" asked Mr. Leste, handing the letter to his daughter like a man in a dream.

"Oh, father! If Horace were but here! This is what he always hoped for, and now it seems too late," said Barbara, the truth being clear to her while it was only dawning on her father.

Both turned to pour out words of incoherent gratitude to Mr. Le Roy, but he had left the room, and the house. He had merely whispered to George that the brougham should be sent, and had shaken hands with him.

"Come up to your mother," said Mr. Leste, in a dazed way that almost frightened Barbara, who followed him upstairs.

"You will stay with me, Mimi. It is our only chance," whispered George, in whose clear eyes tears were shining.

"I knew there was kindness and sympathy somewhere," said Mimica, a smile on her lip.

She sat down on the cushioned bench of the window-seat, George beside her. He gave her hastily the account of his return home, and the strange celebration of his majority. She listened breathless, asking eager questions from time to time concerning Patrick and Biddy. It chanced that he did not name his father, fancying that he had written to Mimica the account of his discovery of his promotion and death. The conversation was hurried, for there was much to tell and little time to tell it in, but according to his custom, he concealed nothing from her. He fancied her less communicative, and attributed her reserve in part to sorrow for Horace's loss, and in part to a dislike to speak of her uncle.

"I know not when we shall meet again," he said, when his story was ended; "but I shall continue my diary, and you will not forget yours? Promise me this, Mimica. I may be sent off, and duty would seem hard without the prospect of your advice and comfort."

"If anything should make me disappoint you as I did Horace, what would you think?" asked Mimica, with profound pain in her voice.

"I should believe in you as he did, only I should be wretched. You have been all in all to me ever since I was a child; now, they tell me, I am a man."

He looked at Mimica, and she returned his truthful gaze with one as truthful.

"Yes," she said with a sigh; "you are no longer Georgie—my uncle reminded me of that; still, you are years younger than I am, and although we must be respectful in public, I see no reason why our old relations should change. What would Miss Heath say?"

"It matters not much. It is what you say, Mimica, that signifies most to me, for you know how well I love you."

Never before had so vivid a carnation tinged

Mimica's cheeks; never before had her pulses so quickened. Why? George Hope had said similar words to her ever since he was six years old; and was she not his sister, half a dozen years his senior? but was he not now a man, brave, gallant, handsome, of winning manners and manly bearing? Although she knew those words meant no more than of old, she found it difficult to reply to them. How readily she had answered poor Horace Leste; how easy it had been to her to say, "I am like your sister"; but now there was some strange revulsion in her spirit, for which she could not account. She forced a smile, however, and said hurriedly—

"Yes, George, whatever betide, we are friends for life."

He took her hands, and with a shade of disappointment on his open face accepted the friendship as a matter of course.

"Mother wants you; come upstairs," interrupted further discourse, and they followed Leila.

They found the Lestes excited and thankful. To be suddenly vicar when he had been so many years curate, was, indeed, a subject of rejoicing to a good man, and helped to change the current of thought of his family. The one regret was that Horace could not rejoice with them; though Mrs. Leste believed that he was well acquainted with what was passing—a creed which her husband called "The Communion of Saints." The departure of George was another diversion to their minds, and tea was brought up to Mrs. Leste's room, to enable her to partake of it with him and Mimica. They grew almost cheerful, and when the brougham arrived to take George to Prestbury, Mr. Leste proposed that he and Mimica should accompany him, and return together to Courtleroy to thank the patron for his welcome gift.

"My uncle will expect me to dinner," said Mimica, at whom George was anxiously looking.

"You will not refuse, Mimi?" he pleaded. "Who knows when we may meet again?"

"Go, dear Mimica. Life is so uncertain, and you and George are such dear friends. Barbara shall go and explain to your uncle, while Octavius and the rest stay with me," said Mrs. Leste, whose word was law to all who loved her.

So Mimica ran all risks, and she and Mr. Leste went to Prestbury to see George off by the evening mail.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

TAKEN AT UNAWARES.

It was a relief to Barbara Leste to be for a short space alone. She walked almost unsteadily, for her, from the vicarage to the Court, for the tension of the past months—it may almost be said years—had told on her naturally strong frame and resolute soul. She had borne labour and love disappointment so bravely that few guessed, and none knew, how much they had tried her, but Horace's death had nearly broken her down. Still, she nerved herself to endurance for the sake of her family, and was the mainstay of parents and sisters. But she failed to realise hope. She could not understand that, after so many years of penurious circumstances, the remaining days of those she loved best would be free from the pecuniary anxieties that had haunted them ever since she was born. She had walked so long in the shadowy ways of care that the sunshine of prosperity blinded her, and, both literally and figuratively, she stumbled as she went along.

When she reached the Court, meditating on what she should best say in the way of gratitude for herself and apology for Mimica, she heard the sound of voices through the hall door. The *portière* was partially drawn, and she could not see the speakers; but she resolved to leave her message if Mr. Le Roy were engaged. She knew that she was always welcome to him, because of her voice. She rang the bell. Barber came, and, almost simultaneously, Mr. Le Roy himself. He must have seen her approach. She began by an apology for her appearance at all; but he cut her short by insisting on her coming in, and assuring her that she would find none but friends. She felt a certain irony in his voice, but went into the hall, where she found Sir Joshua, Lady Helena, and Captain Carew. She had seen them all since Horace's death, for Sir Joshua and Lady Helena had called at once, so she maintained a tolerable self-possession. She shook hands with each, and was reassured by the old friendly pressure of him on whom she had once looked on as lover and friend combined; but no tell-tale blush coloured her cheeks.

"My mother sent me to tell you that Mimica has gone to Prestbury, at my father's request, in the brougham you kindly sent for George Hope," she began, knowing intuitively that she should displease the "autocrat," as Mimica sometimes called her uncle—first by using her Christian name, which slipped out inadvertently, and, secondly, by the fact that she had gone without leave.

"To Prestbury! With Mr. Hope! She will not be back for dinner," he said, frowning ominously.

"Hope! Has he been in these parts? I would have given worlds to see him. He was my best friend, as well as the hero of the regiment," cried Montague Carew.

"We would have had him to dinner, eh! Lady Helena," broke in Sir Joshua. "A brave young fellow, worth knowing, in spite of his uncertain family tree. Haw, haw! We can't all have family trees, like the monkeys—eh! Le Roy? though 'tis the fashion to say we evolve from 'em—so it stands to reason they must be of the oldest family and have the longest line of ancestry. Why didn't he come to see Montague, Barbara?"

"He only came yesterday, and was obliged to leave to-day," she replied. "He was with dear Horace when he died, and brought us——"

Here she paused for want of power to continue.

"Young Hope's a brick! Tell him I say so, my dear," put in kind Sir Joshua. "How's your poor mother? How are you all, in fact? If the sympathy of every soul in the parish can cure, you ought to be quite well; and I'm sure we feel for you from the bottom of our hearts—eh, Lady Helena?"

"Barbara knows that," said Lady Helena, with a manner so unusually kind that it surprised the little party, and nearly overcame Barbara, who proceeded to deliver her other message.

"Mother begs me to say, Mr. Le Roy, that we shall all be grateful to you as long as we live. She has never seen you, but she would consider it a great personal favour if you would visit her, since she cannot come here. It would be quite impossible to say what we feel."

Three pairs of Carew eyes were turned inquiringly on Le Roy, who replied, coldly, though the frown was replaced by an attempt at a smile—

"Thank your mother for her kind invitation. I will do myself the pleasure of calling." Then to Sir Joshua: "Old Huson is dead, and of course the living lapses to Mr. Leste."

"Le Roy, you're a—a——. What are you? A trump—a jolly good fellow—a gentleman all over," shouted Sir Joshua. "I always said so against the world. Shake hands. You must. 'Tis no good to resist. Why, you'll give an impetus to the whole country. There isn't a soul within ten miles that won't say 'God bless the squire of Courtleroy.' And now you've enriched the parson, you'll be bound to come to church, that he may return the compliment and enrich you. I'll never say again that you're 'a heathen man and a publican.'"

Lady Helena had called several times on Mimica, but had not seen Mr. Le Roy before. They had now caught him at unawares, and Barbara felt, instinctively, from his constrained manner, what this first encounter had cost him. He was cold, dignified, and reserved, and Sir Joshua's enthusiasm, instead of thawing, thickened his ice. He did not even take his old friend's offered hand, but looked at the door, as if he was *meditating* an exit. The meeting had, indeed, been very painful to him, again reviving the old associations which circumstances and Mimica had been tending to deaden. He had hitherto carefully avoided Lady Helena, who was, woman like, resolved to overcome his repugnance. She could not congratulate herself on the success of this raid upon his prejudices; for although she put unbounded faith in her rank, majestic carriage, and personal influence, she found that time had not destroyed the root of the old offence. Thus poor Le Roy stood between two assaulters—Lady Helena, with her efforts at conciliation on the one side, and Sir Joshua, with his superabundant *bonhomie*, on the other. Their son made an effort as *mediator*. Looking first at Barbara, then at Mr. Le Roy, he said—

"I have had many a lecture for wishing that old Huson would die and Mr. Leste reign in his stead. But the wishes of the wicked do prosper sometimes, and mine are fulfilled at last."

The belligerents smiled, and Barbara, feeling that she had made a mistake by so public a thanksgiving, rose to leave. Lady Helena proposed to take her to the vicarage in the carriage, but she steadily and politely declined. Le Roy heard her do so with satisfaction, and both Lady Helena and her son perceived a look approaching admiration in his cold eyes, which they interpreted according to their fancy. Her ladyship had previously enlarged upon certain reports concerning the Squire's liking for the curate's daughter, and Montague had maliciously asked her as to what would become of Courtleroy and Miss Marmont if they should prove well founded.

As is customary in all love affairs, everybody was speculating about everybody, and even the misanthropic Le Roy found himself watching the parting between Captain Carew and Barbara. It was so undemonstrative and commonplace that he could make nothing of it, and his own was certainly more open to remark.

"Give my compliments to your mother, and tell her I hope soon to make her acquaintance," he said, while opening the door. Then, as she passed out, he added, *sotto voce*, and in a tone of annoyance, "I am obliged for your visit, Miss Leste; but sorry you should have delivered your messages in public."

"I am sorry also, Mr. Le Roy," returned Barbara.

"That is the best girl in the county," exclaimed Sir Joshua, with a twinkle of his eye, not unperceived by Le Roy. "She was the handsomest, too, but she isn't as young as she was."

"She *is* the handsomest still, I should imagine," replied Le Roy, in his most metallic voice.

"The old humbug," mentally exclaimed Carew. Then the conversation turned upon George Hope, and it was pleasant to hear the senior officer enlarge upon the merits of his junior, and declare that he deserved all his honours. He did not add that his own promotion was delayed by his illness, but it was

patent to everyone that his recovery was still doubtful.

"I hope you will soon come and see us and bring Miss Marmont," said Lady Helena in her friendliest tone, as the carriage drove up; *but Le Roy answered nor yes*, nor no.

When they were gone, however, he threw himself into the chair behind the screen, and groaned, "Thank heaven, that is done!" He was always chilly, and bent over the fire kept alight for him. Then, with an irritable gesture, he got up and went into the library, where he seldom sat for long at a time. "As well overcome it all; I have played the fool long enough," he muttered, shutting the open French windows with a bang. "I wonder what Mimica will do next? We are certainly an unconventional pair." He finally seated himself at her writing table, and began to turn over the neatly arranged business documents that lay upon it. In doing so, his eyes fell on the small brown paper parcel left by George. It had been opened, and partially re-tied. Seeing that it contained only books and one or two foreign articles, he glanced into it, and opening one of the little books read the inscription, "From Horace to Mimica." He was too much of a gentleman to pry farther, but it set him thinking of other than his own disappointments. He reviewed the life to which he had doomed his niece, and wondered whether it had given rise to an attachment for this young man so suddenly cut off. He felt an unusual sympathy with Mimica, although he was so selfish as to rejoice that there was now less chance of her leaving him, for, he said to himself, "I cannot do without her." Indeed, he went so far as to believe that she was pledged to him for life, and had not his faith in woman's truth been shaken by that unforgotten incident of his youth, he would have been happy in the belief.

Mimica came back at last, but did not join her uncle until dinner. Her first words were:

"Mr. Sellon is at Prestbury, and will be here to-morrow. He says that they are tracing Searle. He is known to be in America."

"There let him remain. I would not prosecute if he were found to-morrow, and I suppose you could not," replied Le Roy.

"But others would," said Mimica.

"Let them," was the curt reply.

She saw that he was displeased, and dinner was scarcely over when she thought she had discovered the cause. To her surprise, he proposed that they should go into the library, and when there, she took up her work, lying at hand, and he apologised for having looked into the parcel which lay on her writing table.

"Poor Horace Leste's last remembrances!" she said, colouring slightly. "I have scarcely had time to examine them, but they are very sad."

"You seem to have more young men friends than I should have imagined, Mimica. How many Lestes are included in your programme?"

"There are only three, uncle—I mean there were. The second is married and lives at a distance, and Octavius is in London with Mr. Prettyman."

"Married! A curate like his father, and I daresay with as large a family. Government ought to interfere."

"Mr. Prettyman says it is the way of the world for the poorest people to marry and have no end of children," laughed Mimica. "But Dick is very clever, and is second master at a public school."

"Do you call all the men you know by their Christian names, Mimica?"

"Not all; only the Lestes, and—George Hope."

"I think it is time to add Mr. to the latter gentleman's name. It is not discreet for a young lady to be so familiar with an officer already of reputation. And, if I may ask, what could have induced you to accompany him to Prestbury? That was a strong-minded proceeding, and you—well, you are not one of the representative women of the day, though you are strong-minded enough in another sense."

Mimica laid down her work and looked at her uncle with an indignant flash in her expressive eyes, and such a flush on her cheeks as he had never seen there before. But she only said—

"I really do not know what you mean, uncle."

"That it is not usual for young ladies to drive several miles to see off young men," he replied, frigidly. "Besides, although Mr. Hope is distinguishing himself, and is personally very charming, he is less than nobody—a foundling on a doorstep—at best the son of a common soldier, brought up by vulgar people ——"

"Mr. and Mrs. Prettyman are not vulgar," interrupted Mimica, her voice and manner betokening grave offence. "They are the best and kindest people in the world. They have adopted George, received Miss Heath, been good to everyone. And Mr. Hope," emphasising the Mr., "has been my friend ever since I came from India. I look on him as—as—my young brother, and cannot see that there was any indiscretion in going with him and Mr. Leste to Prestbury, when we had not met for years, and may not meet again for years, if ever, for he will be sent to India or Africa, or some awful country, where death seems ever to take the best and bravest. Poor Horace first, who next?" Mimica's voice trembled.

"I did not mean to hurt your feelings, Mimica, only to advise you," said her uncle, stiffly. "You were children, you are now man and woman, and——"

"I am years older than he. He is only just of age; I am six and twenty. He is still a boy, I a woman!"

"Mimica, pray use your common sense. A few years more or less scarcely count when people are grown up, and I assure you uncomfortable complications may arise from familiar correspondence with such a man as Mr. Hope. You had better give it up. Besides, it takes your time from me, and you have promised to devote yourself to me."

"I will do my best for you, uncle, but I will never, never give up George Hope as friend and brother."

"Truly a decided young lady; but I, too, can be decided occasionally. I will never countenance your intimacy and correspondence with him, so long as the respectability of his parentage remains in doubt. Good night. Tell Barber to bring my coffee to the schoolroom."

Mr. Le Roy left the library, and Mimica's first feeling was one of pure astonishment at the sudden change in his manner. He was excited and irritable, and she involuntarily muttered, "It will do him good;" but a few minutes of solitary reflection altered her opinion. If she were to be useful to him, she must strive to keep him calm, lest there should be a repetition of the awful scene of the wild-ducks' pond. But give up George Hope—never! Were not his last words to her, "Are you still my Mimi?" and had she not answered, "Yes"? "My Mimi." Still his friend, counsellor, confidante, dearest and only sister! She covered her eyes as she suddenly seemed to see him standing there, by the door, unrecognised by her. Was he not now the stronger of the two? best fitted to be counsellor; a *preux chevalier*, like her hero, Bayard?

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

BACHELORS AND SPINSTERS.—At all ages spinsters are considerably more numerous than bachelors. To make our comparison, however, complete, we must take into account the unmarried women between 15 and 20. These numbered 191,250, so the total number of unmarried women in the metropolis was 545,653, against 462,550 men. If, by a sudden impulse, every bachelor were to take to himself a wife, there would be a balance left over of 83,103 unmarried women. But women are in excess of men almost everywhere in Europe, in spite of the curious fact that the male births in a community invariably outnumber the female. In London there are 1,123 women for every 1,000 men. This is higher than the average for the whole country, which is only 1,055 women to 1,000 of the other sex. The extra number is no doubt largely due to the influx of young women who flock to London hoping to find employment in its innumerable industries. With the metropolitan bachelors may be united the widowers. Circumstances having driven them back again to a solitary existence; the ways of many widowers are for all the world like those of the ordinary bachelor. The number of widowers in London shown by the census of 1881 was 56,833. It is worth observing that there is an excessive number of widowers—and widows as well—living in towns as compared with those resident in the country, arising possibly from their finding the social life there more congenial than the quiet existence of rural districts. The total number of bachelors above 20, we have said, was 291,828 in 1881. They were far outnumbered by the married men of the same age, who were set down as 640,884.—*Leisure Hour.*

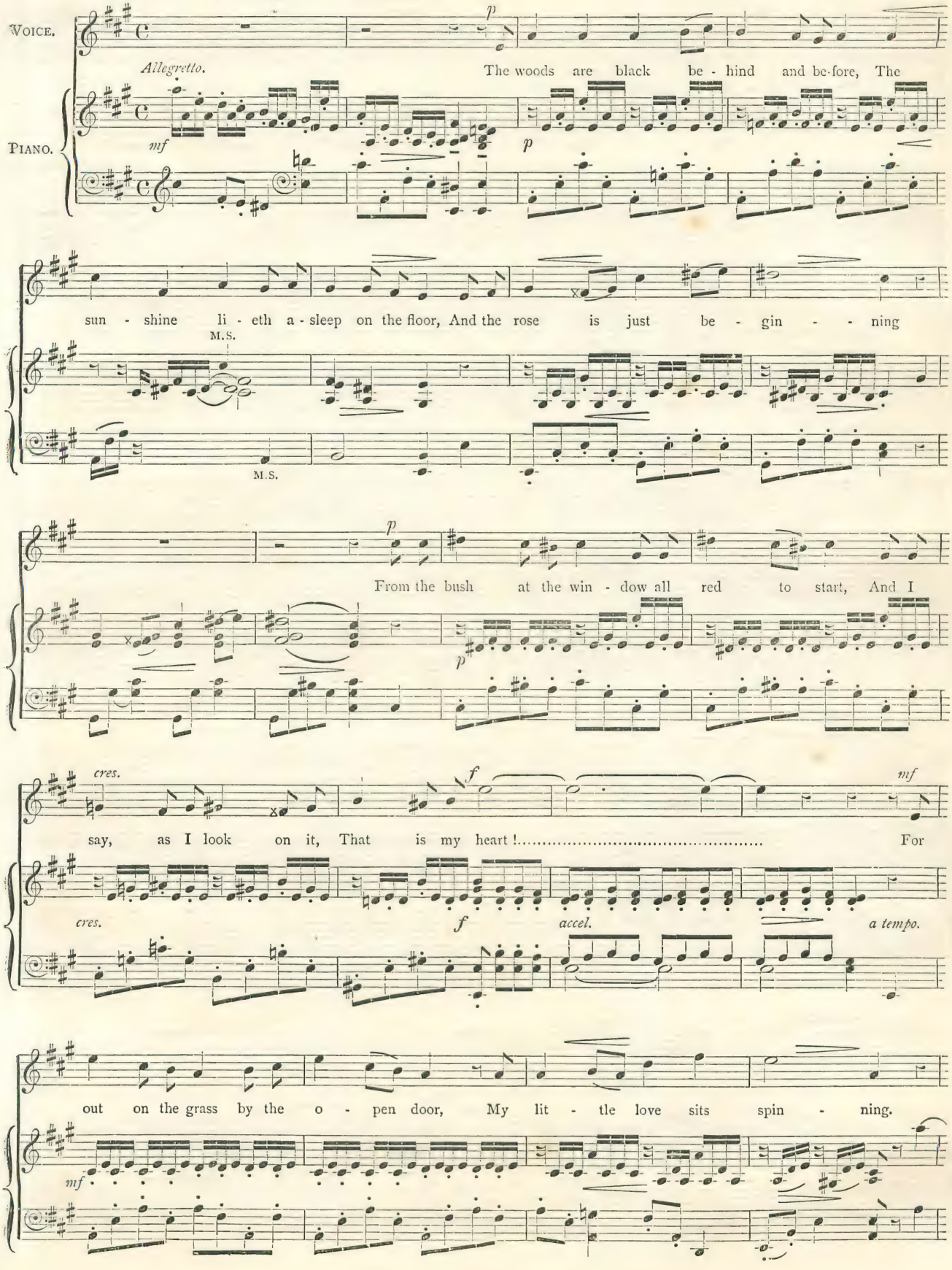
OLD-FASHIONED FLOWERS.—The popular taste does not seek much for novelties in flowers. Indeed, the public is in this matter decidedly conservative and averse to change. This is especially observable in the case of the great mass of Londoners who have come from the country. There is something almost pathetic in the wistful way in which country-born Londoners will hang around the Covent Garden stalls at which in the spring of the year there are displayed the old-fashioned favourites—the pansies and big red daisies, the primulas and polyanthuses, the foxgloves and columbines, the peonies, the daffodils, the wallflowers and hollyhocks, the sweet-williams, the stocks and Canterbury bells, geraniums and fuchsias, tulips and hyacinths. These are the things that grew in the old gardens in the early days when life was less of a struggle, and away yonder in the country where it seems to them now, all was so placid and so pleasant. There are sentimental associations gathered about these old flowers, and it is very difficult to establish anything fresh in favour with a certain class of flower-buyers.—*Leisure Hour.*

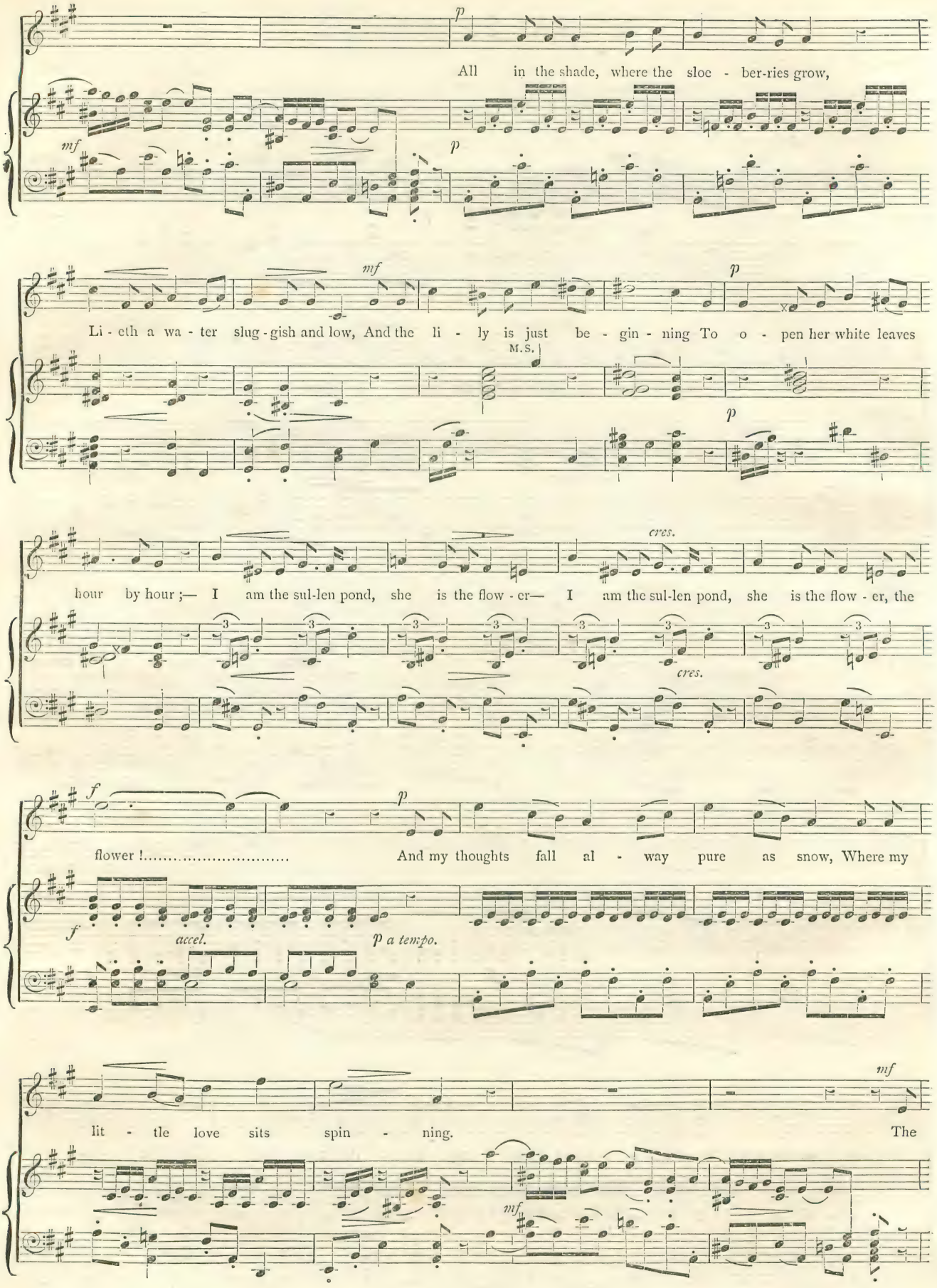
WORTH THINKING OF.—Four things come not back—the spoken word, the sped arrow, the past life, and the neglected opportunity.

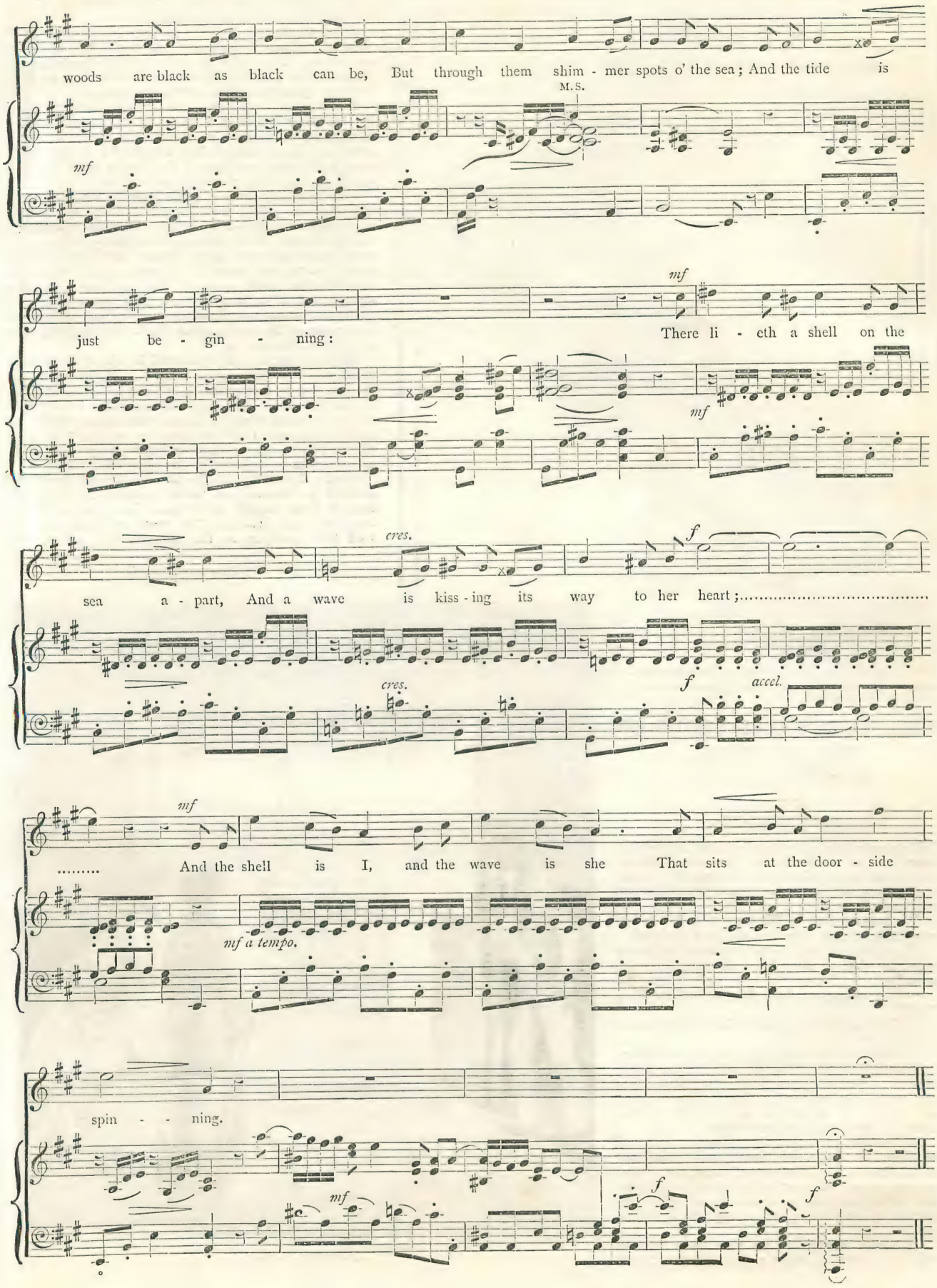
WHAT IS A BORE?—A bore is a person who spends so much time talking about herself that you can't talk about yourself.

MONA SPINNING.

Words by ALICE CARY. *Music by* MARY CARMICHAEL.




All in the shade, where the sloe - ber-ries grow,
Li - eth a wa - ter slug - gish and low, And the li - ly is just be - gin - ning To o - pen her white leaves
M.S.
hour by hour ;— I am the sul-len pond, she is the flow - er— I am the sul-len pond, she is the flow - er, the
flower !..... And my thoughts fall al - way pure as snow, Where my
accel.
a tempo.
lit - tle love sits spin - ning. The


woods are black as black can be, But through them shim - mer spots o' the sea; And the tide is
M.S.
mf
just be - gin - ning:
There li - eth a shell on the
mf
mf
cres.
f
sea a - part, And a wave is kiss - ing its way to her heart;.....
cres.
f
accel.
mf
..... And the shell is I, and the wave is she That sits at the door - side
mf a tempo.
spin - - ning.
mf
f
f

THE "GIRL'S OWN" TOUR OF THE COLONIES.

By EMMA BREWER.

NEW ZEALAND.

We go on board the "Girl's Own," which has been lying at anchor in the Derwent Harbour, and as she moves slowly out towards the ocean, we look our last on the lovely and peaceful island of Tasmania.

We have no time for idle regrets, and therefore resolutely turn our faces towards New Zealand.

We collect on deck, as is our custom when we want to chat or study, and the questions go round—

"Who among us have friends in New Zealand?"

"Who can give us any definite information about it?"

To which many a cry rings out over the ocean, "I have;" "I can;" at the same time hands dive into pockets, and bring out letters from settlers giving interesting descriptions of their new home, or letters to be delivered in the colony if opportunities should occur.

We gather, then, that this colony is composed of three islands—North, South, and a small one called Stewart's. The first of these has a most curious shape, with peninsulas of every form and size jutting out into the ocean, thereby giving an extent of coast line quite disproportionate to its size.

It seems strange to us that these islands, which occupy so large a space in the South Pacific, should have escaped the observation of the navigators of the fifteenth century.

Some of our girls suggest that it was in consequence of their attention being absorbed in the riches of India and of the New World, while others think it was because New Zealand did not lay in their track as they made the passage to and from these quarters.

It seems to have been first discovered and peopled by the Maori* race, but the exact period of its discovery, and the origin of the Maories, are both alike enveloped in obscurity. The supposition is that they were emigrants from one of the islands in the Pacific about the beginning of the fifteenth century.

The first European who made New Zealand known to the civilised world was Jansen Tasman, the Dutch navigator, who visited it in 1642. He did not land and take possession in the name of his country, otherwise it would have belonged to the Dutch. He merely sailed along the western coast of the north island, and made acquaintance with some of the natives, whom he described as of ordinary stature, great muscular power, yellowish brown complexion, and black hair tied up on the crown of the head, as was the fashion in Java, with a large feather stuck in.

He was not at all successful in his dealings with them, which possibly accounts for the long period which elapsed before Europeans again visited the island; for it was not until 1769 that Captain Cook landed in a bay on the east coast of the northern island, which he called "Poverty Bay," because he could get no provisions there—a name, however, which the present generation object to, as being so very opposed to fact.

Cook's description of the Maories is that they were clothed in material of native manufacture, dwelt in houses, lived happily under fixed laws, and, although cannibals and heathen, they were not idolators, and that their number, as far as he could gather, was

* Pronounced *Mowri*.

A NOVEL FERRY.

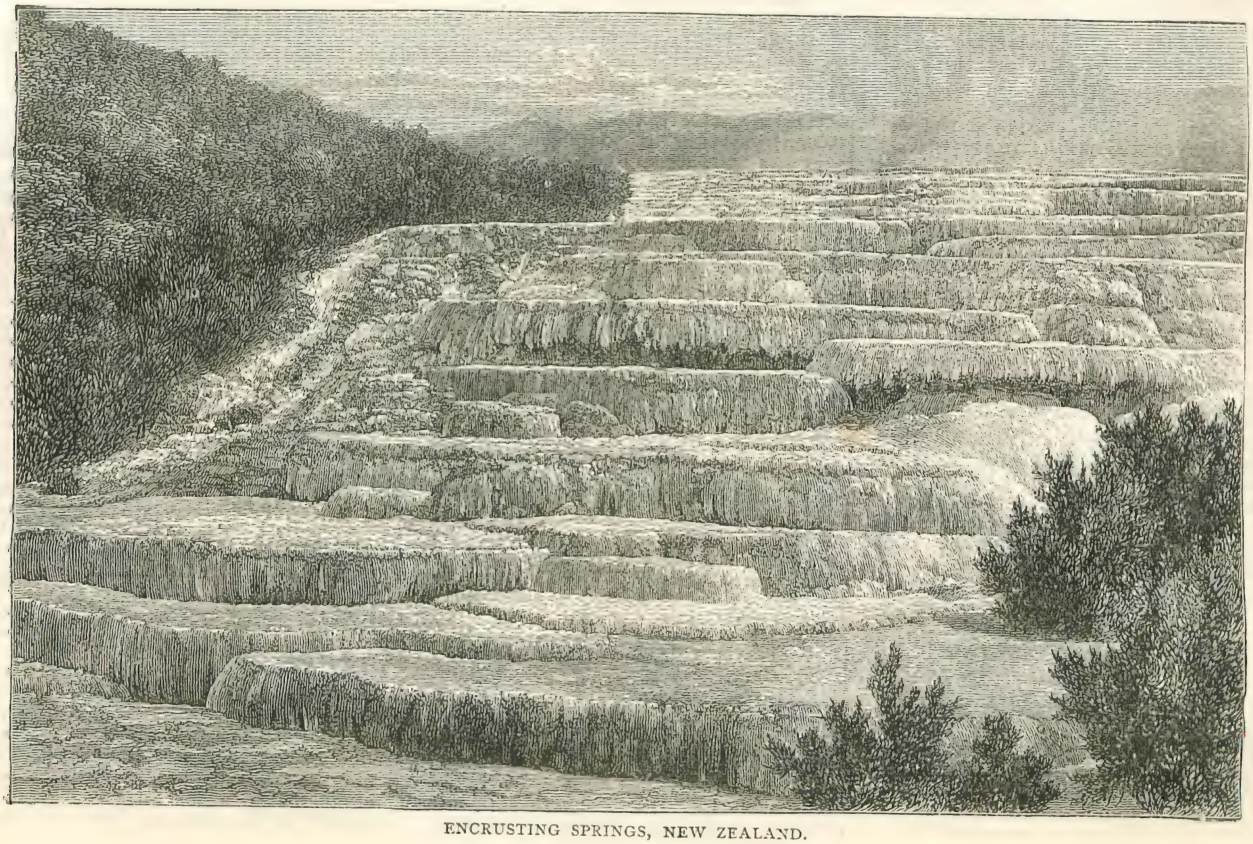
about 100,000 on the two islands, the chiefs forming one-twentieth of the whole.

Most of the troubles in New Zealand have arisen from the error of Europeans in under-rating the power, the intelligence, and the civilisation of these Maories. Intercourse with white men has influenced them greatly for good; they are richer, better educated, better merchants and farmers than in the old days, and they have so far learned to value religion, that they have themselves established a mission to send the blessings of the Gospel to neighbouring islands in the Pacific. We hope to be introduced to some of these interesting people during our stay in the northern island, and will then dot down our opinion of them.

NEW ZEALANDERS AT HOME.

We must now turn to the islands themselves, the two largest of which are separated by Cook's Straits which, at their narrowest point, are thirteen miles across. Our Captain, who has been walking up and down deck, pauses as he hears us upon the subject of Cook's Straits, and sends into his cabin for a small chart, which he opens and gives to two of the girls to hold, while the rest of us gather round. He points out the similarity of the opposite shores, the identity of structure, and the direction of the headlands, all of which he tells us give rise to the supposition that in former ages the islands were contiguous; he asks the little ones if they can see the benefit of these Straits to the inhabitants, and gets a ready answer, "Oh, yes; they make communication easy between the coasts, and prevent the necessity of going all round the Colony."

The bold rock, which we now see, is Jackson's Head at the entrance of Queen Charlotte's Sound, and gives a good idea of part of the coast line. It is always an exciting scene on deck when we draw near to a new colony; we can neither work nor read, but strain our eyes to catch the first glimpse of the port, and indulge in numberless supposi-



ENCRUSTING SPRINGS, NEW ZEALAND.

tions as to place and people. The "Girl's Own" is floating now into the magnificent harbour of Auckland, which looks like a large lake; it is crowded with ships and steamers from every part of the globe, and has a cheerful business-like air. We have no occasion to hesitate on landing, as we telegraphed for rooms before leaving Tasmania. We therefore, at once, make our way, each with bag in hand, to the Victoria Hotel, Victoria Street, where we are expected, and find all comfortable and home-like. The very fact of our being passengers in the "Girl's Own" obtains for us respect and welcome everywhere, and we have never had to complain of neglect or rough usage from any class of people; all seem glad to see us and to do what they can for our comfort. This makes us specially careful to keep up the honour of our ship, and never by word or deed to bring discredit upon it, for is it not the *Girl's very Own?*

This town of Auckland is built on the north coast of an isthmus, six miles broad, and on the south bank of the Waitemata*; it stands amid a very network of navigable waters, and the great advantage is that every settler has the sea brought conveniently to his door, or, at least, close to him by one or other of the estuaries which almost insulate the town; its wharf, substantial warehouses, public buildings and churches, together with its 31,000 inhabitants, show it to be of no small repute among the cities of New Zealand. It was formerly the chief town of the colony, and seems well suited to be the capital of a maritime nation. There is a pleasing variety of hill and dale, wood and water, and the distant view of the extinct volcanoes adds to the interest; they are about twelve miles from Auckland. Sheep now graze at their feet, and European habitations are dotted here and there on their slopes, giving signs of progress and industry; a contrast, indeed, to the view that met the eyes of the first Maori emigrants.

To enable us to travel with profit through this northern island we ought to know something of its divisions, and it will be easier for us to abide by the former arrangement of provinces rather than by the present one of counties.

First in order, then, comes Auckland, in which province we find ourselves at present; what is there to see in it? Have our girls any people or places they desire to visit? We are not left in doubt, as one after another come the answers—"*Kauri forests; Friends in the Kati-Kati settlement; Hot Lakes district; Maori villages.*" The consultation now is how to satisfy everybody; the Kauri forests will not prove a difficulty, as there are many within easy distance. The Kauri pine is a magnificent tree, which has been known to reach the height of 180 feet, and to measure fifty-one feet round the stem; it is a most useful and durable timber, of which Auckland exports £20,000 worth annually. This tree yields also a resin or gum which is found under the stem; the greater part, however, is found in swamps, which were formerly covered with these forests; the seeking for and collecting it is a special occupation of the Maories. The name by which our fathers and brothers would know this tree is "*Dammara Australis.*"

We can fulfil the three other wishes of our girls in one journey, as Kati-Kati is on the way to the Hot Lakes, where also we shall see the Maories. We take places in the coasting steamer for Taurunga Harbour, in the Bay of Plenty, for which we pay thirty shillings each. We leave Auckland at five o'clock in the evening, and sight Mercury Bay in the early morning. A few hours later we pass between the Shoe and Slipper islands, which amuse us greatly, for the shape of one is absolutely like a well-made shoe, while the other is that of one ill-made and down at heel. We get a view as we move along of some half-deserted Maori settlements, though not a glimpse of a native; and in the early afternoon we pass the mouth of the Kati-Kati River, but do not pause until, an hour later, we reach Taurunga Harbour. We at once take boats to the north entrance, where lies the district of Kati-Kati. It was to this portion of the island that, in 1876, a body of farmers, with their wives and children, came, under the pilotage of Mr. Vesey Stewart, a gentleman of position in the old country, who also brought out his wife and family. All were people of some little property, and were willing to work. They began well by bringing out a clergyman with them, and they are building schools and a church; a doctor also accompanied them, who says that the place is so horribly healthy he should starve if he could not turn his hand to something besides physic. Of course these immigrants had to rough it for a few months, living in *raupis* or native huts until they could get others built. The account they give of their success in farming is wonderful, as also the effect of the healthy climate upon the delicate members of their families. We go straight to Mr. and Mrs. Vesey Stewart, who have a beautiful house of fifteen rooms, made of wood, and who welcome us with the utmost kindness. We deliver our letter of introduction, and they at once enter into our plans, making all easy and delightful to us. We ask if they are content with their settlement, to which they reply that if people must emigrate, it is far happier for friends and acquaintances to do so in a body, and settle on a special block or district where all can work and keep up a kindly intercourse within easy distance of each other. Our host and hostess have given us the opportunity of speaking with several of the settlers, who all express themselves more than content with their new home. There is a great variety of food, fish and game being good and abundant.

"No necessity," as one of the settlers expressed it, "in this part of New Zealand to live upon damper, tea, and mutton—mutton, damper, and tea."

In passing from one farm to another we came upon a house just built by a couple of labourers, one of whom was hoping soon to marry; he came forward and said—"Won't you come in and rest a bit, ladies, and perhaps you will be so kind as to give us a hint how to make the place more comfortable for women folk. The house has cost us nothing but the timber, as we put it up ourselves in spare time." He was very pleased when we expressed our conviction that the *women folk* would be more than content with the house and garden.

In the quiet of the evening we heard a good deal about the Maories from our host, who has constant communication with them. He says they are quiet, inoffensive, and exceedingly hospitable, and that the chiefs are so truthful he would rather rely upon their promise than many a white man's bond. As illustrative of their home life, he related that one dark, rainy night he and a half-caste were fifty miles from home, and had lost the horse-track; in this dilemma they heard a distant barking of a dog, and at once sang out a "loé, loé," which was replied to; in a short time two native women came out in the pouring rain to meet them, and by occasionally striking a light on a dry pitch torch, guided them to the settlement. Wet through and almost starving, they were received in the *raupo wharé*, belonging to the chief. This room was about thirty feet long and twenty broad, and on the clean, new mats round the sides sat between twenty and thirty natives of both sexes and of all ages, chatting and smoking. As soon as he and the half-caste had replaced their wet clothes by dry ones from their saddle-packs, supper was brought in, consisting of pork chops, lobsters, fried potatoes with onions, bread, and tea with sugar, but no milk. At eleven o'clock all rose, and the visitors went to rest in the same apartment as the old chief, his wife and child, their beds consisting of new mats, pillows of their own saddles turned up, and coverings of new blankets. Our host relates that to his surprise he heard a bell ring at eight o'clock the next morning, and gradually the large room filled with natives, who assembled for morning prayer. The chief read a chapter from one of the Epistles, after which he chanted a Psalm, in which all joined, the whole being done with the utmost reverence. He spent two or three days in this settlement, and every morning and evening the bell rang for prayers, which were attended with regularity and devotion.

Before starting for the Hot Lakes it was suggested that we should be provided with horses, and ride to one of the native settlements on the Stewart district. On arriving we are fortunate enough to find a native parliament sitting upon the land question; the chief speaks with fluency and force, and we gather that the Maories have in their possession still much land, greatly more than they can ever occupy, and they make money by selling and letting to the Government and to colonists. As soon as the consultation was brought to a close, we were introduced to them, much to our mutual delight. The young girls are pretty and attractive, and we soon made friends; they looked at our dress and noted its make; they were delighted with our sketch book, and one and all required some little drawing; they literally pelted us with questions about our dear Queen Victoria. "Had we seen her? Did we wear her likeness? How did she dress? Did she always wear a crown? What was her palace like?" When all these were answered, to our surprise they said, "We must love her better than you English girls. You could not help being her subjects, but we choose her voluntarily for our queen!" Some of us were inclined to be angry, but a look from the older ones prevented any such exhibition, and one said aloud, "We love her too much to be vexed at you for thinking you love her best." And now it is our turn to question, "What is that barn-like building standing on posts in the centre of the settlement?" The answer came with a laugh at our ignorance, "That is our town larder, a larder for the whole community; everything is common. The young men are often absent in the bush digging for gum and providing for us the means of buying groceries; the old men go fishing, and we women and girls plant vegetables, and thus there is always enough in the larder for the entertainment of visitors and strangers." They invited us to partake of food, consisting of game, pork chops, potatoes, bread and tea, beautifully prepared and served on a white table-cloth. They presented us with the photographs of their chiefs, which had lately been taken by the New Zealand Survey Department, in remembrance of our visit to the settlement. On mentioning to them our proposed journey to the Hot Lakes, they promise to meet us at Ohinemutu and go with us to the places of interest. And at the close of this happy day we say "good-bye," and return with Mr. and Mrs. Vesey Stewart to their home.

The next morning we set off, as proposed, by coach from Taurunga to Ohinemutu, a distance of some forty miles; it is thought on the whole to be a good road, but the eighteen miles through the Oropi bush nearly shook us to pieces. We quite sympathised with a lady who said, "It is a good thing I have neither false teeth nor false hair, for surely this jolting

* *Wai* signifies "waters," and is constantly met with in names of places and rivers in New Zealand.

would scatter them all to the winds." We arrive safely at our journey's end, where we find our Maori friends with several others—such bright, handsome girls, who wish us to be their guests for the short time we are able to stay. This, perhaps, is the most wonderful of all the places we have visited. It is a famous old Maori settlement, on the shores of Lake Rotorua, and is the centre of hot springs; indeed, the whole district seems to be steaming, and requires the greatest caution to move about. One of us thrust accidentally an umbrella into the ground, and out came a jet of steam immediately, which greatly startled us. It seems scarcely credible, yet so it is, that this village, in which the Maories have lived for so many generations, is built upon a mere crust of soil and rock roofing over an immense boiler. The boiling springs and hot mud baths, which are very numerous, have a wide reputation for their healing virtues, and the Government analyst says, "It is hardly possible to overestimate their valuable curative properties, and the wide range in their character." Our Maori friends ask us if we should like to go with them, and help to prepare the dinner, to which we reply that nothing would please us better. So off we go to the common larder, and take out fish, potatoes, and the never-failing pork chops, and with these walk on, as we suppose, to the kitchen, but we find that there is neither kitchen nor kitchen fire in the community. The Maori girls laugh, but will not tell us how we are to cook the food, until at length they pause before a boiling spring, and say, "*Here is our kitchen.*" We watch them while they place the fish in one flax basket, and the potatoes in another, and hang them up in the boiling spring. They next make a shallow hole in the ground, in which they place the pork chops, and beg us to cover them with fern and earth to keep the steam in, our ejaculations during the whole process greatly amusing them, and it is in a bright cheery way they say, "While these are cooking, will you come and see our laundry?" Of course it is to another spring we are taken, the water of which is soft and warm, and alkaline; no soap nor soda is therefore required. We could not resist taking out our pockethandkerchiefs, and washing them, just to try the effect. A lather was produced at once, and the sensation of washing in the spring most agreeable.

We now hurry back to the kitchen, and find everything cooked to perfection. In setting forth the advantages of Ohinemutu as a place for immigrants, it would not be amiss to mention that here *washing and cooking are made easy*.

Our next step is a paddle of six miles in a native canoe and a walk of two, just to get a view of the white and pink terraces. We never thought to see anything so exquisite; words fail us when we try to convey to our friends at home what the sight is, and if Miss Gordon Cumming will allow us to use her words we shall be thankful to her. She says: "It is a fairy city of lace carved in pure white marble; a hundred waterfalls suddenly frozen and fringed with icicles. On every side lay craters in which masses of thick, boiling mud are slowly upheaved, rising and falling with a dull, muffled gurgle." The native girls amused us on the return journey by telling us exquisite fairy tales in connection with the lake over which we were sailing.

The time has come when we must take our farewell of these kind and hospitable natives, and make arrangements for returning to Auckland City. We are to go to the National Hotel, Cambridge, a distance of seventy miles, with horses and guides; from thence to Hamilton by coach, and then by train to Auckland.

At present the North Island Railways are in half a dozen sections, which will, however, in a short time be connected. Fellow-travellers tell us that a main trunk railway is greatly wanted from Wellington to Taranaki, Napier, and Auckland, which would open up some of the finest land in the whole colony.

Besides Auckland, which is the northern province, there is that of Hawke's Bay, in the east, well suited for agricultural and pastoral purposes; Taranaki, in the east, with so fine a soil, scenery, and climate that it is called the Garden of New Zealand; and Wellington, in the south, a grazing province, its chief town being the seat of Government, whither our good ship is about to convey us. After a short and pleasant trip, we arrive at the spacious and land-locked harbour of Wellington, which forms a safe retreat from the heavy gales frequent in the Straits. This city was founded in 1840, and lies on the west of the harbour; it is a place of considerable commercial importance, as its shipping, wharves, shops, hotels, and public buildings prove.

The demand here is very great for skilled labour, trade being retarded by the scarcity of capable hands. The Wellingtonian settlers are earnestly desiring that Government immigration may be re-inaugurated, and the labour market supplemented by supplies from home. We have but a short time to look about us, but we go to the Government House to leave cards, and are greatly pleased with it. It is a most imposing building, but it is only of wood, in which it agrees with most of the other buildings in the city. The reason of this mode of construction is the liability of the district to earthquakes. The prospect from Government House embracing sea, forest, and mountain, is extremely picturesque. We hurry down to the harbour, and again go on board the "Girl's Own," which is to convey us to Lyttelton, the port of the Province of Canterbury. Its harbour is surrounded by picturesque hills, and the neat, well-built town stands on the sloping side of one of them. On landing we go to the station, and take tickets for Christchurch, which is seven miles distant on the other side of an almost perpendicular hill. Trains run every hour in about twenty-five minutes; second-class fare one shilling and twopence. We are greatly pleased with Christchurch, which is one of the prettiest and most agreeable townships in New Zealand. It is a model of neatness; its streets are broad, its churches and houses are, as a rule, built of wood, which to us always look quaint and colonial like. It is built in the centre of an extensive plain, hemmed in almost entirely by mountains; near by runs the Avon, and for miles round one sees the most beautiful pasture land divided into well kept farms. The schools here are so good as to have gained quite a colonial reputation. We have made inquiries as to the need of girls' work in Christchurch, and we find that if girls and women will take domestic service instead of seeking for what is called ladylike occupation, they must prosper, for good domestic servants are greatly wanted, are highly prized, and well paid. In addition to a good home, a girl receives from £30 to £40 a year. Surely this is worth considering. Land in this province is dear; that is to say, never less than £12 per acre, which accounts for the Government still having much in their hands. In order to economise time, we go to the Christchurch railway station, which is well built and elegant, and take return second-class tickets for Dunedin,* the distance between the two towns being 230 miles. Our tickets cost £2 17s. 6d. each. This town is the capital of Otago, the richest province in New Zealand, the chief products of which are gold and wool.

Thirty years ago Dunedin contained only 150 houses, constructed of wood and clay, and roofed with shingle; the streets were neither gravelled, drained, nor lighted. There was a Scotch kirk, a manse, and a school-house, for the settlers were most of them from Scotland. It has now the reputation of being the handsomest and best built town in the colony. Its position is very good; it stands at the head of the harbour, and stretches for some distance inland. Lofty hills form the background of town and harbour, and are wooded to the summits; the soil is rich, dark, vegetable mould, several feet deep. There seems to be no poverty here; everybody lives well. There is the same earnest desire for good women servants here as elsewhere; the complaint is that just as a household is well suited with a good girl, she leaves it to take a home of her own. We should like to have gone to the goldfields, which lie 345 miles west of Dunedin, but time will not permit.

We shall have many an interesting tale to tell on our return of the lives and homes of the settlers; how by persistent labour, temperate habits, and the blessing of God, they have been raised from pauperism to independence and self-respect. We are compelled to hurry back to Christchurch, as we greatly desire to cross the island to Hokitika,* the distance between the two towns of 150 miles being traversed by coach daily. The first thing we do is to secure places and hear something about the journey. We shall have to pass over what are known as the Southern Alps, which contain some of the wildest and grandest mountain scenery in the world. Between the fertile plains of Canterbury, which reach to the foot of the Alps, and Hokitika, is a distance of seventy miles, and it is about midway that the coach winds twelve miles through the Otira Valley, overshadowed by *Arthur's Pass*. The road round the sides of the cliffs was formed by the New Zealand Government. We were told before starting to keep our nerves under control, and we laughed at the advice; but when we saw the coach winding at acute angles through the defile, which is neither fenced nor otherwise protected, we held our breath for fear. A false step on the part of the driver would have been sufficient to send both coach and passengers down a precipice of 500 feet. We were all thankful when the journey was over, although the wild beauty of the scenery and the Alpine flowers would, we think, be sufficient inducement to take it again.

The traffic on this mountain pass, dangerous as it is, is very great, for nearly all the west coast towns are supplied with live stock from Canterbury, and they are driven along this road without much loss or inconvenience.

In moving northward from Hokitika, we reach the Teramakau River, which is not large in summer months; but in winter, or after heavy rains, the neighbouring country is flooded, and in order to cross it a wire train has been constructed.

It will be seen how we passed over by the sketch one of the girls has taken. It is worked by means of wire ropes, and is said to be much safer than a ferry-boat.

From here we move northward to *Nelson*, where the "Girl's Own" is waiting for us, and as we pass through the hop gardens, it reminds us of Kent and home. The district has many coal mines, besides being rich in other minerals, and the town itself, which is famous for the beauty of its surroundings, pleases us greatly. The hill sides are dotted about with villas and gardens, and there is an air of industry and success about the place.

In taking leave of New Zealand, one of our most valuable colonies and a standing record of the benefit of missionary labour, we are naturally sad, for we cannot tell whether the

* Dunedin is the Celtic name for Edinburgh.

* The chief town of the Province of Westland.

"Girl's Own" is to take us direct to London, or whether it will touch at other possessions on our way home, and so we sit down on this our last evening in Nelson, and occupy ourselves by gathering up the threads of knowledge and experience and arrange them into something like order.

The blessings of civil and religious liberty, the absence of persecution and slavery, the abundant means of education, the numerous and beautiful places of worship, the many hospitals and charitable institutions in our colonies prove them to be real children of the home country; and if any desire to know how intense is the love of home, country, and kindred in the hearts of our colonists, let them visit them as we have done, and watch how it animates them to acts of constant self-denial and in their daily struggles for independence.

We have put the question to many, How, with this love so strong in their hearts, they could have left the old home? The answers have varied. In some the motive-power was the longing to avoid pauperism and obtain independence for themselves and families; in others it was the desire to be rich; in many the love of adventure; but whatever the motives, the results have been beneficial not only to those who went out from among us, but to those also who stayed at home. We are no longer mere islanders, with limited views and thoughts, and contracted ideas, but subjects of a great Empire, "whose branches and roots extend to the uttermost parts of the earth."

The colonies are a glory and a blessing to Great Britain; they add to her wealth and strength; they maintain her Empire on the seas, and they raise up for our Queen stalwart, courageous, and loving sons and daughters, on whom she may safely rely. And this is not all; with God's blessing on our colonies, they will prove the instruments of establishing peace, extending civilisation, and spreading the knowledge of the Gospel throughout the length and breadth of the earth.

MY BROTHER'S FRIEND.

By EGLANTON THORNE, Author of "The Old Worcester Jug," etc.

CHAPTER XI.
AT BEECHWOOD.

EARLY in August Edmund came to Weylea. A gentleman visitor had become quite a rarity at Mrs. Lyell's, and I was amused at the fuss which all the household made about his coming and the number of questions that were put to me concerning my brother's tastes and habits. How I counted upon the few days that Edmund would spend with me! There was a little difficulty in fixing the date, for Ralph Dugdale wanted my brother to pass from Weylea to Beechwood. Beechwood Hall was always full of visitors in the summer, so Edmund had to study the Dugdales' convenience in arranging the time of his visit.

Nothing had given me more pleasure in looking forward to Edmund's coming than the thought that I should be able to make him acquainted with Leonard Glynne; but, to my vexation, circumstances decreed otherwise. The days Edmund finally fixed for his visit were just those during which Leonard would be absent from Weylea, having promised to go to Bournemouth at that time to attend the wedding of a cousin. He seemed no less vexed than I when we found that he would miss Edmund. Leonard had been very kind to me during the weeks that had passed. He had helped me through many arithmetical difficulties since the evening when he discovered me hopelessly crying over my hard sum, and, thanks to his assistance, I had taken a good place in the examination to which Mr. Oesten subjected his pupils at the close of the term. It used to amuse Mrs. Lyell to see us sitting side by side and working away at our sums. I fancied she was glad we were such good friends. Sweet to me were the hours thus spent. Though subject to fluctuations, the happiness I had gained on that Friday evening remained with me.

It made my heart ache to see how pale and haggard Edmund looked. My anxiety was ever on the look out for signs of ill-health in him, and it needed not Mrs. Lyell's gentle, "My dear, your brother looks far from strong," to set it on the alert. There was another change I noted in Edmund; he seemed scarcely in his usual spirits. The cheerfulness with which he greeted me had rather a forced appearance.

"Edmund," I said to him, as soon as we were alone, walking round the garden together, "how about the scholarship? Do you think you have a good chance of it?"

"Oh, that is all over," he said, rather impatiently.

"Of course the examination is over," I said, "but you do not yet know the result?"

"Yes, it is known," he said, shortly. "Shrimpton has the scholarship."

"Oh, Edmund! then you have lost it?" I cried, in dismay.

"Naturally I have lost it since he has gained it. Don't look so amazed, Dorothy; I always told you it was very doubtful if I got it."

"But I had made up my mind that you would; I did not think anyone could beat you. Was it because of the time you lost in the spring?"

"Perhaps; I don't know. Anyhow, I came out below Shrimpton."

"What a pity, to be sure! And after your working so hard!"

"Pooh! I did not work so very hard."

"You worked hard enough to make yourself look very thin and worn. I am distressed to see you looking so."

"Oh, nonsense! Don't bother me about my looks, Dorothy, for goodness' sake!"

I was wounded by the impatience with which he spoke. I had expected my brother to make much of me under the circumstances in which we met, but it was not Edmund's way to be demonstrative. Moreover, I could see that he was out of spirits and absorbed in his own affairs. Alas! mine was not the self-forgetful love that can give true sympathy. I was annoyed that Edmund asked me no question about my own studies. I wanted to tell him the story of my troubles with my sums and the help Leonard Glynne had given me, but somehow I found it difficult to talk about Leonard. Presently Edmund said, carelessly—

"What sort of a fellow is that nephew of Mrs. Lyell's?"

"He is very nice," I said, in an indifferent tone; but my heart beat more quickly as I spoke. Edmund was satisfied with my vague reply. He asked no more about Leonard Glynne.

After a minute, he said, "I tell you what, Dottie, I think I shall walk over to Beechwood to-morrow morning, if you don't mind; I want to see Ralph."

"Very well," I said, rather coldly, for in truth I did mind.

I did not like to lose Edmund's company on the first morning after his arrival. I had thought to have him to myself on the whole of the following day. Happily, I had sufficient good sense to keep my disappointment to myself.

The next morning Edmund asked me if I would not accompany him to Beechwood Hall; but my foolish shyness made me shrink from visiting the Dugdales. I agreed, however, to walk as far as the gates with Edmund. On the way I told him of my previous walk to Beechwood and my undignified encounter with the little lady in widow's mourning. Edmund seemed much interested in my account.

"That must have been Mrs. West, Ralph's only sister," he said. "Did you notice her particularly? She is a charming little woman, and so good."

"Little she certainly is," I said; "I never saw a smaller, more compact little

body. I remember that her eyes struck me; they were so kind, and yet so sad. So she is a widow?"

"Yes," said Edmund, in a low tone, "her husband died when they had been married but a few weeks. She mourned him deeply, Ralph says, and yet she is by no means melancholy. It is wonderful how bright she is—quite the life of the house."

Edmund's account of Mrs. West interested me so, that I was rather pleased when, on returning from his visit, he said to me—

"The Dugdales have asked me to go to them on Saturday for a week, and they want you to come, too."

"Me! Oh, Edmund!"

"Yes, you. Here, Mrs. Dugdale has written you a note, so you see I am not romancing."

I took the note. It was simple and kind. It made me believe that my company was really desired, and, as Mrs. Lyell urged me to go, I very willingly sat down to write an acceptance.

When Saturday came Mrs. Lyell sent us over to Beechwood in her carriage. We arrived there about four o'clock on a perfect afternoon. We drove up the long avenue and through the small square garden in front of the house to a flight of stone steps, above which was a heavy oaken door. The door was quickly opened to us by a man-servant in quiet livery; we entered a large, square hall with a polished oaken floor and richly-carved wainscot. But before I had time to look round a little figure came out of one of the rooms, and, taking me by both hands, said, in warm tones—

"How do you do, Miss Carmichael? I am so glad you have come. Your brother has often spoken to me of you, and now at last I have the pleasure of seeing you."

So Edmund spoke of me to people whom I did not know! That was quite a new idea to me, and one for which I was hardly prepared. But I could not be sorry that Mrs. West had heard of me. How kind she was! There was a peculiar intensity in the gaze of her clear, grey eyes, and yet I did not shrink from them. I had never before seen such truthful yet such sweet eyes. It was with a sense of deep satisfaction that I returned the pressure of her hand. I felt that here was a sister woman whom I could thoroughly trust. Since there can hardly be trust without love, I suppose that I loved her from that moment.

"You are very kind; it is a great pleasure for me to come," was all I could manage to say, however.

"Why, surely I have seen you before?" she said, as she looked at me earnestly. "Where have we met?"

"Don't you remember how I ran against you and nearly knocked you down one day just inside your gates? It was the day after my arrival at Weylea, and my curiosity concerning the outside of Beechwood Hall led me to act the part of trespasser, I am sorry to say."

"Oh, yes, I remember perfectly now! I wondered so who you were. But don't say you are sorry. I only wish you had had equal curiosity concerning the inside of our home and it had led you to pay us a visit. I wish I had known sooner that you were in the neighbourhood."

"I should think you had most cause to be sorry," remarked Edmund, drily; "it is no joke to have an ethereal being like Dorothy come blundering up against you."

"For shame, Mr. Carmichael!" she cried, turning upon him with affected indignation; "we'll have no brotherly compliments, if you please. Ah! here comes Ralph. I consign you to him for correction."

Ralph Dugdale came running down the broad oaken staircase. He carried under his arm a lovely King Charles spaniel, which he hastily deposited on the mat ere he shook hands with me. Then I found myself meeting again the kind, merry eyes that had surprised me weeping in solitude on the eve of Mabel's wedding day. Like his sister's, they had a very searching, earnest glance; but there was no sadness in them, as in hers.

"Well, Miss Carmichael!" he said, gaily, "are you satisfied with the way in which I have fulfilled my trust?"

"What trust?" I asked, with wonder.

"Can you have forgotten it? And all these months I have been striving so hard to take good care of your brother, as I promised to do!"

"Oh, I remember now!" I said, laughing. "Thank you very much. I am sure you have done all that you could, though I must confess Edmund looked to me wretchedly white and thin when he arrived at Mrs. Lyell's."

"Did he? Well, you see, Cambridge is not the place where a man fattens, as a rule. We take a serious view of life there, and live abstemiously, in order to get as much work as possible out of our brains. Fish and marmalade form the chief items of our diet when we are working for exams. But what has this fellow been doing now? I thought you said something about correction, Grace."

"He has been making rude insinuations respecting his sister," said Mrs. West, mischievously.

"The thankless wretch! He deserves at least 'social ostracism,' to quote an extraordinary phrase I heard a lady use the other day. I have not the least idea what she meant by it, and I don't think she had much, but it must mean something dreadful."

"Ralph, beware! You now are offending against our sex!" said his sister.

"I! Indeed, you mistake me. I have the greatest reverence for all fair ladies. Miss Carmichael, I see you are looking at my dog. Allow me to introduce Master Prince. He is worthy of the honour, although he has rather a capricious temper, and will not always treat my friends with due respect. Ah, I see he is going to take to you."

"He knows that I am fond of dogs," I said, bending to stroke Prince's long, silky ears. "And he is a beauty, a real beauty!"

"Ah, he will be sure to like you if you talk to him like that. Prince is as vain as any——oh! I forgot; it won't do to say woman. Now, Grace, I did not say it."

"You dare not, sir. You know well that masculine vanity is a far heavier and more dangerous quality than woman's. Come, Miss Carmichael, shall we go upstairs?"

I followed her as she led the way to my room. In doing so I noted that there was nothing to betoken widowhood in her indoor dress. Her black gown was of some thin, gauzy material, suitable to the warm day, and devoid of crape, whilst no cap hid the abundant coils of her bright, chestnut hair. Observing these things, I came to the conclusion that some years had passed since her husband died.

I was not long in my room, for having only driven from Weylea, it was not necessary to make any change in my dress. When I was ready Mrs. West took me into the garden, where, on a long, narrow lawn, overhung by some splendid beeches, sat Mr. and Mrs. Dugdale, surrounded by what seemed to me at first to be a large party of guests. Mrs. Dugdale looked very picturesque sitting there. She had an abundance of snowy hair gracefully arranged under a lace cap, which gave her a charming appearance. I thought at first that she must be very old, but when I approached her I saw that her face was that of a woman hardly more than fifty, and her eyes were as clear and bright as her daughter's.

She welcomed me with a motherly warmth, which set me at once at my ease. Ralph placed a chair for me in the shade, and hastened to fetch me some of the tea which the servants were dispensing. He stood beside me whilst I drank it, protecting me from Prince's importunities, he said, for Prince showed a great desire to share my piece of cake, and his master held him in check, partly by homilies on the sin of greediness, delivered with a sternness of manner and solemnity of tone, which made the dog slink off a few paces with his tail significantly lowered, and partly by liberal largess of cake.

Afterwards Ralph and I had a walk round the garden—such a quaint, delightful garden, not straight and orderly, like Mrs. Lyell's, but with shaded walks, where the trees met overhead, hidden alcoves, and a winding maze-like rosary, with which I was charmed. When we went indoors Mrs. West took me all round the house, that I might feel at home in it, she said. It was a fine old house, dating from early in the seventeenth century, and I enjoyed making the tour of it, and was especially interested in the long left corridor, where the traditional ghost was said to perambulate.

"Your room is not far off. I hope you will not be afraid of seeing the ghost," said Mrs. West.

"Oh, no," I said, "I should never be afraid of ghosts here. The atmosphere of your home is too cheerful for such gloomy visitants. You are all too good and kind."

Grace, for so I soon learned to call her, smiled and looked pleased at my impulsive speech.

"You are right," she said; "love and cheerfulness make a good prescription for laying ghosts. It is the melancholy and conscience-stricken who see them."

When the dinner hour approached there was quite a large party gathered in the drawing-room—a wide and lofty apartment with a painted ceiling, and on the walls many rare pictures by old masters.

I was glad it was Ralph Dugdale who took me down to dinner, for I felt rather shy of the guests, although they had received me very pleasantly. They seemed to be highly-cultivated people, some of them literary and scientific workers, and the tone of their conversation was rather beyond me. But though I could not take part in it, I enjoyed listening to the bright, clever talk, which, although not lacking humour, never degenerated into mere trivialities or personal gossip. And when I needed a word of explanation Ralph Dugdale never failed to give it. His pleasant little "asides" kept me from experiencing any sense of isolation. Whilst I was made conscious of my ignorance, Edmund was in his element. I was proud of the part my brother sustained in the conversation. He spoke modestly, yet decidedly, and so to the point that the older men seemed to listen to him with satisfaction. A subject was introduced which gave rise to considerable discussion. I remember well the side Edmund took. He supported certain views expressed by Mrs. West, and argued for them with such feeling and earnestness that I saw her face light up with pleasure as she listened to him. My brother wore a new aspect to me that evening. I had always admired him and believed in him with all my heart, but now I perceived in him a power, a goodness, which I had not suspected.

The next day was Sunday—a quiet, peaceful Sunday. Morning and evening we attended the picturesque old church standing in a bend of the beech-shaded road, with the green churchyard about it, through which a common footpath made a short cut to the village. Many of the tombstones within the enclosure were grey and moss-grown, but as we walked up the path to the porch I saw to the right a handsome slab of polished granite, which could not have been erected many years. On the well-turfed mound below lay a wreath exquisitely wrought with white roses and jessamine. "Arthur West" was the name upon the stone. As it met my eye I knew why Grace had started for church some time before the rest of us.

My thoughts often wandered to Weylea during the course of that day. Leonard Glynne was expected to return on the previous evening. I pictured him pacing the garden alone on this Sunday afternoon, and smiled to myself with a delightful consciousness that he would miss me and desire my presence. I did not regret my absence; I liked the idea of his missing me. I had passed many long and lonely hours, vainly wishing that he would come; it pleased me to fancy that perhaps he would now experience the same.

"Miss Carmichael," said Ralph Dugdale to me the next morning, soon after breakfast, "are you fond of riding?"

The question took me by surprise somehow, and I felt myself colouring as I answered that there was nothing I enjoyed more.

"But you must not suppose that Dorothy is much of a horse-woman," my brother felt himself called upon to say. "She has never ridden anything better than a lazy old pony."

"So much for your knowledge, Ted," I retorted. "Since I came to Weylea I have mounted a far different sort of steed."

"Why, what do you mean? You have not ridden since you left home?"

"Indeed I have. You remember the lovely horse I showed you in Mrs. Lyell's stables? I have ridden him. Mr. Glynne took me for a ride one day."

"What! have you ridden that high-bred creature? I did not think you were capable of it, Dottie. You are more accomplished than I gave you credit for. Why have you not told me of this before?"

"I don't know," I replied, colouring hopelessly, and lowering my eyes with a dreadful feeling that I had betrayed my secret to everyone present; but I don't think anyone but Grace noticed my confusion.

When I looked up again I caught her eyes scanning my countenance with an inquiring expression. Edmund had too often laughed at me for my trick of blushing on the least provocation to attach any importance to my blushes now.

"If you have ridden that splendid animal of Glynne's, Miss Carmichael, I fear you will not think much of any mount our stables can afford," said Ralph Dugdale; "but if you are willing to try an inferior beast we might have a ride to-day. What do you say, Grace?"

"Oh, I shall be delighted, if Dorothy would like it," was her reply.

Of course, I could make but one response to that. The morning threatened to be very hot, so it was settled that we should not start for our ride before four o'clock.

Though Ralph depreciated its merits, it was a very good horse that I rode, and the ride was very pleasant, though I did not, of course, enjoy it as I had enjoyed the first ride I took along that road.

We had made a long round, and were returning by the London road, Ralph and I leading, Grace and Edmund a few paces behind, when I saw coming towards us from the direction of Weylea a solitary rider. Not for an instant did I wonder who it was who rode with such graceful ease, nor fail to recognise the steed which was advancing with such swift, splendid action.

A thrill passed through me from head to foot, my heart fluttered strangely, my hand nervously jerked the bridle, making my horse sway to one side. Then an evil spirit of coquetry awoke within me. I would show Leonard that he was not the only gentleman who was pleased to ride with me and with whom I could enjoy a ride; so I turned to Ralph with a playful remark. He replied to it laughingly, his merry eyes flashing their fun into mine. We continued our bantering talk, I appearing unaware of Leonard's approach till Leonard was close upon us. Then Ralph said, "Why, here is your friend, Mr. Glynne."

"My friend!" The word thrilled me with a sense of its deep truth. I looked then. Leonard reined in his horse slightly as he approached us. I saw his face flush as he recognised me; but the next moment it grew pale and hard. He did not smile as he lifted his hat; at the same instant he touched his horse with his spurs, and Ariel flew past us like the wind.

"Mr. Glynne must have wanted you to observe his horse's speed," remarked Ralph Dugdale. "I meant to speak to him, but he evidently did not think it worth while to spoil his canter for the sake of greeting us."

I made a careless reply, but in truth I was deeply wounded. The enjoyment of the ride was over. I wished I had not come out. It seemed more than I could bear, this cruel indifference from one who had made me believe that at least he was my friend.

Then I remembered my refusal to ride with him, and my tacit assent to Mrs. Lyell's assertion that riding was not a desirable accomplishment for women. Since that day Leonard had not asked me to ride. No doubt he was annoyed to find how hollow an excuse I had framed, as it appeared that I had no objection to riding with Ralph Dugdale. He was angry with me. My spirits revived at the thought. His anger was easier to bear than his indifference.

But I did not recover the good spirits with which I had started for the ride. I was so quiet that evening that Grace asked me if I were not very tired. "I am afraid we took you too far," she said; "we forgot you were not used to such exercise." I was not sorry she should think I was tired. Pleasant as it was to be with the Dugdales, I found myself longing for the end of the week to come when I should return to Weylea. I wanted to see Leonard again, and assure myself that his anger was only momentary.

When our visit to Beechwood ended, Edmund was going to Burford to be Mabel's guest during the remainder of his vacation. Mabel had invited me to accompany him, but I had refused, although Edmund wished me to go. It was seldom I could resist my brother's persuasions, but on this occasion I firmly, I may say stubbornly, refused to stay at The Towers.

"You may be that man's guest if you like, Edmund," I said, "but I will not. I cannot forget, if you can, how he cheated us out of our share in the business."

"Cheating is rather a strong word, Dottie," said Edmund; "Steinthorpe did nothing illegal. After all, there is a good deal to be said for him."

"Then please do not say it, for I would rather not hear it," said I, perversely.

Naturally my refusal to go to her house offended Mabel. It was clear, she

wrote, that I had ceased to care much for her, and took little interest in my baby nephew, who was growing such a lovely boy. I scarcely troubled to contradict this statement, and so the breach between me and my sister widened. Perhaps, without knowing it, I was growing indifferent towards Mabel, for my own life and the possibilities of my future had a very absorbing interest for me just then, making me forget the claims of the past upon me.

It happened on the last day of my stay at Beechwood Hall that some acquaintances living at Weylea drove over to make a morning call on the Dugdales. Mrs. Dugdale was out, and Grace and I were about to start for a walk when they arrived, so she took me with her into the drawing-room to receive Mrs. Vaughan and her two daughters. The girls were about my age, and two of the greatest chatterboxes I ever met with. Although I was a stranger to them, they rattled away as fast as possible, saying, as it seemed to me, the first thing that came uppermost, retailing all the gossip of the neighbourhood without the least doubt of its being acceptable, and not seldom both speaking at once. For a while I listened to them with much amusement, till suddenly the elder one turned to Grace, interrupting her conversation with Mrs. Vaughan by the question—

"Oh, Mrs. West! can you tell me when Rose Carsdale is coming home?"

"I am sorry I cannot," said Grace, smiling; "I have but the slightest acquaintance with Miss Carsdale."

"Oh, what a pity!" exclaimed the girl. "She is so nice—most lovely, I call her. With that exquisite golden hair of hers she looks quite a picture."

"Everyone admires her," chimed in the sister.

"Yes, and she always dresses so beautifully," continued the first speaker. "She seems to know by instinct just what will suit her, or is it that she looks lovely in anything? I don't know, I am sure. Some people call her a flirt, but I don't think she is. Of course, she can't help gentlemen admiring her. And some say she is affected, but then people are so ill-natured. You would not call her affected, would you?"

"It would be most impertinent of me if I did," said Grace, to whom the question appeared to be addressed, "for I know so little of her."

"It is wonderful that she is not yet engaged," began the younger Miss Vaughan; "it cannot be for want of offers. Fanny, who was that gentleman we used to see with her so much last summer? I wondered if that meant anything. You know who I mean; you met him at the Fosters."

"Oh, Mr. Glynne," said her sister. "He is a neighbour of theirs, you know."

I felt myself growing pale. Did Grace observe it? Whether or not, she said, quickly—

"I must tell you that Mr. Glynne is a friend of Miss Carmichael's."

"Is he? Then we beg your pardon if we have said anything about him that we ought not," exclaimed the girls in chorus; and the elder girl, making her voice heard above her sister's, added, "Mr. Glynne is very nice. I met him at the Fosters, and liked him so much! And he is very good-looking, too, don't you think?"

What a relief it was to me when Mrs. Vaughan rose to depart! When they had driven away, Grace, turning to me with a laugh, said—

"Did you ever know such talkers? Yet they are kind-hearted, although, as you have had proof, rather vulgar-minded. I often think it is a mercy they are so good-natured, for they might do much harm with their tongues if they were malicious. As it is, I have never heard them speak ill of anyone."

But though they had no hurtful intention, those girls, by their thoughtless words, had inflicted on me cruel suffering. They had not only destroyed my tranquillity for the time, but they had dropped into my mind a bitter seed, which, as I even then foresaw, would poison my happiness for many a day.

(To be continued.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

UNE JEUNE FILLE.—If after speaking firmly and decidedly to your pupil, and confiscating the offending top, you produce no effect, you had better speak to the master or mistress, or to his parents. Few boys with any good feelings in them, on being told they were grieving a friend and destroying her influence by their conduct, would continue to offend. A sense of responsibility is what your pupil requires.

STUFFED EAGLE.—We could recommend a great many good reading societies. That called the Grosvenor Half-hour Reading Society has for its secretary Miss A. S. Woods, Merton, Thetford, Norfolk, and the studies are directed to botany, geography, geology, history, zoology, histories of foreign countries in their respective languages, and miscellanies. We must remind our readers that a stamp for the answer and 2d. for the rules is usually, and very reasonably, required by all such societies for assisting girls to complete their education, so far as may be possible, after leaving school.

A MOTHER had far better have lessons in speaking from a German in England.

HOUSEKEEPING.

H. W. C.—The best thing to do for a sprained ankle is to bathe it at once in strong hot salt and water for at least an hour. This will keep down the swelling and give strength.

LE CORBEAU.—We are very glad to find that you have derived so much help in your examination from the G. O. P.

CHRYSSIE.—Bronze ornaments should be very gently sponged with soap and water and then with a little beer. After the latter, do not dry them, but place them in a warm room or near the fire till dry. Both "Cé-cil" and "Ces-sil" appear to be right. The latter is the old-fashioned pronunciation.

MATTY.—Terra-cotta may be cleaned with turpentine and then with soap and water. To clean plaster casts, make a paste of starch, very thick, and spread it all over the statue or bas-relief with a soft-pointed brush; let it remain till dry, and then scale it off gently. You will find the plaster become white and clean.

ART.

HELENA, TARANKI, and DAISY.—When painting upon either textiles or gelatine with oil colours, it is necessary to work with some medium that will prevent the oils running beyond the colouring, which, unless something were used, would certainly do so. The Florentine tapestry medium is one very commonly sold, and is as good as any; but at the artists' colourman's where you purchased your paints they will be able to advise you. The medium is mixed with flake-white, and a coating should be laid over every part to be painted; then paint in the colours in the ordinary manner, diluting them also with the medium.

MARY.—The only way to dispose of pen-and-ink sketches such as you name is to persevere until you find someone willing to buy them. You should bow on entering the room, whether the stranger be a lady or gentleman.

ONE GREATLY INDEBTED TO G. O. P. (Runcorn).—A very general method is to charge one guinea for a course of lessons, six or so, till the learner be perfect in the art.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A DECEMBER BIRD.—The price of the title-page, pictures, and index of the G. O. P. is one shilling

JUMBO.—Write in the third person—"Miss Smith presents her compliments to Mr. Jones," etc.

JACK FOSTER.—We think you will have to inquire at the prison. If we remember rightly, prisoners may write every three months, and see their friends at the same intervals of time; but letters of inquiry would be answered by the chaplain if you wrote about any particular prisoner. Letters are all read by the governor, of course, before being either sent or delivered.

LANCASHIRE LASSIE.—Good, nourishing food, woollen clothing, avoidance of wet and damp—especially wet feet—and a change to a milder air are the principal alleviations of chronic bronchitis. We suppose your friend has epilepsy, as the fits you describe look like it. The head should be kept cool, the feet always warm; and early rising and regular exercise are essential. Nothing should be eaten after seven in the evening, and many doctors now stop both animal food and intoxicants, as people suffering from epilepsy are generally voracious eaters.

WHIPPER.—We do not see that we can give you any recipe, save to have your discoloured felt hat dyed and re-blocked.

EARNEST.—We hope our good and appreciative friend will not have lost patience yet with our delay in answering his letter. The best thing for you to do is to get an estimate from a printing office about your book, choosing type, paper, and binding, as you do not intend to publish the poems. Your question is too vague and wide for us to give you much help; and you do not even help us with your place of residence. When the type is once set up, the number of copies will not matter so much; but, all the same, we fear you will be surprised at the expense. We thank you for your pleasant words, and we are thankful to know that "your face is set onwards, upwards to the eternal day."

MENTHOL is a well-known organic body, and the chemical name for peppermint camphor. It is produced by crystallisation from crude peppermint oil, and it is manufactured to some extent in Japan. Many thanks.

ERNEST'S NELL.—Your position is a painful one. Still, you were right in breaking off your engagement. See 2 Corinthians, vi. 14. If he honestly believes in the Christian religion, or desires to do so, it will be clearly evidenced in time. His affection for you might easily blind his eyes to his real state of mind. He had better study "Butler's Analogy," and Paley's "Evidences of Christianity." Tell him that your union with him, if he proved to be an unbeliever at heart, would be a miserable one, without sympathy, and that you would be weighed down by the consciousness that you had done wrong.

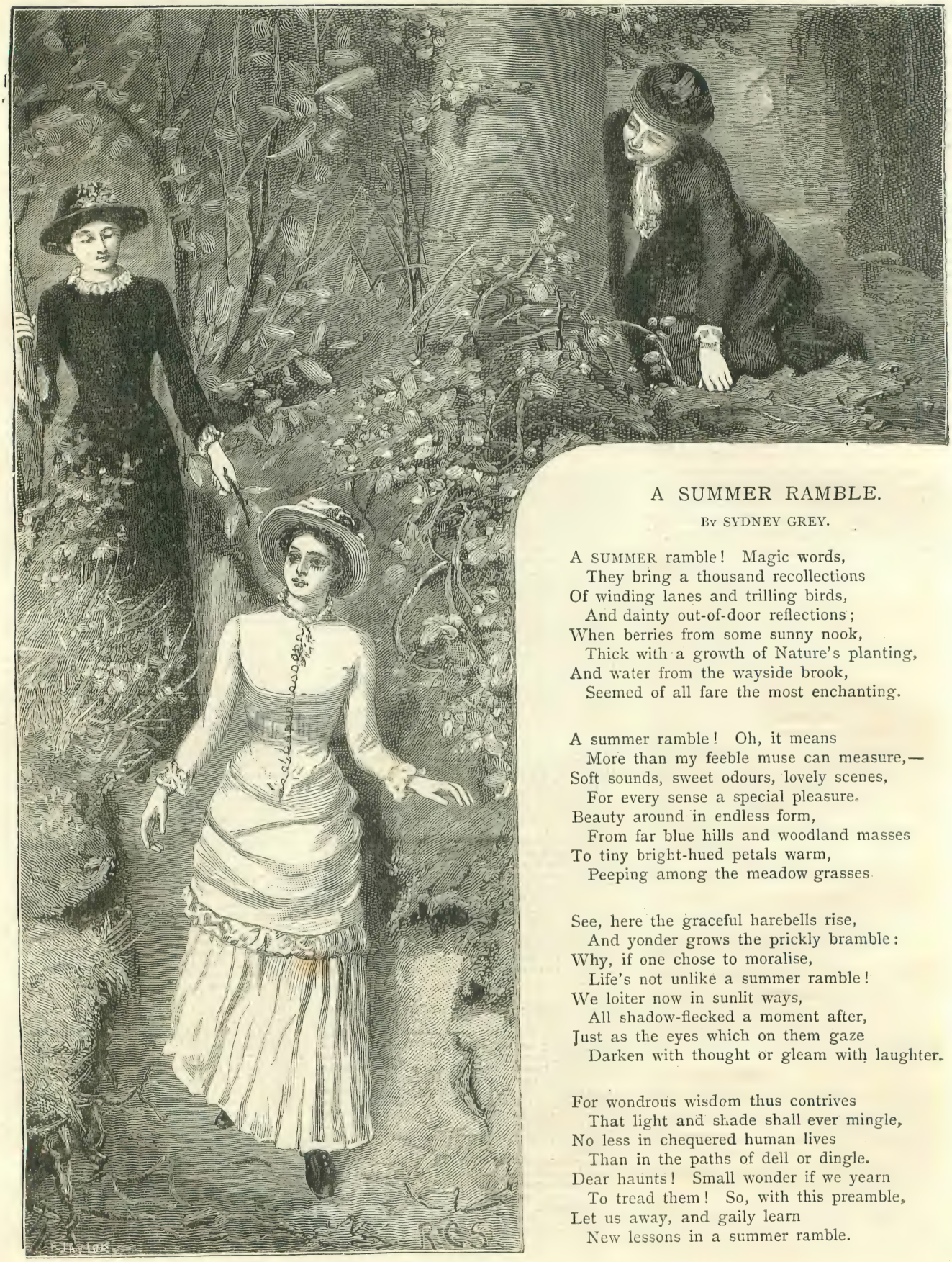
L. M. D.—We regret that we cannot encourage you to write verses; they are not even correct in metre, and lack originality. Did you ever remark in the short lyrical poems of Thomas Moore that the concluding lines contain the whole point of the piece? They work up to a climax; they do not dwindle down small by degrees and beautifully less in point and strength of expression. Girls' verses are usually spun out into a dribble of words, utterly flat and feeble, ending (like Don Quixote's old horse) in a miserable wisp of a tail, neither useful nor ornamental. We do not apply this simile to your verses, but write for the general consideration of our verse makers.

MISERRIMUS.—We by no means undervalue those elevated positions in life in which Divine Providence sees fit to place a certain portion of mankind, but we certainly see no just cause for loathing, despising, and feeling ashamed of yourself because you are low-born. "He hath made everything beautiful in His time," all have their own suitable place, and none can be dispensed with. Some of the Apostles were of lowly birth, and even our blessed Lord Himself, though born of the blood royal, was in humble circumstances, and made Himself of no reputation. If your parents have had no educational advantages themselves, they deserve your respect and gratitude for giving them to you. Of course, you have the right to be where they have placed you. You need not drop your "h's," nor put your knife in your mouth, as they do, but beware of showing them the smallest disrespect on that account; only thank God for their kindness to you. Do we advise you to drown yourself? Are you mad? Pray God to pardon you the thought.

AZALEA.—Your friend erred very gravely in the first instance in accepting the proposal of a man whom she did not love. Did she consult her parents? Nothing can be done but to make a full confession of her state of feeling, and ask him to release her from her pledge.

CICERO.—The word "knowledge" is pronounced in both ways by scholars of the Universities. The word "clerk" is not pronounced as written; it is a great vulgarism to do so. Well-taught persons pronounce it as if written "clark."

LADYE CLARE.—Rub your white kitten with a little fleur to clean her fur. Of course, wash your face with soap at night, using an unscented curd or glycerine soap. Should your face be rough and sore from exposure to the east wind, or irritated by the use of soap, rub in a little vaseline after it. Many people have dirty faces without being aware of it.



A SUMMER RAMBLE.

By SYDNEY GREY.

A SUMMER ramble! Magic words,
They bring a thousand recollections
Of winding lanes and trilling birds,
And dainty out-of-door reflections;
When berries from some sunny nook,
Thick with a growth of Nature's planting,
And water from the wayside brook,
Seemed of all fare the most enchanting.

A summer ramble! Oh, it means
More than my feeble muse can measure,—
Soft sounds, sweet odours, lovely scenes,
For every sense a special pleasure.
Beauty around in endless form,
From far blue hills and woodland masses
To tiny bright-hued petals warm,
Peeping among the meadow grasses.

See, here the graceful harebells rise,
And yonder grows the prickly bramble:
Why, if one chose to moralise,
Life's not unlike a summer ramble!
We loiter now in sunlit ways,
All shadow-flecked a moment after,
Just as the eyes which on them gaze
Darken with thought or gleam with laughter.

For wondrous wisdom thus contrives
That light and shade shall ever mingle,
No less in chequered human lives
Than in the paths of dell or dingle.
Dear haunts! Small wonder if we yearn
To tread them! So, with this preamble,
Let us away, and gaily learn
New lessons in a summer ramble.

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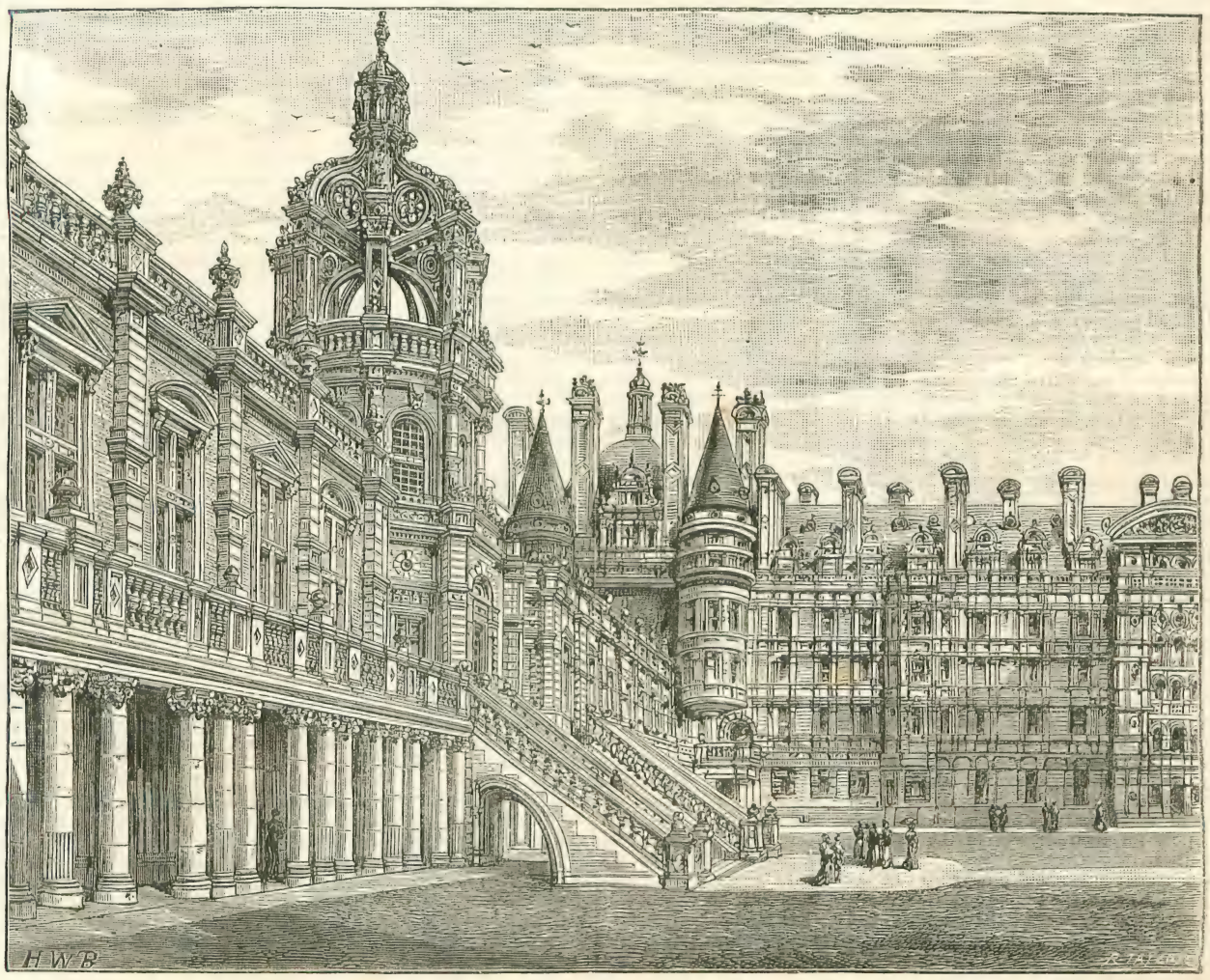
HOLLOWAY COLLEGE FOR WOMEN.



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THERE is, perhaps, scarcely a person in this country or America who has not heard the name of Mr. Thomas Holloway; in fact it may be said of him as it is proclaimed in the epitaph to a celebrated doctor of Charles II.'s day:—

"His virtues and his pills are so well known
That envy can't confine them under stone."

We do not know whether the doctor in question made as good a use of the fortune which he made by his pills as the late Mr. Thomas Holloway has done. Two of the most magnificent institutions in England, superbly housed and most munificently endowed, will, amongst other acts of generosity, serve to hand down that gentleman's name to posterity as one of the great benefactors of the day. These two institutions are the Sanitorium, at Virginia Water, and the College for Women, at Egham. The one is for the cure of those who are temporarily afflicted with disorders of the mind, and the other for the education of women of the middle and upper classes. Over these two magnificent institutions the late Mr. Holloway expended above a million of money. Unfortunately, he did not live to see the completion of the college, but his design has been carried to completion by his brother-in-law, Mr. Martin Holloway.

The Holloway College originated with an idea of the late Mrs. Thomas Holloway, who suggested the scheme to her husband; she, however, died shortly afterwards, and Mr. Holloway founded the institution on October 11, 1883, in memory of that lady.

Before the commencement of this college, and as long back as the year 1875, Mr. Holloway submitted his scheme for the foundation of the institution to a meeting of gentlemen, whose names are well known in connection with educational questions. Amongst these were the late Professor Fawcett, Sir James Kay Shuttleworth, Bart., Mr. Samuel Morley, Mr. David Chadwick, Mr. F. Pennington, Dr. Hague of New York, and others.

Although it was the hope and intention of Mr. Holloway that the college should be self-supporting, yet he provided an endowment of £200,000, and the governors of the college have power to accept other benefactions which may be bestowed upon the institution. It was also his desire that the establishment should eventually obtain a charter as a national university for women, with a power of granting degrees, but as it was found impractical to carry out this scheme at once, by the founder's desire, the students attending the college will for the present, while pursuing their course of study and instruction in the college, apply for their degrees to the existing universities.

"The management and government of the college will be vested in twelve male Governors, comprising the trustees of the property, and nine other Governors, who are to serve for seven years. Of these latter, one each is to be appointed by the Lord President of the Council, or the head of the Education Department for the time being, the University of London, the Court of Aldermen of the City of London, the Corporation of Windsor, and the Corporation of Reading. The other four are to be chosen by the board of Governors or by the trustees. Honorary male Governors may be appointed to visit the college and make suggestions to the board."

By the founder's desire the students are to be resident, though the Governors will have power of dispensing with this condition. The applicants for admission must have attained the age of seventeen, and those who have neither matriculated nor passed the senior examinations of Oxford or Cambridge, will have to undergo a test examination for their entrance into the college. The teachers are all to be unmarried women or widows without children, and the Lady Principal is to be under the age of forty at the time of her appointment, and they will all be bound to retire at the age of sixty-five, "it being desired that the working of the college shall at all times be kept up in freshness and vigour." The foundation deed states that although the college is not to be in connection with "*any particular sect or denomination of Christians*," there will be provision for the conduct of public worship on Sundays in the College Chapel, and on ordinary week days morning services will be conducted by the Lady Principal.

Mr. Holloway died in December, 1883, but previous to his death he placed securities to the value of £300,000 in the hands of two trustees, Mr. Martin Holloway and Mr. Driver Holloway, and Mr. Martin Holloway has superintended the completion of this work.

The building, which is intended to give accommodation to 250 pupils, is situated on the top of a lofty hill near Egham, and is seen to great advantage from the South Western Railway line between Virginia Water and Egham stations. The situation is a remarkably beautiful one, and the extended sylvan landscapes, which are visible from the terraces, can scarcely be surpassed in their way. The building itself is erected with red brick and brown Portland stone, and is far more solidly constructed than is usually the case in our day. The architect, Mr. W. H. Crossland, appears to have drawn his inspiration chiefly from the magnificent châteaux erected in the time of Francis I., though, it may be said, he has given us an English translation of this French Renaissance style. Nothing could adapt itself more satisfactorily to modern wants than the style thus treated, as it allows of a great deal of picturesqueness and freedom, which are such marked features of the Gothic style, combined with much of that regularity, neatness, order, comfort, and abundance of light and air which we are in the habit of associating with what are called classical buildings.

The plan of the building is a vast hollow square or oblong, measuring 553 feet by 376, which is sub-divided into two quadrangles by a range of buildings extending across its shorter axis. Thus, there are five ranges of buildings, three running from east to west, and two from north to south. The chapel, recreation hall, dining hall, kitchen, museum, library, music practice room, are placed in the three wings or ranges of the building running from east to west, and the students' rooms, class rooms, apartments for the teachers, servants' rooms, etc., in the wings running from north to south. This arrangement has suggested to the architect a far more regular and horizontal treatment of the three cross wings than of the two long wings, which latter are far more vertical in treatment, this quality of the design being further accentuated by the long bow windows, circular turrets, tall chimneys, and gabled dormers. Each of the cross wings possesses a bold centre feature; that forming the front towards the road has a boldly-treated clock tower with an entrance gateway beneath it.

The range of buildings which divide the two courtyards has as its centre feature an octagonal building, the lower portion of which forms a vestibule to the dining hall and the principal access between the two courts; its upper storey forms a lantern tower, and the whole is crowned by a kind of pierced cupola. The great tank or cistern is contained in this building, which is for this reason called the "water-tower" (this is shown in our illustration). A third tower forms the central object of the garden front, and presents a very imposing feature when seen from the railway. The chapel, which is immediately to the left of the entrance gateway, is a most sumptuous building, with a barrel-vaulted roof covered with bas-reliefs and decorative painting, bearing somewhat of a resemblance to the Sistine Chapel at Rome. It has, however, no screen, and the seats for the students are arranged stall-wise beneath the two great ranges of windows which light the building. The sacrarium is apsidal, and contains a lofty Baldacchino, chiefly constructed of walnut wood. On either side of the apse are apertures grated with ornamental metal-work, which enable those who are in the apartments or galleries behind them to attend the services of the chapel without being visible. These are chiefly for those who are prevented by illness from being present in the chapel itself, or for strangers and visitors. At the opposite end of the chapel is a gallery, which contains a fine organ by Messrs. Walker and Co.

On the opposite side of the entrance-gateway to the chapel is the recreation hall, a beautiful apartment 100 feet long, 30 feet broad, and 50 feet high; it contains a magnificent collection of modern pictures, which were selected for this college by Mr. Martin Holloway and purchased by his brother-in-law, Mr. Holloway, at a cost exceeding £90,000. Amongst them are works by Sir John E. Millais, Bart., Mr. Edmund Long, R.A., Mr. Frith, R.A., Mr. Fildes, R.A., Gainsborough, Stanfield, Turner, Roberts, etc.

The dining-room, museum, and library are all exceedingly handsome, and fitted up in the most sumptuous manner, and the kitchen, which is also to serve as a place for giving instruction in cooking to the students, is provided with every modern improvement, and though, of course, plain, is a very striking-looking apartment. The students' rooms are light, airy, and cheerful, and are simply but elegantly furnished; the class-rooms, which are larger, are equally handsomely furnished. Those who are interested in architecture will be struck by the remarkably picturesque treatment of the staircases, which are excessively original and singularly ornamental. In conclusion, we should mention that the whole of the work was carried out (under the direction of Mr. Crossland, the architect) by Mr. John Thompson, the well-known builder, of Peterborough. The contract was for £257,000, exclusive of fittings, furniture, decorations, etc.

H. W. B.

COURTLEROY.

By ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

GRATITUDE.

"I POSITIVELY decline to have anything more to do with Searle," said Mr. Le Roy, when he, Mimica, and Sellon were discussing business matters.

"You must prosecute him if we can catch him; nobody else can do it," returned the lawyer.

"And what would be the result?"

"The best part of the remainder of his life in penal servitude."

"Will you undertake this, Mimica? I could not." Mimica could not help laughing. It seemed to her so comical to be constituted not only steward but prosecutrix as well.

"She would not have the power. Of course you must have justice," said Sellon.

"The bankers and lawyers have come off by declaring a dividend, and—bankruptcy," put in shrewd Mimica. "After all, Searle was their tool. He got the money for them, and the tenants lent it to the Units with their eyes open."

"Yes; the rogue was cunning. His name does not appear in any of the transactions. You must have signed yours blindfold, Mr. Le Roy," said Sellon.

"Hoodwinked, rather. I trusted him implicitly, and now I trust my niece. I really am not equal to accounts. I cannot reckon up a compound addition sum, much less go in for subtraction, multiplication, or division. As to practice, fractions, algebra and so forth, my tutor failed to indoctrinate me. Had my mother been wise enough to send me to a public school, they might have flogged something into me; but here I only learnt what I liked. You have a head for figures, Mimica."

"So had Searle, uncle," said she, maliciously.

"Poor wretch! I must say a word for him, even though I criminate myself. He must have found it difficult to supply the demands for my town establishment, while helping to keep the Units going. I begin to see this clearly now, thanks to the superior vision of my niece; and, seriously, am about to manage my own affairs with her. I suppose Searle got into a muddle between my needs and the Units' speculations."

Sellon looked at Le Roy in some surprise. He really appeared to be alive once more, and to be beginning to take some interest in life. He, like Mimica, feared to drive him to extremities, lest there should be a recurrence of the excitement they had witnessed before.

"The fact is," continued Le Roy, "that I have been ejected from London and brought into the country in spite of myself. You have done it between you, and I confess you have benefited me. So has our parson by his example, if not his precepts, for I have not yet been to church." A shadow passed over the face which had been unusually clear. "If, instead of prosecuting Searle, we could get a statement from him, what might be the result?"

"We must catch him first," replied Sellon. "But if you will only work with us, I think we might pull through in time. Matters look more promising than they did, and Miss Marmont understands the people so well that she could make things smooth for you."

"They blame me, I suppose?" asked Le Roy.

"Well, when one does one's duty vicariously one is sure to be blamed. If I were to depute you to do my law, or you me to play on all these instruments, what a mess we should make of it!"

Sellon pointed to the Straduarius which lay on the piano as he spoke—for the trio were in the schoolroom.

"If Searle is found, would it not be possible to get him to help in clearing up the difficulties about the mortgages, on a promise that we will not prosecute?" asked Mimica.

"If you will do that, I will go with you at once and see the farms and tenants," said Le Roy. "I will do anything you wish; but bring myself and my affairs before the public, in court, to be a laughing-stock and nine days' wonder to the country, and to have my life for the last twenty years revealed, I will not. I will put an end to it rather."

He rose and seemed about to leave the room. Mimica rose also, and with consummate tact, and as if merely following his thought, said—

"Oh, uncle, that is delightful! Wait till I put on my hat; and if Mr. Sellon can spare the time, we will go first to Mr. Bezley, who particularly wants to see you about repairs; and then on to Marks, who will never feel secure at Overton until you have been there again; and then——"

"Enough for the present," replied Le Roy, avoiding the earnest eyes of the speaker. "I will go, provided you both promise that no further publicity be given to me or my affairs."

Mimica promised readily, but Sellon demurred. He perceived, however, that if he persisted in his original plan he should only irritate Le Roy, so he made a half compromise by saying that he would take no steps against Searle without his particular request. And so, after many futile attempts on Mimica's part to induce her uncle to visit his tenants, a sudden selfish fear of exposure to the public gaze accomplished what she had in vain striven to effect.

He was not, naturally, of a conciliating or genial nature, therefore Mimica was surprised at his tone, when at last he came face to face with his people. His manner was singularly courteous, though reserved, and he was quite ready to promise everything they asked. Supported by Mimica and Sellon, he made himself so agreeable that not only his old friend Bezley, but others, augured a golden age for the future.

"We will defer Overton until I call on Sir Joshua," he said. "I will go into the village, and wind up with the vicarage."

"Call on Sir Joshua!" mentally echoed Mimica; but she little knew what the words and resolution had cost the speaker.

She was not, however, quite easy in her mind about him. As she took him from cottage to cottage in the small, scattered village, and occasionally reminded him that some now antiquated man or woman remembered him as boy and man, she felt instinctively that he was troubled by those memories, which had almost unsettled his reason. Still, he appeared pleased and flattered by the gratitude expressed for his visits, and the thanksgivings for his return, while he winced under the constant reminders that he was growing old. Age to him was despair; so was memory.

"Let me see, sir," said one old woman. "I be fourscore and two come next May, and Madame Le Roy was anigh my age. How the years do run along! I was at your coming of age, going for thirty-five year agone, and tasted the ale and cider as was brewed when you was born. And I was at the wedding, leastways I should a' been, only—dear heart!—I beg your pardon, sir, but we was all put about after they great preparations, and all."

This unpremeditated thrust nearly upset Le Roy, and Mimica looked at him in terror; but he kept his equilibrium somehow. She rose hastily, however, and wishing the old dame good-bye, led the way from the cottage. She saw him give a great gasp when he got into the little garden, and he strode onward as if for life. Mr. Sellon arrested and diverted him, by saying that as they had finished actual business for the day, he would walk straight to the station. He also had heard the old woman's speech, and sought to efface it by another.

"If we find Searle, we will offer to condone his offences if he will make a clean breast of all his shortcomings, either by letter or in person," he said.

"Do what you will, provided there be no publicity," was the reply, as Le Roy strode on, he knew not whither.

Fortunately it was in the direction of the station, so the others strode after him.

"It was my fault; I should not have taken him to old Mary's," groaned Mimica. "She has the memory of the village; and they say she must have had it before she was born."

"Do him good," rejoined Sellon, pitilessly. "When a man makes a fool of himself for the best part of his life, it takes practical teaching to turn him into a wise man. In spite of his sins, Searle has had a hand in this; and if you can maintain your tact and patience, you will complete his education."

"I!" ejaculated Mimica.

"You!" returned Sellon. "I believe you have an influence over him, and upon your use of it depend his own happiness and the prosperity of his people. May God give you wisdom, for it is a weighty work."

"Too weighty for me, but I will do my best," murmured Mimica, running after her uncle until she overtook him.

"Enough to cow any brave heart," thought Sellon, following more leisurely. "But her schooling fits her for undertaking his. Solitude has made her unselfish and him selfish: anomalous results of the same class of education, and meeting here, as extremes sometimes do."

"You will not forget your promised visit to the vicarage, uncle," said Mimica, overtaking Le Roy by stress of running. "Mrs. Leste is very excitable, and will waste all her energy in expectation until you have been."

"I cannot go to-day, Mimica. I have really done enough for a first essay, which will probably be the last," was the reply.

"Only you promised, uncle."

"What of that? Promises are made to be rent like the rags they are. Who keeps them? Who can mend them when torn asunder? Have you ever kept a promise, Mimica?"

"I have not yet been tried, for I have only made them quite lately; but I intend to keep them. One was to devote my life to you, the other to continue George Hope's friend under all circumstances."

"Your life to me! to me! who have done nothing for you. You will change your mind, like the rest, when temptation comes."

Le Roy slackened his pace, and looked into the firm, clear countenance of his niece. She smiled, and put her hand within his arm.

"You are my dear mother's brother," she said.

"You do not know what you promise, for I am not always master of myself. You have witnessed that," he went on with agitation, not heeding her words. "Yet I am not so heartless and egotistical as they fancy."

"Then come with me and cheer poor Mrs. Leste," she said, smiling persuasively, and trying, gently, to turn him back.

At this moment Mr. Sellon came up, puffing and groaning under his exertions. Le Roy had forgotten him, and grew suddenly as anxious to retrace his steps as he had been to hurry forwards.

"I shall be in time for the train, taking it leisurely," said Sellon. "I should die of apoplexy if I were to try to keep up with you, so I will say good morning. I hope to be back again in a few weeks, by which time we may have got hold of our missing link."

"Spare me an apoplectic fit; I should not know what to do with you, though I daresay Miss Marmont would," returned Le Roy, recovering his cold and stately manner. "I am sorry you cannot stay to dinner."

They shook hands and separated, Sellon giving Mimica a kind and pitying look, which she returned by one as bright, which reassured him.

"Perhaps I may as well get over the vicarage," said Le Roy, and thitherward they went. "They are strangers, and did not know me when I was a boy!" he added, sarcastically. "If there is one thing more aggravating than another it is to be reminded of what you were and what happened years ago, and of events you are striving to forget. Can one ever forget, Mimica?" He asked this question hoarsely, and again quickened his pace.

"I could not, uncle; but I could forgive," she replied. "And I think I am naturally so proud that I could overcome. Of course the grace of God would enable one to do this better than one's pride."

"Preaching again, Mimica. You are so like your mother."

"Am I? How delightful. Did she preach?"

"All women do; I wish they practised."

Mimica laughed so merrily that her uncle stayed his steps in astonishment. He so seldom said anything to cause so cheerful a sound, that he joined involuntarily, and then inquired what they were laughing at. Mimica scarcely knew herself; at any rate she could not tell him that it was at his solemn irony. His mind was diverted from himself, however, and when they reached the vicarage, he had returned to his normal manner. Helena, now a bright, handsome grown up girl, let them in. They found Captain Carew in the drawing-room with Octavius, and Mimica began to speculate. To what would this sudden return to intimacy lead? Helena, who went upstairs, came back with an apologetic invitation to Mr. Le Roy to go and see her mother, because she was unable to come down to him. He and Mimica went. They found Mrs. Leste much excited, and the usually reserved, quiet woman anticipated any thing Le Roy might have to say by pouring out a flood of gratitude which overcame him.

"Not for myself but for my husband I thank you," she said. "He will have ease, when most we need it, in old age. I have striven to throw all my care upon our Heavenly Father, but the fear of poverty for him has weighed me down. Now I see how sinful was my fear, since competence has come to him without the seeking. A grief one day, a joy the next—such is the Divine way of compensation. Oh! Mr. Le Roy, you have indeed benefited a good man, and the Lord will reward you, and we—we all shall be for ever grateful."

"My dear madam, I—I have only done what was natural," stammered Le Roy. "No one else deserved the living so well as he who has spent his life in working it."

"But it is not the way of the world, or even of the Church, to reward the most deserving," put in Barbara, who was sometimes cynical from circumstances.

"I believe neither in the world nor in the Church," returned Le Roy, looking at her; "but I am learning to believe in individual unselfishness. One example of such is worth all the preaching from all the pulpits."

"You have not heard Mr. Leste," put in Mimica.

"I hope to hear him preach his first sermon as Vicar of Courtleroy," he replied, with a majestic gravity, which made Mimica smile.

He turned the subject by making some casual inquiry of Mrs. Leste, which resulted in their discovering a mutual friend of long ago, and set them at their ease. This diversion enabled Mimica to tell Barbara that Captain Carew was down stairs.

"Mother cannot see him to-day. He has come to see her. Octavius went to tell him that we were expecting Mr. Le Roy, and she was not strong enough for more excitement to-day," returned Barbara.

"Will you not go and explain this yourself, Barbara? He looks so ill and dejected."

"I would rather not. I have seen him—we are friends—that is sufficient."

"Ah, Barbra! you are not like yourself."

"No; but I shall be, now 'carking care' is leaving us—I mean the grinding of perpetual poverty. Dear Mimica, forgive me all my injustice. You are far, far better than I."

This little whispered interlude was disturbed by Mr. Le Roy, who signed to Mimica that he meant to depart, and she rose to take leave. But Barbara remained with her mother, while Helena marshalled them downstairs, and Mimica knew that if Montague Carew had come to see his first love, he was disappointed. He left the vicarage, on the contrary, with her, his second *innamorata*, and she was undecided whether he was still playing at fast and loose or not.

(*To be continued.*)

WASTE IN COOKING, AND HOW TO AVOID IT.

WITHIN the last few weeks public attention has been called very forcibly to the waste of good food which is every day, either through ignorance, carelessness, or wickedness, perpetrated in our midst, and happily the public conscience is being forcibly aroused on the subject. Energetic folks have been very busy making suggestions as to the best way of dealing with the fragments that remain, in our kitchens and larders, and there had been some talk of an organised attempt being made to convert these into nourishing soups and stews which are to be sold to the poor. To my mind this action, though very well meant, is entirely mistaken. What we have to do is not to devise schemes for using up material which is being wasted, but to take steps to avoid the waste altogether. We need to realise that waste is sinful, and we have no right, just for the sake of quieting our consciences, to do a little cheap charity by giving our poorer brothers and sisters what we do not care to use ourselves. Example and habit go for a good deal in this world, and when we permit our servants and our young people to waste good food, we not only suffer loss ourselves, but we are doing them a grievous injury. When once a wasteful habit is established, we never know where it will stop; it grows and increases until it ruins the character of those who practise it.

I have often said, and I repeat now, that one reason why I rejoice that young ladies should take an interest in cookery is, that I hope and believe that they will study economy in the preparation of food, and, being educated, that they will understand how foolish and wrong it is to be extravagant and wasteful. The majority of the domestic servants of the present day do not understand this; they are simply careless and thoughtless; they want to be quick and "get through," and so they dash along heedlessly, wasting as they go. All the time they are preparing a rod for their own backs. In a little while they will leave service and have homes of their own, and then the unthrifty habits they have acquired will be a curse to themselves and to their families. Perhaps if they were to see that young ladies looked upon thrift as a duty, they might try to follow the example, and then who can say where the benefit would end?

I do not for one moment suppose that the careless and wasteful handmaiden intends to become the untidy, unthrifty wife and mother who drives her husband to the public-house, and neglects her children; yet it is almost certain that this she will be. If, now, she thinks about the matter at all, she imagines that when she has a home of her own she will change her character straight away, and be at once all that now she is not. It cannot be. Habit is a tyrant whose chains the wearer himself has forged. As Hannah More said:

"Small habits well pursued betimes,
May reach the dignity of crimes."

It is much easier to prevent mischief by acquiring good habits early than by trying to throw off bad ones late.

It has been said that just now a few good people are vigorously endeavouring to make

arrangements for the collection of wasted fragments, in order that they may be converted into soup. I do not know whether or not the scheme will be a success, but I am very much afraid that the evil which it is desired to arrest will grow in consequence of their action.

The most wasteful persons are subject to occasional qualms of conscience if they know that good food thrown aside will go to the pigs. But if they once get the idea that it will not be lost after all, but will go to feed the poor and hungry, they will put no curb upon their extravagance, but will come to regard waste as a sort of charitable duty to be carried on in season and out of season. Thus waste will be more rampant than ever, and we shall probably do more harm morally to the poor, whom we desire to help, by setting them a bad example, than we shall help them physically by selling soup to them.

All things considered, therefore, my idea is that in this matter it is the first duty of each one of us to take vigorous measures to avoid waste in our own homes. If every girl who takes an interest in cookery, through reading THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, would do this, and be thrifty in her own practice, the evil we deplore would not be done away with, but it would be lessened, and much good would be done. I propose, therefore, by way of helping on this good movement, to give here a few hints as to the plans which should be adopted for the prevention of waste, and after that to furnish a few recipes for dishes which may be made from odds and ends.

Curiously enough, one of the first steps to take if we wish to avoid waste is to spend money in buying necessary utensils for storing and keeping food, if these are really needed. It is a great waste to attempt to dispense with suitable receptables for sugar and groceries of all kinds. The good old rule, "have a place for everything, and put everything in its place," leads to economy as well as to order. What can be more wasteful than to allow tea, coffee, spices, and other articles whose value lies in their flavour or aroma, to become tasteless and musty through being left in the paper in which they were sent home, instead of being put into a canister at once and tightly covered? What waste, too, there is in leaving bread-pans without lids, vinegar bottles, essences, and sauces uncorked, and jams and pickles in an open glass. I have known cooks make a practice of bringing out their entire supply of butter every time they required a small slice, and allowing the dish containing it to remain in the hot kitchen for hours to melt away or become dusty, instead of putting a little upon a clean plate, as required. Butter bought by the half pound, sent home in paper, and kept in this same paper in a warm place, does not "go" nearly so far as would the same weight of butter turned into a basin, covered with salted water, and kept in a cool place. We are all, to an extent, the slaves of our imagination, and the mere fact that there is a quantity of food "to go at" will make people lavish, who would be sparing if their eyes did not rest upon abundance. Who likes to use treacle that is dusty? or jam and marmalade which is dry and candied through exposure to the air? The cheese which comes up dry and cracked, and is tossed aside, might have been used to the last particle if it had been put away properly, and covered with a damp cloth. The joint which is fly-blown and tainted might have been sweet and delicious if it had been laid upon a clean dish as soon as it left the table, and put into the meat safe. There is scarcely an article of daily food which may not be wasted through want of care, and it is false economy to begrudge the outlay which is required to preserve food in good condition, safe from dust, insects, and vermin.

The lack of proper utensils for cooking is a frequent cause of waste. An insufficient number of saucepans, for example, leads to all sorts of food being cooked in the same pan, which injures the flavour, and to hurry and bustle, the cause of many a dish being spoilt. We may take it for granted that food spoilt in cooking is almost certain to be food lost and wasted. The cake or pudding which is burnt, the soup which is smoked, the fish or meat which is under-dressed, will probably be got rid of as speedily as possible, for it is nothing but an annoyance and a disgrace. A knowledge of cookery, therefore, is one way of avoiding waste. Besides this there are one or two domestic appliances which are a great help to economy. Amongst these are a sausage machine, by means of which scraps can be minced for serving a second time, which would otherwise be useless; a rotary grater for grating bread and vegetables to the last particle; a chopper for breaking up bones of joints, so that they can be more perfectly stewed; a digester, in which bones and vegetables may be made to yield their nutriment to the utmost. Yet the possession of these aids to economy involves additional work. It is always well to recollect that the more appliances we have the more there are to keep clean. Cooks are sometimes very ready to grumble because they have not this, that, or the other article; forgetting that wealth has its duties as well as its privileges, and that utensils which are allowed to become rusty and dirty are no satisfaction and no help to anyone. One means of avoiding waste is to refrain from buying either more or less food than is actually needed. This seems so obvious that it is almost ridiculous to mention it; yet it is astonishing what a difference there is in girls in this respect. Some girls, when marketing, will always buy more than is required; then the surplus is in danger of being wasted. Others buy rather less than is required; then the deficiency has to be made up with an extra, and extras are almost always more costly than ordinary fare. It should be understood that stint is not economy—it has to be made up in extraordinary ways; while true economy is liberal, and renders stint unnecessary. The habit of ordering goods, instead of going to the market and choosing them for ourselves, is also a great source of waste, because it so often leads to our having sent to us food which does not answer our purpose.

Girls who wish to avoid waste must make up their minds to give a little trouble to the business. In the first instance it is much easier to be wasteful than it is to be careful, although in the long run much trouble is saved by systematic methods. Above all things strict supervision and forethought are needed if waste is to be avoided. The girl who desires to do what she can in this respect must make a practice of visiting the larder regularly every morning, noting what scraps and odds and ends are there to be found, and taking steps for their immediate use. She must collect all the scraps, and decide upon them daily; if she leaves them to be dealt with "some time" they will probably be spoilt; vegetables or stock will turn sour, bread will become hard and mouldy, and meat will be dry and flavourless. Procrastination is a great friend to waste.

Perhaps there are no two items which are more frequently wasted in ordinary households than bread and fat. In an article published a few months ago, entitled "Broken Bread, and What to Do With It," I tried to give a few suggestions as to the utilisation of pieces of bread. Fat, however, is a still more serious business—firstly, because it costs more, and secondly, because, according to our present method, it is a source of dishonesty as well as extravagance. There can be little doubt that through the custom of allowing cooks to regard household fat as their own particular perquisite, many a young girl has been led to entertain lax notions as to the rights and property of others, and thus has taken the first steps which lead to crime. Fortunately, this custom is much less common than it used to be; it has, in fact, become an exceptional thing for the cook to be allowed to sell good fat for fourpence per pound, while her mistress buys lard for ninepence or tenpence per pound to take its place. Yet, still strict supervision is needed if fat is not to be wasted. Fat is cut from the meat and left at the sides of the plates, fat is left from the joint, little scraps of suet remain after a pudding has been made; and it is so much easier to throw these oddments into the fire than it is to utilise them; but it is most extravagant to do so. If all the little pieces of fat which are found in an ordinary household were made the most of, the purchase of fat for frying would be an exceptionable expense. And yet I have heard of ladies, who were not specially partial to frying, as a mode of cookery, spending shillings a week for this object, and looking upon it as an unavoidable though unpleasant outlay.

Of course, in venturing to make a remark of this kind, we have to be prepared to see people shrug their shoulders and turn away from us in apparent disgust, saying, "Oh, dear; how disagreeable! Would you render the fat which had been left on the plates? I could not fancy that." If waste is to be overcome and avoided, it needs that a few people who know what they are talking about should speak out bravely on this subject. I would not willingly stand second to anyone in love, admiration, and appreciation of cleanliness, yet I cannot see anything opposed thereto in taking up with a fork fat which has been cut off with a knife and fork, and using it. In these days we eat our food decently; we are not accustomed to take it in our fingers. My remarks are not addressed to persons who do this. I would never allow fat to be touched with dirty hands, or left to lie about till it becomes unfit for food. I would have it taken up with a clean fork, put on a clean plate, and set aside in a clean larder until it could be put into a clean saucepan and melted down with clean, pure water—treated, in short, respectfully, as God's good gift of food should be. And let me say to fastidious objectors, that so far as cleanliness only is concerned, I would much rather trust myself in the hands of an economical cook, than I would in the hands of an extravagant cook, and I do not say this without experience of both. The extravagant cook is careless, and will be careless all through; the economical cook is careful and precise, and will be careful and precise all the way through—careful about cleanliness as about everything else, and the latter is much more likely to be reasonably fastidious than the former. Indeed, it would be safe to take it for granted that if one could secure the services of an economical cook, we might rest content, knowing that we had also a clean cook. And now for a few recipes.

I have already in a former article (on "Soups, and How to Make Them") given detailed instructions as to the way in which stock and soup may be made from bones and trimmings. I will not, therefore, concern myself with that now, but will name a few dishes which may be prepared from fragments.

Cold Meat à la Vinaigrette (made from fragments of cold meat).—Cut the meat into very thin, neat slices. Mix in a large spoon half a teaspoonful of mustard, a saltspoonful of salt, a sprinkling of pepper, and a little vinegar, to make a thin sauce. Pour this on the meat, and mix it well with a fork and spoon, adding a little more vinegar to make up two tablespoonfuls. When this is well incorporated with the meat, pour on oil, and mix this in also. Let the meat soak for half an hour.

Cover it with any remains of vegetables there may be, cut into small, neat slices, and arrange these in rows, with the colours contrasting; carrots and potatoes, or tomatoes and potatoes, may be made to look very pretty. If it may be allowed, an egg boiled hard and chopped may be added to this dish, or a little piece of onion the size of the thumb-nail, chopped as fine as dust, or one or two anchovies, boned and cut up, may be added.

Old-fashioned Irish Stew.—Supposing there is on hand a joint which is not bare, but which is not far from it, so that there is not meat to make hash or any similar dish, proceed as follows:—Cut off every particle of meat in pieces not too large to be eaten with a spoon; break up the bone well, and take out the marrow, if there is any. Carefully keep back sinew, veins, gristle, or any portions which are not quite good to eat. When cutting the meat off a bone thus, it is usually found that there is much more than there at first appeared to be. Put bones, meat, and all into a stew-pan, pepper and salt them well, and add three or four large onions sliced, and double the quantity of raw peeled potatoes cut up into quarters. Pour on stock made from bones, or water, to cover the whole, and boil all gently together for nearly three hours, being careful to avoid quick boiling, for fear the stew should burn. At the last, add a spoonful of ketchup, if approved, and serve in a soup-tureen. The potatoes, of course, will be in a mash. Considering of what homely materials this dish is made, people who do not know it will be astonished to find how good it is. It is very nourishing, and in cold weather very warming, and, for people who are not high-minded, is excellent for luncheon.

When cold mutton is very much broken up, so that it seems hopeless to make anything but mince of it, the following recipe, which comes from America, will probably be approved where mince is disliked, as it is very much by some people. Cut the meat up neatly, but do not chop it; measure it, and mix with it twice as much cold boiled potatoes, also cut small. Put a gill of stock into a stew-pan, with a slice of butter and a little pepper and salt; then stir in the meat and potatoes, and cook gently, stirring occasionally till hot through without browning. Serve hot.

Cut cold beef into neat slices. Put these in a baking tin, and sprinkle good veal forcemeat over them, and place on each slice a little piece of butter to keep it moist. Pour in some good gravy, and bake till hot through. Serve round mashed potatoes with the pieces overlapping each other, and the gravy poured over.

Cut about a pound and a half of cold boiled beef into slices about a quarter of an inch thick, cutting away all the fat, and setting aside the outer portion, if it is dry and hard. Take one pound of onions peeled and sliced, and fry them gently in a little butter or good dripping till they are soft and yellow, but not at all burnt; sprinkle an ounce of flour upon them, add a little salt and pepper, and let them cook five minutes longer. Take the pan off the fire, pour on a pint of stock, and then stir the sauce over the fire for twenty minutes. Add a teaspoonful of mixed mustard, and a few drops of liquid browning. Put the slices of beef into a pie-dish, pour the sauce over, and bake in a gentle oven for twenty minutes. Serve in the dish in which the preparation was baked. Cold beef thus warmed again is called miroton of beef, and it comes from no less an authority than M. Gouffé, the great French cook. Its flavour may be varied by putting a little curry paste or a few mushrooms with the sauce, and if the oven is not in working order the beef may be put into the pan and made hot with the onions.

In writing about different ways of using up scraps and trimmings, the great difficulty is to know where to stop, for the subject is exhaustless. Yet it is unnecessary to make a complete list, for I do not doubt that many dishes will suggest themselves to girls' minds, without the need of any words from me.

There are shepherd's pie, Cornish pasties, rissoles, croquettes, the time-honoured hash, mince with poached eggs, kromeskies, meat egged and breaded, or dipped into batter and fried. All these are most excellent, if only a little pains and trouble be bestowed upon them. This, however, is what we must make up our minds to in using scraps, or our failure will be deplorable. We can always comfort ourselves with the reflection that what is worth doing at all is worth doing well, and most certainly it is worth while to avoid waste.

CHRYSÉ.

A TALE OF ROME IN THE GOLDEN AGE.

By ARTHUR W. GROSER.

CHAPTER II.

WITH the morrow came other occupations and engagements for Chrysé and her father. For the latter there was public and private business demanding his close and immediate attention, and in the brief moments of relaxation in the society of his daughter, there was little time for discussing those plans of future benevolence which she had so earnestly yet imperfectly proposed. Her enthusiasm, however, for benefiting those around her had not cooled, nor was it limited to words and phrases. Her every thought was for others, though her position as the youthful mistress of a Roman household was naturally beset with temptations to self-indulgence and ease. She hated most warmly the institution of slavery, which degraded her servants to the level of unreasoning animals, and rendered half the ladies of Rome incapable of self-help. To better her slaves' condition, to minister to them, and to give them comfort and even pleasure, was her constant effort; and Parmenias found, with growing vexation, that his patrician notions of rank and authority were being unconsciously but vigorously combated. "She will forget all these things when she is older," he continually told himself. "She is little more than a child at present; and having grown up as she has done with the women slaves, there is no wonder that she has learnt much that is wild and unnatural. When she has seen something of Rome she will feel differently." And in his deep and ardent love for his child he planned a thousand pleasures for her future, promising himself a rich reward in seeing her gratification and delight.

In a few weeks the more pressing business attendant upon his return to Rome was completed, and the preparations begun for the removal of his household to the more spacious mansion that Octavius had presented to him.

Situated on the leafy Janiculum, and commanding a magnificent prospect over the glorious city, with its far-reaching roads and golden capitol, the palace had been built by a Roman general with the plunder of a hundred cities. Filled with Greek statuary, paved with ivory and mosaic, and hung with silks from the choicest Syrian looms, its chambers were of vast size and splendour.

Defeat and disgrace, however, had befallen its owner, who had shared the ill-starred fortunes of Antony. The mansion and lands were confiscated, and bestowed, as we have already seen, by the successful Octavius upon his valiant supporter.

The utmost secrecy was observed by Parmenias in arranging for his prospective removal until the final preparations were complete. He intended that the news of his master's present should come as a surprise to Chrysé; and as her sixteenth birthday was at hand, he determined to defer the announcement until then. Picturing to himself her excitement and joy in her new home, he looked forward to the time when he might show her its varied treasures, and bid her call them her own.

Rising early on the long-expected morning, the stern and unbending warrior whom men called cold, and whose outward life seemed passionless and repellant, waited his child's appearance with eager impatience. Her step was soon heard on the marble floor, and her voice calling to her birds sounded clear and musical.

Never was Chrysé more lovely in the eyes of her father. With her doves fluttering round her in answer to her summons, and a freshly plucked rose in her golden hair, now no longer flowing but fastened in a careless knot, she seemed, in her saffron coloured drapery, one of those fabled maidens whose legendary beauty the poet Ovid was to sing so sweetly.

Parmenias gazed at her with silent admiration as she drew near unconscious of his presence. The promise of future happiness in her society was mingled in his mind with an element of sadness and uncertainty, in the thought of past sorrow and bereavement. It seemed to him but yesterday since he first saw her mother, in her sunny home at Baiæ, and felt for the first time the promptings of that love which even Death himself was powerless to terminate. More than ten years of silent grief had gone by: ten years of labouring and fighting, for ends which less successful rivals called sordid. And now that the reward had come, position and fame and wealth had no charm unless they brought more happiness to his child.

Such were the thoughts and feelings of Parmenias, as he watched Chrysé standing in the soft morning light against the full red walls of the chamber, and with her dainty shoes peeping out from the soft folds of her linen robe.

"May the gods grant my darling their richest gifts!" he exclaimed, "and may her birthday be full of happiness and joy."

"Your wish is already answered, dearest father, for with you the days are always bright and happy. See, Doris, too, has remembered the day, and has brought me the first rose of the spring."

A momentary shade of displeasure deepened the lines on the soldier's forehead. Was he to be ever forestalled by this slave girl in acts of affection? he asked himself. Was she really coming between him and his only joy in life? Then once more dismissing the thought as impossible and absurd, he invited her to walk with him before their morning meal was served. With a look of wondering gladness Chrysé consented, and taking her hand Parmenias led her in the shade of the chestnuts and laurels towards the mansion, which was not far distant.

Emerging from the leafy avenues, they entered the palace, now lonely and unoccupied save by one or two caretakers who had been long in the service of Parmenias. Astonished and almost awed by the magnificence of these patrician chambers, with their purple couches and tables of ivory and citron wood, and amidst the very vastness of which their footsteps sounded hollow, Chrysé seemed to be possessed rather by some vague suspicion of a surprise in store for her, than by a sense of curiosity and delight.

"Whose palace is this, and why is it so lonely?" she ventured to ask at length.

"It is yours, my pet, and is waiting for you to come and make it your home. It is my birthday gift," answered Parmenias.

Chrysé started as if overcome with the suddenness of the news, and then, to her father's intense astonishment, threw herself upon his bosom, and burst into a flood of tears. Gently and silently disengaging himself from her passionate embrace, Parmenias led the sobbing girl back to her humbler home.

The walk was a painful one; to Parmenias because another disappointment had resulted from his efforts to give his child pleasure, and because her lack of joy in the splendid gift seemed to him another sign of that peculiarity which had manifested itself on the first evening of his return to Rome. To Chrysé the gift suggested separation from all the associations that had made her life bright in the past, and the thought of those grand silent halls, rich though they were in treasures of wealth and art, made the modest comforts of her present home seem doubly sweet. She had no desire for fashion and company, her only wish was for closer intercourse with her father, and freedom for her acts of self-denial and self-forgetfulness in the society of her inseparable companion, Doris. This bright prospect seemed now to be closed over, and while Parmenias felt that his profound love for Chrysé was unchanged by episodes such as these, he saw that her sympathies and sentiments were widely divergent from his own, and he looked out upon the future with anxiety and dread.

During that and one or two successive days, Chrysé was very sorrowful, but knowing that her grief must seem ungrateful to her father, who had intended to give her happiness, she endeavoured, with some success, to appear cheerful in his presence. Her youth and elasticity aided her, and in a week she was able to discuss the question of removal with interest and even pleasure.

Parmenias consulted her wishes in every way, and sought her aid in choosing servants for the more important offices in the new household. By her express desire and advocacy, Hebrus was made house steward, and though at first the appointment seemed to Parmenias due rather to his daughter's regard for Doris than to her knowledge of the young slave's capabilities, he saw no reason for disapproving of the choice. The young man was handsomer than any of his fellow menials, and moreover there was an air of refinement and gentleness about him which was no less attractive than his modesty, and which the dark tunic of his class could not disguise.

His appointment gave general satisfaction, but to no one more than Chrysé, who had already found the youth, not only a ready instrument, but a capable teacher, in those schemes of charity and benevolence which she now looked forward to exercising in a wider and more general sphere.

These hopes and interests bridged over the wide distance that seemed in her mind to separate the old home from the new, and it was with silent gladness that Parmenias saw her resuming, amidst the stately luxury of the palace, her life of cheerfulness and sunshine.

Two years passed by of peaceful, undisturbed happiness. Chrysé was a child no longer, but fast blossoming, under the warm southern sky, into a lovely and high-souled woman. For her father her love grew daily stronger, but the old divergence of interests was nevertheless accentuated.

As expected from one in his position in the Roman world, and master of one of its finest palaces, Parmenias entertained company sumptuously and frequently, but at heart, like the poet Horace, he hated the noise and excitement, and yet to no one would he have confessed his repugnance. To Chrysé these great feasting matches, with the dishes heralded by the strains of flute, and the carving performed to the sound of music, were a source of disgust, and rather than conform to the demands of fashion, she would have turned her back upon Rome and its society, and have sought for rational enjoyment in the pleasures of the country. She felt humiliated that in her absence her name should be toasted by bacchanalian voices, and her beauty discussed by profligate nobles, with their silly heads crowned with parsley or roses.

"Why do you ask these men to your table, dearest father?" she asked, one morning, after a banquet of more than usual magnificence. "You tell me that you love rather to be with me than to sit and hear these men talk of gladiators and wine and dice, as if they were the only things in life worth speaking of. Why should you spend so much on those who care only for your good things, while there are hundreds who need help in their misery and sorrow? Oh, forgive me for speaking so, but when I heard the shouting and singing of those drunken men last night, I knew you would wish yourself away from them, and I would gladly give up my share of amusements if only feasts like these might end." Chrysé spoke tenderly and respectfully, and yet with a warmth and earnestness that showed her words were premeditated. She felt the fashionable life of Rome unbearable, and her spirit was chafed beyond endurance.

Parmenias, too proud to confess the reasonableness of her words and to own his agreement with the substance of her plea, paused for a moment, as if weighing his reply, and then the answer came slowly and almost painfully.

"My life has been one of sorrow and conflict, Chrysé. I have laboured and fought and bled, in order that I might give you wealth and happiness. I am now no longer young, and it is my desire to see you married before the gods summon me from earth." Unheeding Chrysé's gesture of dissent, he continued, "With this aim I have invited youths of rank to my table, and although you are pleased to speak of my guests with contempt, one of these will be your husband before the next festival of Ceres comes round."

Chrysé burst into an agony of tears, and fell beseechingly at her father's feet. The sight of the young girl's grief might have touched the stoniest heart, but Parmenias, whose harder nature seemed to have suddenly triumphed, remained unmoved.

"His name is Calais," he resumed, "and his family is one of the most illustrious in Rome. I have consented to his suit, and in so doing I am storing up fresh happiness for my child's future. My life has been devoted to her, and now I am denying myself to give her joy."

Chrysé rose from her posture of supplication, and winding her arms round the strong man's neck in the old caressing way, she pleaded to be spared the pain of parting from him.

"What have I done that I should be taken from you? Have I not loved you with all my heart? I am not ungrateful for your goodness; but Calais! oh, I cannot love him. I have heard he is wicked and cruel, but because he is rich and wears silk and gold, men praise him. No, I would rather be a slave like Doris, or beg my bread in the streets."

The reference to Doris was unfortunate, awakening, as it did, the old strange jealousy that lay dormant in Parmenias' breast. Was it, then, this slave girl who was for ever poisoning his child's mind with her ridiculous ideas of benevolence and self-denial? Was she ever to thwart him in his inclinations and purposes? The imperiousness of his Roman nature, roused by a sense of humiliation that he should be baulked by a slave, was conquering his deep love.

"It is evident," he said, with a calmness that was more terrible than passion, "that you, Chrysé, care more for your slave's chatter than for your father's wishes, and as you are so soon to change your home, Doris and her brother shall be sold."

For a moment Chrysé, forgetting her own troubles, seemed petrified with astonishment and grief at this too cruel decree; then, burying her beautiful face in her robe, she sobbed passionately. At the sight of sorrow so extreme, the old conflict arose in the mind of the unyielding Roman between his love for his child and his own unbending pride. While love pointed to the bitter violence of the maiden's grief, to her tender affection in the past, and urged him to withdraw the threat, pride counselled firmness and a display of paternal authority.

Chrysé's pitiful and beseeching looks and tear-stained cheeks were a stronger advocate than either, and, for perhaps the first time in his life, Parmenias submitted to a compromise.

He would allow the girl Doris to remain with her young mistress, but as for Hebrus, whom he suspected to be the originator of his sister's extravagances, a purchaser should at once be found.

"Hebrus may think himself fortunate," Parmenias continued, "that no worse punishment is meted out to him for his folly. Many a slave for a far lighter fault than his has suffered scourging and death. He has presumed upon my favour, but even that favour has a limit."

In vain Chrysé pleaded the faithful services of the young steward; her father's resolve was inflexible.

That night Hebrus became the property of another, and left the services of Parmenias for ever. That night, too, saw the beginning of a long estrangement between father and child, and the deepening and intensifying of the love between mistress and slave. The two young girls were passing through the depths of sorrow, and time alone could heal their bleeding hearts.

(To be continued.)

"WHOM THE GODS LOVE DIE YOUNG."

By E. WILLIAMS.

NAY say not so! is it no mark of favour
That thou hast thine appointed work to do?
Dost thou not know that He who claims thy labour
Will recompense thee when thy wage is due?
Wouldst thou forego the rapture of contending
With danger, difficulty, toil, and pain?
Or wouldst thou stagnate in a rest unending,
Without a prize to win, a goal to gain?

Die young! Thou knowest not what thou art saying—
Thou hast not learned to live in youth's gay prime!
Why, like a child, impatient of obeying,
Wouldst thou give up the ghost before thy time?
Thy creed may suit the coward, faint and fearful,
The gloomy fatalist, or abject slave,
But sorts not with the confident and cheerful,
And finds no favour with the good and brave.

Go, ask the warrior, panting for promotion,
If he would fly the field, desert the right;
Go, ask the sailor, on the storm-swept ocean,
"Is it not grand, this elemental strife?"
Or ask the scholar, with his spirit burning
With zeal for light from wisdom's boundless store;
If he would rest contented with his learning,
"No," he will quickly answer, "give me more."

Life is not thine to waste in idle pleasure,
In aimless apathy, or dull despair;
Prize thy great gift aright, and guard thy treasure
With assiduity and anxious care.
Seek how thou best canst serve thy Lord and Master,
Be grateful if He grant thee length of days;
So shalt thou fit thyself for empire vaster
Than that which now unfolds before thy gaze.

Strive as thou wilt; put forth thy best endeavour;
Thou canst not reach the ring which rounds thy view.
Oh! that this feeble arm were nerved for ever
With strength and energy, life's work to do.
Keep thou thy course, the path of duty follow,
And then, come life, come death, thou shalt be right;
And He who holds the waves in His hand's hollow
Shall lead thee out of darkness into light.

HOW TO CHOOSE A PIANOFORTE, AND KEEP IT IN ORDER.

"LIKE a missionary, the piano has everywhere extended the influence of music, and if we admit that of all the arts music is the most essential for man's happiness, so must we concede that of all instruments the piano most identifies itself with our social habits, and tends to enhance domestic felicity."—*Herr Pauer's Programme*, February 2, 1862.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—When your kind Editor asked me to give you a few hints on this most delightful subject—"Choosing a Piano," and taking care of your treasure when found, a "historical-comical," or "comical-tragical" experience of my own flashed on my recollection (how often has it not floated before my mind) as one of those painful realisations of "man proposes," &c., which do occur in the pleasantest lives; and I will tell you what this was, because it bears on the point in question.

It was a glorious July morning; true the heat without was a white heat, and promised, as people say, to be—well, something between an oven and the Black Hole in Calcutta. But as yet the shadow of the trees was fresh and green in the pretty breakfast-room, the flowers seemed to expand in the sweet summer air, and so in truth did we—for harbour and shelter there was in this cool shady room; piles of writing for quiet resting work all through the heat of the day were on the escritoire. We were safe, as under the shadow of angels' wings, amidst the ferns and the flowers and old carvings and pictures; the coffee was steaming, and the breakfast, as the prelude to a real holiday of rest and quiet home work, was—how pleasant it was is difficult to say, unless to those who understand what rest and home are to workers. We had just said, "What a lovely day for quiet work at home together, here in the cool shade, when there will be such heat outside!" when the postman's knock, a pile of letters, and oh, my prophetic soul! an ominous fear of some one of those wandering Furies who dash from the lips of poor mortals some coming happiness, crept over me as one by one the innocent looking letters were opened. Do you remember Hood's sketch—"One black ball excludes"?—where a party of officers are escaping from a room into which an innocent looking black bomb has penetrated—you only see the boots of one of the runaways through the window, and small scraps of the others. My share of the explosive force was near, but it took this deluding form, and began—"Dear Friend—I have a sudden opportunity of buying a piano, but though our need is great, our means are very small. The enclosed" (an advertisement cut out from a paper) "looks promising. Would it be possible, in your great kindness, for you to find time to look at it for us" (they lived in Devonshire), "and tell me if it be worth keeping—it is *so* cheap!"

[Enclosure]—AN EXTRAORDINARY BARGAIN.—In consequence of the death of her husband, the widow of a clergyman is obliged to part with her piano (only purchased three months ago) at ANY sacrifice. Therefore, for 20 guineas cash, will be sold a RICHLY CARVED WALNUT WOOD COTTAGE PIANO, elegantly finished, with all the latest improvements, and of the fullest compass (7 octaves), with an elegantly carved walnut wood music stool to match

FOR TWENTY GUINEAS.

A small music stand to match can be sold with it at an unusually low price."

The Furies never sprung upon poor Orestes with more effect than this simple, quiet letter in the midst of our plans. However, "England expects," &c. Our friend, 200 miles off, was helpless for herself, and if I did not see to it, there would be for ever the remembrance of some valuable instrument to be had, as it were, for "eighteen pence," as Dick Swiveller says, lost through the stolidity and hard-heartedness of a friend.

What was the address on the advertisement? An utterly strange place in a distant part of London, which was all lying white and blistering outside. I think my readers will not be surprised to find that "England was not in this instance disappointed." A few groans, a gruesome glance at the heap of work on the writing table and the Paradise which was to be left, and then at the white heat outside the house; a few regrets for the precious morning hours of work lost which will never be replaced by tired evening ones—and "this child" was toiling over white dusty roads in pursuit of duty; every step the heavier, because anyone who knew the elegant accomplishments of sellers of rubbish in the form of pianos, would know, as she did, the hopelessness of the task. The abode "blest by the abiding" of this treasure was hard to find, but with the *ritournelle* of the pretty little hymn in the air "If at first you don't succeed, try again;" in time (a long time), a mean road, an artisan's cottage was reached. I tried to hope to the last that by some miracle of good luck some treasure for my friend might appear; but oh, the vision was not that which I hoped. But the worst fears took embodied shape, and presented themselves in that coarse bad workmanship, in the flaring gaudiness of *the thing* which pretended to be my glorious instrument, and the outside was exactly the proper shrine for the horrible twang of the touched keys, the offensive pain of its notes, a sort of marriage of the tom-tom and a maddened tin kettle at a dog's tail.

To this day the remembrance of that morning is so vivid, that it is a consolation to think the recalling of its horrors may be the means of saving some fellow creature from such companionship. It is many, many years since, but the keenness of that morning's sufferings, and the horrors of that scarecrow piano, do not fade with time, and increase my desire to give what help I can to those who may care to be

SIXTY YEARS AGO.

able to judge wisely and well of that instrument, which (like its master or mistress) may rise to wonderful beauty and excellence, or fall to be lower than the dogs upon the hearth, or the little bell toy on which the tiniest child can hammer a tune. Angel or fiend, which?

So this paper is a labour of love, for which I cannot sufficiently thank your editor, and yet it is not altogether an easy one. The ear is a wonderfully acute sense in some; in others it is comparatively dead or sleeping, and it is in great measure the ear which is the ultimate judge of appeal in all matters of sound. Naturally, therefore, I must try and give you such help as will guide the judgment as well of those whose hearing is naturally sensitive to beauty, and of those less gifted in this direction, who will value the experience and knowledge of the best critics on the matter. I will tell you something of the history of the beloved instrument, its noble ancestry, its gradual rise, the generous way in which it has repaid a thousandfold all the energy and perseverance, talent and genius, time and fortune long expended on it—the treasures of art, paintings, gildings, exquisite carvings with which it has been enriched—the strange strange stories which embroider the course of its history—its extremely complex construction, in which every step has been wrested from ignorance by toil, mental and bodily, by hard calculation and hard work. Will you have patience to follow me while I try to put you in possession of some of the means of forming a wise judgment for yourselves? You can feel how essential it is to spend the means, small or great, which may be trusted to us, to choose what will be for many years to ourselves and others an increasing pleasure.

When I think of my tragical experience on that July morning, and of the many guileless, well meaning victims of those same seductions, I recur to the sympathy of a few sentences in the admirable New York magazine, by Harper, and soothe the troubled recollections of that day with the outspoken good sense of that writer, who knows so delightfully the geography of that world of deceit and falsification on which one must touch if you glance at "Cheap Pianos." He says, writing on that subject, in his most interesting article:—

"The truth is, that although there are preferences, and room for preferences, the pianos of the half-dozen best makers are of such uniform and substantial excellence, that whoever buys one, with or without seeing it, is certain to make no mistake. But beyond this circle of established names and quality are much misunderstanding, disappointment, and positive deception. Several firms are obliged to be constantly putting down unprincipled persons who appropriate their names, generally with slightly changed spelling. The cheap dealer avers that no piano costs above two hundred dollars, or £40, to make, and that it is folly to pay a large price *for a name*. But the *name* is only another word for proved quality. One enterprising man advertises from a small village, remote from centres of population, that he will send a superb extra grand square, which he describes in the most lavish manner—the regular catalogue price being £168—for only 260 dollars (or about £52). It is perfectly safe to say that he has no factory, and that his piano would be really dear at the price, and cost originally about half what he asks for it.

"*How do the cheap pianos originate?* There are about fifty different trades in the piano. It is one business to make action, another to make cases, another to make keys, and so on. *The cheap piano*—its parts gathered up from the small shops of persons who have small capital, no reputation to sustain, and are under constant pressure to lower the price of their work by one notch more—is put together by somebody who calls himself a manufacturer, and stencils on the front boards whatever name the dealer orders. Sometimes, as above stated, the name used is that of some well-known maker whose reputation has been bought, and is scrupulously maintained, by honest workmanship. The quality must correspond with the method. It is easy to make a piano that costs 500 dollars (£100), *and it is easy to make another*, at a casual glance just like the first, for a quarter of that.

"Nor are the differences always perceptible at first by the average buyer; for while there is nobody who cannot instantly see and appreciate differences in price, many cannot judge quality. The cheap piano, roundly declared to be as good an instrument as can be made anywhere, unquestionably has legs, cover, keys and strings, hammers, &c., *and it will go*.

"What more can any have?

"*Quality*.

"Still, to the average buyer, anything which has legs and a case is a piano. If the *cheap piano* would only remain as good as at first, it might answer quite well the needs of its purchasers, who can judge nothing but the price. Unhappily, however, it soon breaks through the disguise of varnish and veneer, and shows itself a miserable rattle-box, to the grief of the owner. A good piano is carefully built of the best materials, and formed into a solid and harmonious whole; the problem of durability being the exact and complex one already shown. Of course an instrument made up of posts, constructed without regard to anything but cheapness, and disposed of by persons who have no interest in it after it is once sold, will soon yield to strain and climate, becoming loose and weak in action, bad and weak in tone, and *utterly incapable* of remaining in tune. . . .

"Bad pianos are dear at any price, and the music lover who has little money would do better to watch his opportunity for a good instrument at second-hand than to buy disappointment together with some shameless gaud."

I come back to England for an unprejudiced opinion on this side the Atlantic, and I read as follows from an excellent article on the same subject in the *St. James's Gazette*, which corroborates what has been said in still stronger terms:—

"Woe to the unsophisticated one who takes *au pied de la lettre* the promises of the habitual advertiser of 'A great bargain—a pianoforte,' or who believes that the bargain is in each case offered by 'a widow in embarrassed circumstances,' or 'a lady who is giving up housekeeping,' or 'an aged physician whose sands of life are fast running out.' Such announcements are a snare for the unwary; such addresses actually constitute the retail region where shoddy pianos, manufactured expressly for the purpose, are sold. The 'lady' never does give up housekeeping; the 'physician's' sands of life are so pertinacious that he continues advertising year after year. The pianofortes sold in these assumedly private houses are usually made in a *back shop* by a *paucity of workmen*, and of *unseasoned wood*."

Very different is the process by which the respectable manufacturer turns out his wares. Here everything is slow, careful, and costly.

The wood of which the pianoforte is made must lie in the factory yard in plank from two to four years, in order to dry and season. Planks of pine, of plane tree, of beech, sycamore, rosewood, of pear tree, walnut and mahogany, are piled up on every side of the yard, covered with tarpaulin in wet or showery weather, and exposed to the sunshine as carefully as a lady's geranium cuttings on a spring day. After maturing thus for two or three years (I believe Messrs. Broadwood have woods which have stood to season for fifty years), they are conveyed into the drying room, a heated chamber, something like an immense barn, leading from the yard, and here they rest some four or six months more (see again the account of Messrs. Broadwood's process) till the wood is thoroughly dry.

It is in such particulars that the large manufacturer differs from the cheap and needy maker. The latter *cannot afford* to reap no benefit from his capital for three or four years, while the wood is hardening. He wants to get his piano made and sold, for his profits are small, and he must turn his money over rapidly in order to live. The result of all this haste is brought home to the unhappy purchaser, who in a short time finds the "bargain" crack ominously, warp its supports, and peel on the veneer.

I have alluded to the extremely dubious satisfaction that can be afforded to a real judge of pianos by the name stencilled on the front. Pianos are in this like pictures, the hand of a master asserts itself, whether in the noble characters of tones, or the mastery over forms and colours, without the written name. Apelles passing through the studio was proclaimed by the traced circle on the wall, and a chord to the ear of a master will assert the character and ancestry of a Broadwood, or an Erard, or a Hopkinson. But to judge of the repose and satisfaction to the purchaser of the stencilled name on the instrument, see the account in a Peterborough paper of a transaction of this peculiar kind, called forging trade marks, where the principal victim says:—"I remember a few years ago selling a pianoforte to receive a better one from the paragon of honour who bought the old one from me on payment of so much difference. The piano *I bought* was marked with Broadwood's name. The piano I sold was marked with a name certainly *not* known to the world. A few days afterwards, being in the shop of the purchaser, I noticed the piano which had become familiar to my eyes; but the unknown name had been removed, and that of Broadwood substituted. Pleasant 'for one who had just bought a Broadwood,' which was perhaps as much so as the one I sold. Of course, the said paragon of honour assured me that the one I had just bought *was* a 'Broadwood,' and that he had only just put the well-known name on the old one to sell it. He *might* have added, the ingenuous creature, that he also wished to *sell* the purchaser; and there is no doubt that thousands of these frauds occur without any remedy."

Take another case of forging trade marks from the assize news in the *Standard* of August 20, 1877. An interesting person, of the name of Douglas Adams, was politely and minutely cross-examined as to what use he made of certain plates which he had in his possession, and which bore the name of *Broadwood*. He said that they had been printed, he believed, by a man of the name of Cooke, of Manchester, but he bought a parcel of them some years ago from a workman in his employ. The plate was used, he ingenuously admitted, for putting on old pianos; nor is Messrs. Broadwood's the only instance of the old proverb that "Imitation is the sincerest flattery," for another plate produced on this cheerful occasion was used by the makers of pianofortes of the shape of Collard and Collard, and bore the identical words "Collard and Collard model," the word "model" being in very small characters.

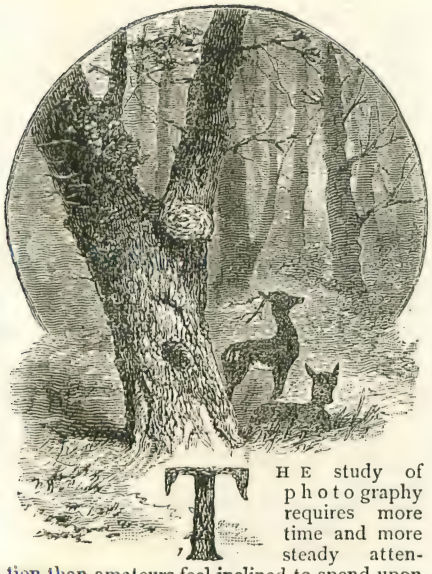
So between the dangers of buying pianos bearing names which are as Jack Sheppards or Jonathan Wilds to those who know anything of the matter, and those pianos which cannot by any conceivable means be fathered on to the honourable names plastered on them, you see helpless ignorance is in a bad case.

Will you care to know something more of the beautiful instrument which has become so dear and so valuable to us all—something of

its past history, and some few things of its present position and making, such as may help you and guide you if you should be in that most charming position of power to choose a piano for your own special use and privilege, or what might be almost as sweet, if you are one of those to whom it is a delight to help others—to be able to guide a friend to a real home treasure, a source of pure and noble delight, a Pegasus which will answer to every touch, and rise to every occasion; whose clear and rich sounds will never degenerate into a wooden bass, or a cottonny tenor, or a tin tinkling or brassy treble, but will remain like an old racer—true, characteristic, and perfect in training to the last—the infirmities of age cannot sour its inherent sweetness, nor can the wear and tear of use harden its choir-like sounds? It was born true and clear and noble, and though its strength may lessen and its form be in fashion unlike that of the younger sisters of its family, the ripeness of its age will be mellow, and the tenderness of its sounds will remain more charming to those who love what is pure and beautiful than the hard brightness of its younger and under-bred rivals. (*To be continued.*)

PHOTOGRAPHINE.

By B. C. SAWARD.



THE study of photography requires more time and more steady attention than amateurs feel inclined to spend upon a pursuit they may not care to make a profitable one, and even if this reason had no weight, the necessary outlay for the implements, and the impossibility of producing good work without a room entirely set apart for the purpose, would deter many.

By photographine, an art recently patented by Miss Caspar, 200, Regent-street, it is, however, possible to take any number of copies from the photograph itself, and to do this without much expense and in an ordinary sitting-room. There are many people already who can take copies from a negative, but until this invention was introduced to the general public, there were few beyond professionals who could make a negative from a photograph printed on paper, and from that negative turn out several copies.

The necessary materials for photographine are, bottles of transparent fixing and toning mediums, a printing frame, two porcelain baths, a bottle of mounting solution, some sensitive paper, and a photograph. These materials will cost twelve and sixpence, and as the baths and the printing frame are the most costly part of the outfit, and will not require renewal, the current expenses of the work are but slight when once a commencement has been made.

The manner of working is as follows: Take a good, well-printed photograph, and if on a card place it in a basin of hot water, and do not touch it until it floats off the card unaided, then let it dry, and when dry, lay a wash of transparent medium over the back. Let the wash penetrate the paper, and then with a silk rag well rub the back of the photograph so as to take away all the transparent medium that has not sunk into the paper. If the silk rag will not absorb it, put some clean blotting paper over the photograph and let the medium soak into that. Having rendered the photograph transparent, put it into the printing frame next the glass, and cut a piece of sensitive paper the size of the picture, and put that on behind it. Shut up the frame and expose it to the light in a sunny window or out of doors. A very hot blazing sunlight is not desirable while printing, as the negative will then turn too black; a clear bright day with a little sun is the best day to select. While the frame is in the sun and air, open it now and then to see the progress of the work, and when a sufficiently strong impression of the photograph has been secured on the sensitive paper, remove the negative thus obtained, and put the photograph on one side for future use. It is impossible to give any stated time for exposure, so much depending upon the photograph and the clearness or density of the atmosphere; but the worker will soon find out when his negative is ready, bearing in mind that from a very dark negative only light and weak impressions can be thrown off.

The negative taken from the frame, lay it in one of the porcelain baths, and pour in some fixing medium, so as to cover it quite over with the liquid. Let it soak in this medium for ten minutes, after which it will become indifferent to the light, the sensitive paper when exposed to atmospheric influences without some such protection turning brown and finally black.

Wash the negative thoroughly in cold water by putting it under a running tap, and then dry it between blotting-paper. When quite dry, lay a coating of transparent medium over the back, and let that soak in, and then dry it off with a rag and blotting-paper, as the original photograph was treated. From the negative so obtained the copies are printed, and this negative will not wear out for some time, and when it does a fresh negative can be procured by repeating the process with the original photograph.

To print from the negative, place it next the glass in the printing frame, with a piece of sensitive paper behind it, shut up the frame and expose it to the light as already mentioned, and do not remove the paper from the frame until the exposure to the light has printed off upon it a clear *fac simile* of the negative, and one that is darker in its shades and shadows than those seen on an ordinary photograph. An exposure for a quarter of an hour is generally sufficient, but the atmosphere and the degree of light render an accurate statement of time impossible, and the only way of judging the progress of the work is to examine the printing frame from time to time.

Have a bath of toning medium ready, and plunge the print into this, and while it is soaking put a fresh piece of sensitive paper behind the negative in the frame, and expose that to the light so as to obtain a second copy. Keep the print in the bath until from being of a red tinge it turns into black and white tones, then take it out and wash it thoroughly in cold water, changing the water several times, and bringing out the half tones of the photograph. quite clearly before considering that it is clean When ready, lay the photograph in a bath filled with the fixing solution, and leave it in that for ten minutes, then rewash in the cold water, and dry between blotting-paper. The photograph is now ready for mounting upon cardboard; its edges should be cut straight with a sharp knife run along a ruler, while the photograph is laid upon a piece of glass. Make some clear thin starch, and while this is still hot affix the photograph with it to a piece of cardboard.

Impressions of one figure or head can be taken as separate pictures from groups, or an ordinary photograph turned into a vignette by only exposing a part of the photograph to the light when it is in the printing frame. The sensitive paper beneath, unless acted upon by the light, will not transfer to itself the lines so darkened. Manage, before putting the photograph next the glass, to cut out its size on a piece of brown paper, and to cut out from that either an oval or just the part that will leave exposed only the head or figure to be taken, paste this piece of brown paper on to the glass of the printing frame, put the photograph in, then the sensitive paper, and when the frame is opened the impression only will be found of the particular part on which the full light has been thrown.

Sensitive paper must only be cut as required, and never kept long in the light, but always folded away in a special portfolio and kept in the dark. The liquids used for fixing and toning the prints should be poured back to their receptacles when not in use, and never allowed to become dusty and dirty, or to mix with each other.

It will be gathered from the above instructions that photographine is by no means a difficult study, and that the result is pretty certain to be appreciated by friends. Anyone with the materials named can easily produce copies of their own likenesses and that of their friends, or can multiply photographs of favourite pictures. For canvasine and kartaline and for all colouring purposes the copies will be most useful, and any lady would find her friends glad to give her orders for copying from photographs whose original negatives have, as is so often the case, been destroyed.

STAR WISHES.

By JETTY VOGEL.

UPON the terrace walk they stood
And watched the day decline,
And faint within the glowing West
The moon's fair crescent shine.
And as the twilight deeper grew,
And stars began to show,
They greeted each with chanted rhyme
And wishes murmured low.
Star bright—star light,
First star I've seen to-night!
Would I may, would I might,
Have the wish I've wished to-night!

Said Maude, as to the fading sky
She raised her brow of pride,
"Let Fame's fair laurel wreath be mine,
I nothing ask beside!"
"The love of my beloved," said Ruth,
"That is the boon for me,
And tranquil as the days gone by
My unknown future be."
Star bright—star light, &c.

"Afar," said Inez, "would I roam,
And realms untrodden scan;
Behold whatever great or fair
May be beheld by man."
"Not mine the wish," true Mabel said,
"In distant lands to roam;
But may I bear the light of peace
To many a shadowed home."
Star bright—star light, &c.

For beauty, wealth, and high estate
The lovely Laura craved,
That pearls might twine the golden locks
That o'er her forehead waved.
"To dwell contented in the shade
While others proudly soar,"
Said Helen, "and my flowers to tend
Beside my cottage door."
Star bright—star light, &c.

"To wield the writer's pen," said Clare,
"To touch the poet's lyre,
To pour a soul-entrancing strain
While listening crowds admire!"
"A heart to understand," said May,
"A heart to echo all;
Of noble thought, of worthy word,
That on mine ear may fall."
Star bright—star light, &c.

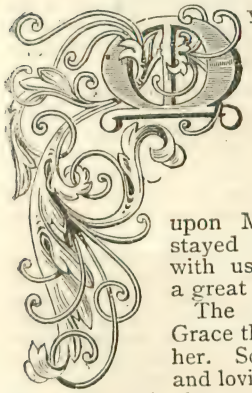
And so they sang their simple rhyme
With yet one cadence more,
Till all the sky was bright with stars,
And wishing time was o'er.
When life in after years hath told
The tale it had to tell,
They'll smile to think how 'neath the stars
They breathed their childish spell.
Star bright—star light, &c.

MY BROTHER'S FRIEND.

By EGLANTON THORNE, Author of "The Old Worcester Jug," etc.

CHAPTER XII.

THE WINTER BRINGS TROUBLE.



MY kind friends at Beechwood did not forget me after I had quitted their house. A fortnight later Grace drove over to call upon Mrs. Lyell, and stayed for some time with us. The visit was a great pleasure to me. The more I saw of Grace the better I loved her. So kind and strong and loving she ever was. Her friendship knew no variations of mood. She was always ready to listen, always to be relied upon to help in any difficulty or trouble to the utmost extent of her power. I have known no other woman who manifested such strong, deep sympathy. It came natural to her to rejoice with the rejoicing and weep with the weeping. She had not to make the joys and sorrows of others her own; they were her own. It need not be said that this keen susceptibility brought her suffering. There were times when her spirit was sorely oppressed by the burdens she bore for others. To her sympathy and that sister-grace, the charity that "taketh no account of evil," was due the attraction that drew to her persons of all descriptions, and made her influence so powerful in the neighbourhood, where her good works, neither few nor simple, were best known. Her humility was as remarkable as her unselfishness. I think I never came so near vexing her as when I said to her, impulsively, one day, "Oh, I wish I were good, like you!"

She flushed, and a look of positive pain came to her face as she said, gravely, "Please do not speak so, Dorothy; you do not know how it hurts me. No one was ever good save Jesus Christ. Let us pray to be made like Him."

Nor did Ralph Dugdale forget me. More than once he walked over from Beechwood to bring me a book or magazine which he thought I would like to see. His visits were as acceptable to Mrs. Lyell as they were to me. His kindliness and cheerfulness quite won her heart.

One day Ralph and his sister appeared on horseback, accompanied by a groom leading another horse prepared for me to mount. Thus invited, I could not refuse to ride with them; but it was not with unmixed pleasure that I accepted their kindness. My heart misgave me as I thought of Leonard. He would be sure to hear of the ride, and it would deepen the shadow which had fallen between us. For Leonard had been different towards me since my return from Beechwood. He came less frequently to the house, and often spent Sunday elsewhere. When he was with us I was conscious of a feeling of constraint which I vainly endeavoured to overcome. His coldness wounded me sorely. It made me resolve to steel my heart against him; but, alas for this re-

solve! just when I thought it most strong, some flash of his old kindness would break down the barrier I had striven to erect, and the sweet folly sweep over me again.

Thus things went on, till, in October, Ralph Dugdale and my brother returned to college. Each was looking forward to a term of hard work. Ralph had to prepare for the examination for the mathematical tripos, which took place at the beginning of the year, and Edmund for that of the classical tripos, which fell a few weeks later. I knew that my brother was very anxious to take a high place in his examination, since he hoped, on taking his degree, to get a tutorship in some public school. The scholastic profession seemed the only one open to him now.

One afternoon in October I was at the East Weylea station, having just returned from town, whither I had been to take my lessons, when my attention was attracted by two ladies who were alighting from the train by which I had travelled. One saw at a glance that they were mother and daughter. The elder lady was perhaps about fifty, slight and fragile in form, with refined and delicate features, the effect of which was marred by the nervous, fretful expression her countenance wore. Apparently she was an invalid, for she leaned heavily on her daughter's arm as they crossed the platform, and the maid who followed them was burdened with wraps and cushions.

The daughter was very pretty. She resembled her mother; but nature had cast her face in a stronger mould. Decision and self-reliance were expressed by the small, delicate mouth and pointed chin, and the blue eyes looked forth with a steady, fearless gaze. She had beautiful hair of the genuine golden hue which is so rare. Surmounting its rich coils, she wore a quaint little turban of dark blue velvet, not unlike a Turkish fez, which set off admirably her bright, piquant face.

"The air strikes very chill," I heard her mother say, "and see, Rose, although it is yet early there is a fog rising. Oh, I hope I have not made a mistake in coming back to England at the beginning of winter!"

"You had better keep your mouth shut, mamma, if you fancy there is a fog," said the girl, in a clear, musical voice, "and do not imagine you have made a mistake; you will be as glad as possible by-and-by to find yourself surrounded by the comforts of your own home once more."

So saying, the young lady turned to give a porter some directions concerning their luggage. I passed out of the station, and walked towards Mrs. Lyell's. As I approached her gate the ladies drove by in a fly loaded with luggage. It was no surprise to me to see the vehicle draw up before the gate of the Gothic villa on the other side of the way. I had already decided that these ladies were Mrs. and Miss Carsdale.

But my heart was heavy as I went indoors. Whether or not Mrs. Carsdale had made a mistake in returning to Weylea for the winter, it was with no satisfaction that I contemplated the idea of having her and that pretty Rose for neighbours.

"Mrs. Carsdale and her daughter have come home," said Sarah, when she brought candles into the dining-room that evening. She addressed her mistress; but she gave a side-long glance at me, as if she suspected that I should not be pleased to hear the news. Sarah still continued to watch me closely. I had an uncomfortable feeling that she suspected how deep an interest I felt in Leonard Glynne, and took a pleasure in saying anything respecting him that would annoy me.

I was thankful that, being already aware of the Carsdales' return, I was able to receive the news with an air of indifference.

"I hope Mrs. Carsdale is better for her change," said Mrs. Lyell, quietly, and then she asked me to get the book containing records of missionary enterprise which I was reading to her.

Leonard did not come in that evening nor the next. I wondered whether he knew that the Carsdales had come home. On the afternoon of the third day I was standing at the landing window, looking across the garden, when I saw him coming along the road. He was on the other side of the way, and I fancied that my eyes must be deceiving me, for it was seldom he returned from the city so early. But doubt gave place to a distressing certainty when I saw him pause at the gate of the villa. Yes; he lifted the latch, and passed up the short path to the door. I watched for a minute, and saw him admitted.

I knew now why he had quitted business early. Ah, it was that house, not this, which had an attraction for him! I turned from the window with a horrible pain at my heart. It was mine at that hour to experience the sharpest stings of jealousy. I paced my room for a while, tortured by thoughts which were well-nigh unendurable.

But at last I gained a respite. I could not strangle my pain; but, struggling desperately, I succeeded in subduing it, at least for a time. I was able to return to Mrs. Lyell, and, taking up our missionary narrative, read with an energy which convinced her that I was as much interested in the adventures of her hero as she was.

After we had taken tea, I resumed the reading, and read several chapters. It was easier to read than to talk. But I received but the vaguest notion of the course of the narrative. Whilst I read, my ears were on the alert to catch the sound of horse's hoofs on the carriage drive; for it was a clear, moonlight night, and on such Leonard loved to take a ride. But no sound broke the stillness. Ariel kicked restlessly in his box all the evening; his master did not come to saddle him. Ah, how long and dreary seemed the hours to me till bedtime came!

Two days later, on Saturday afternoon, I saw Leonard. I was coming in from a walk, and found him in the front garden, selecting and cutting chrysanthemums with the air of a connoisseur. He had a large bunch in his hand, and I saw that he had despoiled the greenhouse of some of the gardener's most choice specimens. His face brightened as I approached, and he greeted me so warmly that, for a moment, I forgot every shadow that had fallen on my heart.

"What lovely chrysanthemums!" I said. "Stubbs will hardly thank you for gathering them; I hope Mrs. Lyell commissioned you to do so."

"No, she did not," he said, laughing unconcernedly; "but I know I am welcome to them, as far as she is concerned. They are for Miss Carsdale; there are none in their garden."

"Oh, indeed!" I returned, and my heart seemed to freeze. I moved towards the house; I had no wish to exchange more words with him. But Leonard stayed me by a question.

"You do not know Miss Carsdale, do you?" he asked.

"No, I have not that honour," I answered, coldly.

"She would be very pleased if you would call on her. She has been asking me about you, for she has noticed you going in and out."

"I am much obliged to her," I returned, in anything but a grateful tone.

"I think you would like her," he said, gently; "it would perhaps make it less dull for you being here, if you became friendly with her."

"Oh, I like the dulness, as you call it," I replied perversely; "it keeps me from temptation to neglect my work. And I have really no time to cultivate new acquaintances."

"That is a pity," he said, lightly; he was hunting as he spoke amongst the bushes by the side of the path, and now he held out to me a small, pale rose. "See, what I have found—'the last rose of summer!' It is not a bad one either, though it is almost scentless. Will you have it?"

"No, thank you," I said, coldly; "you had better give it to Miss Carsdale."

My words must have stung him, for he flushed a deep crimson, and turning, pitched the rose over the high wall behind the shrubs which screened the stable-yard. Without another word, I left him and went indoors. Whatever satisfaction there was in knowing that I had made him angry was mine.

Ere many hours were past I bitterly regretted my hasty speech. But it was impossible to unsay it, and equally impossible to check its influence. There was a marked change in Leonard's manner towards me when next we met, and the distance between us seemed to widen as the weeks went on.

What secret torture I endured in those days! I ceased to struggle with my sorrow. I blamed fate rather than myself for the misery that overwhelmed me. I did not pray for the strength and wisdom I needed in this peculiar trial. I had not learned in all my ways to acknowledge God. Not that I was irreligious, but my religion somehow lay apart from my daily life. Far different would my experience have been had I possessed the childlike faith of Mrs. Lyell, who, in everything, sought the

guidance of the Lord, and submitted all her desires to His will.

At last an event occurred which suddenly arrested the fever of passionate, selfish emotion in which I lived. I came down one cold December morning to find a letter lying on the breakfast-table addressed to me in a handwriting which I seemed to know yet could not identify. When I saw that the envelope bore the Cambridge postmark my heart misgave me, and I tore open the letter with trembling fingers. It was written by Ralph Dugdale, and did indeed bring me bad news.

"Dear Miss Carmichael," he wrote.

"You will think I have sadly failed in my trust when I tell you that your brother is very ill. It grieves me to send such bad news, but I dare not hide from you that he has a sharp attack of inflammation of the lungs, though as yet the doctor thinks there is no positive danger. At the same time I must beg that you will not alarm yourself unduly. You may rely upon my doing all in my power for Edmund; he is dear to me as if he were my brother—dearer I may say, for a friend is sometimes more than a brother. You will doubtless desire to come to your brother; but for the present I must persuade you not to think of so doing. He is in a state of high fever, and the doctor, in whom I have the greatest confidence, insists on my keeping him as quiet as possible. You shall hear every day of his condition, and I will summon you immediately your presence seems desirable. May I ask you to acquiesce in this arrangement till you hear from me again? With much sympathy, your sincere friend,

"RALPH DUGDALE."

Here was a terrible and unlooked-for blow. Edmund ill with inflammation of the lungs! The worst fears awoke in me at the thought. My heart sickened with despair. It seemed as if this came as a punishment, for of late I had felt no anxiety concerning my brother—had given few thoughts to him, in fact.

Suddenly I started up with a rebellious impulse. I must, I would go to my brother, let Ralph Dugdale say what he liked. I should have rushed to Mrs. Lyell's room, although to disturb her at this hour would have been an unpardonable enormity in Sarah's opinion, had I not at that moment caught sight of Leonard in the garden.

With a quick change of purpose I opened the glass door and ran down the steps into the garden. Leonard looked amazed, as well he might when I rushed up to him and exclaimed impetuously, "Oh, such a dreadful thing has happened! Edmund is very ill at Cambridge. Ralph Dugdale has written to tell me. He says I had better not go; but I must, I will go."

I have not forgotten how Leonard's look softened when he heard my news, nor how tenderly he held my hand in his as he said, "I am so sorry; your brother is very dear to you, I know."

"Dear!" I cried, without pausing to weigh my words. "He is more to me than anyone else in the world; we are everything to each other. Oh, do help me; do say that I must go to him!"

"Of course I will help you," he said, gravely; "there is nothing I would not do for you. But you must come indoors, it is far too cold for you to stand here."

With that he led me indoors. I was soothed and comforted by his kindness, though when he had read Ralph Dugdale's letter he was of opinion that I ought not rashly to hasten to Cambridge. He reasoned with me very gently, and presently, seeing the untouched dishes on the table, he asked me if I would not give him some breakfast. Of course I could not refuse, and thus I was obliged to take some food myself, little as I craved it. I was happier after Leonard had gone, although I sat crying by the fire.

Later in the morning Grace West arrived. I was not surprised to see her, for I knew that if her brother sent her the news she would be sure to come to me at once. She, too, persuaded me to remain where I was for the present. She was very kind; I knew that I had her warmest sympathy, although once or twice she reproved me for the wild, passionate words I uttered.

"Dear Dorothy," she said, "you must not say that you could not live without your brother. It is not right, dear. We should ever remember that our loved ones are God's. For them, as well as for ourselves, we must say, 'Thy will be done.'"

"I could never say that if Edmund were taken from me," I cried, shivering at the very thought; "I am not one of those cold-blooded people who can resign themselves to anything. Those whom I love, I love with all my heart."

"Do you think that no other loves as well?" asked Grace, not offended, though my words were cruel in their thoughtlessness. "We cannot love anyone too much; but you know, dear, that there is a wrong as well as a right way of loving."

"Is there?" I asked, almost scornfully; "I cannot understand such fine distinctions."

Grace said no more, probably seeing that I was in no mood to be argued with.

Anxious days followed. On the morrow I learned that Edmund continued the same. On the next he was a shade better, and so on, till at last came the news that the doctor had pronounced him out of danger, though still needing the greatest care. Not yet, however, was I to be permitted to go to him. Christmas was close at hand ere the summons came.

Christmas Day fell on a Monday that year. On the Friday afternoon preceding it, when I came in from a walk, Mrs. Lyell greeted me with the words, "Have you seen Leonard?"

"No," I said, with a blank sense of disappointment, for I knew that Leonard was to start for Bournemouth that evening to spend Christmas there.

"What a pity! He hoped he should see you; he wanted to say good-bye. I wonder you did not meet him! He has hardly been gone three minutes, has he, Sarah?"

"Not more than five, certainly, ma'am," said Sarah, who was laying the cloth for tea; "but I think he was going into Mrs. Carsdale's; that would account for Miss Carmichael's not meeting him."

"Ah, to be sure! He could not have cared much about seeing me, or he would have foregone that visit to Mrs. Carsdale."

"Well, he will not be away long," said Mrs. Lyell, composedly; "he says he shall be back in town on Wednesday morning at the latest."

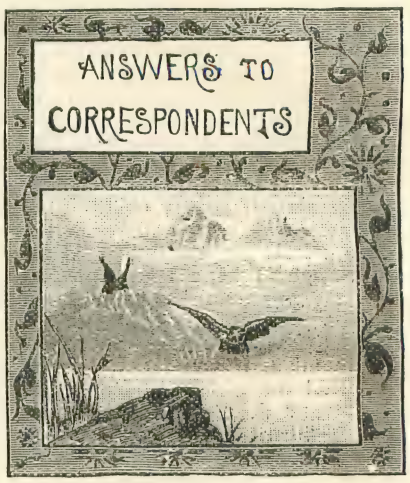
But for all that I was grieved that I had missed the chance of saying good-bye to him. I remembered that I had lingered at the corner of the road to speak to an old crossing-sweeper. If only I had known what those few words would cost me!

"A letter for you, miss," said the housemaid, entering, salver in hand.

I saw that the letter was from Cambridge, and tore it open hurriedly. It brought good news. Edmund was making progress; he hoped to sit up in a day or two. Should I be willing to spend Christmas in his sickroom?

Of course I was willing; I was glad and thankful to go, and no one now attempted to dissuade me. Not at once did the thought come, but when it did it smote me painfully that it would now be many days ere I saw Leonard again, and it was even possible that I might never return to live with Mrs. Lyell. Ah, how I wished that I had spent the afternoon at home!

(*To be continued.*)



EDUCATIONAL.

A FARMER'S DAUGHTER.—We think that your wishes will be exactly met by the Sulhampstead Question Society. Apply to Miss Thoyts, secretary, Sulhampstead, Reading, Berkshire. The annual subscription is only one shilling.

STUDENT.—Our space will not permit our receiving MSS. from our correspondents in a general way. We think you had better join some amateur magazine society. Stories, poems, puzzles, and drawings may be received by the Spider Magazine Society; secretary, Miss Ravenor, Whitney, Oxfordshire.

DAISY MAY.—We hear that many people have benefited by the various artificial memory systems; but, fortunately for ourselves, we have no personal knowledge of them. You had better advertise in the *Queen* or *Bazaar* for the first volume of the G. O. P.

MARY B.—*Entre chien et loup* is the vesper hour or twilight; a breed between *canis* and *canis lupus*. A recent authority thinks the phrase was suggested by the "dog watch" on board ship, beginning at 4 p.m.

A SCOTCH LASSIE.—You do not mention your age, but, judging from your wretched handwriting, you are very young—too young, evidently, for a hospital nurse. Read over the Answers to Correspondents carefully. You must learn your lessons for some time to come before you will be ready for work.

EINE SCHWEIZERIN.—We do not imagine that the writer intended to attack anyone, but only mention in passing how people cling to old traditions.

ETHEL HEWITT.—You can only improve your powers of composition by constant writing on all subjects, and the study of the best authors. You are very young, and at present attention to your education is your first duty.

IPHUPLEY should obtain a small instruction book for shorthand. They only cost sixpence, we think.

O. N. M.—Full particulars of the methods of entering the Civil Service were given in our article, "Work for All."

ART.

POODLE.—Independently of the question of copyright, it is at all times a dishonest action to adopt another person's work and make money for it as your own. "Practice," as used in your sentence, is a noun, and you must spell it with a "c," not an "s." The latter is used in the verb.

AMADEA.—For painting a face in water-colours, it is necessary to make flesh tints from a mixture of white, crimson, and yellow ochre; to work the soft shadows in with sky-blue tints, the deeper with neutral tints; the lips with carmine, shaded with Indian ink; the cheeks with carmine; as the colouring of a face depends entirely upon the sex and age of the subject. It is impossible to give you complete directions, and we advise you to buy one of the shilling handbooks published on the art, which will be more full, or take a few lessons. The French word *chic* means "style."

PAINT-BOX.—The mediums used in china painting are fat oil and oil of lavender. You must dilute your paints with the former; but we do not think they will be good for much after being allowed to harden. Another time you had far better purchase your colours in the powder, and make them liquid as required.

GERALDINE ROBERTSON.—We cannot give information as to when any articles will appear in this paper. Lessons in wood engraving under the School of Art, at 122 and 124, Kennington-park-road. The yearly fee for instruction is £3, and free scholarships are given to industrious students after the first year. The hours for attendance are from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m., and from 5 to 8 p.m. daily, twice a week. Meals are supplied at a fixed tariff, and the students are superintended by a lady.

BURNT UMBER.—The rules to be observed when sending pictures to the Royal Academy are, that they should be properly packed, carriage paid, the owner's name and address carefully written upon them, the name of the picture, and with any explanation necessary. They are received on the 1st of April. Yours will therefore be too late for this year's forthcoming exhibition.

A MUSING MONKEY.—We think the birthday cards which you send us for our opinion very simple and neat, but not very original nor artistic. You write a clear and useful hand, and we are glad to hear you are a help to your father in consequence.

MUSIC.

MARY K. does not say where she lives, but we should think that at any house where they sell pianos she might make arrangements for practising.

ANXIOUS ONE.—We can only advise our correspondent to have her voice tested by a few lessons from a first-rate master, who will soon tell her whether it be likely to prove a good voice for concerts and public singing.

PUNCH and JUDY.—The violin is a very difficult instrument to play, and needs great practice, even had a player a good ear; but it would be quite out of the question for you to play it if you have not a good ear. We strongly advise you to banish all thought of marriage until some good man, suitable in every respect, solicits your consent to his proposals.

DAISY.—When you take your place on a platform to sing, as an amateur, at a public concert, you should bow slightly on facing the audience, and on retiring, if applauded, bow to both right and left to acknowledge the compliment. If you have shoes and stockings to match a light dress, wear them. If your dress be dark, your stockings should be of black silk or lisle-thread, and your shoes black also.

ONLY DAUGHTER will obtain all the particulars as to the size and price of a harp piano by writing to any of the great firms of musical instrument sellers; or, still better, by application in person. We do not supply information of this description.

L' EXTRA.—The voice is much affected by the general health, and yours will probably be improved by rest and fine weather. The winter has been trying, and your colds must have done harm also. You should wear woollen underclothing, keep your feet dry and warm, and try a gargle of salt and water every morning and evening.

CLARE.—We think that by writing to any of the London publishers of music you will get a list of the kind of songs you require without trouble.

WORK.

COUNTRY WOMAN should wear a handsome visiting-dress at an afternoon wedding, and gentlemen ordinary dress.

FIFTEEN YEARS.—We gave a recipe for making baby's shoes in vol. i., page 159. You write a nice hand-writing.

PENMON.—We gave a recipe for making a crochet gaiter for a child at page 516, vol. ii. We recommend our young readers to search our indexes for themselves, and likewise to procure a couple of small sixpenny manuals of knitting and crochet, as the recipes are much too long to be given in our correspondence columns.

DEWDROP.—We are glad to see that you add your testimony to that of so many others as to the usefulness of our articles on "Dress in Season and in Reason," helping girls to make old dresses wearable and pretty, and so economising their means. We cannot give promises of future articles on cutting out; possibly we may some day.

DARKIE and MURIEL.—"Samite" is a costly silk stuff, frequently mentioned by old writers. Silk in the olden time had various names, distinguishing either their quality or pattern. "Samite" comes from the Greek word *hex*, or six, the number of the threads on the warp of the textile. This name, therefore, denotes that the material was six-threaded and costly. The first clock made was a water-clock, introduced into Rome by Scipio Nasica 158, B.C., and clocks are said to have been found in Britain by Cæsar when he invaded the country in 55 B.C.

GIRL OF 12.—String lace is macramé. This is now made upon a board instead of a cushion. You should procure a shilling book of instructions.

LIZZIE.—The material is a description of cord. A darker shade of the same, or silk matching it in colour, will go well with it.

COOKERY.

O. P. Q.—Olives are generally served at dinner (at dessert) in glasses with a little of the liquor in which they are preserved. They can, however, be peeled carefully from the stone all round, filled in with pounded anchovy, and served with oil, either as an appetiser before dinner or handed round after cheese. Olives farcies are olives peeled and filled as described above and afterwards placed on rounds of fried bread, with butter run in a pattern round each olive.

SOUTH GROVE evidently puts too much sugar in her jam, or boils it too long. The place where she keeps it may be also too hot or dry for it. The 29th May, 1865, was a Monday.

M. E.—To make a sponge cake, see two recipes in vol. v., pages 171 and 247.

STEPHANIE.—You will find directions for making chutnee at page 494, vol. i. The series of articles on good breeding and etiquette, for all classes and under all circumstances, ran through several volumes. Those you specially require are "Dinners in Society," page 314, vol ii.; "The Foundation of all Good Breeding," at page 73, vol. ii.; "Etiquette for All Classes," page 90, vol. iii.; "The Habits of Polite Society," page 162, vol. iii. Why do you not copy a small roundhand? Specimens are produced in copperplate and sold for copying.

MINNIE.—We know no better way of using orange-peel than making marmalade with it.

FLEUR D'ORANGER.—You will find our recipe for crystallising fruit on page 92, vol. iii.

MISCELLANEOUS.

C. and W. SWEET.—The 17th of October, 1860, was a Wednesday. Friday is considered an unlucky day because of our Lord's crucifixion, and it is accordingly a "fast" day. But Friday is not considered an unlucky day everywhere. In America Friday is a lucky day, and many of the greatest political events have happened on that day. In Scotland Friday is a very usual day for weddings.

ST. HELENA.—The word *battaglia* is Italian, and means "battle." We think the tree was somewhere on the shores of the Lago Maggiore, or on the Isola Borromée, where Napoleon carved the word. *Tête d'armée* was the head of the army.

FORLORN HOPE.—The seat of the Lord Chancellor in the House of Lords is called the "woolsack." It is a large square bag of wool without back or arms, and covered with red cloth. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth an Act of Parliament was passed to prevent the exportation of wool, and that this source of our national wealth might be kept in constant remembrance, woolsacks were placed in the House of Peers, whereupon the judges sat.

CARRIE W.—Bathing with salt and water is said to harden the feet and make them less tender.

SUNFLOWER.—The London School Swimming Club for Girls holds classes at the baths, King-street, St. Pancras, and 2, Queen's-road, Bayswater, W.

PROKLOS.—By the recently given statistics we see that the following is the real strength of ice:—Solid ice, two inches thick, will bear men on foot; four inches thick, men on horseback; six inches thick, cattle and teams with light loads; eight inches thick, teams with heavy loads; ten inches thick, a pressure of 1,000 lbs. to the square foot. These are the last facts given by the best authorities. It seems as if many accidents and much sacrifice of life might have been prevented had these calculations been made known before.

WOOD SORREL has our best thanks for her valentine of kind thoughts and pretty verses.

DIEU, FRANCE, ET MARGUERITE.—We think the book is a historical tale only; the manners and customs of the date selected being true, but the people named being fictitious characters. There is no mention of a Lord Falmouth in English biographies. We are glad you like the G. O. P., and find it useful and amusing. In return, we must compliment you on your English, which is excellent and very grammatical.

GILBERT.—All the questions you have sent on the subject of emigration to New Zealand for yourself, your son, and daughter, will be better answered by the secretary of the English Women's Emigration Association, 13, Dorset-street, Portman-square, W.

BLACK BEETLE.—We do not give the private addresses of our contributors. Miss Agnes Giberne has written many books—"Mignonette," "Aimée," "Hillside Children," "The Rector's Home," "The Nameless Shadow," and "Next-Door Neighbours."

YOT.—We could not advise you on such a matter, as we know nothing of the advertisement. As a rule, all such things are merely "catch-pennies."

HARRY'S DARLING.—We cannot encourage you about your poetry, as it is lacking in all poetical qualities. You should try to improve yourself in writing and spelling.

ALICE SLOPER.—What do you expect us to recommend, a dose of medicine or a charm, to make you get up in the morning? We should advise your mother to send the breakfast away, and not allow you to have any after the family have finished. But the most serious part of the matter is the entire lack of good feeling and high principle on your part, to say nothing of the ill-breeding with which you treat your father and mother, in coming down to breakfast an hour and a half behind time! The cure is in your own hands, not in anyone else's.

MONTMORTEL. — In the case of the old lady you mention and the 3,000 francs, we believe the heirs-at-law would have a claim on the money if they knew it existed. We think the child was cruelly treated, but that did not establish any right (legally) to the money.

GWLADY'S DEVIERE.—"Evening Prayer at a Girl's School" is by Felicia Hemans. The name Eunice is pronounced in three syllables, "U-nice-e," in England. In America we have actually heard it pronounced "U-nis," but only once.

SYLVIA.—You should procure a shilling manual on the subject of keeping an aquarium from any railway bookstall. We are not in favour of our girls undertaking to keep any pets without first learning how to take care of them and make them comfortable.

DOROTHY.—Cases are on record in which men were able to endure a dry temperature of from 200° to 220° Fahrenheit for a short time. Such a temperature would, of course, be unendurable if the atmosphere were saturated with aqueous vapour. In these circumstances there would be no evaporation, and the body would become superheated. The higher the temperature in a dry atmosphere, the greater the amount of perspiration converted into vapour.

AGNES WALKER.—Your best plan for obtaining the engagement you require is to advertise your wants in a daily paper.

TREASURE.—There may be no harm in using wine as a gargle, or brandy, medically, as long as the doctor orders them for your health's sake. You are breaking no pledge by taking them. Your handwriting is poor.

HYACINTH. — Easter Day is a movable feast, and moves backwards and forwards, according as the full moon next after the vernal equinox falls nearer or further from the equinox. See the rule given at the beginning of the Prayer Book.

NON EST.—To invite your husband without you to dinner to meet ladies is certainly an affront, and your husband should decline the next invitation, as he could not permit or consent to any such slight and disrespect shown to his wife if he have the feelings of a gentleman, not to say a loving husband. He can say that as you do not give dinners you do not go out to them. You can visit and be friendly all the same.

LOVER OF FLOWERS.—Let the stems and flowers of the hyacinths and narcissus completely wither away before cutting them from the bulbs. The sap by so doing will return to the bulbs and strengthen them.

TUDOR.—To keep caterpillars away from cabbages, put a ring of salt round the roots (on the earth), or lime. We do not imagine that the stone you name is likely to contain diamonds. Take it to a lapidary for an opinion.

EDITH.—You may very safely put the G. O. P. into your pupils' library. Your writing is clear and well formed, though we find fault with the terminal upward flourishes.

TOTTIE.—Wash the patent leather shoes with a little milk, which will prevent their cracking. Some people's flesh is more transparent than others. There is nothing to be superstitious about in that.

BETH S.—The cheapest and most speedy way for you to proceed is to get a letter written to your uncle by a lawyer. Consult some well-known man with a well-established reputation. The other way would be to make a search for your mother's will at Somerset House, London, one shilling being the fee. You must give the date of death.

F. H. T. S.—We should think it meant that the ring was too large for the finger, and that the young gentleman who picked it up was a goose.

VOICELESS ONE.—We could not prescribe for you. We imagine that your loss of voice has to do with some feeble condition of the general system, and is not a mere local weakness. Persons so affected have been cured by going to the seaside and never speaking to anyone for some weeks, thus recruiting the health, and getting the benefit of change of air and perfect rest; others have been sent to the south of Europe. You must consult your own doctor.

HOPEFUL.—If you wish to learn the millinery business, your parents are the right people to find you a suitable engagement, which, by inquiry amongst their acquaintances, they might easily obtain. Perhaps they could manage to apprentice you at some respectable shop.

ELSIE D. should consult a dentist as to the state of her gums. He might prescribe a wash. Probably their condition may result from a disordered state of the health, and he would be able to decide this matter for you. Your handwriting is not yet formed.

L. H. THOMAS (Winifrede).—For the "catogan" plait, all the hair should be combed to the back, where it is tied and plaited into two large coils, and then one turned up and tied at the nape of the neck; the other is then wound round it on the head to hide the ends. The front may be curled.

TOMMIE.—We do not give addresses. If not too far off, you would find Paignton, Budleigh Salterton, or Dartmouth all pretty places, where you could live after an inexpensive style, if you wished.

A NEW ZEALAND GIRL.—We have read your letter with much pleasure, and we are glad to find you have derived so much benefit from our music notes and dress articles. You have our best wishes and thanks.

RACHEL.—It is necessary to be confirmed before you communicate in the English Church. You should consult the clergyman of your parish.

P. B.—We do not think a tricycle improper for a lady to use; but before you get one, do learn to spell the name properly. There are three mistakes in your short note.

LILY OF THE VALLEY.—We cannot recommend any "balm" to cure a physical pain in the heart. It may need a course of treatment, special rules as to diet, etc. You should see a doctor. We also advise you to obtain a few hints from a nursery gardener.

OLD GIRL IN POLAND.—Even did we know of any drug for banishing sleep, we should not prescribe one. But you may take a light into your room, and, shutting the door, leave your windows open while retiring to bed; when you have thus admitted several score of midges and mosquitoes, shut the window and extinguish the light. We should find this plan thoroughly effectual. If, however, you be suffering from a disease called lethargy, you should place yourself under the care of a doctor.

LITTLE CAULIFLOWER.—A mackintosh should be hung over a large clothes horse so as to make no folds which may adhere one to another, and should be kept in a cool, dry place, far from the fire and from sunshine.

LUCIFER MATCH.—Washing the hair in soda and water tends to keep it light in colour (or to fade it), but it makes it brittle and rough, and is not to be recommended. Keep it thoroughly clean, and leave nature alone.

A GIRL OF 28.—We recommend you to advertise for a lady help. In your case it might be a more satisfactory plan to take one than an ordinary servant. As to the rough work, she would be prepared to undertake it—and, besides, she will be paid for it—so you need feel no scruple about it. You have duties and anxieties, as the "guide of the house," that her shoulders are spared. Of course, we are glad to answer such letters as yours.

BIRDIE has not got short sight, but wishes to wear glasses for decorative purposes, or perhaps to "look knowing," or possibly "blue." Poor "Birdie!" Confide your wishes to some fatherly and sympathetic optician, and request him to substitute plain glass for magnifiers, and that will save your eyes from injury. If you desire to adopt a commercial style of handwriting, your present writing will do.

ELAINE.—If only dining out, lay the napkin on the back or seat of your chair when you leave the table. If staying on a visit, fold it and put it, rolled, into a ring, should one be provided. If you dine early at luncheon-time, you will require a napkin for a substantial tea; but you would not need any when eating a biscuit before going to bed. We think you would deserve a good indigestion if you indulge in a meat supper, and we hope if you do you will give up so unwholesome a meal. We only except the Sunday night repast, which, however, should be restricted to what is light.

VALERIE.—Not knowing whether your spots proceed from indigestion, poor blood, unsuitable food, a chill, or disease of the skin itself, we can only say consult a doctor, who can form an opinion from personal acquaintance with your constitution and circumstances.

THISTLES.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

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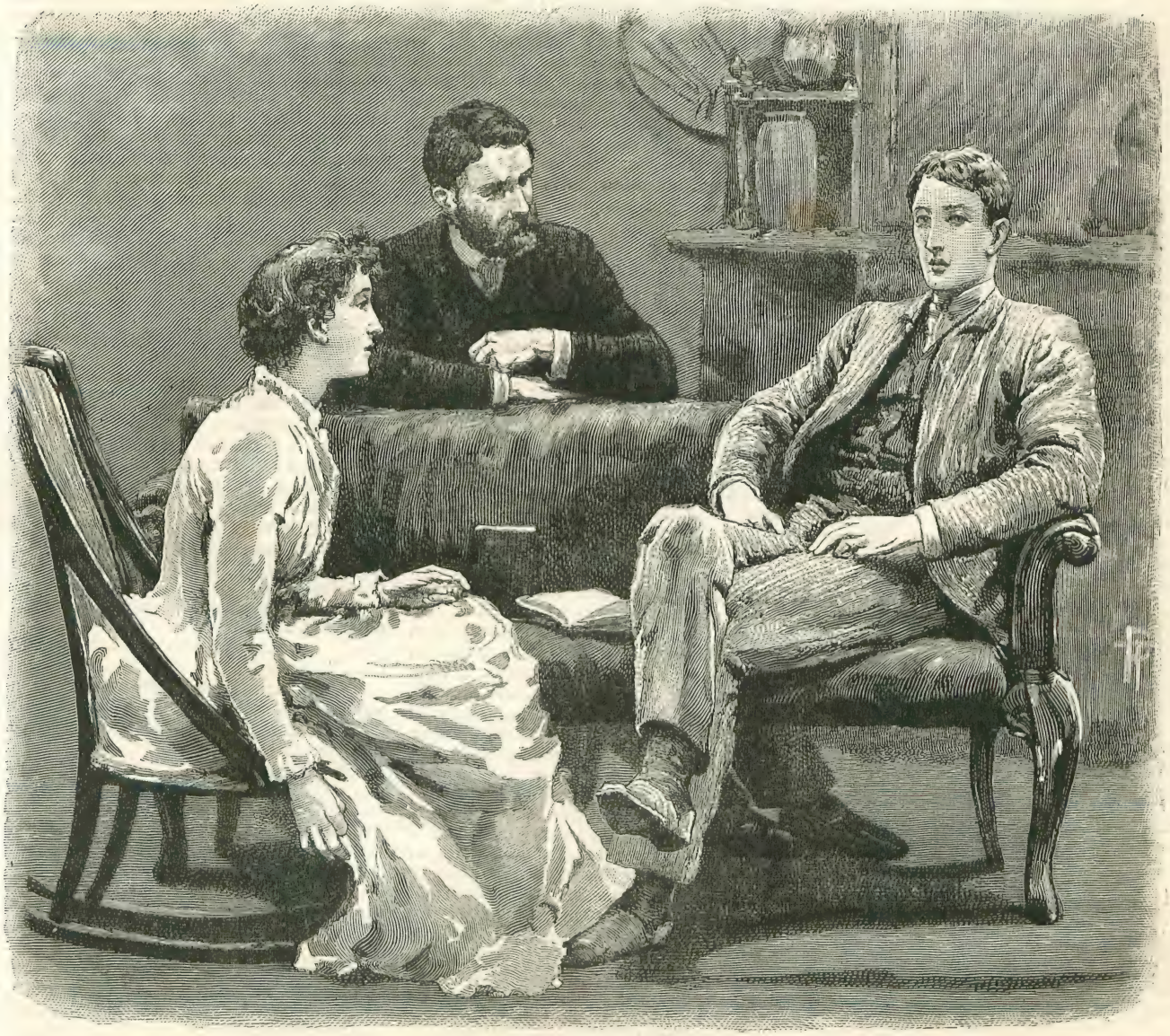
MY BROTHER'S FRIEND.

By EGLANTON THORNE, Author of "The Old Worcester Jug," etc.



All rights reserved.] "'I HAVE A GREAT MIND TO RUN OVER TO THE CONTINENT WITH YOU.'"

CHAPTER XIII.

RALPH CLAIMS A FRIEND'S PRIVILEGE.

Is the reader acquainted with Ventnor, one of the most charming of the sheltered resorts that offer to invalids immunity from the worst perils of winter in our treacherous climate? Screened from northern winds by the high ridge of Boniface, and open to the southern sea, which gleams with sunshine, and across which soft breezes play when London lies under the iron spell of frost, or is shrouded in dreary fog, it is a place where the weakly and consumptive may hope to lengthen out their span of life, if not to regain health.

On a bright morning in early May, Edmund and I were strolling along the sands at Ventnor, walking in the broad sunshine which he loved and I cheerfully endured for his sake, although the glare and heat dazzled and stupefied me. We had been in this quiet retreat—far quieter in those days than now—since the beginning of the year, for, alas! my brother had come to be counted as one of that class of sufferers known as "the consumptive." His serious illness had inflicted permanent injury on his lungs, and the only hope of checking the disease lay in avoiding the rigours of winter. But though we had enjoyed the mild climate of Ventnor for so long, and I had endeavoured to preserve him from every risk of cold, Edmund had made little progress. His cough still troubled him, he passed restless nights, he panted painfully when we climbed the hills, and the hectic colour in his face bore witness that the insidious disease was still working mischief. Yet in spite of all he was full of hope, and often spoke as if he were rapidly regaining strength, and I, too, clung to hope, refusing to read aright the signs which had so clear a meaning.

During the last few weeks Edmund had grown weary of Ventnor, and was impatient to try another change. He was anxious, too, on account of our rapidly diminishing means, and wanted to get to work again, for he still hoped to take his degree, although he had missed the examination in preparing for which he had broken down.

"Dorothy," he said to me now, as we paced the sands, "don't you think we might go to town next week? I should like to see that doctor again, and ask him if I may not set to work. I really cannot afford to saunter away my days here any longer, and I believe I should be better if I could work."

"Perhaps, dear; but you must not be in too great a hurry," I ventured to say. "You have been patient so long; you must not spoil all by being rash now."

"But I am better, very much better," he urged. "It could not hurt me to begin work again."

"I should like to see you first with a little more flesh on your bones," I said, laying my hand on his thin arm; "and your appetite needs to improve, for you must eat more if you work."

"How can a fellow have a healthy appetite when he is allowed to do nothing?" demanded Edmund. "I should eat fast enough if I worked. We will go up to town next week, Dorothy."

"Wait till we hear what sort of weather they are having in town," I suggested. "Write to Ralph Dugdale, and ask his advice."

"He will be sure to say, 'Do not come yet.' He is as much inclined to coddle me as you are. Not that I would say a word against the dear old fellow, the best friend I ever had. I can never forget what a sacrifice he made for me."

Indeed, it seemed that Edmund never would forget how Ralph, in order to nurse him day and night, had sacrificed his chance of being senior wrangler. Refusing to leave him to the care of a hired nurse, he had watched beside his bed till the crisis of the illness had passed, by which time the examination was close at hand. Consequently, he had presented himself for it with both mind and body ill-prepared for the strain, and had come out, not first wrangler, as his college had fondly hoped, but seventh on the list. Edmund could hardly forgive himself for having caused his friend's failure. He had counted on seeing Ralph senior wrangler, and his disappointment was far greater than Ralph's, who would not allow that there was any cause to regret his position on the University list.

Perhaps as a woman, with no pretensions to being learned, I could not rightly estimate the grandeur of the sacrifice Ralph had made, but, in truth, Edmund's gratitude for the same sometimes struck me as being excessive.

Edmund continued to talk about going to London. I listened without opposing the idea. But for the fear of his endangering his health, I should have liked the thought as well as he did. I had not forgotten Leonard Glynne, though I had striven hard to do so, reproaching myself for giving another so many thoughts, when my brother so strongly claimed my loving consideration. I had quitted Weylea with a strangely mingled sense of pain and relief. I had fancied that I was breaking away from the enthralment which I had found at once so sweet and bitter, and for a time Edmund had absorbed my every thought and feeling. I believed that if only he were restored to health I should desire nothing more. Yet whilst Edmund stood first, and I devoted myself entirely to him, the thought of Leonard was never far from me. Edmund's talk about going to London stirred within me a sudden longing to see Leonard again, or at least to know how he was. Perhaps we should go to Beechwood, and if so, I could easily walk over to Weylea to see Mrs. Lyell. I had heard very little of Leonard since I left Weylea. Mrs. Lyell's letters contained only the most casual references to him, and now for many weeks Mrs. Lyell had not written to me, so that I half feared she was ill. Perhaps it was not strange, but only in accordance with the usual order of coincidences, that after pondering the causes of Mrs. Lyell's silence, I should, on our return to our lodgings, find a letter from her awaiting me there.

I opened it eagerly. It was soon evident that Mrs. Lyell had not been ill. A succession of visitors, whom the spring had brought to town, had occupied her time, so that her correspondence had fallen into arrears. She begged me to believe that she had not ceased to feel a warm interest in my own and my brother's welfare.

Was there a word of Leonard in the letter? My eyes skimmed the pages in search for his name. Yes, here was something—what was this, "For Leonard's sake"?

Unfortunately the paragraph was not calculated to give me pleasure.

"I must tell you," wrote Mrs. Lyell, "that I have made Miss Carsdale's acquaintance. She called on me, and, for Leonard's sake, I felt obliged to see her. To my surprise, I found her a very agreeable girl, kind and gentle in her manners, and by no means so frivolous as I had supposed. I blame myself now for having misjudged her. Of course she has had a worldly training, and she dresses more gaily than I think becoming; but I am sure there is good in her. Since then she has spent an evening with me, and she kindly says that she will often run in and read to me, so that I may not feel too much the loss of your precious services." And so on. I could hardly read to the end of the letter, I was so annoyed. Of course, since Mrs. Lyell was thus taking to Miss Carsdale, there could be no doubt as to what would soon follow. Strange! I had believed myself without any personal hope for the future, yet this thought thrilled me with pain and anger and sorest mortification.

"What is the matter, Dorothy?" asked my brother, who had been watching me as I read the letter.

"Matter?" I exclaimed, startled by the question. "Oh, nothing. What do you mean? Why do you ask?"

"Only because I naturally wondered why one moment you were as red as a lobster and the next as white as that curtain."

"What nonsense, Edmund," I cried, colouring again; "I was nothing of the kind; I never do change colour like that."

"You mean you have never seen yourself do so," returned Edmund. "I do wonder what there is in that letter to put you out so."

"Then you may wonder," I said, forcing a laugh, "for I am not going to satisfy your curiosity."

I left my brother and went upstairs, there to fight a long battle with myself. I was determined to escape from the dominion of this pain. It was a hard struggle; but at last I succeeded, as I thought, in putting from me utterly the thought of Leonard Glynne. Henceforth he should be nothing to me, and if possible I would not see him again. I would live for my brother only, and whilst I had Edmund what did it matter whether anyone else loved me? I went

back to him conscious of a new proud strength, and my heart glowed with joy when he said, as he thanked me for some trifling service, "What a precious old sister you are, Dottie! I could not do without you now."

Notwithstanding Edmund's impatience to quit Ventnor, we did not go to London till the end of the month. Mabel and her husband were in town for a few weeks, and by her arrangement, to which I reluctantly consented, we joined them at their rooms in Duke-street. Mabel had not seen Edmund since his illness, and she was shocked at the alteration she perceived in him, and was inclined to blame me for it.

"You should not have let him get so thin, Dorothy," she said. "If I had been you I should have given him all sorts of nourishing things."

"No doubt you would have managed better than I," was my reply; "but indeed I have tried to think of everything. It is impossible to get Edmund to take much, his appetite is so bad."

"You had better both come back to Burford with me," said Mabel; "I will nurse Edmund up and soon get him strong."

"I will consign Edmund to your care, if you wish," I replied, "but I cannot go to Burford."

"What nonsense, Dorothy! Of course I could not have him without you—it would be impossible with all the claims I have on my time. And you would see my Percy. Such a darling he has grown. I wish I had brought him with me, for there is a photographer in Regent-street who takes children's likenesses splendidly. Now, don't look so obstinate. Why should you not come and stay with me? You ought to do so. People are beginning to wonder at your keeping away so. It really appears as if we had quarrelled."

"I cannot help that," I said. "I should be very sorry to quarrel with you, Mabel, but——"

"I shall be obliged to quarrel with you, if you are so obstinate," said Mabel, much offended.

As it happened, the question of our going to Burford was indirectly decided by the physician whom Edmund consulted. His words did not sound very hopeful as they were repeated to me. The disease was not yet checked; there was grave cause for anxiety. Edmund had been counselled to avoid a damp, low-lying neighbourhood, and, if possible, to spend several weeks amidst the mountains of Switzerland.

"Will you go?" I asked him when he told me what the physician had said.

He shook his head. "How can I, when our funds are getting so low? And yet I believe mountain air is just what I want."

"Oh, do take all the money, Edmund," I said; "your health is of more consequence than anything else. I will seek a situation at once, so you need not trouble about me."

"As if I should think of going to Switzerland without you," he replied. "It would be better to stay at home if I could not have you to comfort and cheer me." His words made me glad; but yet how I longed for the means of taking him to Switzerland.

"Edmund," I began, "if I said a word to Mabel, I have no doubt Mr. Steinthorpe would be glad to provide the money for your expenses in Switzerland."

"Thank you, Dorothy," he said, dryly, "but I would rather not go in that way. There would be no pleasure in going if I knew that I was travelling at his cost."

"But when it is for your health, and your future usefulness depends on it," I ventured to say.

"I see, you are less proud for me than for yourself," he returned, laughingly; "but no, Dorothy, I cannot think of it."

It was useless to say more, so the subject was allowed to drop.

Two days later, Mabel and I coming in from a shopping expedition found Ralph Dugdale in the hall, about to take his departure from the house. Mabel begged him to stay and take tea, but he declined. He had been having a long talk with Edmund, he said, and must now hurry away to catch a train for Beechwood. But ere he quitted the house he drew me on one side, and said, hastily, in a voice too low to reach the others, "Miss Carmichael, I think you will agree with me that your brother ought to go to Switzerland, since the doctor so strongly advises it. I have been showing him how easily this could be managed, if only he would allow me to act as a friend, as a brother should. But he has some ridiculous scruples, which I trust to you to sweep away. You will take my side in the matter, will you not? You must feel that your brother's health is of the utmost importance."

"Yes, yes," I replied, not at all clear as to his meaning, but very glad to learn that there was any chance of my brother's going to Switzerland.

"Thank you, thank you; then I rely on your help. I shall come in again very soon to talk things over with you." So saying, Mr. Dugdale pressed my hand with a grateful warmth the occasion hardly seemed to require, and departed.

As soon as I was alone with my brother, I asked him what Ralph Dugdale wanted him to do.

"Oh, I hardly like to tell you," said Edmund, in a tone that showed he was much moved; "but it is just like the dear, generous, unselfish old fellow. Of course he used many words in making his proposition, till it seemed as if he were asking a favour rather than bestowing one, but to put it baldly he wants me to go to Switzerland at his expense. As if I had not cost him enough already! But I cannot, I will not think of this."

I was silent, musing for awhile on this rather startling idea. I knew that the Dugdales were wealthy people. I had heard Edmund say that Ralph had a handsome income of his own. The sum Edmund needed doubtless was to him small, and he could lay it at his friend's disposal without inconvenience.

"Edmund," I said, presently, "I can fancy how you feel about it, but do you know I believe that you would be giving Ralph Dugdale the greatest pleasure if you accepted his kindness? He is very much attached to you; nothing would please him more than to see you well again."

"I know that," said Edmund, hoarsely, "but still I cannot altogether relish the idea of being under a pecuniary obligation to him."

"But still you would rather be under such an obligation to him than to Howard Steinthorpe?"

"Why, yes—that 'goes without saying,' as the French remark. Dugdale is my friend, and Steinthorpe, though my brother-in-law, is hardly a friend."

"Just so. Ralph is far more of a brother to you. I suppose that if I were a rich woman, you would not be too proud to receive a little pecuniary help from me in your present circumstances?"

"Well, perhaps not; but then you are my sister, you see."

"And does not such a friend as Ralph come closer than a brother? David and Jonathan were more than brothers. Jonathan was a rich young prince, whilst David had but lately been following the sheep, yet their great love for each other must have made them feel on an equality. Jonathan was ready to risk his father's displeasure and make any sacrifice for the sake of his friend. What would a money gift have been between them? Certainly not worth debating. There must be 'give and take' in all true friendship."

"Well done, Dorothy," cried Edmund, clapping his hands; "I had no idea you could draw such a parallel. Why, you are quite a preacher!"

"I wish I were," I said, laughing, "for then I might hope to convince you that we need grace, as Mrs. Lyell would say, to receive generously as well as to give generously."

"Why, that is just what Ralph has been saying! He has been trying to convince me that I should evince more generosity in accepting his offer than he does in making it. I believe he has primed you what to say."

"Thank you for the insinuation that I am not capable of thinking for myself," I said. "But now, Edmund dear, since both I and Mr. Dugdale see your duty so clearly, you will try to see it as we do, will you not?"

"I will think about it," said Edmund; and I could get no more from him on the subject till Ralph Dugdale came again a few days later, when, through our combined persuasions, he consented to accept Ralph's kindness on condition that he might look upon the sum advanced as a loan, and repay it whenever he found himself in a position to do so.

"It is very horrid of you to suggest such a thing, Carmichael," said Ralph Dugdale, "but I suppose I must let you have your own way."

And then we began to discuss the merits of different mountain resorts, and the routes thither. Ralph strongly advised our sojourning at a certain pension, perched on a mountain side, at no great distance from Lauterbrunnen. The house commanded a magnificent

prospect, and as it stood nearly five thousand feet above the sea-level, the air was peculiarly fine. In such an atmosphere, and surrounded by such scenery, it seemed to Ralph almost impossible that Edmund should not grow strong. My heart grew light with hope as I listened to his words. What a good, true friend he was! I felt as if I could never be grateful enough to him for all he was doing for my brother.

"I tell you what, Carmichael," he said, presently, "I have a great mind to run over to the Continent with you, and see you comfortably settled in your mountain home."

My heart gave a bound of delight. If only he did this the last shadow of anxiety would be lifted from my mind, for, unaccustomed to foreign travelling, I was fearful lest I should fail to take proper care of Edmund on the journey. I looked quickly at Ralph, and my eyes must have expressed the pleasure his words gave me, for he met my glance with a smile so full of meaning that I felt sure he understood me perfectly. But Edmund at once began to protest against his friend's taking the trouble to accompany us.

"Dorothy and I are quite capable of taking care of each other," he said.

"You mean beggar!" ejaculated Dugdale. "Will you allow no one else to have the pleasure of seeing the mountains, or do you grudge me your sister's company? You know very well that my time is of little importance just now, since I am only reading in a desultory fashion, till I see more clearly what my future career should be."

So Edmund's mouth was stopped. When Ralph took his departure I went down with him into the hall, for I wanted to thank him for his kindness to my brother. As we descended the stairs he remembered a message from Grace—her love, and she hoped to come and see me in a day or two, since I had decided that it was impossible for me to go to Beechwood.

Ralph talked so briskly as he prepared to go that I could hardly say what I wished to him. He cut my thanks short by saying with one of his quick, keen glances, "Then you will not object to my company on the journey?"

"Oh, I shall be so glad of it! you will be the greatest comfort," I cried, eagerly.

Such a glad, bright look came into his eyes then. He had taken my hand, and he retained it in his for a few moments as he looked at me. Very pleasant was his face at that moment; I could not but be conscious of the pleasure that irradiated it. I said to myself, "Here is a man whose greatest delight is in doing deeds of kindness."

When I returned to Edmund he began warmly to extol his friend. Was there ever a more noble, generous-hearted fellow? There was not his equal in the world, either for goodness or cleverness; of that Edmund was certain. He would be in Parliament some day, and, if human merit ever met with its due reward, he would be made Prime Minister.

I could not help laughing a little at my brother's enthusiasm for his friend. This vexed Edmund. He was quickly irritated in these days.

"Of course you cannot appreciate him," he said, angrily; "I might have known that."

"Indeed, I do appreciate him," I said, rather warmly. "I have the highest esteem for Ralph Dugdale, and I am very glad for your sake that he talks of going with us to Switzerland."

"But you are not glad for your own sake," said Edmund. "You are like most women—you cannot appreciate true manly worth; you would prefer a curled and scented darling with no brains to speak of."

"Why, how you talk, Ted!" I exclaimed, laughing. "Pray, when have I shown any liking for curled and scented darlings? Happily, I have seldom met with such, and I cannot believe that they are as a rule popular with my sex. Take my word for it, there is no quality women more admire in men than true manliness. Do you suppose that the Arthur West, whom Grace mourns so faithfully, was a 'curled and scented darling?'"

What was there in my words to make Edmund start and look so annoyed?

"Certainly not," he said, constrainedly. "Mrs. West is utterly different from every other woman I have met with."

"Of course she is much better than most women," I replied. "She is coming to see me in a day or two, Ralph says."

Again a curious change passed over Edmund's face.

"Do you not like Grace?" I asked, rather anxiously. "You know you need not see her when she comes, if you would rather not."

"What extraordinary things you say, Dorothy!" exclaimed Edmund, frowning. "Could anyone know Mrs. West and not like her?"

I said no more, but, wondering at Edmund's odd humours, went off to find Mabel, and tell her of the plans we had made.

(*To be continued.*)

USEFUL HINTS.

CURD CHEESECAKES (Lincolnshire recipe).—Turn a quart of milk (good measure) with one teaspoonful of rennet. Drain the curd very dry; rub into it two ounces of good butter, and two and a half ounces of finely-pounded white sugar, two and a half ounces of currants, the grated rind of half a lemon, one small teaspoonful of powdered cinnamon. The yolks of two eggs and the white of one are to be well beaten with two tablespoonfuls of brandy, and added to the other ingredients Mix all well together, and fill tartlet cases and bake. The brandy may be left out if not approved of.

BIRTHDAY PLUM PUDDING.—Take fourteen ounces of sifted breadcrumbs, one pound of currants well washed and dried, one pound of Valencia raisins stoned and cut in halves, six ounces of candied peel, three-quarters of a pound of moist sugar, half a nutmeg grated. Mix these ingredients, then add ten eggs well beaten; mix well, and add a wineglassful of rum or brandy. Put in a pudding mould and boil for eight hours. Note that this plum pudding has neither suet, flour, nor butter in it. It is on that account considered by many to be more digestible than an ordinary plum pudding.

TO CLEAN BEDROOM WATER BOTTLES.—These are frequently left looking anything but bright, because, apparently, there is nothing handy to clean them with. French chambermaids generally use paper for the purpose. Before they empty the bottles they put in some little pieces of soft paper; these they shake well in the bottles, empty them, and rinse with fresh water, and the bottles keep as bright as possible. In some localities the tops of water-bottles get a sort of frosted look from the lime in the water; water will not remove this, but a little common salt rubbed wherever the white marks are will remove them instantly.

FRICASSÉE OF VEAL WITH CELERY.—Next to the fillet, the ribs or breast are most suitable for this dish. The meat should be cut into convenient-sized pieces, and laid in a stewpan with a good lump of butter and two or three finely-chopped onions. When it has cooked for a little while, half fill the stewpan with boiling water, add salt and pepper to taste, and some sticks of celery divided into small pieces. Stew slowly for two hours, and before serving thicken the gravy with a little fine flour. Asparagus is also good with this dish.

TRIPE A L'ITALIENNE.—Take one pound of single tripe, wash it well, then simmer it in milk and water until it is quite tender. Cut it in narrow strips like ribbon macaroni; melt three ounces of butter in a stewpan, chop up two small onions and cook them in the butter; then add two large tablespoonfuls of chopped parsley, and put the tripe in with two or three spoonfuls of the milk and water in which it was boiled. Shake in a quarter of a pound of grated Parmesan, stir over the fire for a minute or two; serve very hot.

NUREMBERG WHITE GINGERBREAD.—One pound fine flour, one pound sifted sugar, one pound almonds blanched and cut fine, eight eggs, four ounces candied orange-peel, four ditto lemon-peel (both cut fine), half an ounce powdered cinnamon, half an ounce powdered cloves, one ounce powdered ginger, half an ounce potash dissolved in a little milk or rose-water. The eggs must be first well beaten, and afterwards thoroughly mixed with the sugar, spices, and peel. Then add slowly the flour and potash, lastly the almonds. Have ready some pieces of white paper or wafer about the size of playing-cards. Spread the mixture thickly on, place on a baking-tin, and bake in a not too hot oven until done.

NOTICES OF NEW MUSIC.

Stanley Lucas and Co.

The Eve of the Festa. Cantata for female voices.—The beautiful poem by the late Miss Mark Lemon; the music by Ernest Ford. Undoubtedly the masterpiece of this rising composer, and a work considerably above the value of any other cantata for female voices which has been composed at any time in this country. The exquisite colouring and illustration of the words, the delicacy of thought and graceful subject, the entire absence of commonplace remarks—nay, more, the absolute novelties, the skilful combination and interweaving of ideas — all these and other points combine to make a work which stands high in the limited list of English musical classics.

Album of Songs. Composed by Edmondstoune Duncan, to well-known words by Moore, and to "The Miller's Daughter" by Tennyson.—Interesting accompaniments and clever treatment throughout. A little set of songs worth learning, and presenting no great difficulty.

English Lyrics set to Music. By C. Hubert H. Parry.—We have in a previous number noticed Dr. Parry's setting, and would simply add that the four lyrics are now published separately, at prices ranging from 1s.

O were my love yon lilac fair! Prayer for Mary. Adaptations of Burns' words to "Volkslieder"; the accompaniments by Maude Valerie White.—The charm of these simple melodies is greatly enhanced by Miss White's quiet and appropriate treatment.

Forget-me-not. Sacred song. By J. Sebastian Bach. The figured bass filled up by the well-known baritone, Mr. Henschel.—Contraltos and baritones will welcome this fragment of the mighty contrapuntist's work.

Souvenirs (Andante teneramente, and allegretto giojoso). *Good Wishes.*—Three simple little piano pieces. By the learned harmony professor, Mr. H. C. Banister. Banister's harmony is one of the text-books of the musical profession.

Nina Gavotte. By Henri Kaiser.—Better than the majority of these too-frequently used dances. Arranged for piano solo or duet, and also for violin or flute with piano, and string orchestra. A fascinating little piece without difficulties.

Pastorale and Allegro. By Pietro Nardini. Transcribed by Oscar Beringer, for piano solo. —We have the Pastorale before us, and recommend it to lovers of eighteenth-century music.

To all players who are acquainted (and few are not) with the celebrated "Klindworth" edition of Chopin's works, and who have appreciated his exactitude in expression marks and phrasing, his helpful fingering and his perfect editing, it will be good news to announce a "Klindworth" edition of Schumann, the copyright of which is assigned to Messrs. Stanley Lucas and Co. Already several numbers are published; amongst others the Novelletten, Kreisleriana, Arabeske, Sonatas, Fantasiestücke, Concerto in A minor, &c.

Metzler and Co.

Were I a King. By Goring Thomas.—The words (Si j'étais roi) by Victor Hugo.—Suitable for baritones; full of the grace peculiar to this clever English composer. The words are translated by Marzials.

Serenade. By Goring Thomas. Words by Marzials. A Spanish type of subject, but the development and general treatment of it

bring it very near the French border. The "colouring" of Goring Thomas is often in harmony with the modern French school.

Meditation on Gounod's "Arrow and the Song." For piano, violin, violoncello and organ.—The great French writer gives us here a charming reflection upon his well-known song. We notice that the cornet is given a part, as a substitute for the violin! You might almost as well offer anyone a wine list as a substitute for Shakespeare's plays.

HENRY KLEIN.

Trust me. Flowers from home. Songs. The former for tenor, the latter for contralto or bass. By Franz Leideritz.—Both songs are quite out of the common, full of interest in both voice and piano parts.

Polonaise in C. For pianoforte. By the same composer.—Contains as many good points as the songs just mentioned.

AMB OSE AND CO.

Out of many songs, all by ladies, published by the above firm, we have chosen a lullaby, *Baby Darling*, by S. Emily Oldham.—It is a sweet little song.

ALFRED HAYS.

A more pretentious cradle song is *Sleep, my Baby*, by Florence May, containing a more finished and elaborate accompaniment.

The Lover's Well. A ballad, by Helen Marion Burnside. Set to music by Alfred Moul.—A quaintly told love story, and full of fun. The capital words make amends for somewhat ordinary music.

Part Songs.—Johnnie shall have a new bonnet. Set to music for female voices, by C. A. Macirone.—Quite in the old English style; quaint and effective.

The Minstrel Boy. Arranged for female voices by Stiebler Cook, A.R.A.M.—Not very suitable in this form, but arranged fairly well; but we really regret to find Sir Sterndale Bennett's songs, *May Dew* and *Gentle Zephyr*, arranged in this manner. As solos we all know and love them.

Calisthenic Exercise Tunes. By Emily Walsh. How these are to be used, experts in calisthenics can best tell you; but we confess to having been much startled, upon opening the first page, to find, instead of sonata, minuet, waltzes, or novelletten as title, the heading "Chest Expanders"!

J. AND J. HOPKINSON.

Sleep and Rest (yet one more lullaby). Composed by Gustav Ernest, to whom, it will be remembered, the Philharmonic Society awarded the prize for the best overture a year ago.—Well written, but with such common phrases.

Romanze for Pianoforte. By Gustav Ernest.—This is made up of better materials, and still contains the same earnest workmanship.

Evening Song for Violin. With piano accompaniment. Composed by Tivadar Nachèz.—The work of a well-known violinist, and, as a result, better in the violin part than in the piano accompaniment, for in the latter there are one or two glaring faults; take the last bar but two as an example. Surely the last quaver in the violin part should be D and not F natural against the F sharp of the left hand on the piano, both notes progressing to G!

EDWIN ASHDOWN.

Part Song.—Hey ding a ding. The old rhyme set to music for female voices, by C. A. Macirone.—Miss Macirone appears at her best in these quaint reproductions of old world thoughts. She exactly pourtrays what we might fancy to have been our great grandparents' times and tunes.

E. DONAJOWSKI.

Extracts from Schumann's Album for the Young. Published at 1s. each.—This seems an expensive way of obtaining these sketches, the whole of which, 43 in number, may be purchased for 1s. 4d., together with Schumann's valuable Hints to Beginners. However, these will prove useful to players who cannot afford room in their portfolios for the complete volume, when they take pieces with them to play to their friends in the country.

NOVELLO, EWER, AND CO.

Music to the play, *The Faithful Shepherdess.* Composed by Rev. A. Wellesly Batson, Mus. Bac., Oxon.—This book contains all the incidental choruses, dances and entr'actes performed in the open air at Coombe last summer. We shall never forget, in 1884, witnessing a performance there of *As You Like It* in the open air, with a woodland background; the scenic effects were quite realistic, and we doubt not that the music before us would gain much by being thus presented; but, apart from the interest of the occasion, there is not much about it that is noteworthy.

J. CURWEN AND SONS.

Footprints of the Saviour. Sacred cantata by Edmund Rogers.—One of many cantatas, sacred and secular, published by this firm, and evidently intended for beginners. We take this opportunity of protesting against the adaptation of flat, uninteresting sounds to well-known hymns, whose good and noble old tunes have become inseparable from them, the words and tune being everlastingly wedded in the national mind. What an opportunity for creating a great and legitimate effect, to introduce not only the old words but the fine tunes with which those words are affectionately associated! The well-known *Christ and His Soldiers*, by Farmer, is open to the same protest. Surely Bach has shown us "a more excellent way." How he must have touched the hearts of his German congregations by using the old chorale, in which they could all join, and by which they were linked in common interest to the portions of the work in which they were silent and devout listeners.

CHRYSÉ.

A TALE OF ROME IN THE GOLDEN AGE.

By ARTHUR W. GROSER.

CHAPTER III.

THE removal of Hebrus from his stewardship, and his transference to the service of another, seemed to have exhausted the anger of Parmenias, for no further reference was made to his engagement with Chrysé's suitor, embarrassing though her refusal must inevitably have been. A change, too, came over the outward life of the mansion. The costly banquets and entertainments were discontinued, the Sicilian cooks, hired at enormous expense, were dismissed, and Parmenias now rather shunned than courted the society of the fashionable and wealthy. Entering the Senate, where his past reputation and his commanding ability secured him prominence and position, he sought to find diversion in statecraft, and forgetfulness of his domestic grievances in the high politics of the realm. His deep absorption, and his naturally increased absence from home, never weakened his daughter's devotion, but, by unobtrusive acts of thoughtfulness and attention, she sought ever to minister to his comfort, and keep alive in his heart also the flame of love for her.

Meanwhile events were occurring in distant lands which were destined to affect the lives of Chrysé and Doris in a remarkable and unexpected way.

Among the personal friends of Parmenias there was an old comrade in arms, Ælius Largus by name, who, in his frequent visits to the mansion on the Janiculum, had been struck with the demeanour and appearance of the slave Hebrus. Many times he had sought to purchase the young man, and had offered Parmenias a large sum for him in vain, until the events happened which were recorded in our last chapter.

The transference of Hebrus to his new master was followed by promotion even more rapid than that which he had enjoyed in the service of Parmenias, although he had now no friend in the person of his master's daughter.

It was no uncommon thing for a Roman slave to rise to a position of importance and responsibility in the household of his owner, and hence the good fortune of Hebrus was neither singular nor unprecedented. When, therefore, Ælius Largus was entrusted with the conduct of an expedition against the warlike tribes of Arabia,* Hebrus accompanied him as his personal attendant, and was charged with his soldier-master's fullest confidence. The war was long and dangerous. The enemy were barbarous, but brave almost to madness, while their unusual tactics and the difficult nature of the country baffled and impeded the more civilised methods of warfare employed by the Romans. The frightful heat of the climate was an even more formidable foe to the mail-clad warriors of Italy than their supple and swarthy antagonists, and the legions were decimated by disease and sunstroke.

Throughout this costly and profitless campaign Hebrus watched over his master's safety with the devotion of a son rather than of a bondsman. Now fighting side by side with the

* About the year 25 B.C. an expedition, headed by Ælius Largus, was sent against the Arabs by Augustus. It is to the dangers of this campaign that Horace alludes in his ode addressed to Iccius. Bk. 1, ode 29.

general in the foremost ranks, and parrying with the finished ease of a gladiator the desperate thrust of some dusky desert chieftain, now ministering to the wants of stalwart veterans emaciated by sickness and privation, Hebrus won golden opinions from all by his courage and noble self-forgetfulness.

His devotion was soon to experience an ordeal even more severe.

A defeat had been inflicted upon the Arabs, and though the engagement was comparatively indecisive, it was sufficient to permit of the Romans evacuating the country with dignity and credit. Orders were therefore given by the general to strike the camp on the following day.

Night fell starless and black as ink, as the Roman soldiers lay down for the last time on the scorched and arid ground. In the general's tent, marked by the white flag floating above it, all was silent, although Hebrus was awake and watchful of his master's safety. His thoughts as he lay on his mat were far away at Rome with his darling sister, separated from him not only by leagues of ocean, but by the more impassable condition of Roman slavery.

Would they ever regain their liberty? Would they ever embrace each other again? Was Doris forgetting him? And his young mistress, did she regret his dismissal? Was she happy with the dissolute young noble?

These were the questions he continually asked himself, and to-night, amidst the profound stillness of the encampment, the uncertainty seemed to weigh upon him with intolerable severity. The war had diverted him, but peace seemed to promise little but despair.

"Doris will be near me," he told himself in the anguish of his spirit, "and the gods have torn her from my arms. Near to her, slavery itself was freedom; now death would be welcome."

A slight and stealthy rustling sound aroused him from his despairful thoughts, and, glancing up, he discerned in the dim shadows cast by the oil lamps the black form of a sinewy Arab. The long knife of the assassin, who had crossed the low rampart and eluded the vigilance of the Roman sentinels, gleamed murderously, but the savage had mistaken the silence of Hebrus for slumber. Waiting till the Arab, intent on a more distinguished victim, had crawled past his mat, Hebrus, with a lightning movement, flung himself upon him, and seized the man's throat with a grasp of iron. The dusky Arab was a man of gigantic stature, and his muscles, standing out like cords through the oily skin, revealed almost equal strength.

He was armed, moreover, with a knife of razor keenness, and his efforts were desperate to plunge it in the body of his unexpected assailant. The odds were on the side of the would-be murderer, but the strangling, choking grasp of Hebrus on his throat was unrelaxing, and in a few seconds the Arab had ceased to breathe.

The struggle was brief and noiseless, but a deep gash in the fleshy part of Hebrus's shoulder would have reversed the issue of the conflict had it been more prolonged. Unwilling to rouse his wearied master, Hebrus strove in vain to staunch the wound. He was sick and giddy with loss of blood, and a mist seemed gathering before his eyes.

Was this death? he thought, and then with a groan, which his suffering wrung from his firmly set lips, the young slave fainted from sheer weakness and exhaustion.

Roused by the unusual sound, the general sat up on his couch, and striving to pierce the gloom that still shrouded the interior of the tent, he called repeatedly for Hebrus. Receiving no answer to his summons, Ælius Largus sprang up, stumbling as he did so against the huge body of the dead Arab which lay stretched on the ground. In another moment he perceived the form of his trusty slave, and stooping down he saw the dark stains of blood upon the young man's tunic.

A deep grief chilled the heart of the soldier, for he had began to regard the youth with other sentiments than those of a master towards the slave. Feelings of profound gratitude were mingled, moreover, with his sorrow. His own life had been saved at the expense of his preserver's, and the blow struck at his own heart had pierced the body of the faithful servant.

Summoning assistance, Ælius Largus placed Hebrus on his own couch, and sought eagerly for the smallest signs of life. A faint action of the heart assured him that hope was not yet extinct, and with all the tenderness of a woman the iron-handed warrior began to remove the blood-stained garments of the still unconscious slave.

The strangest part of our story is now to come.

The morning light, which began to stream into the tent, aided Ælius Largus in his task. Suddenly he was seen to stop, and press his hand to his forehead, as if smitten with sudden pain. Then with a gesture of bewildered joy and amazement, he drew from the wounded man's bosom an amulet of curious yet familiar workmanship. Again and again Ælius Largus examined his discovery with eager scrutiny, while hurried and excited thoughts coursed through his brain. The past, with all its memories of trouble, seemed conflicting with the present, and the history of twenty years was recalled in a moment by the touch of a talisman. Twenty years ago his two infant children had been stolen from their home, and no trace whatever of their whereabouts, nor detection of the criminals, had rewarded the prolonged search of the half frantic parents. Whether the children were dead, or whether they had been sold into slavery—worse tenfold, perhaps, than death—no one could aid them to decide.

Year had succeeded year of hopeless, unavailing grief, and now, as a crowning mystery, the amulet which the fond father had placed on the neck of his little son in the happy days of the past is found on the bosom of a wounded slave. Another, and somewhat similar, talisman he had given to his tiny girl.

Was the slave, then, his own child? he asked himself, or had he come into possession of the charm by accident? How could he believe the former on evidence so slight, and yet was not the latter alternative equally improbable? Further proof could only be obtained from Hebrus himself, and he was lying at the doors of death.

The suspense was cruel indeed, but no other course than to replace the amulet, and await the young man's recovery for an explanation of its existence, was presented.

For three days life trembled in the balance. The wound itself was comparatively slight, but fever had set in, and the fearful heat of the country increased the sufferer's exhaustion. On the fourth day there was an improvement in the patient's condition, and in a week he was strong enough to be carried down in a litter to the coast, where the Roman ships were anchored, and awaiting the embarkation of the home-returning legions.

The sea breezes, aided by a naturally vigorous constitution, hastened his recovery, and Ælius Largus saw with pleasure the flush of health returning once more to the wasted countenance of Hebrus.

The moment of explanation, which a little while ago was ardently anticipated, and which now was shunned and feared, had come, and the young slave wondered as he saw his master approaching him one morning with a countenance full of anxiety and embarrassment.

"Tell me," said the latter abruptly—"Tell me what you know of your childhood. Who were your parents? Have you any brothers or sisters? Tell me also where you lived before you went into the service of Parmenias?"

A look of intense surprise was for a moment the only answer that Hebrus was able to give to these strange and unexpected questions, but remembering that the querist was his master, he endeavoured to collect his thoughts and frame a suitable reply.

"I know but little of my early childhood, my lord," said he at last, "and my life before I was bought by Parmenias is almost a blank. But sometimes," continued Hebrus, speaking slowly and almost painfully, "I seem to remember being taken away from a great and beautiful home, and then I remember nothing more until we were sold as slaves to Parmenias in a strange city."

"You say we," interrupted Ælius Largus, hurriedly and anxiously. "Who was with you?"

"My little sister, whom Parmenias called Doris."

Ælius Largus trembled and turned pale, as one fact after another tended to confirm his hope, but mastering his emotion he proceeded with his interrogations.

"How old was your sister?"

"About a year younger than myself.

Again the evidence of Hebrus supported the hopes of the master.

"Is your sister alive? and if so, where is she to be found?"

"She is a slave of the daughter of my late master, Parmenias."

A sigh of relief escaped from the lips of the warrior and was with difficulty suppressed.

The suspense was becoming terrible, and yet the chain of evidence was incomplete. Who could supply the missing links in this strange story? On the one side was a parent bereaved of his two infant children by theft, and on the other side was a young slave, who had a dim consciousness that in his early childhood he was taken with his tiny sister to a distant and strange city, and there sold. There was, moreover, a perfect agreement in the dates of the two occurrences, while in the manner of Hebrus there was a grace and refinement indicative of gentle birth.

Staking all his hopes on the discovery of the amulet, and with a voice trembling with unaccustomed nervousness, Ælius Largus resumed—

"While staunching your wound a few days ago, I noticed an amulet of strange fashion hidden in your tunic. Can you tell me how you came by it?"

Instinctively the hand of Hebrus sought for the precious charm, but finding it secure, he answered with a keen inquisitive glance at his questioner—

"I have had this amulet, my lord, as long as I can remember. Often I was afraid it might be taken from me, and I used to hide it because I thought it was precious. Doris has one also, but the links of hers are square."

No further proof was needed, and in another moment Hebrus was clasped in the arms of his father. Master and slave were changed to father and son, and the long years of sorrow and servitude were forgotten in an instant of intense and almost agonising joy.

What need to describe their happiness, or the long slow voyage that seemed to pass so quickly. What need to tell of their prolonged talks about the past, or to picture their plans for the future, when the father should meet his wife and long lost child, and the son should embrace the mother whose memory alone he remembered dimly, and the sister from whom he thought to have parted perhaps for ever.

(*To be concluded.*)

LINES FROM A FRIEND.

By MRS. G. LINNÆUS BANKS.

Good and evil! What are these?
Mystery of mysteries!
That we deem our highest good
Might be *evil*—understood:
That we blindly evil call,
Be the best that could befall.
Ours the darkness—there is light
Only with the Infinite.

Let this consciousness sustain
In our weakness, in our pain,
When our souls are overwrought,
When our projects come to nought;
When joy fails, and woes abide,
Let our rebel tears be dried:
We see darkly—there is light
Ever with the Infinite.

A CHAT ABOUT CHINA, NEW AND OLD.

THE subject of pottery, china, and ware of all sorts is a wide subject, and one upon which, the last few years, much has been said. China has been very near to the hearts of the upper classes; and a good many gentlemen and most ladies of fashion know the distinctive marks of the principal makers of modern porcelain, and can tell at a glance the birthplace of each cup or saucer that hangs upon their neighbours' walls. Yet names of makers and dates of production are, after all, but the dry bones of ceramic knowledge, whilst a discursive gossip may interest both the initiated and the unlearned.

I wonder what ingenious semi-barbarian of prehistoric times it was that, having lit his fire as usual upon the bare ground, first noticed the damp clay hardening beneath the embers, and, seized by sudden inspiration, laid hold upon the docile earth, fashioning from it the first rude dish or earthenware vessel? Great must have been his own elation and the congratulations of his neighbours.

The earliest historic mention of pottery we possess is in the Biblical description of the building of the tower of Babel. From the Bible, too, we learn that the Egyptians were probably among the first to make extensive use of the art of pottery. From them it spread—constantly improving and perfecting itself—to Babylonia, Phœnicia, Greece, Persia, China, and Japan—in fact, to all the then civilised quarters of the globe. The Arabs were of much use in diffusing the knowledge of early ceramic art, for they, when they conquered Persia, found the young plant flourishing, and during a long series of restless campaigns, scattered its seeds far and wide. One of the first and most curious uses to which the ancient Egyptians applied their knowledge of pottery was the making of inlaid cases in which to conceal their mummies. Many of these may be seen at the British Museum, and, rough as they are, show a certain advance in primitive art. But it was not only the human mummy which they thus hermetically encased. The ibis, a sacred bird, was not unfrequently treated in the same way after death. Its body, after due preparation, was neatly wrapped up in linen bandages, folded in the shape of a large tongue or heart, then placed in a conical pot, formed like an inverted sugar-loaf, which was put into one of the usual mummy pits. These mummy pits were subterraneous galleries, full of niches about eight feet high and ten feet wide. In these niches all the jars—usually made of coarse red pottery, but sometimes also of glazed ware—were ranged in order, like bottles in a cellar.

An idea which may possibly have sprung from this custom is to be seen in old Brazilian pottery. There the dried corpses of chiefs have occasionally been found, dressed in full war-costume, placed in a sitting posture in a large vase.

This old American pottery, Peruvian and Brazilian, is remarkably curious and interesting, partly, perhaps, from the fact that its age is so very uncertain. Some of the many pieces found date from the time of the Incas; but others seem to belong to far remoter times. There was no lack of skill, however, amongst these antique manufacturers, and many of the artists who planned the designs appear to have possessed not only delicacy of touch, but a strong sense of humour. Some of the Peruvian water-bottles are called "whistling jugs," owing to a curious contrivance by which they are made to emit a sound not unlike that of a bird. On these jugs the handle runs from the spout on one side to a similar projection on the other, on which is the head of a bird or animal. In the head is a small hole, through which the air rushes as the jar is emptied or filled, thus causing the whistling noise. Many of the figures worked upon the Peruvian and old Indian water-bottles are clever and comic to an extreme degree. One jar is in the form of a grinning human head, with long curls; another is a prim-looking person of attenuated features, portrayed as far as the waist; a third, from Cuzco—irresistibly funny—is the representation, apparently, of a fat old lady, who leans back with folded arms in the enjoyment of a doze, her face surrounded by a species of classic nightcap!

But perhaps the most remarkable of these many Peruvian antiquities is the likeness of a certain native monster called Ruminhany, a sort of Peruvian Nero, of whom history tells us something more or less authentic. The jar is nine inches in height, and portrays only the face and head of the cacique, who lived his life of crime amongst the Incas of the sixteenth century. Ruminhany was an ambitious and unscrupulous pretender, who on the execution of Atchualpa, the King of the Incas, by Pizarro the Conqueror, schemed to succeed him as the local ruling power. To the furtherance of this project he committed wholesale murder, inviting the brother and children of the dead king to a feast, where he treacherously caused them to be assassinated, by this means hoping to cut off all legitimate aspirants. But, like Nero, in his latter days, Ruminhany did not murder merely for self interest, but also for fiendish amusement; and it is related of him that on more than one occasion he gratified his inhuman cruelty by gathering together a number of defenceless women, young and old, and ordering them to be buried alive. Finally, however, one rejoices to hear that the Spanish Invaders became too strong for their opponent. They drove him, step by step, before them to the mountains, where at length he perished miserably. The face, with its glaring, crafty eye, low forehead, hooked nose, and cruel, grinning mouth, is eminently characteristic, and one feels sure that the artist must have drawn a faithful portrait of his infamous model.

Double jugs, or two jugs united by a common spout or handle, are common relics of old American ware, one of the most striking of these representing the cleverly-delineated forms of two animals, intended for stag and doe. The Peruvians also, like many other primitive nations, were in the habit of placing various pieces of pottery in the graves of their dead. With every Inca were interred his cooking utensils, some of silver, some of gold, and more of ware.

In Germany have been discovered some curious sepulchral urns fashioned of pottery. These, unearthed from time to time, prove that the ancient Teutons were in the habit of preserving the remains of their more illustrious compatriots in a peculiar manner. The urns were made in the form of small huts or dwelling houses of ware, into which the ashes of the dead were introduced by means of a hole in the roof. A very singular specimen of this Teutonic mode of sepulture is to be seen in the Munich Museum, representing a lake colony, consisting of seven huts and a porchway.

One of the most distinguishing characteristics of old Roman pottery was the enormous size of many of their vessels. Some of the amphoræ, or water-bottles, were, we are told,

LINES FROM A FRIEND.

so large and heavy that two oxen were required to draw them. The dish made to hold the leviathan turbot of historic celebrity once presented to the Emperor Domitian is calculated to have been more than seven feet long; whilst from another Roman author we hear of a celebrated vase so big that it required a ladder of twelve steps to enable a man to reach its mouth!

The ancient Greeks, as we all know, brought ceramic art to a high degree of perfection, but some of the uses to which they applied their pottery strike our modern minds as eminently peculiar. We are apt to consider Diogenes as a very eccentric individual, and his choice of a habitation as unique; but his conduct probably appeared by no means in so extraordinary a light to his neighbours. The "tub" (*i.e.*, pithos, or cask) of Diogenes was a large earthenware or terra-cotta jar, a style of domicile not unknown to the Greeks. These large casks, originally made to contain wine, were in use long after the time of Diogenes as dwelling-places for the very poor; and we are informed that during the Peloponnesian War the Athenians frequently took up their abode in similar vessels. This strange habit was, indeed, not confined to the early Greeks. It is more than probable that it was shared by the ancient Romans, if not by other nations, for several gigantic pithos have been unearthed in Italy, whilst others, of pale red ware, four feet four inches in height and two feet two inches in diameter, were found not many years ago by a Colonel Munroe during some excavations made near Sebastopol.

Another whimsical fancy of the Greeks was the making of terra-cotta dolls or marionettes. Many of these have been found in old Athenian sepulchres, where their presence denotes some curious superstition. Their ordinary destination, however, was simply for the show. They were cast in a mould, the bodies and limbs being made of separate pieces, pierced by holes, by means of which each part could be made to move at will on the pulling of a string. The marionette exhibitions were by no means despised by the refined and cultured Greeks. Xenophon, in one of his plays, makes mention of them. Socrates is described as entering into conversation with a doll showman, and inquiring of him upon what he chiefly relied in life. "A large number of fools," is the ready answer, "for they, by appreciating my performances, are my support." Whereupon one of the guests present remarks, "Ah! I heard you the other day praying that wherever you went, there you might find a plentiful supply of bread and wine, and a plentiful lack of common sense!"

The sentence of ostracism amongst the Greeks was worked by means, not, as is commonly supposed, of shells, but of pieces of baked earth or pottery, and from this fact derives its name, "ostrakon," *i.e.*, a potsherd. The veto was written upon a bit of terra-cotta or the fragment of a vase, and it was this sort of ostrakon which, as Plutarch tells us, was presented to Aristides by an ignorant citizen, with the request that he would inscribe thereon his own name. "Why?" asked Aristides. "Has he, then, done you any injury?" "None," replied the other; "but I am weary of hearing him everywhere styled 'the Just.'"

A game called "ostrakinon" was common amongst the Greeks, deriving its name from the same word. It was played by means of pieces of lustred vases, black on one side and red on the other, which were thrown up into the air, and decided the position of the players according to the colour which came uppermost—in fact, a species of classical pitch and toss.

Porcelain or translucent pottery is by no means a modern discovery; that is to say, it was an art well known to the ancients, and probably in use two thousand years ago amongst the Persians and the Chinese, but unknown to more recent manufacturers, and only re-discovered in Europe a few centuries ago.

The life of Bernard Palissy is a strange illustration of the enthusiasm of a ceramic devotee. Palissy was born, of poor parents, early in the sixteenth century, at which time the art of enamelling was not unknown in France; but, either oblivious of this fact, or determined upon a discovery of unique perfection, he devoted fifteen years of his life to a study of the ancient Chinese or Persian enamel, and to the invention of a porcelain which should rival these *chefs-d'œuvre* of former art.

His career was as eccentric as it was romantic, and was a succession of trials, privations, triumph, and persecution. He was an enthusiast to whom the love or even life of wife and child were matters of little moment compared to the progress of his one cherished project. In its pursuit he neglected his trade, leaving his family to starve without compunction. When he was too poor any longer to buy firewood for his furnace, he seized upon the household furniture and tore up the very flooring for fuel, yet, even then, at this stage of penury, refused to sell imperfect specimens of his half-discovered art. To posterity he has often been held up as an example of perseverance, but to those of his own household he must have appeared little better than a heartless maniac. He finally succeeded in his object, and succeeded triumphantly, but not without leaving behind him landmarks of a cruel significance. The laurels of fame were gained, but reached across the graves of his neglected little ones. Palissy became rich and famous, and removed to Paris to enjoy his honours; not, however, without interruption. He had become a Protestant, and only escaped death in 1559 through the intervention of the king. Later on, this protection failing him, he fell into the hands of the leaguers—men who cared little for his discoveries or his devotion to a graceful art—and was immured in the Bastille, where he died at the age of eighty.

The manufacture of the famous Dresden china commenced only in the beginning of the eighteenth century, a little later than that of Sèvres. The method of making this delicate porcelain was discovered, it is said, by a curious accident. A certain young chemist named Böttcher, whose love for drink was only equalled by his ardour for work, had for some time set himself to the re-discovery of the lost art, incessantly mixing together all kinds of different pastes; but in vain. One day, however, having sent his servant into Dresden to buy a new hair-powder, Böttcher was struck by the unusual weight of his wig. With a sudden inspiration he seized upon the powder, and, mixing it in his preparation, found at last that the difficulty was solved.

True porcelain was the result of the process! The hair-powder was made from a peculiar kind of clay, which, alone of all clays, succeeds in the composition of what is called hard paste, or real porcelain. The land where this clay was to be found was immediately monopolised by the German Government, and every effort made to keep the discovery a profound secret from the public. The "kaolin," as it is called by the Chinese, was put into sealed casks before its transmission to the manufactory at Mevisen. Here the workmen were sworn to silence, and, indeed, were, after a fashion, kept prisoners in the castle, on the walls of which were everywhere written these words of warning, "Secrecy to the grave." But secrets such as these are too valuable to have long life, and before many years were over the discovery was known and practised in various other European cities.

Our English china, until within the last century, was not a manufacture of any very considerable distinction or importance. In the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries we hear of some whimsical ceramic conceits—among others, the so-called "puzzle jugs." These jugs were so constructed as to empty their contents by an unobserved channel when lifted to the lips. There were usually three spouts to each jug, two of which had to be covered by the fingers in order to make drinking feasible.

We may, however, as a nation, feel considerable pride in our Wedgwood china, as unique as it is beautiful. Josiah Wedgwood was the son and grandson of men engaged in the earthenware trade. His family, however, were only in a small way of business, and by no means distinguished above their compeers. Then, in 1823, he was made a partner in the shop. Clever and energetic, the young man worked hard at the composition of new designs, and set himself to the discovery of richer colours than those ordinarily in use in the ceramic manufactories. He brought out an exquisite ware which he called "Cream Ware," but which afterwards, when Queen Charlotte had ordered a complete service of it, became known by the name of "Queen's Ware." Later on he invented his famous "Jasper Ware," which he describes as being "a white porcelain, capable of receiving colours in a manner which no other body, ancient or modern, has been known to do."

The art of Wedgwood was, after the inventor's death, more or less lost to the world, and, indeed, few have been as yet found to imitate the rare delicacy of his exquisite designs. The sums given of late years for perfect specimens of this beautiful ware show the consideration awarded it in public opinion.

At a sale in London at a certain Dr. Gibson's, seven years ago, a vase, 14 inches in height, sold for 120 guineas, whilst another of "black jasper, relief in white," 25 inches in height, with pedestal, went for no less a sum than £735. Even these prices, however, cannot compete in extravagance with those frequently offered for works done in Sèvres china; as, for example, at Captain Rickett's sale in London a few years ago, when a *bleu de roi* vase, 16½ inches high, was knocked down to a china collector for the enormous sum of 1,350 guineas.

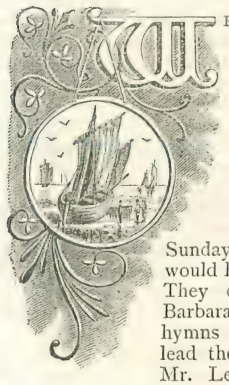
In conclusion, let us remark that, if we love pottery, so did many of our forefathers; if some of us opine that a plate is ofttimes worth a fortune, and that blue china is a thing so perfect as to require "living up to," the sentiment was one which, although less æsthetically expressed, yet was practically demonstrated by our ancestors. How can we think otherwise when, in 1758, the King of France ordered for his royal neighbour of Denmark a china service costing 30,000 livres; when, in 1787, the Spanish Ambassador received a like gift of the value of 48,252 livres, and the very next year the Sultan of Mysore became the proud possessor of a table service, vases, and cups valued at 33,126 livres? Whilst, if we need encouragement from yet earlier days, we may reflect upon the eccentric example of Vitellius, that old Roman china-maniac, who, once upon a time, took it into his ingenious head to manufacture a single plate so enormous that its cost was a million sesterces, or about £8,000; and for its sole use and perfection a huge furnace had to be specially constructed in the country. Truly, whether china be a "perfectly holy thing" or no, the whims and oddities of the human mind ever go on repeating themselves, even as the sparks fly from a revolving wheel!

COURTLEROY.

By ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER XL.

READING HIMSELF IN.



WHY is there always a cloud to overshadow the sunshine of humanity? That Sunday would have been a jubilee but for poor Horace's death. Vicar of Courtleroy! Had it not been Sunday, the whole parish would have danced for joy. They did at heart, and Barbara chose the gladdest hymns she could find to lead the measure. When Mr. Leste "read himself in," his congregation longed to cheer, and that being out of the question, they took to using their handkerchiefs to wipe their eyes, instead of waving them. Everybody was at church. Mr. Le Roy kept his word, and accompanied Mimica in state, not venturing to confide to her that it was the first time he had entered a place of worship since he stood at the altar of that church awaiting his bride. Mrs. Leste was so roused by sudden good fortune from her nervous illness, that she was also there, and walked from the vicarage, leaning on the arm of her clerical son, Richard, who assisted his father on this happy occasion. All her children were present, and but for that far-away African grave she would have been supremely happy. Leila and Laura had forsaken their own country vicarages and Sabbath duties for once, and Octavius still lingered at home. Sir Joshua, Lady Helena, and their sons were in their pews, and all the farmers from far and near swarmed to church, while the villagers and Sunday scholars were legion. For once, simple goodness, humility, rectitude of purpose, and a laborious discharge of daily duty were rewarded, and Mr. Leste knew how well he was beloved.

The lesson was not lost upon the squire, who went through the service in a sort of dream, yet could not fail of realising the difference between the results of his lost life and the well-spent years of him whom he had benefited. He sat, stood, knelt mechanically, and it was not until the sermon that he awoke to consciousness.

"Thy mercies have followed me all the days of my life" was the text, from which the preacher extracted nothing but thankfulness. He showed how that even griefs were mercies in disguise, and that the bitterest of sorrows and disappointments were intended to lead the soul heavenward. Nothing absolutely personal escaped him, but his hearers knew how personal to himself and his parishioners were his words. In all his sermons he ever uplifted the Cross, and preached the crucified Saviour, and this was no exception. Did his words go home to the heart of him who sat with his eyes covered by his hand in the chancel of that church which he had so strangely forsaken years ago? None could tell but Him to whom all hearts are open; but he must fain rejoice in the happiness he had given, even though it had cost him nothing.

When the service was over, he was about to hurry home, but he was literally mobbed by the congregation, who united in showering blessings upon him for giving them as vicar him whom they had so long loved as curate. Old and young joined in this pæan, and when he tried to escape, Sir Joshua seized upon him with energetic friendliness.

"So glad to see you at church again, Le Roy. Like old times, when Madam Le Roy used to go out first, followed by all the old women in the parish. But you couldn't get away so easily, and now we've caught you we'll keep you. Here are two, four, six, eight Lestes, all wanting to shake hands."

Truly it was an ordeal, and Mimica trembled for her uncle's self-possesion. He was very pale, and looked strangely stern and resolute, but his voice trembled slightly, and she was convinced that his feelings were moved. He must indeed have been a stone not to have been melted by the sight of the father, mother, and their seven children, all in mourning, pressing round him with tearful eyes and thankful hearts to acknowledge him their benefactor. This was not the first time they appeared at church since Horace's death, so grief was relieved by joy.

The major portion of the congregation dispersed, leaving him and Mimica with the Lestes and Carews standing near the lych gate, in front of which was Sir Joshua's carriage. Captain Carew was talking to Mrs. Leste and the vicar—for so we may now all call him—to Sir Joshua and Le Roy. Leila and her brothers and sisters surrounded Mimica, all but Barbara. Where was she? Back in the church arranging the hymns for evening service with her choir. Away from Lady Helena and her son. And Lady Helena, meanwhile, was looking about for her with a sort of angry inquisitiveness.

"Bold Barbra is a match for her," whispered Leila to Mimica; "when will you bring your uncle to see us? Like Echo, we have called and called in vain."

"Ask him?" replied Mimica.

And Leila, who feared nobody, did ask him, and elicited a partial promise that he would "do himself the pleasure of calling some day." He, too, was looking for Barbara, and not seeing her, asked her father to come to luncheon one day during the week with his sons, "and Miss Leste, if she could be persuaded to join them." The invitation was accepted, and Richard Leste, whose acquaintance we have scarcely made, told Mimica how glad he should be to meet her once more.

During the remainder of that day Mr. Le Roy spoke little. He appeared self-absorbed, and Mimica could not discover what effect the excitement had had upon him. Her fears were roused by the gloom of his manner, and she determined not to lose sight of him, for she never lost the dread of a possible recurrence of that attempt on his life.

She did not go to church as usual, but sought to distract his mind by such interruptions of his prolonged reveries as she could improvise. In the evening he went into the library, and she followed. It was cheerful with a bright fire, and the many little accessories which Mimica's womanly instincts had arranged. He took up the book she had been reading, which chanced to be "Paley's Evidences of Christianity;" and sat down in a large library chair, she on a couch not far from him.

"This is an abstruse book for a woman. Do you understand it?" he asked.

"I think so; it is not difficult. But the Bible explains itself best," she replied. "I cannot understand how people can doubt its inspiration who will *candidly compare* one part with another and see how each evolves from the other."

"Indeed! You are an evolutionist, then, as well as a protectionist, or abolitionist—which is it?"

"Abolitionist, decidedly. I don't understand evolution, and am sure it is not scriptural."

Mimica laughed and coloured, for she knew she was on dangerous ground, upon which she could not tread with safety, though she set her foot upon it with her usual decision. Her uncle laughed also, cynically, while he looked at her inquisitively though not unkindly.

"I would give all I have for your faith, Mimica," he said.

She went to his side impulsively, and laid her hand on his shoulder.

"Oh, uncle! it is so easy—so easy!" she cried.

"To you, and men such as Mr. Leste. Sit down, and I will tell you why it is impossible for me."

He pointed to a small chair at the side of the fireplace which had been the favourite seat of Mimica's mother, and which was quaint enough even for modern taste, and therefore for his. She leaned forward and gazed into his face, her own quivering with excitement.

"For heaven's sake, don't look at me so! You are your mother!" he exclaimed.

"Oh no, uncle; I am only Mimica—at your service," she replied, jestingly, but slightly terrified.

"If 'Mimica at my service,' you, like me, are never to be wed. You say you have never been in love?"

"Never. At least, I—think not," hesitatingly.

"Happy girl! Perfect faith, and no disappointment! I, on the contrary, owe all the misery of my life to one fatal passion. You know the story, but I will complete the tortures I have borne on the Inquisition of late by unburdening my mind, for the first and last time, to you—because—because you are my niece, and have promised to devote yourself to me."

Mimica quailed inwardly, but maintained her self-possession. She merely said, "Yes, uncle," when he paused a moment, which encouraged him to proceed.

"Heir and idol! worshipped and uncontradicted from my birth, a monarch in my world—this I was at Courtleroy. I had my good impulses, but self overcame them. Educated at home by tutors and governors who had no control over me, I ruled like a Nero. I travelled, and the world taught me something, but not much. I was still an autocrat. I came home and fell in love. Oh, Mimica, what love it was! I never doubted its return, for I had never been thwarted. My Margaret was fair as the lily—pure as untrodden snow. I believed it then; I believe it still. She lived with Lady Helena, who was then, as she is still, proud, imperious and ambitious. I suppose she persuaded her to accept me, and I, never having met with opposition in my life, imagined that she loved me as devoutly as I loved her, though she never told me so. What think you, Mimica? Am I a man to inspire a devoted love?"

This abrupt question startled Mimica. He waited for an answer, and she, ever truthful, gave it.

"I should think so, uncle. Your parents loved you with devotion, so did dear mamma; and I—I am learning to love you also. But

perhaps the Lady Margaret had some other she may have loved before."

"Who? And what became of her?" he almost shouted, and the cry made Mimica start. But he calmed himself, and resumed: "Everything appeared to go smoothly. I was my own master, my father having died when I was abroad, and my mother relinquishing Courtleroy to us, and preparing to live in her jointure house in town. The settlements were completed, and I, in my mad love, settled everything upon her, for she, poor dove! had nothing but her fair plumage. And oh, Mimica, how fair she was! Let me talk to you of her whom I have not named for two and twenty years. She was, I now believe, too gentle, sweet, and innocent for one of my overbearing temperament—for though I appear unconscious of my faults, I know them tolerably well. Ah! she was perfect in all but truth. She cast off that lovely garment, but she was yet too honest to take vows that she could not fulfil. I have never blamed her, though I have suffered mortally all these weary years.

"I was with her on the eve of the wedding, and I could not understand why she shed tears. I thought they were natural excitement, but I now suppose she was grieving for me who loved her so well. Why do you shed them, Mimica? For sympathy! Thank you. It all seems to me but yesterday, still I cannot weep, and could not then. When I stood by the altar which I saw to-day awaiting her, I was the happiest of men. What a scene it was! Outside floral arches, and within crowds of friends and tenants—all for me and her. Can you realise how this was ended in a moment, by the entrance of Sir Joshua, in breathless haste, beckoning me from my place of anxious waiting, and hurrying me through the inquisitive throng to his carriage? Can you imagine my frenzy when I learnt that she—my bride, my love, could nowhere be found? We drove to Monkton like mad, and there all was terror and confusion. Lady Helena, the bridesmaids, and the household were hurrying here and there in search of what was never found. Nothing remained to me of her but the bridal wreath. I have it still—I begged it—and my own fatal memories. All through that day and night I roamed about in search of her, knowing in my heart that it was in vain; for a hundred phantom thoughts rose before me, that proclaimed: 'She did not love you.' These, and my wounded pride and undying affection, drove me to despair, and I left home, mother, friends if I had them, and country, followed only by my faithful valet, who has never left me. I sought her wherever I went, sometimes expecting to meet her in poverty and alone; at others with him she had chosen in preference to me. But who? None of her lovers had been missing even for a day, and there was no clue to her having eloped with one of inferior station.

"I gradually recovered, as one does, from the delirium or disappointment, but not from wounded pride. I could not bring myself to return to Courtleroy, so finally settled in London, near my mother, but not with her, as you know. At first all companionship was odious to me, and I took no interest in anything but the beautifying of my house and the cultivation of my taste for music. So long as Searle supplied the means I was nominally content, and let everything go save the gratification of the present moment; but I had neither hope in this life nor faith in another. I have been strangely roused, and acknowledge that my ruin has been compassed by myself alone. I cannot tell how I have been brought back here, nor what force has been at work to carry me through this new ordeal, nor why I am confiding these secrets of my heart to you. Something is driving me, I know not how or where."

"'God works in a mysterious way,'" whispered Mimica, her voice betraying the emotion she felt.

"Preaching again; but if so, what am I to do?" he asked.

"He will show you," she replied. "You are already making us all happy in and about Courtleroy."

"And myself?"

"I will strive to make you happy also."

Silence followed these brief sentences, during which Mimica felt a strange depression, not only on her uncle's account, but her own. Their lives seemed so solitary even in such companionship as they gave one another, that she wondered how they would flow on in this new and untried channel. He again broke in upon her thoughts.

"Is it Leste, you, or circumstances, or what, that have driven me to church to-day? I do not understand it," he resumed. "But I bore it better than I expected. Am I mad or in a dream, or what is urging me on where I never meant to have adventured again?"

"I think it is God's Holy Spirit," returned Mimica, very gently and very humbly.

She did not venture to look at him, expecting the usual sarcastic "Preaching again, Mimica," but he was silent. He took up the book he had laid down, and Mimica fetched another, and made believe to read. He did not, however, remain long in the library, but left it so suddenly that she was frightened lest she might have annoyed him, and stole out after him. She perceived that he went to the schoolroom, and soon afterwards heard him playing Handel.

"It is all right," she thought. "I wish I were musical, like Barbara, or that George were here. How shall I exist if I am compelled to give up my correspondence with him?"

She felt strangely lonely as she sought, by prayer and meditation, to discover where her duty lay, and how best she could perform it.

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

Silence and Speech.

Be silent always when you doubt your sense,
And speak, though sure, with seeming diffidence. —*Pope.*

A Large Mouth.—A lady began to laugh at an amusing incident, and couldn't stop. At last a doctor was called in, and he couldn't quiet her. A friend, however, just then chanced to remark that the lady's mouth looked very large when she laughed, and that put an end to the mirth in a minute.

A Wise Dog.—A farmer who had sold a flock of sheep to a dealer, lent him his dog to drive them a distance of thirty miles, desiring him to give the dog a meal at the journey's end and tell it to go home. The drover found the dog so useful that he resolved to steal it, and instead of sending it back, locked it up. The collie grew sulky, and at last effected its escape. Evidently deeming the drover had no more right to detain the sheep than he had to detain itself, the honest creature went into the field, collected all the sheep that had belonged to his master, and, to that person's intense astonishment, drove the whole flock home again.

Quiet Content.—When one is contented, there is no more to be desired, and when there is no more to be desired there is an end of it. —*Don Quixote.*

The Jewel.

There is a jewel which no Indian mine can buy,
No chemic art can counterfeit;
It makes men rich in greatest poverty,
Makes water wine, turns wooden cups to gold,
The homely whistle to sweet music's strain;
Seldom it comes, to few from heaven sent,
That much in little, all in nought—Content.

The Death of a Famous Singer.—The death of Maria Lindley, the concert and oratorio singer, which happened at Bath in 1784, had a touch of beauty about it. Her friends were surrounding her when she raised herself in bed, and with momentary animation sang part of Handel's air, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," and then, exhausted with the effort, sank down, and soon afterwards expired.

In Praise of Peace.—"Peace," says St. Bernard, "is pureness of understanding and simpleness of heart." Seneca says that "Peace is above all the goodness and riches of this world;" and adds that "Those who have not peace with them ought to try and buy it."

What is Dogmatism?—Dogmatism is the maturity of puppyism.—*Douglas Jerrold.*

In Doubt.—All knowledge begins in doubt, and much of it ends there.

"Murder will Out."

One day, a clergyman passing through St. Sepulchre's Churchyard, in London, stopped to watch the gravedigger at his work. Presently he was astonished to notice that a skull thrown out of the grave seemed endowed with a power of motion. Taking it up, the cause of progression was found to be a large toad; but while the skull was in his hand the clergyman made another and more exciting discovery: embedded in the temple-bone was a tenpenny nail! He drew the gravedigger's attention to the extraordinary fact, and departed.

The sexton turned the matter over in his mind. He knew the skull was that of a man who had died suddenly twenty-two years before, and gradually memory brought back certain floating rumours of the time. Putting this and that together, he became something more than suspicious, and lost no time in consulting a magistrate. The widow of the long-buried man was arrested and taxed with having murdered her husband; she confessed her guilt, and was duly hanged for the crime so long hidden and so strangely brought to light.

A Debt of Gratitude.—If the conferring of a kindness did not bind the person upon whom it was conferred to the returns of gratitude, why, in the universal dialect of the world, are kindnesses still called obligations? —*South.*

POYNING'S LAW.

In verse I wish to represent
A famous Act of Parliament;
'Twas passed in 1495,
When Henry Seventh was alive;
Its aim to keep the nobles down,
And bring them subject to the crown.
My speedy pen is now proceeding
To give this Law's enactments leading.

I.

No Irish Parliament should sit
Until the needs that called for it
Before King Henry should be tried,
And by his sealing certified.

II.

No miscellaneous rates should be
Extorted from society;
A land-tax Henry asked alone,
Which, with the poundage, was his own
(This last St. George's brothers bold
Had always kept in days of old).

III.

No useless "kerns" should be maintained,
From Irish war-cries all refrained;
The chiefs herein were also told
Unlicensed they no guns could hold,
Nor were they ever to present
Themselves unrobed in Parliament.

IV.

The English Pale henceforward should
Be bounded by a pale of wood,
And each man should proficient be
In all concerning archery.

V.

Litigious Irishmen were told
In Erin English laws should hold,
And unto foreigners they might
Afford no sanctuary right.

VI.

Then, after all these prohibitions,
They had the following permissions:
The Irish tongue was not forbidden,
And horses might bare-backed be ridden.

* * * * *

These are the more important facts
Concerning that most great of Acts.

"BEE," BEATRICE E. GRIMSHAW,
Aged 16.
(*Certified* by her mother.)

THE BULRUSH'S STORY.

SAID the bulrush to the inmates of a large dark drawer, "Don't think I have always lain here. No; I can remember the time when I grew straight and slim in the midst of a reedy marsh." And the bulrush sighed.

"Your history! your history!" shouted a lace handkerchief, a faded rose, and two old satin slippers, with one voice.

The bulrush smiled a gratified smile, and with just a little becoming hesitation began:

"For many years our family had lived in the same quiet pool; thirty or forty of us had grown up side by side, season after season. Along the side of our dwelling-ground rippled a little stream, journeying onward to the sea; but where we grew it was stagnant and green, and in that lay the secret of our beauty; for there was no doubt," said the bulrush, with pardonable pride, "we were the finest bulrushes the country could produce.

"Never were we lonely or cheerless, for besides our own relations, we had many other friends. Sometimes the frog, tired with puddling about the marsh, would stay to rest himself near to us, on a stone cushioned with green moss; and many a pleasant half-hour would he while away, telling us of his excursions up the country.

"Then the butterflies, bound for a flower-garden half a mile distant, would tell us of the last flower that had blossomed, which one had drooped and which one had died, while they poised on the waving grasses. An old abbey, windowless and roofless, crumbled away beside us as the years rolled on. All round it copper beeches grew, and it seemed as if they tried to shelter it with their long arms from the ruthless winds. Oh, how the harvest moon used to look down on us through those vacant oriels, silvering the beeches, our marsh, and the little stream, which day and night worked away to reach the sea! One of our friends kept house in this abbey—he was the white owl. His family had lived there for many years, and were well known as respectable, though somewhat peculiar birds. Their habit of turning night into day was particularly condemned, but the popular voice never affected them in the least. Towards midnight, when all was still, even the frog's croak hushed, the minnows in the marsh snoozing under a large flat stone, all the birds with their families safely in the nest, and the daisies in the meadows sleeping with tightly-closed eyes—then came a noise of flapping wings, and we saw the white owl issue from the abbey, and as he skimmed over our heads he screamed 'Tuwhoo, tuwhoo! off to the woods, to the woods. Good night, old friends,' and then dashed away; and we would hear him arousing others with his cry, 'Tuwhoo, tuwhoo!' until it became fainter and fainter. Then silence would rest along the fringes of the marsh, and sleep would hold her own again.

"Some other friends we had——" but here the bulrush paused, and looked suspiciously around, for he thought he heard the sound of a stifled yawn.

His audience, however, looking very much interested, he continued: "And they were the seagulls. We lived not far from the sea; indeed, the tallest of us could see it glittering in the sunlight like molten silver. We could see, too, the ships like white swans gliding over its surface, and the lighthouse standing as a sentinel on the rocks; and at night it would flash out its warning across the waves—

"'Beware, beware;
Take care, take care—
The rocks are here.'

"But the gulls brought sorrow in their trail, for they never came to see us but when a storm was near. Then the cowardly birds would seek shelter amongst us; and whilst the sullen black would toss and writhe and foam, and then break in anger over the rocks, and seek in their fury to drag even the lighthouse down, they would lie crouching amongst us; and when the storm was gone, jump up and scream, and fly off in great haste to seek for spoil. Ah, how our hearts bled for the poor ships then. They fought manfully, but the waves dashed the life from them, and the wind, with wild laughter, drove them to the shore, and despite the warning of the lighthouse—

"Beware, beware;
Take care, take care—
The rocks are here"—

they perished.

"So we always hated to see the gulls, for we thought of the wives, sisters, and orphans to whom the storm would bring sorrow."

The bulrush was quite sure he heard a yawn

this time, but he only noticed it by quickening his narrative.

"One morning, before life was astir in the marsh, I awoke to find an animated conversation around me. At first, in my half sleepy condition, I caught only such fragments as 'just arrived,' 'some more to come,' and 'only a load of hampers,' etc., until I was wide awake enough to inquire what was the matter.

"'A picnic at the abbey,' said my right-hand neighbour, swaying excitably about until I feared he would seriously injure himself, while my companion on the left bent over to me, and in excited whispers gave me further details, until I felt sick and faint with terror and fright, with thoughts of our probable fate. We had, indeed, reason to fear the arrival of holiday-makers at the abbey, for more than once we had seen our brothers ruthlessly torn from us. They were those who dwelt along the edge of the marsh, and we feared the same scenes might be witnessed by some of us again.

"How fervently we older ones wished that night had come, with its shielding curtain, and that the stars might look on no vacant stalk, no space where one used to be.

"The day wore on and the holiday-makers arrived.

"The wind, exploring about the abbey, heard the laughter, the merry voices and snatches of gay song, and flew away to bear the news to us. Ah, the wind is an eavesdropper, and has heard many tales never meant for the public ear!

"Towards the middle of the afternoon we saw a beautiful butterfly coming towards us. He sank breathless on a stone in the marsh, and lay for several seconds motionless. Then we noticed that one of his wings was torn. He opened his eyes at length, and in a weak voice said, that while flying about the abbey he had come upon a party of picnicers, who were reclining in all sorts of positions on the grass.

"He foolishly had rested on a buttercup not far away, and one man had tried to catch him with a long stick and a green net, but only succeeded in tearing one of his wings.

"'Ugh!' said the butterfly, 'he is a horrid naturalist, and goes about with his coat full of pins to stick through our bodies.'

"We all felt very sorry for the butterfly, and begged him to stay with us until he was rested.

"He thanked us, and lay with closed eyes on his green moss couch.

"The long grasses gently fanned him, and the stream filled a little hollow for the butterfly to sip.

"The sun was slowly slipping behind the great sea, when the beech leaves parted and two figures came towards us.

"The one, a beautiful girl in gown of shell-like pink and gleaming golden hair; the other, a man, tall, muscular, erect, and handsome.

"Nearer and yet nearer they came to us, and, though seemingly dead to the calm beauty of the evening while talking in low murmurs to each other, when within a few yards the golden-haired lady stopped and smiled, and for us there was death in that smile.

"'Ah, Dick, dear, look at the bulrushes,' and she sighed for one of us.

"Dick looked at his boots, such as are worn at picnics, and then at the treacherous marsh; thought of what might happen, and he stopped, too.

"'You fear,' said the lady, with half a sneer.

"'I fear nothing for thee, Phœbe,' said Dick, as with three bounds he stood—oh, horrible!—on a stone two yards distant. Then he paused, till from one of his pockets he drew a flashing steel knife, and putting one foot carefully on another small stone, he bent towards us.

"He turned a little to Phœbe, who stood on the bank encouraging him, and said, 'which one shall it be, Phœbe?'

"'The one on the left, standing near the rushes,' said she.

"And—that—was—me," said the bulrush, impressively, forgetting his grammar as he noted the thrill which passed through his audience.

"I turned sick and faint, and leant on my neighbour for support, who tried by cheering and comforting words to revive me, but he, like the rest, was powerless to help me. The gnats, who were weaving fantastic circles in the air round an adjacant thistle, flew to my aid, but though they beset the enemy on all sides, he seemed insensible to their little attentions.

"At that moment the Evening Breeze, who was playing soft music amongst the reeds and rushes, gently rippled the green surface of the marsh. As he swept past me, in my agony and fear I caught his flowing garments, crying, 'Evening Breeze, help me, help me!' and as he melted away across scented clover-fields, I heard a whisper, 'My child, I will.'

"But now the cruel steel grazed my stem. One moment more and it would be too late. Would the aid of the Evening Breeze come when all was over? I felt that it would, and strove to be calm while I murmured adieux to my friends.

"But hark! I hear a sound that causes Hope to stand by once more.

"The sound of the Evening Breeze, as he whirls through the abbey windows and tosses the beech branches playfully up and down, and the sound of his wild, rollicking laughter, as he shakes the little beech leaves, who pipe across to us at the top of their shrill voices, 'He comes, he comes!'

"Half a second later Dick's hat was lifted abruptly from his head, and then, when the Evening Breeze no longer held it up, but slipped down the streamlet to the sea to rouse the listless yachts, it fell quickly into the marsh.

"Dick started, grasped at the air, caught nothing, overbalanced himself, and fell amongst the reeds and rushes, while all along the banks was heard the breaking of tiny ripples.

"Thus was I saved," said the bulrush, and the lace handkerchief, the satin slippers, and the faded rose gave a relieved sigh.

"But perhaps, madam, I tire you?" said the bulrush, addressing himself to the lace handkerchief, for whose beauty he entertained great admiration.

"'Your narrative is too interesting to be tiring,' replied the handkerchief. 'Pray, sir, continue, and let us hear how you at length came to rest among us.'"

The bulrush appeared highly pleased at such praise, and continued to relate his life to his appreciative audience.

"Towards the end of the summer, when the sun each day grew less warm and the days shorter, when, in the early morning, a silver rime frosted the edges of the marsh, on one of these days we saw a man walking towards us. He appeared very dejected and sorrowful, and walked slowly and meditatively by the side of the stream. He stood still opposite to us, and, though altered, I recognised him directly as Dick.

"'Why, those are the bulrushes that I tried to get for Phœbe in the summer,' he said, and he brightened for one minute as he remembered his failure; but, poor fellow, they almost instantly clouded again as he added aloud, 'My Phœbe, mine no more; for the coffin walls surround her, and the dark earth of the churchyard divides us. Phœbe, where are you now?' and a lark singing up high in heaven's blue roof sent one clear bell-like note down to the earth, which Dick heard as an answer to his question, for he said next, 'Aye, up there; where else should you be, my sweet, gentle flower,' and Dick bared his head reverently as he gazed upwards.

"Looking down at last he saw us bulrushes, and a thought immediately struck him.

"'Phœbe wished for a bulrush,' he said; 'I will take one as a memory of that day.'

"Slowly, and with caution, he stepped towards us, and, choosing me as his victim, severed me from my stalk an inch from the ground, returned to the bank, and walked away with me in the direction he came.

"All the time I was saying farewell to my relatives, weeping and grumbling at what I considered my hard lot.

"An old bulrush spoke to me rather sternly, and said, 'Your mission is to bring back memories of sunny days to a sorrowing mortal; you are to be a remembrance. See that you grow not old and withered before your time, by constant grumbling at your fate. So go, my child, and farewell.'

"The old bulrush's advice sunk deeply into my heart. I tried it; found it was good, and have lived cheerfully in this drawer ever since. My master comes and looks at me often. He at first sighs, and then, holding me in his hand, he meditates, till at last he puts me back quite cheerfully. I know not what his thoughts are, but that I bring peace and happiness into his heart I am quite certain, and this makes me feel joyful too."

ALLIE THOMPSON (aged 19).

I certify that the above is my daughter's unaided composition.

MARY THOMPSON.

OCTOBER.

Summer is gone in her glory—gone with her cloudless sky,
Winter, the white and hoary, swiftly is drawing nigh;
Sadly the winds are sighing, tossing the leaves around,
Casting them, faint and dying, down to the chilly ground.
Where are the rosebuds hiding, rosebuds that yesterday
Blushed, as the sunbeam, gliding, kissed them upon his way?
Where are the thousand flowers—azure and red and gold,
Gems of the garden bowers, queens of the mead and wold?
Scattered and faded, lying, long have their beauties been,
Dead with fair Summer's dying, gone with the fallen queen!
Autumn in pomp is reigning over the mead and wold,
Autumn the woods is staining russet and red and gold;
Chill are her winds and wailing, cold is her hoar-frost white,
Crushing the blossoms failing, dead'ning their beauty bright.
Yet, when the world lies dreaming, in the still autumn days,
Forest and woodland gleaming, faint through the golden haze,
When the far church-bell ringing, over the mountain's crest,
Sounds as though softly singing, hushing the world to rest—
Then, though the summer splendour far from the earth be fled,
Though the bright flow'rets tender faded are all and dead,
Though now the Frost King hoary withers the woodlands green,
Yet shall we crown with glory Autumn, the year's bright queen.

Now, when all beauty tender heralds her glorious birth,
Now shall be hailed with splendour—Autumn, the queen of earth!

"BEE," BEATRICE E. GRIMSHAW.
Aged 16.
(Certified by her mother.)

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER."

SIR,—As I know you like to hear of any benevolent scheme which concerns itself with the young, I offer you no apology for sending you a short description of a mission connected with our school. Should you think it worthy of a place in your paper, I am not without the hope that it may suggest the trial of similar work in other educational institutions.

About three years ago a missionary association was proposed in our school by one of the teachers, who thought it would be good for us girls to interest ourselves in others, and to try and do a little for children not so favoured as we are. The proposal was unanimously agreed to.

Our rules and regulations are as follows :—

1st. That there should be an annual election of office-bearers.

2nd. That each member should contribute at least one penny a month to the general fund.

3rd. That no resolution could be passed unless in the presence of at least three of the office-bearers.

4th. That the meetings be only held in the school.

The others chiefly aim at gaining unanimity in all our movements.

At the first meeting of our association it was suggested that part of the mission-work should be to supply flowers to the Sick Children's Hospital, Glasgow, in one of the suburbs of which city we live. This was very cordially assented to, and, accordingly, every Friday a basket of flowers is sent to the hospital. These flower contributions are extremely cheering and delightful to the little patients, as well as to the nurses, and that encourages us to continue our gifts. Benevolence could have no better outlet than in so cultivating the taste for the beautiful among suffering children.

The chief end we have in view, however, is to add to their comfort. They usually enter the hospital very ragged and ill-clad; when they are better and ready to leave, the matron tries to send them home decently clad, and so our Dorcas department supplies them with what warm clothing it can furnish.

Our Dorcas meetings are held on the first Friday of every month, in the afternoon, and last about two hours. During that time some of us cut the cloth for the garments, others prepare seams for the younger ones, and we all do our best to help the work. Our president superintends and entertains us while we work by reading something enjoyable. Being aware how expectant children are at Christmas-time, we gather as many toys as we can, and send them to the hospital for the amusement of the little sufferers.

We make the raising of funds both educative to ourselves and interesting to our friends by occasionally giving a public entertainment. We find this a pleasing mode of opening even ungenerous hearts to aid us, and our efforts in this respect have been fairly successful. The pleasure we give and get in doing this work might well induce others to try a similar experiment.—I am, yours truly,

J. A. (aged 14),
A Member of the Association.
Certified by Miss A. L. Watson.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MUSIC.

KATIE GREEN.—The system of musical notation now in use, known as the tonic sol-fa system, was originated by Miss Glover of Norwich, and called by her "tetrachordal," and was developed by the Rev. John Curwen. The keynote of any scale is always called *doh*, whatever its pitch may be. The addition of "e" to the initial of the note denotes a sharp, and "a" a flat. A musical chart of the scale, called the "modulator," represents pictorially the relative places of the notes of a scale, its chromatics and minor modes, etc. It is a system pre-eminently adapted to the masses who cannot receive the education of trained musicians. It was founded in 1862.

AN UGLY DUCKLING.—Madame Jenny Lind's voice had a register of two and a half octaves, and is described as contralto in most encyclopædias—Chambers's, and others. The term *coûte qui coûte* means "cost what it may, at whatever cost, under all circumstances." It should be written as above.

IL PENSEROSO.—The lines you quote are called "The Message." They were written by Adelaide Procter, and were set to music by Blumenthal.

FORGET-ME-NOT does not say whether she means a performer or a composer of music.

SWEET (?) SEVENTEEN.—The tone and compass of your voice must decide the class to which it belongs. There is some merit in your verses, considering the age at which they were written.

ART.

S. E. T.—It would be impossible to promise a sale for lustre paintings, but they might be done to order for some shop. Personal applications are essential, combined with showing your work. Penzance would suit you. The climate is invigorating, though soft and sheltered from the north and east. Provisions are cheap and abundant; the beach is of sand, and the bathing good. It abounds in places of interest and conveyances, churches, chapels, and doctors. It has a museum, reading and assembly rooms, and lectures and concerts are given at the Morganie Institute. Lodgings can be had on reasonable terms in the Alexandra and other terraces. We could not tell you whether you could obtain a house and garden.

M. H. B.—To paint a sunset sky in crystoleum, use lake, cobalt, and chrome No. 2. An article upon painting on satin appeared in vol. iv., page 66. Megilp or medium is used in painting to amalgamate, soften, and dry the colours.

MARY.—After you have applied the pictures to the scrap-screen, if you wish to varnish them they must be sized with two coatings of parchment size, laid on evenly, the second coating after the first has dried. The varnish required is the purest white copal. Three coats of this are necessary. We do not advise you to varnish your own screen; the process is one that requires professional aid; but we recommend you to leave your pictures alone after putting them on the screen. They look better unvarnished, and the varnish will crack if placed anywhere near the fire.

GOODACRE.—The picture entitled "The Children of Charles I.," by Van Dyke, is in Her Majesty the Queen's private collection at Windsor.

IVY.—Why do you trouble us with questions already and often answered? Consult our indexes, and, amongst others, see the recipe of the School of Art, page 303, vol. vii., lately given.

TROPIC.—The damp climate of Demerara is very bad for all descriptions of painting upon such surfaces as ivory and terra-cotta. To paint in water-colours upon these, first size the surface with one or two coatings of white of egg, and on the ivory surface finish with cake colours; on the terra-cotta with moist ones, plentifully mixed with Chinese white, and put a coat of Chinese white over the design before commencing to colour it. It is perfectly useless to paint china with water-colours; it requires painting with special china-colours, and to be fired in a kiln.

YOUNG EVELINE.—Go to an artists' colourman's shop, and you will obtain all the information you require as to brushes, paints, and millboard, as well as prices, which we never give.

COOKERY.

M. E.—Two ways of making a sponge cake have been given in vol. v.—one at page 171, and the other at page 247.

J. G.—To make a Madeira cake, see page 352, vol. i.

CLINGING IVY.—Full instructions as to how you may enter the National Training School of Cookery will be found at page 662, vol. v. Paint stains may be taken out of a black dress with turpentine.

FORGET-ME-NOT.—An article on egging and bread-crumbing has recently appeared. See page 237, vol. vii.

SIDDONNA.—All such small household machines as rotary graters, mincers, etc., are to be obtained at Kent's, High Holborn.

READER OF G. O. P.—We gave a recipe for making a ginger cake at page 767, vol. vi. Your writing would be improved if reduced in size.

HOUSEKEEPING.

SUBSCRIBER.—To remove stains from birchwood furniture, the following will be found a good recipe:—Take of alkanet root, one part; of shellac varnish, four parts; of linseed oil, sixteen parts; spirits of turpentine, two parts, and wax, two parts. Blend the mixture thoroughly and let it stand for a week; then apply it with a piece of flannel, and rub quickly with a cloth, repeating the process daily until the marks be gone.

D. H. S. G.—Crewel-work should be washed in the water in which bran has been boiled. It will need no soap, and should be wrung dry in a clean towel and ironed on the wrong side while damp.

TOMMY.—Almost all furs can be cleaned with hot sand, bran, or coarse oatmeal, well rubbed in and beaten lightly out with a small cane.

M. A. G.—There is nothing more durable for kitchen or passage floors than oilcloth or linoleum when they are not tiled. For the passages, however, you might use cocoanut matting. Do not spell kitchen with a "g."

BUTTERCUP.—You had better stain the top of your wash-hand-stand with Stephens's brown wood stain, and then polish twice a week with beeswax and turpentine. On no account varnish nor French polish an article that is so often wet. To restore and clean your carpet, use Proctor's carpet renovater; or else wash with a lather of ox-gall, and remove the latter by re-washing with soap and water. This will clean, but not restore the colour.

MONNA LISA.—The way to use salts of lemon to take out stains of ink from linen is to take a cup of boiling water and hold the part where the inkspot is made tightly over the cup; then get some attendant friend to put a very little salts of lemon on the spot, dip it into the boiling water in the cup, and after a few minutes take it out, when the stain should have departed. Sometimes a stain may be more easily removed if first touched with vinegar and then with chloride of lime. This last is specially good for carpets.

PRIMROSE.—Your sideboard appears to have become smeared and greased in wear. Now that you have cleaned that off with vinegar and water, which ought to have been vinegar and oil instead, you had better polish it with turpentine and beeswax.

FLOY.—To clean marble, make a paste of whitening, soda, and water, and put it on, leaving it if very dirty twenty-four hours. You should stir the starch with a wax candle, or put a teaspoonful of glycerine into it.

G. C. H.—Rub up the piano with a little sweet oil, or get some good furniture polish.

AUNTIE'S JUDY.—Linoleum should be washed with hot milk and water, the same as oilcloth. The 12th November, 1834, was a Wednesday.

MISCELLANEOUS.

EILAMA sends us near'y twenty questions in her letter, out of which we select with difficulty two to answer. She will find the fullest information attainable at the Woman's Emigration Society, Carteret-street, Queen Anne's-gate, S.W. Address the secretary. The climate of California is perfect in some parts, such as Los Angelos, etc, ; but we doubt that clerkships, tutorships, and such-like employments are very plentiful out there. However, take the advice of the Woman's Emigration Society on the subject.

ANNIE M. P——T.—We fear we cannot help you. The path to literary honours is a difficult one. Keep on writing and sending to magazines and publishers until you find someone who will take something from you. Never mind discouragements and disappointment if you would succeed.

KATHARINE.—The goosequills would require cleaning and gently drying for writing purposes.

MIDGE.—If your husband does not go with you to pay a call, you must leave one of his cards, of course. If he does go it is not needful.

ZENOBIA.—"The Prisoner of Chillon" was written by Lord Byron. The Castle of Chillon is on the Lake of Geneva.

NORTHAMPTON.—If a man die without a will, leaving a wife and child, his property would go one-third to wife and the rest to the child or children. If no wife, all to child or children. His brother would have no claim.

ADDIE.—Rubbing ivory with a little whitening made into a paste with water will take off the stains. We are sorry to hear that "everyone snubs you." What do you do to deserve it?

NANCIE and BEE have our best thanks for their kind letter, which is well written and expressed. A sandwich made of bread-and-butter, and thickly spread with cayenne pepper, will generally relieve sick headache.

NEW.—Any description of thin woollen, such as serge, would be suitable for your travelling dress, what is called a tailor-made costume. Scotland is never very hot at the season you mention.

ONLY A PANSY BLOSSOM.—Silkworms may be procured at Covent Garden Market, or by means of advertisements in the papers.

AN INVALID.—A map is a delineation of countries; a plan is a model, draught, form, scheme, or design for making machinery, dividing land, building a house, etc. You could not say the "plan of Germany," or the "map of a house."

A SON OF MARS.—The sect called the Unitarians denies the Christian doctrine of the Trinity in Unity and the Godhead of the Messiah. God, as regarded apart from his character as manifested in His Son—the Redeemer of Man—is a consuming fire (Hebrews xii. 29), and we dare not, nor are we invited, to approach him as such. But through Christ He is a *loving Father, and we may do* so, pleading His name, His merits, and His sacrifice. When you say that "it is not to Christ that you turn but to God," we can only refer you to our Lord's own words, "He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father," "I and my Father are one," St. John x. 30, and xiv. 9. Read John i. and mark that he says "by Him, the Word, all things were made," "and the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us." Read also Hebrews i. The Scriptures do not say "love and be baptised," but "believe and be baptised." Perform the first act of obedience and then pray that the love of Christ, God incarnate, may be shed abroad in your heart by the influence of the Holy Ghost. See St. John v. 23 and xiv. 6.

Z. A. Y.—Dear little girl, be quite at ease. You *desire to serve your Heavenly Master* and to lay the burden of your sins on Him "who was made sin for us." What does He say? "Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out." The wicked people who reject Him as their Saviour, to whom reference is made in the passages of which you speak, do not go to Him and desire His forgiving grace. If you do so, then you are not one of them. Do not worry yourself about the flaws in your motives. "He is able to save to the uttermost." You had better learn the hymn—

> "Just as I am, without one plea,
> But that Thy blood was shed for me,
> And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
> O Lamb of God! I come."

ME.—We were pleased with your nice little letter. "Apigga-back" means, as a child is carried with its arms round your neck and its legs passed under your arms and round your waist. It does not mean as a butcher carries a pig on his back, with its head downwards.

FEN.—The Editor is not the publisher of the G. O. P. Write to the latter, Mr. Tarn.

MAIDENHAIR.—Our article on "How to Ride" is to be found in the monthly parts for October and November, 1881. Your own riding trousers appear more suitable than what your friend wears, and will preserve you from painful friction. We suppose that your pony is lazy and wants to go home again, or it would not turn round in the way you describe. Some man should take a good ride on it every day who knows well how to train a horse before you take your ride. It is not properly "broken."

SAILOR'S LASS.—Swimming classes are held at the baths in the Queen's-road, Bayswater, W., at the Polytechnic, Regent-street, W., and at Chelsea, where some have just been opened. You can have the banns called yourself in the parish where you are residing. We wish you all happiness in your new life.

JAPONICA.—The recommendations we continually give our correspondents in reference to writing copies are for the purpose of improving their hands, not as a means of remunerative employment. It is very difficult to obtain work in copying manuscripts.

ADELPHI TERRIER.—If so partial to the "regular dashers" as novel writers, whom you specify, we feel no surprise at hearing that such authors as those who write for this paper are not quite what would be congenial to you and your sisters. Yet, if you complain of "shattered nerves" the latter might prove to some extent soothing. Your "dear Eddy" must remind you that while certain recreations are beneficial to both mind and body, they should not constitute the chief object of life. What are you doing for the benefit of others, or for your own moral and intellectual improvement?

KATE THOMPSON.—Inquire for Whymper's books on Alpine ascents at any library. That in reference to the Matterhorn is deeply interesting.

HANDSOME (?) GEORGE.—It is difficult to get stories into magazines unless the writers have already made their names. You should not write backwards, excepting for commercial purposes.

BUNGIE.—Children belong to the nationality of their father; but when of age they may become naturalised where they please; or if the father adopt and settle permanently in any country or colony, they are considered as natives of that adopted country.

MUD, BILL, and TOM.—The prophecy about which you inquire has been quoted in nearly every newspaper within the last few weeks. There are many such always quoted as occasion may offer. An old proverb says—

> "When Easter Day falls on our Lady's lap,
> Then let England beware of a rap,"

calamities being said to come with a late Easter. But no importance can be attached to such old sayings.

MISERY would be wise to try an entire change of climate, such as that of Devon, if she suffer so much from neuralgia. She should read "Medicus's" "Advice to Working Girls." Perhaps Kepler's extract of malt and cod-liver oil would do her good.

ZULMA.—The name Viking was derived from the "vieks," "wicks," or inlets on the coast in which the men so called harboured their long ships or galleys. They were really pirate chiefs amongst the Northmen, who plundered the coasts of Europe in the eighth and ninth centuries, alternately peasants and pirates.

M. G. W.—The verses are faulty in their construction, and are not particularly original in the thoughts they express.

P. DARIS.—What a topsy-turvy idea!—you, a girl, talk of winning a man's love! It is the man that should try to win yours. You say that "he has not shown any signs of love," and your asking "what you are to do" under the circumstances is quite degrading. Have you no respect? Do you want to throw yourself at him like a bone to a dog? If you have just "turned twenty" you ought to know better. "Turning" is a word employed in the sense of moving round, or in a lathe, but is inapplicable in the sense of having attained a certain age. Used thus it is a great vulgarism.

MILLICENT.—Clean your fur tippet with hot sand to remove the grease.

INQUIRING ONE.—Do nothing to make yourself thin; you will injure your constitution and thin your blood in the attempt. Sir Walter Scott's romances, "Kenilworth Castle," a historical novel, "Ivanhoe," "Rob Roy," "Quentin Durward," and "The Antiquary" should be read in the course of your literary education.

PERPLEXED ONE.—It is generally supposed that to butter a cat's paws will induce it to remain in a new home.

EUTUXης.—Henry Bennett, Earl of Arlington, was born 1618, and was one of the Cabal Ministry. He was created an earl 1672, and died 1685. We should think the poem was Dryden's "Absalom and Achitophel," published 1681. We do not know the name "Trissino."

ROYAL ARTILLERY.—"Kale," or "kail yard" means a kitchen garden. The word "kale" is Scottish for a kind of cabbage or colewort, with the leaves curled or wrinkled—not formed into a compact close round head. June 6, 1867, was a Thursday.

DOROTHEA.—We should say that some town or village in Derbyshire would be suitable.

LONGUE.—You will find an account of the meeting of Wellington and Nelson in Walford's "Old and New London." It took place at the Admiralty, and you will find it under that head.

"EARL'S COURT" is probably so named from being a part of the large possessions of the Earls of Oxford.

AN OFFICER'S DAUGHTER writes to us with the cool request that "she might copy out most of our recipes, and publish them in a small book, as they are very useful." We think her own common sense and honesty might have answered the question. We cannt encourage you with the idea that your poetry is good, as the metre is all wrong, as well as the grammar.

GRIMALDI, MURIELLE, AND OTHERS.—The Persian cat is very delicate, and requires warmth and good and delicate food. These cats have dreadful coughs and colds, and very often die either of consumption or dropsy.

FRANCES.—There is already a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals; address the Secretary, 105, Jermyn Street, S.W. You should join that; fresh recruits are always valued.

BERNARDINE seems to be rather a self-tormenter. Having acted with her mother's permission, and thought herself right, she now returns to the subject, and thinks that, had her father lived, he might have thought her wrong. Why should she not also have the opinion of her grandfathers and great grandfathers, if she be not satisfied with her living mother, and the consent of her own conscience? In all such matters, Christ has left us free, and means us to use our consciences. If we be really living for Him, we shall not stray far from His side, either in our business or our pleasures.

OWL IN AN IVY BUSH is anxious we should inform her "why so many plain, even ugly, women marry well, and pretty and attractive ones are left so much longer, and do not marry so well?" We think the reason is, that a pretty girl often depends on her face to attract, while plain girls turn to other larger interests, beyond their faces or figures, and are useful, well-informed, sensible women, and multitudes of men are too wise to prefer what is only "skin deep." Besides, "beauty is often in the eyes of the beholder."

G. R.—We know of no means to take out small-pox marks; they should never have been allowed to come. You should consult a doctor. Their redness will disappear.

A WHITE VIOLET should press the flowers in blotting paper, changing the paper every day, to preserve the colour.

M. S. C.—The only way to get the number is to send the money and postage direct to Mr. Tarn, 56, Paternoster Row, E. C. If it can be had he will send it to you.

MARIETTA.—We do not think you too old to play with a doll at twelve years old, and we hope you know how to make all its clothes well and neatly. We should advise you to learn the violin if you have a choice of instruments.

LILY OF THE VALLEY.—We think, as you are so young, you had better endeavour to arrange with your parents to wait until you be 21. If the young man be really fond of you, he will not object.

PRIMROSE.—We do not think the book you name ever had a sequel.

A LOVER OF FLOWERS.—We suppose the room has been too cold for the Nepaul pepper plant, and perhaps there may also have been some draught from the window. With the fine weather it will no doubt get better.

CARROTTY NOB.—Chalk, or camphorated chalk, used alternately with a little Castile soap, is the best tooth powder. Use the soap at night, not in the morning.

ONE WHO LOVES THE "G. O. P."—You need not be ashamed of your letter, for, at least, there is not one mistake in spelling, and that is more than we can say of many written by girls who have had more advantages than "a working girl." If you keep yourself neat and clean, and quietly dressed, you will look much nicer than many who have no trouble such as that of which you complain. We advise you to leave nature alone.

PUZZLED ONE.—You had better apply at Miss Faithfull's office, in Regent Street. Also inquire at the "Working Ladies' Guild," 113, Gloucester Road, Queen's Gate, S.W.; office hours 11 to 1 and 2 to 4. We quite agree with you that while an enormous amount is being done for the lower classes, the impoverished gentry are almost forgotten, who make no complaints, and suffer and die in private.

EMILY.—The Box Tunnel, the length of which is 3,200 yards, is not the longest in Great Britain; the Woodhead Tunnel (near Manchester) has that distinction, being 3 miles and 26 feet in length. The Netherton Tunnel (on a branch of the Birmingham Canal) is also longer than that at Box, measuring 3,036 yards. That of the St. Gothard is 9·24 miles long, and the longest in U. S. America, that of Hoosac, Massachusetts, is 4¾ miles long.

A FRIEND NAMED AMY.—There are fashions in handwritings, just as in anything else, but there is much that is distinctly personal in everyone's writing. "Twelfth night" is the 6th January, the Epiphany or Christmas Day, *old style*.

SNOWDROP.—Your keeping your temper depends on God's grace, which you must seek, and your own determined will not to give way to it. You are probably very selfish and inconsiderate, and you must try to think of everyone before yourself.

D.E.—Camphor and borax—an ounce of each—in a quart of boiling water. Put this away in a bottle, and use a little as required to clean your head, rubbing it in with a sponge.

LOVER OF THE "G. O. P.".—In case of a person dying without a will, leaving four brothers and sisters, they would each take an equal part of her effects. Your aunt's property would thus be divided into four equal parts, of which you and your brothers and sisters would be entitled to your mother's share—divided equally amongst you. That is, of course, if the aunt were an unmarried woman. If her father were alive, the whole would go to him.

HELP is earnestly asked towards taking some 200 poor mothers for a day in the country. Contributions, however small, will be most gratefully received by M. A. Palliser, Deaconess of Christ Church, Blackfriars, 74, Blackfriars-road.

SIR,—Please acknowledge in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER a box of ferns from Sir John Franklin With many thanks.—Yours faithfully, MARGARET M. BAGSTER (Secretary). Hospital for Women, Marylebone-road.

VOL. VII.—NO. 344.] JULY 31, 1886. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

QUIET WATERS.

BY HORACE G. GROSER.

SING ho! for the rushes and the reeds so green,
On the reach of the shining river!
Our boat shall stray,
And our oars will play,
And set them all a-quiver.
And hid away between in the shallows shall be seen,
With its blossom like a flame of gold,
The iris flower, in its water-woven bower,
And forget-me-nots as welcome as of old.

Bright eyes look up at the bright blue dome,
And the green leaves interlacing,
Bright eyes peer down
On the water-lilies' crown
And the shy fish 'neath them racing;
And as here we roam in the naiad's nome,
Some river ditty chanting,
We can almost spy, in the osiers nigh,
Her face where the light is slanting.

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"THE LAPPING WATERS SEEM LIKE THE MUSIC OF A DREAM."

Pleasant are the breezes on the broad mid-stream
As we glide from the trees o'ershading,
Blowing fresh from the skies,
When the long day dies,
And the fair, hot sun is fading,
Till the lapping waters seem like the music of a dream
As they flash from the light-dipp'd oar,
And fairy visions creep from the shadow world of sleep
Between us and the dim, green shore.

O, summer, sunny summer, youth is fair like thee,
But the iris—will it bloom for ever?
May we idly drift and dream
Down the quiet, lilied stream,
Nor find that our crew must sever?
And the answer comes to me in the blossoms from the tree,
And the dead, yellow leaves floating by,
While the thunder of the weir falls in warning on the ear,
And the still, dark night is nigh.

MY BROTHER'S FRIEND.

By EGLANTON THORNE, Author of "The Old Worcester Jug," etc.

CHAPTER XIV.

'WHERE NATURE'S HEART BEATS STRONG AMID THE HILLS."

"RALPH, old fellow, this is fine indeed; this surpasses all my expectations."

"Does it? That is well. I was afraid that my enthusiasm for this part of Switzerland might have led me to paint it to you in too glowing colours, and you might find the reality disappointing."

"Disappointing! Man alive, who could be disappointed with such a scene as this? Oh the delicious air! Is it not joy, Dotty, to be here? But you are hot and tired. I forget that you are not so free to enjoy it as I am."

"I enjoy it quite as much," I declared, as I threw myself panting on the soft, thymy turf by the wayside, where Edmund's bearers had deposited the *chaise à porteur* in which he was being carried up the mountain.

For more than an hour we had been climbing from Lauterbrunnen—a new experience to me, whose walking powers had hitherto been tested mainly on the level. But though the unusual strain was trying, I was very happy as I toiled along, learning from Ralph how to use my alpenstock to the best advantage. What delight can equal the rapture that comes with one's first vision of Swiss mountain scenery? Even the sad circumstances, the anxiety for my brother's health, which attended our coming to Switzerland, could not shadow my perfect gladness at this hour. After ascending for a while through the delightful shade of pine-woods, the path had led us on to a high, green plateau, overhanging the deep, narrow valley of Lauterbrunnen. It was well that the sturdy Swiss peasants, who carried Edmund as if he were no great burden, had here decided to make a halt, for a lovelier spot in which to rest can hardly be imagined. To the left, on the other side of the deep gorge that marked the height of our ascent, we could see to perfection what Ruskin says is "the best image the world can give of Paradise, the slope of the meadows, orchards, and cornfields on the sides of a great Alp, with its purple rocks and eternal snows above." The green slopes were dotted with brown châlets; here and there men and women were at work cutting the grass, and I saw a woman and a boy at work on a narrow, unguarded ledge overhanging a sheer precipice. It made me giddy to watch them, and I wonderd how they could work in such a position; but doubtless familiarity had robbed them of all sense of peril. Behind us in the distance were huge mountain masses, with curiously sculptured summits rising sharp against the pale blue sky; beyond the undulating plateau was a ridge crowned with pine trees; but the chief glory of the scene lay before, for there stood forth magnificent three giant peaks—the Jungfrau, with her bridal veil of snow, the Eiger, and the Möuch. Who can describe the beauty of that mountain chain? Not I, nor will I attempt it. Long we watched the changes every minute wrought on those glorious summits, now shining forth resplendent in sunlight, every buttress and ledge visible, and anon enveloped in billowy clouds.

"Well," said Edmund, at last, drawing a deep breath of satisfaction, "it is worth anything to see such a sight as this. If every hour of my life up to the present moment had been pain and misery, I think I should still rejoice that I had lived to enjoy the beauty of these mountains."

"Yes," I said, "such a day as this might well make amends for a thousand dark and sad days."

"My days are rather more numerous than that, Dottie, young as I appear," said Edmund, with one of his comical looks; "but I don't think I've had a thousand dark ones. I have little to complain of; my life has been an easy one, as human lives go. Anyhow, I'm glad I have lived. How can anyone pretend that it is a misfortune to be born, when we are born into such a world?"

"The sun, the moon, the stars, the seas, the hills, and the plains!
Are not these, O soul, the vision of Him who reigns?"

repeated Ralph Dugdale, in a low voice.

"Thank you, old fellow," said Edmund; "that was what I was wanting, though I could not myself have thought of anything so appropriate. That glorious dome of snow had already spoken to me of 'the great white throne,' and 'Him that sat thereon.' But here come the guides; do they want to be moving on?"

I turned to address the men, forgetting, as I had already forgotten more than once in the course of our journeying, that my mother tongue was not understanded by the natives of this land.

"There is Dottie again anticipating the time when the sons of men shall speak one universal language," remarked Edmund; "clearly, she is of opinion that that language will be the English."

I laughed at my own absurdity. Ralph, who spoke German fluently, came to my assistance. "They say we must be moving on if we would reach our destination before the sun sets," he said. "Come, Edmund, I doubt not that 'in this moment there is life and food for future years,' as Wordsworth has it; but yet I think you will soon be glad of a less ethereal repast."

"You are horridly prosaic," returned Edmund; "but I will confess that this mountain air is beginning to awake in me the keen demands of appetite, and

also that I fancy it is getting a wee bit chilly."

I hastened to wrap a plaid about him. The bearers picked up the chair, and marched on at a steady, quick pace. Ralph and I followed closely, and the two men, with our baggage strapped to their backs, brought up the rear.

As we proceeded thus I was startled by hearing a noise as of thunder coming from the mountain before us. One deep, loud, cannon-like report, and then the sound seemed to roll from peak to peak, resounding in echo after echo.

"An avalanche!" cried Ralph, pointing in the direction whence the sound seemed to proceed.

"An avalanche!" I repeated, searching with my eyes the snowy mountain mass before me. "Oh, where? Do show me! I would give anything to see an avalanche."

"There, don't you see!" he cried, pointing with his alpenstock; "there it comes, pouring over that rock."

But so large was the surface to be scanned, and I expected something so much grander than appeared, that for some moments Ralph failed to make me see it. At last I perceived what seemed like a column of smoke stealing down a precipitous slope, and then falling as a cataract from rock to rock.

"Is that an avalanche?" I cried, much disappointed; "why it is nothing to see! And it is impossible that so slight a fall could make such a fearful noise."

"Poor Dottie!" laughed Edmund; "she speaks as if the illusion of a lifetime were gone."

"What you call a slight fall," said Ralph, "is in reality a huge mass composed of many tons of snow; it is the great distance which makes it appear so small. But don't be disappointed, Miss Carmichael, you will have many opportunities of seeing avalanches whilst you are amongst the mountains, and will no doubt get a nearer and grander view than you have had to-day."

"Dottie will not be satisfied unless she is well nigh smothered by one," said Edmund. "I know she is longing to figure as a heroine in some perilous exploit. I hope you are prepared, Ralph, to take her up all the mountains in the neighbourhood."

"I shall be most happy," he replied. "We will begin with the Schilthorn; I shall be able to point it out to you in a few minutes, I think."

Whilst we talked thus we were making rapid progress, for the way was now easy. We were treading a broad, terrace-like road skirting the Lauterbrunnen valley, into the depths of which we could peer. Across the valley rose a chain of snow-crested mountains, visible from base to summit. Superb amongst them could still be traced the Jungfrau and her attendants. Another mile of such walking, and we reached the mountain hamlet at which we were to sojourn. It was a quaint little collection of châlets.

At the doors of many of them women were seated engaged in making a coarse kind of lace, some of which they entreated us to buy. There were châlets which had been converted into little shops chiefly stocked with specimens of Swiss carving, very pretty and tempting. One of these shops was the *bureau de poste*.

Our arrival created quite a stir in the little place. Children came running from all quarters and thronged after us, some offering us little bunches of edelweiss, and others beseeching us to buy the first ripe strawberries they had found in the woods. Thus attended, we arrived at the hotel-pension Ralph had recommended, a large, wooden, deep-gabled house, with carved balconies, after the pretty Swiss fashion.

It was early in the season, so we had little difficulty in getting rooms to suit us. I was delighted with mine, though it was very small, for its windows opened on to a little balcony, commanding an exquisite view of the Jungfrau range. As the balcony was also accessible from Edmund's window he would be able to share it with me. It was furnished with a tiny table and chairs, and I thought we should spend many a happy hour there with books or work, enjoying the lovely prospect, as, indeed, we did.

The interior of this mountain hotel was very quaint and homely. Walls, ceiling, furniture, everything was of pine wood. The bedrooms were small wooden compartments, not unlike the cabins of a ship; but snowy curtains and spotless coverlids gave them an attractive appearance. The *salle à manger* and the *salon* were equally plain, no carpets or luxuries of any kind, and no ornaments save some very droll prints framed and hanging on the walls, and glass vases on the tables filled with lovely mountain flowers. But what of that? We had the best possible luxuries, as Edmund remarked—pure ozone and magnificent views of snow-fields and glaciers.

How we all enjoyed the evening meal to which we presently sat down! It did my heart good to see Edmund evincing a genuine appetite once more. He was very tired, and soon after supper retired to rest; but Ralph and I sat for more than an hour upon the balcony outside the *salon*, watching the sunset glow fade from the mountains till they lay cold and colourless, robed in the mysterious beauty of the night.

On the following day Edmund was still suffering too much from the effects of the journey to attempt any walking, but we had beauty enough around us to enjoy, without going to seek it. Ralph surprised us by producing from his luggage a hammock, which he slung in a charming nook in the pine wood at the back of the house. Nothing could have suited Edmund better. Here he lay for hours drinking in the exquisite mountain air and enjoying the indescribable, changeful beauty of the snowy range which rose before his view on the other side of the Lauterbrunnen gorge.

"No one but you would have thought of such a thing, Dugdale," he said, referring to the hammock. He might well say so. I have never known any man so thoughtful and kind in little things as Ralph Dugdale showed himself at this time. There was something almost womanly in the tenderness with which he waited on my brother and anticipated his wants. I might have been jealous of his devotion, but that he never suffered me for a moment to feel that I was not needed. He made no suggestion without either a mute or spoken appeal to me for my sanction, and many a confidential talk did we have with regard to our loved patient. Ralph fell into the way of saying "Shall we do this?" or "Would it be well for us to do that?" as though we were one in our solicitude for Edmund. I thought nothing of it till Edmund, one day, laughingly remarked, in response to some proposal of Ralph's prefaced with the words, "We have been thinking——"

"We! it is always we now. You and Dorothy seem to have joined hands, and made a solemn compact to deprive me of all freedom of action. It used to be Dottie and I who were we, but you have won her from her allegiance to me."

"What nonsense, Edmund!" I returned; "I am most submissive to you. We always let you have your own way; we only counsel and advise."

"We again," observed Edmund, mischievously.

I glanced laughingly at Ralph, but he looked away as though he could not meet my eyes, and to my surprise I saw that he had flushed a deep crimson. What could it mean? A sudden thought made me turn first hot then cold. But no, it was impossible, it could not be that. Ralph and I were drawn together by our common love to Edmund, that was all; the idea of anything more was absurd. And whilst I thus reasoned with myself, Ralph began talking lightly to Edmund again, and the unwelcome idea passed from my mind.

It was pleasant to see the perfect friendship that existed between these two. Edmund seemed to lie under no weight of obligation. He accepted every kindness from Ralph as simply as it was given, knowing that it was his friend's delight to serve him. He uttered no effusive thanks; but his silent gratitude was the deeper and stronger that it found no expression. And words were unneeded, for Ralph understood what was his friend's heart towards him.

Once Edmund said to me, "Ralph has the joy of giving now; but if ever you or I have it in our power to contribute to his happiness, how gladly we shall do so!"

"Yes, indeed," I said; "but, Edmund, I think you do contribute as it is to Ralph Dugdale's happiness. You are very dear to him."

Edmund cast at me a quick, curious glance. He seemed about to say something, but checked himself and fell into a reverie, which must have been pleasant, judging by the smile that played upon his face.

For a fortnight Ralph remained with us ere engagements called him back to England. We had beautiful weather during that time, and made the most of every sunny hour; but, by common consent, Ralph and I postponed the mountain expedition we had talked of, and took only walks in which Edmund could accompany us, either on foot or carried

in a *chaise à porteur*. He talked of trying to ride one of the strong mountain horses that were to be hired, but for the present we persuaded him to be content with the humbler mode of conveyance, as being less fatiguing. He was still very weak, though he showed signs of improvement which I eagerly noticed.

Ralph left us on a Monday. The Sunday preceding it is a day which I can never forget. Edmund was well enough to go to the afternoon service in the English church, a little wooden building standing on a slight eminence beyond the village. The interior was simple almost to roughness; but as we sat on the plain deal benches we could see through the side-windows the magnificent ranges of mountains that encircled us. The service was such as suited our surroundings. We sang:—

"For the beauty of the earth
For the beauty of the skies,"

and

"Our God, we thank Thee, who hast made
The earth so bright,"

and never, I think, were hymns sung more feelingly, for life seemed so fair, and God's love so near and precious, amidst the glorious beauty of that Alpine retreat. The sermon, too, simple but forcible, was such as made one think. The preacher was an English clergyman, sojourning amidst the mountains for the benefit of his health. He was an old man with silvered hair and a serene, sweet expression, accompanied by tokens of rare intellectual power. His subject was the parable of the Pounds. I can remember little of what he said, but the impression produced by his earnest pleading that we should consider our life as a sum of money entrusted to us by God, not to be squandered upon self, but to be used for His glory and the good of others, a trust of which we must one day give an account before the bar of Eternal Justice, has remained with me.

"That was the right sort of sermon," said Ralph Dugdale, as we passed out of church into the bright sunlight, and took our way down the winding mountain path. "If preachers would only believe it, they might do infinitely more good by showing the solemnity of life and the irreparable loss incurred by its misuse, than by continually harping upon its uncertain duration and the certainty of death. Whether our lives be long or short, as men count age, it is certain that they will be but too brief for the work we have to do in them."

"True, indeed," said Edmund; "I can tell you that nothing makes one more conscious of the shortness and preciousness of life than to be brought face to face with the possibility that the end is drawing near. You cannot think how short my life seems to me now as I look back upon it. If I could have the time over again I would use it to better advantage, God helping me."

"Oh, Edmund, don't talk so," I cried, with a thrill of fear; "you speak as if you were old and—there must be many years before you yet, plenty of time to work in."

"There may be more years, Dottie," he said, in tones that pierced my heart; "God only knows; I dare not count on much time."

"It is only the present that any of us can call our own," observed Ralph; "we must work while it is called to-day, making the most of every golden opportunity, since we know not how soon the night may fall."

"Ay," said Edmund, "if one would not be found at the last like the servant who laid up his pound in a napkin. Can there be sorer regret than one would feel who had to look back at the end upon a life all wasted, with its glorious opportunities passed beyond recall?"

I was miserable as Edmund spoke thus. I believed that he was daily growing stronger, and it shocked and grieved me to hear him speak as though his early death were more than a mere possibility, for till lately he had seemed so hopeful of regaining strength. But it was not this only which made me uneasy. Already a feeling of dissatisfaction with self had been stirred within me. I could not be daily in the company of Edmund and his friend without feeling how much higher and nobler were their aims in life than my own. How foolish and trivial were the impulses that moved me, how narrow and selfish my life! A few persons I loved with a passionate, exacting intensity; but of the love of humanity of which they often spoke, I knew nothing; I had no conception of living to do the will of God and to bless others. I was always making mistakes and suffering keen remorse; but experience did not make me any wiser, and I supposed I should go blundering on to the end.

"What are you thinking of, Dottie?" asked Edmund, turning upon me a gentle, inquiring glance.

"I hardly know," I began, in some confusion, "but it seems to me rather hard that life should be so short; we have hardly time to learn how to live ere our life is over—at least, I am sure it will be so with me at the rate I am going on."

They laughed a little at my desperate view of my own case.

"We do blunder sadly," Ralph said, "but it always comforts me to remember, as Mrs. Browning says, that 'God's greatness flows around our incompleteness, round our restlessness His rest.' And there is rest and strength and victory for us through the One Perfect Life."

No more was said of so grave a nature. Edmund sat down to rest on a bench by the wayside. I wandered to the edge of the path and began gathering some of the dainty blue harebells which grew there, and had a home-like attraction for me, since such flowers flourished in the neighbourhood of Burford. Ralph joined me, and proposed to take me a few yards down the mountain slope to a point of view commanding an exceptionally lovely prospect. I acceded willingly, and we followed a sharp and narrow zig-zag, not more than a foot in width, which led us round the head of a deep gorge. Suddenly, at a sharp angle, where the path broke off and the green slope shelved steeply down, Ralph checked me.

"Now look," he said, and turning in the direction he indicated, I saw what appeared to my unaccustomed eyes like a vision of fairyland. Below, one mountain shoulder meeting another, lay slope after slope of emerald green, here fringed by pine trees, and there dotted with châlets, or with cattle peacefully browsing, whilst far, far beneath appeared the rocky defile of Lauterbrunnen, forked by another, greener valley, through which a mountain torrent took its way.

To the right, its mouth opening not two feet from where we stood, was the deep, gloomy gorge resounding with the roar of a cataract. Ralph led me so near that I could look down into its awful depths, from which rose the dark pinnacles of pines. It looked to me bottomless, and I shrank back shuddering and involuntarily clung to Ralph. He grasped my hand tightly with a reassuring smile; then leaning forward he threw a stone straight down into the abyss. We listened and heard it strike point after point far below us ere its motion ceased.

"What an awful place!" I said, thankful to turn away, for to me there is a horrible fascination in such weird grandeur, and my admiration of its beauty is ever mingled with dread; "I am glad to have seen it, but I hardly dare come here alone."

"I would rather you did not," he said, still holding my hand as we retraced our steps; "in truth, it was partly that you might not be tempted to come here alone when I am gone that I brought you here to-day. A slip on this narrow, unguarded path would be perilous indeed."

"Thank you for your care of me," I replied. "Then you really mean to leave us to-morrow?"

"I must," he said, reluctantly.

"I am very sorry," I said, frankly; "we shall miss you dreadfully."

"I must return now," he said, slowly; "but I am thinking that perhaps, in the autumn, if you were still here, I might join you again for a little time. My people talk of coming to Switzerland in September."

"Oh, that would be delightful!" I exclaimed; "do come if you possibly can."

"I will," he said, earnestly, "I will, since you wish it."

Something in his manner as he said this startled me and made me feel that I was speaking heedlessly. His voice, his look, his whole demeanour at that moment strangely reminded me of Leonard Glynne—as he had been in those days which I was trying to forget, but had not yet forgotten. I grew hot and tremulous as I observed this resemblance. I wanted to say something to correct any false impression my previous words might have made. I wished to explain that for Edmund's sake I should be glad if his friend could rejoin us. But this was not easy, and whilst I hesitated for words we gained the top of the zig-zag, and at its junction with the main path found Edmund awaiting us.

(To be continued.)

FISH AS FOOD, AND FACTS ABOUT FISHING.

By MEDICUS.

THERE are two proverbs which one keeps on encountering almost every day *ad nauseam*. One is, "Prevention is better than cure"; the other is Mrs. Glasse's—"First catch your hare." I cannot say that these proverbs are devoid of utility; but to have them constantly dinned in our ears, or displayed before our eyes, is somewhat tiresome, to say the very least of it.

Nevertheless, pray forgive your "Medicus" for beginning this paper by saying, "First catch your fish."

Well, fishing is one of the few sports I myself really delight in, and as I believe health and nerve are to be found on the river's bank, by the brink of the lake, or afloat in a little boat on a summer's early morn or evening on the sea's heaving breast, I must be at least permitted to recommend fishing to my girl readers as a pastime.

There may be some of you who would object to fishing on the score of its apparent cruelty. I have no desire to lecture either on cruelty, or on death, or the mystery of pain. Suffice it to say that while the former should not exist, the two latter are bound up in the history of every creature that breathes. Indeed, every footstep we take out of doors means pain and death (or change of existence) to some of the lower forms of creation. I cannot take my spade to dig in the garden without cutting in two some harmless earthworm. I may feel for what I have done, but can neither help nor alter it, nor dare I say 'tis wrong. For here comes in the mystery of pain, which will not be revealed to me nor to any of us in this world, where we see "all dark and dim as through a glass."

There is no wanton cruelty in fishing as a rule. Fish are given to us for our use, and probably the death they die when taken out of the water is no more painful than that which would be their lot in it.

I may just add that when, fishing with the line, large fish are caught, they ought to be stunned by a blow. This your boatman can do; and I invariably kill trout as soon as taken out of the water.

Sea-fishing, either with the rod and line (bait or a white fly made of feathers or even wool), is very enjoyable, and adds greatly to the pleasure of a summer holiday. All round by the coasts of Devon and Cornwall, and almost anywhere on the western shores of Scotland, but especially among the Hebridean Islands, sea-fishing may be had in abundance, and at no greater expense than simply the boat-hire. I could hardly recommend cod-fishing by the hand-line to my fair readers, great as the pleasure is of feeling a lordly denizen of the deep tugging at your line. I have been almost hauled out of the boat by such fish. But there are many other kinds of fish to be got by the rod and fly, fishing either from the boat or from the rocks.

I can, from experience, recommend the islands of Skye and Lewis for the extreme healthfulness of the climate in summer, the bracingness of the air, and the certainty of enjoying good fishing. If living in any country village or parish, the best plan is to make friends with some little sporting gillie. I have known boys not bigger than Commodore Nutt who were perfectly *au fait* in busking hooks, in making and mounting lines, and in gathering bait, and who knew all the very best places to fish, both among the rocks and from the cobble. These wiry wee urchins were as faithful as dogs are. They would row the boat, and when the evening sport was over they would carry home the basket or creel, and the remuneration given, however small, never failed to make them jump for joy.

In fishing at sea it is best to dress for the occasion. A warm jacket of pilot cloth should be worn, and a skirt not easily soiled, for from some of the sea fish a slime comes off which turns white when it dries. The stockings ought to be warm, hand made, and the boots impervious to water. The sea air is not only extremely bracing and tonic, but towards evening it is apt to strike chilly, so beware.

If you were to climb any of the Scottish mountains, say, among the Grampians, you could count sometimes as many as from twelve to twenty little Highland lakes. They nearly all swarm with trout. They are preserved, but you will generally manage to obtain permission to fish. A light, strong rod and good line are to be used, with a suitable fly or two. Here again you would find a gillie handy, for he would, in all probability, know the sort of fly to suit the water and the weather.

I have fished all day by myself in a river and caught little to boast of. Next day I have been guided by a bare-legged urchin of some nine summers old to a tiny brown mountain streamlet, where I shortly filled my bag, where the trout positively seemed glad I had come, so wantonly did they leap to my flies.

Whether the air be bracing or not, fishing is a calmative pastime. It is therefore eminently suited for all cases of nervousness caused by over-work and worry.

I must now speak of fish as food. I presume it is hardly my province to say anything about the cooking of fish. It is a pity, however, that more attention is not paid to this matter. I do not think I am wrong in saying that fifty per cent. of the fish served at our tables are good food spoiled. Boiled, they are too often over-done; fried, they are generally smothered in unwholesome grease.

There is one thing to recommend fish as an article of diet for thousands of work-a-day girls in this country, and that is its cheapness.

Granting even that it has not the flesh-producing constituents of beef and mutton, with vegetables and bread, fish will be found a most sustaining diet. No one, I believe, will say that the dwellers in seaside villages do not look as well as, if not better, than their beef-eating countrymen who dwell in the interior. The fresh air they breathe, you may tell me, largely accounts for their wholesome, healthful appearance. To some extent, perhaps; but you cannot live on air alone, be it ever so fresh and pure.

Yes, fish is cheap, not half the price of meat, and it is bound to be more so as time goes on. The wealth that lies around our coasts is hardly appreciated yet, and it is virtually inexhaustible, nor do fish require to be bred and fed, as do the cattle in our fields and the sheep on our hills.

Fish may be eaten by the invalid, and by the most delicate. Indeed, some dyspeptics are so weak in the digestive organs that butchers' meat cannot be partaken of without a feeling of great discomfort following, owing to irritation of the stomach caused by ineffectual attempts to break down and dissolve the meaty fibres. But judiciously chosen, well-cooked fish will support life and health in the very weakest.

Different kinds of fish.—I myself dearly like almost every sort when properly cooked. When in Africa and India I was never tired of trying new kinds; very few indeed were inedible, and those few were taken from stagnant or semi-stagnant waters—quiet, lazy, sleepy, bottom fish.

Flying fish is the most delicious of tid bits. In taste they are somewhat between a herring and a salmon-trout, but far more delicate in flavour. They fly on board ships in the tropics when a light is displayed.

Porpoise belongs to the whale or *Cetacean* order—not fish, but sea-flesh of excellent flavour, especially if one is hungry.

Dare I mention shark? Well, I will not, though I have been glad to see it on the table before now. But to come nearer home, the dog fish belongs to the *Squalidæ* or shark family. He is no beauty to look at, and fishermen do not care for him. I do not know that these fish are eaten in England, but in the markets of the far north of Scotland you will find them smoke-dried like haddies, and wholesome, delicious eating they are.

Skate.—I have an idea some cruelty is perpetrated in the crimping process, so when I buy skate I buy one whole—only with the head off, for the countenance is not prepossessing.

Girls who frequent the sea-shore must be familiar enough with those small square, brown leather-like cases with four horns like a butcher's tray. They are called sea-purses or skate barrows, for the young skate is deposited herein, but wriggles out when big enough.

But skate—especially, I think, when cold—is very good eating, and it is wholesome, nutritious, and easily digested.

I have been assured that skate or haddock (fresh) eaten with plenty of mustard is a panacea for rheumatism. I know it is a commonly adopted cure with some fisher-folk in the north. If it really does do good, it ought to be well known, and it is possible that the phosphorus contained in these fishes exerts a beneficial action on the system, while the mustard would induce an open state of the pores of the skin, or perspiration itself, thus enabling the blood to get rid of the superabundance of acid which is well known to be the primary cause of rheumatism. I shall be glad to hear from any girl, young or not young, who has given this "cure" a trial.

There is a fish which forms a favourite dish with Scotch people, but is seldom seen in English markets, though it is excellent food. It is the *Callionymus Lyra* or *Dracunculus* (the name may be difficult to swallow, but the fish is not). They call it the gowdie in the North, from its golden colour perhaps. I believe it is the skulpin of Cornwall.

For breakfast, if one is in good health, nothing can be better than the herring. Fresh herring should be eaten with vinegar and pepper. Salt or barelled herring may be boiled, previously being steeped for a time in water. Mild, smoke-cured red herring makes a capital breakfast dish; so does the bloater; but best of all is the kipper.

We can buy kippered salmon for about fivepence a pound, and when not too salt they make a nice relish.

Then comes the dried haddock. Formerly the Scotch had most of the trade in this dainty, and even now nothing can compare in flavour to the Aberdeen, Whitehills, or

Bervie haddock. They are smoked; there is no sham about it. They are not stained yellow with turmeric, and subsequently painted with a kind of acid that gives them a smoky flavour.

Dried sprats form another delightful relish for breakfast, and they are always wondrous cheap.

But even for breakfast the delicate and the dyspeptic should steer clear of any oily fish, such as herring or salmon.

Some kinds of tinned fish are well suited for breakfast when the ordinary market kind cannot be got. Tinned salmon is usually excellent. Of course, there are brands and brands. I would advise a fair price being paid for an article that can be highly recommended.

Sardines are also excellent as a breakfast dish. I advise their being fried, and if a dust of curry powder be shaken over them while still in the pan, it will make them all the more palatable. They ought to be served very hot, and eaten with dry buttered toast, with vinegar or a squeeze of a lemon.

Another wholesome breakfast fish is the dried fluke or dab. They ought to be roasted before the fire.

Fried soles* contain much nutriment; unfortunately they are dear fish. Tinned lobster makes a good breakfast dish also. For dinner, fish of almost any kind may be eaten, but the delicate should avoid oily fishes, such as the plaice, mackerel, or salmon. Invalids should eat only such things as turbot, brill, cod, haddock, mullet, and sole. They should make fish for dinner a fish dinner only, and not eat meat afterwards. But soup may be taken, and vegetables or a curried egg with spinach, and a little nice salad may follow, or even game or fowl may be allowed. But I repeat, most good is done when a fish dinner *is* a fish dinner.

And now a few words, in conclusion, about fish for supper. To commence with, I may say that many delicate people cannot eat fish of any kind with the evening meal without suffering from acidity and consequent sleeplessness.

* For the delicate or invalid, they must be filleted or boiled.

Oysters—a few, with brown bread-and-butter—come first on the roll. But oysters are dear. Lobster and crayfish are fairly good, but not over digestible. I really never consider a lobster worth the money that is paid for it.

A nice heavy little crab, properly mixed with mustard, pepper, and vinegar, makes a supper dish fit for an Oriental monarch. It is not indigestible; it is extremely nutritious, and delicious eating. And crabs are not expensive.

Eels.—Stewed eels are excellent for either breakfast or for an early supper. But dyspeptics must give them a wide berth. I seldom see the conger eel in this country. It is nevertheless, when well cooked, most wholesome and good.

Some potted fishes do well for supper, such as potted char or tinned codfish.

Well, we have a large variety of shell-fish, independent of the aristocratic oyster. We have whelks, limpets, winkles, mussels, and several others, all good, all nutritious, and digestible when well cooked.

To know how to cook fish well, attend a cookery class.

COURTLEROY.

By ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER XLI.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

AFTER storm, sunshine; after despair, hope. The Prettymans were at Summerlands again. They came almost unexpectedly, and everybody rejoiced, except, perhaps, Mr. Le Roy. But he did not put himself to any inconvenience about them, though he expressed himself bored by their near neighbourhood. Miss Heath came with them, and Mimica was not long before she paid them a visit. It was the end of November when they arrived, for they had been previously to the seaside, and they said they meant to have "A merry Christmas."

"Georgie will be down for Christmas," said Mrs. Prettyman. "Indeed, it was he who made us come. He says he saw nothing of you, Mimica. He went to Patrick's wedding, and has heard from him since he and Biddy reached Ireland. Of course, Mr. Prettyman has set them up, and Georgie couldn't do enough for them. He is the very nicest and most attractive, and ——"

"Now, my dear, let Miss Marmont judge for herself," broke in Mr. Prettyman. "We are always in heroics when Georgie is mentioned. But he really is a wonderful young man, and brave as a lion. Isn't he, Miss Heath?"

"Certainly, Mr. Prettyman," said sententious Milly.

If Mr. Le Roy did his best to obstruct the intercourse between Mimica and her adopted brother, these friends tried to remove the obstruction.

George duly arrived for the Christmas week, and was a hero to the neighbourhood. Everybody called upon him and fêted him except Le Roy. He suddenly shut himself up again, and said the weather was too cold for visiting when Mimica urged him to call at Summerlands.

"Besides," he added, "I did not know the Prettymans in town: why should I make their acquaintance here?"

"But you knew Mr. Hope!" she said.

"Slightly—as a boy. I hate young men."

Nevertheless, George came to Courtleroy, and by the fascination of his manners and the open-hearted simplicity of his mind, drew its master towards him in spite of his antagonism. The snow was on the ground when he paid his first visit, and Le Roy chanced to be seated within his screen in the hall. He heard the pleased welcome of Barber, and came forward to meet him.

"I must apologise for coming uninvited," he said, "but I wanted to thank you for so kindly sending me to Prestbury when I was here last; it gave me the opportunity of seeing something of Mimica. But I suppose I must learn to call her Miss Marmont now! It will be difficult, after so many years of intimacy."

In vain Le Roy sought for words to say that he considered the change indispensable; he caught the winning smile and frank look of the blue eyes, and could only smile in return. Mrs. Prettyman was right, nor man nor woman could resist George Hope. Mimica came in radiant with delight, and her uncle watched the meeting with something of envy, mingled with a kind of displeasure; he saw how George clasped both the hands, and how the eyes met in mutual and happy affection.

"They are only brother and sister, of course," he thought. "The disparity is on the wrong side, and he is so young."

"I am off again the beginning of the year," said George. "Whether to Africa, China, or India is not settled; but there are rumours of wars everywhere. I wish they would cease."

"And what would become of you?" asked Le Roy.

"I would turn my sword into a ploughshare," he replied. "The padre and madre would be right glad."

"He quite forgets his uncertain position," thought Le Roy.

He also forgot it as he began to talk to George. The charm which had conquered him at the Crystal Palace won him now, and, before the visit was over, he found himself asking him to come again.

"Perhaps you will come and see us first," said George. "We have our little pride, and we should all feel that you really wished to see me, if you would come to Summerlands. Of course I shall be only too happy to come here under any circumstances."

Once more that manner and smile subdued Le Roy, and he promised to call on Mr. Prettyman when the cold was less severe. As to Mimica, she looked on, listened, and wondered. But no sooner had George departed than Le Roy regretted the promise he had made. Still, having made it, he kept it, and walked with Mimica to Summerlands the following morning. They found only Mrs. Prettyman and Miss Heath, and the visit was rather more awkward than agreeable; still, Mimica felt that the ice was broken. Mrs. Prettyman could talk of nothing but George, and Miss Heath's monosyllables did not help on conversation, so Mr. Le Roy was less communicative than usual, and Mimica was glad when it was over.

Christmas morning saw a large congregation at Courtleroy Church. The weather was frosty and clear, the Lestes had returned to their customary cheerfulness, and rich and poor rejoiced together on the festival which celebrates the birth of the gentle child Jesus. The church was prettily decorated, and even Le Roy seemed cheerful and more at home in the sacred building than he had been previously. George Hope was the "observed of all observers," and after service was surrounded by friends. The Carews were foremost in congratulations, and even his old enemy, Bully, now in the diplomatic service, welcomed him. But Montague was not there; he had caught cold, and had been advised to remain at home.

"A merry Christmas, Le Roy," shouted Sir Joshua. "I hear you have called at Summerlands, and want to know when you mean to honour us. It don't do to make cheese of one and chalk of another, you know;

does it, Miss Marmont? You must make your uncle come to our jollification next week, or I shall think he owes me a grudge as well as the rest of the family."

The concluding sentence was said aside to Mimica.

"I will do my best," she replied; "and jollifications are not in my way," said her uncle, stiffly.

Meanwhile Lady Helena was talking to Barbara with unusual eagerness. Her face looked anxious and perplexed, and Barbara's turned pale as she listened.

"I should be much obliged if you would come to Monkton to-morrow, for a consultation over my clothing club. Monty is too ill to admit of my going to the vicarage, and I am sure we shall have to put off our party."

"I shall come and see you this afternoon," said George to Mimica; and she had not the courage to tell him that her uncle might object.

She had with a little management provided a substantial Christmas dinner for all the old servants, and Mrs. Stone and the coachman were heard to declare that the good old times were coming back, when they saw the servants' hall full of guests. Their master was quite willing that this should take place, provided he was not expected to move in the matter. He now relied as implicitly on Mimica as he had done on Searle.

"They are all superannuated," he said to her at luncheon. "We must pension them off and get a new establishment. Will you see about it, Mimica?"

"With pleasure, uncle, when the affairs are finally settled," she replied with a laugh. "I don't think we could afford it now; at least, Mr. Sellon says no change must be made at present."

"What a bore Sellon is! I never understand what lawyers were made for, except to 'bind heavy burdens.' I wish you would ask your friends the Lestes not to be so demonstrative. One would think that I gave them a new living every week. Miss Leste is a happy exception. Then old Prettyman and his marvellous wife are really too *empressés* with you, Mimica. Excellent people, but how can you put up with them? Still, they are preferable to Sir Joshua; he is intolerable with his congratulations upon my going to church, and his general want of tact. Could you not give him to understand what a bore he is? You seem on excellent terms with them all."

"I, uncle? You have conceived wonderful notions of my powers of management."

"Naturally. You have undertaken me, corporeally and spiritually, and I feel convinced you are equal to undertake my neighbours. I do not mean to annoy you: I am really grateful to you for your marvellous consideration."

Mimica knew not what to reply to so enigmatical a speech. She was distressed by it, and could not make out whether he were in jest or earnest; only he rarely jested. She threw off her chagrin, however, by following his beat.

"If I am such a duenna, uncle, I shall expect you to obey me implicitly. You will have to go out to calls, and dinners, and afternoon teas, and tennis parties, and no end of diversions."

"Do you like them, Mimica?"

"I never tried them."

"Then I am sure you have too wise a mind to care for such inanities: and I trust you will save me from them."

Soon after this speech he rose and went to his sanctum, the schoolroom; she to the library, where she awaited George. She felt her courage flag, and fancied she could not encounter anyone but he—not even her guests in the servants' hall. But Mrs. Stone came to her with an entreaty that she would "just come and have a look at them," and she went. The "look" cheered her even more than her uncle had depressed her. She arrived just as the plum-puddings stuck with holly were placed on the board, and hope entered into her soul that better things were at hand for her beloved poor. They drank her health and the squire's, and she had the pleasure of thanking them cheerfully, which restored her spirits. Her uncle had said that he hated Christmas, so she had not ventured to remind him of it by ever so slight a decoration; but here were holly, ivy, and mistletoe in abundance. Soon after she returned to the library George arrived. He was resolved to make the most of their *tête-à-tête*, and began at once by asking her why she had written to him of late so rarely and so restrainedly.

"Is it Mr. Le Roy who has changed you so?" he said. "Am I to call you 'Miss Marmont,' and not 'Mimi,' henceforth, as he would wish? Is our happy intercourse to be stayed because he is proud of birth and family, and I am—what I am? If so, the greatest hope and happiness of my life will vanish almost at its beginning, and I shall have no incentive but duty."

"Do not say so, George. Do not change. Call me always 'Mimi' when you think of me or write to me; but, perhaps, in public—I scarcely know, myself, I am so little accustomed to conventionalities."

"I will be careful in public; I will look at you, and you will understand me, as I shall you. Dear Mimi, your eyes speak to me more eloquently than words, and I should be content if I could be assured of one or two things which trouble me. You have trusted me so faithfully ever since I first knew you, that a doubt harasses me. You have been so much to me!"

"I will answer all your questions, George. Ask them quickly, for my uncle may interrupt us."

"Horace Leste loved you dearly; he told me so. Were you pledged to one another?"

"No; we were as brother and sister—nothing more."

"Montague Carew transferred his love from Barbara to you. Did you—do you—return it?"

"Oh, George! can you ask me? I would die rather than supplant another, especially Bold Barbra. He never really loved me, and I never cared for him even as a friend."

A smile so beautiful brightened George's countenance that Mimica wondered—wondered also at the piercing glances that looked into her deep, violet eyes.

"Continue your catechism," she said, with a smile.

"Has Mr. Le Roy told you not to write to me?"

"Not exactly. He said you were now a man; young in years, perhaps, but of military reputation. That I should not have gone to see you off, and that it was time our correspondence ceased. It is absurd; for I am years older than you, and am ever your adopted sister, just as your friends are the padre and madre of your adoption also."

"Did he mention my uncertain birth and position?"

"Yes."

"I understand him. But you, Mimi? Have his representations influenced you? Are our mutual relations changed in your eyes? In years you are slightly my senior; but I am yours in all else. I have never been young, and now that I have seen death, and war, and slavery, and slaughter, I feel as if each day had been a month, each month a year. Thus I am older than you."

"Years need not influence friendship, George. We are friends for life. Surely nothing can ever come between us who have known one another so long and so well. If I were not to write to you at all, or you to me, I should not change."

"Dear Mimi! you look on me as a boy still, whom you have *benefited* for so many years that you forget how they have passed. You think of me as an adopted brother, and can speak calmly of a cessation of our correspondence. I cannot think of you as a sister, because I love you with far more than brotherly love, and yet my feelings have not changed. You have been my guiding star ever since that first day we played at soldiering to this time when I realise what the awful work of soldiering is. I hate jealousy, yet I have been jealous. I know my uncertain birth, yet I dare to aspire to you; I am aware of all the obstacles that lie between us, and yet I want to call you mine, now and for ever, for time and eternity."

"George! what can you, what do you mean? I am quite old in comparison to you, and never thought, never dreamed of this. I have promised to devote my life to my uncle and the people who surround us, and you come with these strange, unexpected words. You cannot be in earnest. Remember, I am twenty-six years of age."

"And I am twenty-one. I can wait till I am older, if the chances of war give me the advantage of years, but I could not wait to tell you this, lest I should die without your knowing it. While I breathe I am yours and God's. I can no more change my love than my religion, for both have grown with me and are part of myself. May I still call you my Mimi?"

He looked at her, and saw that her head drooped towards her folded hands as they lay on her lap. She was seated by the fire, he near the writing-table. He rose and went towards her. Without, all was white, cold, still, with the hand of winter upon it; within, all was calm as well, but for his throbbing heart. At last she glanced up and gave him her hand.

"Dear George," she said, "I wish you had not spoken thus. I can never change; you are my brother still; my younger brother, whom I love as myself. But the disparity remains, for as you grow older I grow older also."

She smiled as she said this, but when at last she met his grave, clear, transparent eyes, the smile passed away, and she realised that the serious earnestness of the resolute man was in his heart.

"I will not press or torture my Mimi," he said, with his winning and irresistible manner. "She knows now all my heart; and if ever she can give me more than a sister's love she will tell me, and I shall have won not only my spurs, but what is far more precious and enduring than they. But I will not ask her again until I can do so with hope and honour."

"Hush!" she exclaimed. "Someone is in the hall."

It was Barber, who came to request that Captain Hope would kindly join Mr. Le Roy in the music-room, as he now styled the old schoolroom.

"I will come directly," said George, and the valet went away.

"Tell me that you are still my Mimi," said George once more, standing near her chair.

"Be it so, as it has always been," she replied, and he left her to ask herself if this was love.

(*To be continued.*)

DRESS: IN SEASON AND IN REASON.

By A LADY DRESSMAKER.

In spite of the cold weather which formed the bane of the spring season, plenty of light fabrics have appeared, especially as forming part of the dress of young ladies. Nevertheless, even those in the "sere and yellow leaf"—in these days of lacy materials and canvas—find them most useful and perfectly suitable wear. Canvas, in every new and varied make, is much liked, and we find it in the lightest shades—pink, white, primrose, grey, blue-grey, and smoke-colour; while one of the most popular and newest shades for the season has been "heliotrope," an old friend, but looking now prettier and more becoming to certain complexions than ever. White and cream-coloured dresses are much liked; in fact, I think more white dresses have been seen in London this year than for several years before. They are very much embroidered, some of the skirts being all composed of open work, on thick Victoria lawn. I cannot say, however, that I think fur capes look suitable with these white dresses, and it would be better if the wearers waited for warmer weather, so that they might dispense with such very unsummery coverings. There is, notwithstanding, no doubt that when the Colonial and Indian Exhibition is in question, warm coverings are a necessity on account of the draughts.

Amongst our novelties may be mentioned lace boas, which are immensely popular for morning and afternoon use as a kind of warmer adjunct to the bodice when uncovered by a mantle. They look equally well over cotton, velvet, or foulard dresses, and with the high bonnets; the hair being turned up from the nape of the neck, and the lack of strings tied under the chin, something full round the throat seems to be needed to fill up the void between the shoulders and the ears. The fur boas of the winter were very becoming, and probably gave the idea for them. The lace of which they are made is not yak, nor of woollen yarn, but a good French lace of pretty design. The ruche is very full, thickly plaited round the neck, two ruchings being joined together in the centre. The ends reach to the knees, and are made (when not ruched) of a cascade of lace on a foundation of black net, with bows of ribbon at the throat and ends. They are made also in cream lace, and have been worn by the bridesmaids at some recent weddings.

I mentioned the subject of parasols in my recent article, but I noticed that the idea of tying bows and knots of ribbon on the parasol-handles and tops has been much extended and utilised lately. One bow is tied on top and another low near the handle. The ribbon does not match the parasol, but the dress; or, if the dress be black and the bonnet coloured, it matches the bonnet or colour of its trimmings.

TAILOR-MADE GOWNS.

One of the useful fashions that we occasionally get from Paris I have noticed lately, and that is the long-handled *pince-nez*, or eyeglasses, which can be hung by a ring or bracelet to the wrist, and are so much less trouble to hold up to the eyes than the ordinary eyeglass.

All kinds of fancy-headed pins are used for the bonnet, even those very queer-looking, fan-headed pins which hail from Japan and China.

There is no season like the present for the home bonnet maker, and especially if the ambitious maker happen to be a young girl. The newest bonnets, made of net, and mounted on perfectly transparent foundations, their only trimmings some bead ornaments or a feather or ribbon aigrette, are surely the easiest possible things to make. They are very generally made in black, but can also be of net, to match the costume in colour. What used to be called "magpie bonnets"—*i.e.*, black and

SUMMER AFTERNOON DRESSES.

white, the bows being of black and white ribbons—are *much seen*, and are always pretty and becoming. Lace hats of all kinds, many of them copied from the lace hats seen in old pictures, are very much worn, and are also easily made.

One of the novelties of the season is certainly the "political bonnets" which have recently appeared in town. The first, a "primrose bonnet," was made of yellow and very pale primroses, with leaves, and draped or veiled in clouds of yellow tulle. The opposing headgear was made of blue and green tulle, with wreaths of blue cornflowers and shamrock leaves. Young girls do not wear strings to their bonnets at all, but when they are worn they are only a tiny bow under the chin, in which small gold-headed pins are put, as well as small brooches.

Bonnets and hats are as high as ever, and what with the height and the heavy trimmings are most difficult to keep on. The fancy headed pins I have mentioned are by no means reliable holders on of a bonnet, so the real work is performed by means of small black-headed pins—about three inches long, three or four being used—a plan which strikes me as very likely to destroy the bonnet by the numberless holes they would make, and also would be productive of continual headaches from the dragging and pulling at the roots of the hair. The passion for very large-sized beads is apparently increasing, and the great weight of many bonnets is quite absurd. Luckily these extremes soon bring about their own cure, and sensible people decline to adopt foolish ideas, which carry headaches in their train.

As I have had many queries about a good and comfortable dress for a tricycle, I think it will be well to notice that the Cyclists' Touring Club has decided on a uniform for its members, both male and female; the gentlemen to wear a Norfolk jacket, trousers or knickerbockers, polo or cricket cap, helmet or deerstalker (all to be made of the grey cloth specially made for club use), with straw hats, grey stockings and grey shirts, etc. The ladies' costumes to be made of the same grey cloth, with a Norfolk jacket or coat-bodice, skirt, knickerbockers, merino or lambs-wool combinations, for under wear; grey stockings, straw hat, helmet, or soft cloth hat of the same material. All clothing to be of wool, as the safest from a sanitary point of view.

Neck-bands of dress bodices are as high as ever, and very few scarves or neckties are, in consequence, worn round the neck. In having a dress made at present, it is always needful to watch the dressmaker cutting out the neck, for a single snip of the scissors may ruin the whole set of the same. The bodice itself must be cut high. Anyone looking in the glass and studying the shape of the neck, will see that there is a perfectly well-defined line round the throat, which line the dress must reach, so that the band shall exactly encircle the throat, meeting so as to overlap in front, and showing no pull anywhere. A well-fitting dress would be a perfectly comfortable one at the neck; but few dressmakers understand what the new style of cutting requires.

With the high collars a small quilling of lace is often worn, save when the collar is of velvet, in which case nothing is added to the plain edge.

Several fashionable ruches are sold, with beads of wood, jet, gold, and pearl, and also of folds of silk and gold braid.

No signs of returning to the white frills appear, and the present style has not proved unbecoming to most people, and is decidedly economical. The frillings were a constant source of expense. They neither wore nor washed; and when the Greek plays of last year showed that in the days when taste was the most pure and simple no such decoration was thought necessary, everyone saw that expense and trouble might well be avoided. A small bouquet is now generally worn in front, just below the throat, where it interferes with nothing. If the dress be not high enough in the neck, a wide band of velvet, either quite plain or with some kind of fancy bead or ornament sewn on it, is worn fastened tightly round. This hides the throat—a consideration, if thin or lined.

Some of the new waterproof cloaks are very pretty, and are covered with shot-silk, as well as brocaded. They look quite like a handsome dust-cloak, and I daresay will often be used as such during the summer weather, when the sky (as it so often does) looks doubtful. I consider it a very happy idea to cover up our national trouble—our uncertain climate—and turn even our waterproofs into something pretty.

Many girls are wearing the cheap Madras coloured muslins for home evenings, with the addition of a little lace and ribbon. This Madras muslin can now be procured for about threepence or fourpence a yard. It must always be remembered that they require a good deal of material in them to look well, as they have no stiffness of their own.

The most popular additions to the dress at present are waistcoats, which are to be seen of all descriptions, tucked crossways; or else like

PRINCESS OF WALES JACKET AND WAISTCOAT FOR TAILOR-MADE GOWN.

a man's shirt, with studs, and in striped flannel. White waistcoats for morning wear are being very much made for tailor-made dresses, and are adapted to fit into the front of the dress, over the front that matches the material. Grey is now a favourite colour for these dresses, and also dark blue braided with white. Both have loose jackets matching the dress, with fitting backs and straight fronts unfitting.

The newest bouquets are composed of leaves. At the last Court ball several of these were seen; the beautifully striped and variegated leaves being arranged with the utmost care and taste, and tied with greenish ribbons, to harmonize with them. The neck bouquets worn are long and very large for the purpose. They are generally made of one flower only, or if there be several colours of the same flower, they may be mixed.

Long gloves are as much used as ever, and many people wear bracelets to excess over them, which is not in good taste. Swede gloves of browny yellowy shades are worn, and also white, for the evening; but in the daytime I have seen nothing so much used as grey, in both dark and light shades. In fact, nothing for ordinary use is so much liked as grey dresses, as I have very often said in my chats on clothing. One of the new arrivals in grey are grey alpacas, which seem likely to be much adopted for travelling dresses as well as for daily wear. It is much used now with pale blue silk, and the white *piqué* waistcoats which have been so constantly seen this year in town.

Transparent lace parasols are still much used, and are made in the handkerchief style introduced last year. I cannot say that I think they are useful, nor even suitable for anything else but full dress; but I must mention them in my monthly chronicle of current taste. Red silk *en-tout-cas* (or parasols) seem, however, to be the really useful articles, and one sees them worn with all kinds of gowns, from lace to cotton. Lace, indeed, has quite made a transformation in our ideas, and is now worn even in the morning and also in the streets and parks of an afternoon—when, a few years ago, we should not have dreamt of wearing it, save in the evening!

I have tried to illustrate nearly every kind of summer walking dress this month, so that my readers may have plenty of selection. The long-pointed bodices seem to reign supreme still, but most of them have some kind of trimming in front, such as a gathered *plastron* or *revers* of velvet, with a fancy clasp or some large buttons. Stripes are very much used, and so are borderings of all kinds. The courtyard of the Indian palace at the Colonial and Indian Exhibition will be quickly recognised as one of the illustrations we have given. Here in the first figure a very pretty new polonaise *redingote* will be seen. The next figure wears a striped flannel costume, with velvet trimmings; and the last, nearest the fountain, a grey alpaca, with flat bands of grey silk of a darker shade.

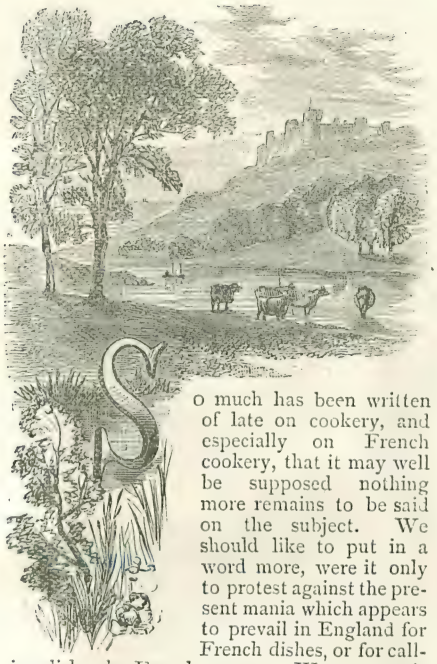
The paper pattern for the month is the Princess of Wales jacket bodice, with waistcoat, for a tailor-made gown. This would, in fact, be the ordinary bodice of the gown for which it is made. It is suitable for serge, beige, cloth, or tweed, or for any thicker material, and is composed of the waistcoat (four pieces—front, half of back, side piece, and band), jacket, front, half of back, side piece, two sleeve pieces, and collar cut on the straight. For the waistcoat about a yard and a half is required, according to the material of which it is made, and for the jacket-bodice about four yards carefully cut. This pattern has recently come from Paris, and is of stylish cut and excellent fit.

Each of the patterns may be had of "The Lady Dressmaker," care of Mr. H. G. Davis, 73, Ludgate-hill, E.C., price 1s. each. It is requested that the addresses be clearly given, and that postal notes, crossed so as to be eligible only to go through a bank, may be sent, as so many losses have occurred through postage stamps having been sent. The patterns already issued can always be obtained, as "The Lady Dressmaker" shows constantly in her articles how they can be made use of. Each may be had, price 1s., postal note, from "The Lady Dressmaker," care of Mr. H. G. Davis, 73, Ludgate-hill, E.C.

The following is a list of those already issued:—

April, braided loose-fronted jacket; May, velvet bodice; June, Swiss belt and full bodice, with plain sleeves; July, mantle; August, Norfolk or pleated jacket; October, combination garment (underlinen); November, double-breasted out-of-door jacket; December, Zouave jacket and bodice; January, princess underdress (underlinen, under bodice, and skirt combined); February, polonaise with waterfall back; March, new spring bodice; April, divided skirt and Bernhardt mantle, with sling sleeves; May, Early English bodice and yoke bodice for summer dress; June, dressing jacket, princess frock, and Normandy peasant's cap, for child of four years; July, Princess of Wales jacket-bodice and waistcoat for tailor-made gown.

FRIED POTATOES.



So much has been written of late on cookery, and especially on French cookery, that it may well be supposed nothing more remains to be said on the subject. We should like to put in a word more, were it only to protest against the present mania which appears to prevail in England for French dishes, or for calling dishes by French names. We suppose it must be explained on the principle that foreign ways are sometimes more thought of than customary ones, or that a change in cookery is always welcome, for on the Continent the same thing takes place with regard to English dishes. In one country, the latest novelty at public banquets or select dinners seems to be ox-tail soup, retaining its English name in the bill of fare, and a curry now and then appears as something very choice. We shall not enter here into the vexed question as to the relative merits of English and French cookery; in our opinion, both are good, and we think that a French and an English cook may learn much from each other. Though protesting, as we have said, against a too slavish following of French fashions in cookery, yet some of these, we think, might be adopted with advantage by English cooks.

It may be thought unnecessary to say anything on the apparently simple subject we have chosen to write about. It may be supposed everyone knows how to fry potatoes, but we are convinced that comparatively few know how to fry potatoes after the French method. Nowhere have we seen in print a plain and simple description of the manner in which they are cooked. Most recipes which are given leave the cook to suppose that they are done in an ordinary frying-pan, while the case is very different. The first thing to be procured is a large, deep iron pot or cauldron, the larger the better, filled with fat, or, at least, filled with as much as will boil conveniently. This fat may consist of melted suet, lard, butter, or oil; a mixture of the first three is considered by experienced cooks as the best, but lard alone may be used, and butter and oil are said to go well together. This may be thought an expensive arrangement, but when it is considered that, unless it should get spoiled by burning, the same fat may be used over and over again for a year, or, with additions to make up for evaporation or absorption, for an indefinite time, it will be found, after all, to be not a very costly process. The same fat may also be used for *rissoles* of meat or fritters of any sort, so that it will be seen that the iron pot is a very convenient institution. Some cooks even put fish into the same fat, but this is not generally advisable, nor should we think it safe to put anything mixed with onions in it, as it (the fat) might acquire their strong flavour.

To return to our fried potatoes: the best for the purpose as giving the least trouble, are large and longish ones, as they should be cut lengthwise in finger-shaped pieces. We presume it is understood they must be *raw* ones. After having been pared, washed, drained, and dried in a cloth, they are put in the boiling fat, and if quite covered they require no moving about until they become of a golden colour, when they are taken out, put in a drainer for a few seconds, and lastly, sprinkled with salt before being served. There is no salt put in the fat. If the potatoes are not entirely covered while cooking, they may be turned with an iron skimmer or spoon. The fire ought to be clear and brisk, as the fat must *boil*. Indeed, this process of cooking does not correspond to our English idea of frying, it may rather be called *boiling* in fat instead of water. Burning the fat must be avoided; and it should be kept in mind that as soon as it is hot enough the potatoes must be put in, and also that the pot should be lifted off the fire before they are taken out, as the fat will burn if left on the fire with *nothing* in it. The proper heat for putting them in is ascertained by throwing in a drop of cold water; if it should crack violently, it is hot enough. A piece of potato or any other vegetable may be put in to try the heat, for if the things to be fried are put in at too low a temperature, they absorb the grease, are heavy, and do not take on the required golden colour. They ought to be dry enough outside to be eaten with the fingers without any sensation of grease being felt. Amateurs of fried potatoes always say they taste better when eaten so, and it is in this way they are served alone and eaten by thousands at all the popular *fêtes* and fairs in many continental countries. At these fairs there are always a great many booths for nothing else but the cooking and consumption of fried potatoes, and the boiling cauldrons seem to be kept continually replenished. We must confess that the first time we ate fried potatoes in France we were at a loss to know what was handed to us, as they looked more like sponge-cakes or a kind of bread, than fried potatoes according to our idea of them. At table they are generally served with beef-steak, but our private opinion is, that potatoes simply boiled as in England are much preferable with gravy of any sort, as the French fried potatoes, being so dry, do not absorb it nor mix with it. We cannot help thinking that one reason why potatoes on the Continent are seldom served plainly boiled, is that they are of inferior quality to those cultivated in England. Nowhere have we tasted potatoes so good in themselves as are to be found in our own country, while, on the Continent, many people prefer those of a waxy consistency. It will be understood, for fried potatoes, the quality matters little, and so a good cook might in this way utilise those not considered good enough for boiling.

We should advise those who have not tried the process we have described, to begin with a small pot of fat, keeping another for fish. When the cooking is finished, the pot is simply put away with the fat in it until required again. When necessary, it may be strained from time to time. Great care must be taken not to upset it while on the fire, as a serious accident might ensue. For apple or other fritters, the fruit is dipped in a mixture rather different from that used in England, but as we have already said more about our fried potatoes than we originally intended, we shall leave the description of it for another opportunity, when we may give some other French recipes not generally known, which, we think, might be advantageously employed by English cooks.

VARIETIES.

Throwing Dust in One's Eyes.—The phrase, "to throw dust in one's eyes," is an allusion to a Mahometan practice of casting dust into the air for the sake of confounding the enemies of the faith. Mahomet did this on two or three occasions—in the battle of Honein, for example, and the Koran refers to it when it says, "Neither didst thou, O Mahomet, cast dust into their eyes, but it was God who confounded them."

Love and Interest.—A marriage of love is pleasant, a marriage of interest easy, and a marriage where both meet happy.—*Addison.*

Influenced by Whim.—Our likings and dislikes are founded rather upon humour and fancy than upon reason.—*L'Estrange.*

A Good Correspondent.—A girl who really answers a letter is no common correspondent. We have all groaned with mild exasperation over a letter supposed to be a reply to one of our own, but which took not the smallest notice of our modest communication, even in a cursory mention of its arrival, left all our questions unanswered, and, with curious ingenuity, omitted every scrap of information on the subject that most interested us.

In Argument.

Be calm in arguing; for fierceness makes
Error a fault and truth discourtesy.
George Herbert.

The Measurement of a Woman's Foot.—A woman's foot, according to Albert Dürer's measurements, should be to her height in the proportion of 14 to 100, that is, it should be as nearly as possible one-seventh of the height. For a woman of average height, viz., sixty-three inches, the foot should be nine inches long.

The Eye of Virtue.—The more virtuous a woman is the more virtue does she see in others.

In a Railway Accident.—One of the sufferers by a late railway accident was rushing wildly about, when someone asked if she was hurt. "No," she said; "but I can't find my umbrella."

Thoughts and Actions.—What we ought not to do we should not even think of doing.—*Epictetus.*

Precise People.—Very precise people have but few brains. That is what makes them so precise.

At Home and Abroad.—Search others for thy virtues, and thyself for thy faults.—*Fuller.*

"SHE THOUGHT SHE NOTICED A CHANGE IN THE FEW LETTERS SHE RECEIVED."

DO WELL UNTO THYSELF.

"I HATE the very thought of it, Nelly," said Mr. Laurence, coming into his wife's drawing-room one afternoon, "I hate the very thought of it more and more every day."

Mrs. Laurence knew very well to what he was referring, and thoughtfully took several stitches before she answered.

"I don't see that we could have prevented it anyhow; the mischief was done while she was at her aunt's."

"No, no," Mr. Laurence interrupted, "we could, and can, do nothing. I couldn't have refused consent. Her happiness is the one thing I care for, and a refusal would have effectually wrecked that. Besides, I have no grounds; I know nothing against him beyond his having been a little extravagant—but *then* I don't like the fellow." He flung himself into an arm-chair as he spoke these last words, and certainly looked as if he disliked something very much indeed.

"Neither do I," said his wife; "he puzzles me, he doesn't ring true somehow; but I have great faith in Madge. He must have some good in him, or she couldn't love him so."

"Now, that is a woman's theory," Mr. Laurence broke in; "of course she thinks he is all good; I wish to goodness I did. Not that I think him all bad either," he added, hastily, "but I don't like the fellow."

Mrs. Laurence dropped her work, and seemed to be intently musing on the pattern of the carpet. Presently she spoke.

"I think that if Madge could blindly adore him and believe in him, whatever he did, then they might be happy together; but Madge won't do that, she is much too independent, and so she should be. Even now I can see he doesn't like it if she ventures the smallest opinion that doesn't quite coincide with his own, and how it will be when they are married, I don't know."

"I can't understand it," her husband burst out. "To see the way our Madge devotes herself to that fellow, never seeing that, though he loves her a little, he loves himself a thousand times more; and her infatuation can't last after they have been married six months. Confound his handsome face!" he went on, beginning to work himself into a passion, "why couldn't he let my little girl alone, and go sneaking to some great heiress to pay his debts——" Here his wife quietly interrupted him.

"He is not in debt now, you know; his father cleared him, and they say he is living very economically."

"And how can she care for him?" Mr. Laurence went on, unheeding. "I always took her for a discriminating kind of girl, but he seems to have fascinated her."

"Yes," his wife said, "he has fascinated her; and if he were—were to disappoint her, I don't know what would become of her. It frightens me to think of it." Here steps were heard coming through the hall, and Madge herself, with her next sister, Alice, in walking attire, came into the room.

"Ah, mother, dear," she exclaimed, "I am so sorry! You must want your tea dreadfully. I'm afraid you've been waiting for us." She began to busy herself at the untouched tea-tray as she spoke.

"Why, dear," her mother said, smiling, "I had actually not discovered that the tea was in the room! Have you had a nice walk?"

"Yes, very," Alice answered. "We went all the way round by Beechendale; that's why we are so late."

A ring at the front door bell, and Alfred Stockton came in, looking very much at home indeed. The cloud which had lifted itself from Mr. Laurence's countenance at sight of the girls' bright faces, returned, blacker than ever, when his eyes fell on the tall, athletic figure entering the room. The new comer was a most remarkably handsome young man, with brown hair and moustache, and dark eyes; but his chief charm lay in a singularly beautiful voice. It would have been difficult for any girl, especially for one so young and warm-hearted as Madge, to resist the exquisitely modulated tones in which he murmured his soft wooing sentences when he told his love. If I had been a girl I should have thought them too beautiful by half; and for my part I never understood how Alfred Stockton ever condescended to make love. I have no doubt that he did it most excellently, but it would have been far more in keeping with his general character, as far as anyone knew it, to make it known that he wanted a wife, wait till the ladies humbly thronged round him, and choose the one who seemed most sensible of his merits, provided she had money enough. Those were the two requisites—money and appreciation. He had always regretted that Madge had not as much of the first as he could wish, and I think at the bottom of his heart he was beginning to feel a little doubtful about the second. But he did love her; there was no doubt of that; perhaps not so much as he had in the first flush of courtship, when Madge had been rather shy and reserved; but still he told himself that he could never care for any other woman, and that they would have a very happy life together. Madge worshipped him; indeed, she was sometimes frightened at the intensity of her own feeling.

Alfred had scarcely entered the room when there came another ring at the front door. "Ah, that must be Melton," he explained. "He told me he was coming to call here; he had to go round by the vicarage, and I had to go round by the post-office. I expected to find him here already." He made as if he would have drawn Madge aside into the deep bow window, but she turned to greet Mr. Melton, the curate of Bridgeford, who at that moment entered the room.

"Mr. Melton," she began, "ever since that night at the vicarage I have been nursing my wrath, and waiting for an opportunity of public revenge, and now I will declare your sins. Mother, when I dined at the vicarage Mr. Melton called me names."

"Were they suitable ones?" inquired Alice, with an air of interest.

"He called me a humbug and a——"

"Wait a moment, Miss Laurence; let us have the context first, if you please," asked Mr. Melton, in no wise perturbed.

"Context, indeed! Nothing can excuse you." And in the playful war of words which followed, Madge did not notice that Alfred looked decidedly gloomy; but when the battle ceased, she observed that Alfred would take no part in the general conversation that now took place, and a troubled look came into her eyes. When Mr. Melton had gone, he took her out into the garden to have a turn with him, and then she discovered that he thought fit to be hurt because she had talked to somebody else while he was in the room.

"Why, Alfred!" she said, in astonishment, "I have known Mr. Melton ever so long. You know he is most intimate with all of us."

"Why, Madge, dear, did you think I was jealous? I should never dream of being jealous. I trust you too completely." The first part of this was true. Alfred Stockton would never have dreamt of being jealous: he trusted his own charms too completely. But he thought his betrothed ought to give him her exclusive attention, and told her as much, adding: "I came to tell you that I am going away for some time,"—(Madge made a little exclamation, and clasped her other hand over his arm)—"and so, you see, I wanted as much of you as possible."

Madge forgot the slight feeling of discomfort his previous words had given her; it was swallowed up in the thought of parting.

"But, Alfred, where are you going? Why must you go?"

"I am going up to town on business first," he answered, "and then there is an old promise that I should go to Grasscroft for the shooting. Howard wants me for all the season; but I shan't be away so very, very long, dear. I'm going on Wednesday."

He did not go back into the house again, and when Madge came in alone her mother noticed the change in her face at once. Madge told them how Alfred was going away, adding, to herself, "How silly I am to feel like this about a short separation! If I feel so queer when he will only be away a month or two, what should I do—oh, what should I do—if he were taken from me?"

She gave herself a little shake, and resolved that she would not let herself get low-spirited, and, by way of strengthening this good resolution, gladdened the hearts of her small brothers and sisters by a good game of play with them. Who made such a good play-fellow as Madge?

In a few days Alfred took his departure, and for the first fortnight Madge was very happy with his letters; then he left off writing so often, and by degrees she thought she noticed a change in the few letters she received. But she would not let her thoughts dwell on this; she trusted in him with such implicit faith that had he left off writing altogether she would still have excused him. So she read and re-read his letters, eagerly looking forward to the time when she should see him again; and so six weeks passed away.

One day Madge had been feeling rather unwell all day, though she had refused to confess it. Late in the afternoon she put on her outdoor things, saying she must get a breath of air. She was not in for afternoon tea, but this occasioned no uneasiness, for she was a good walker, and often went for long, solitary tramps, only turning homewards in time enough to be in by dusk. So Mrs. Laurence only said that she expected a walk would do Madge good—her head seemed to have been aching a little all day—and thought no more about it till (an hour later) Madge came in, chilled and dizzy, saying, in disconnected little sentences, that she had only been a little way, but had "turned so queer that she could hardly get home again."

There was scarlet fever in the village, and Madge had caught it. Unknown to herself, the infection had been strong on her all day; to go out in her condition was simple madness.

The doctor looked very grave, and shook his head when he heard what had happened. Towards the middle of the night Madge grew wildly delirious, and as Mrs. Laurence sat by her child's bedside, listening to her rapid incoherent speech, her whole heart went out in a prayer that her darling, so loved and loving, might be spared to her; and though her faith was firm, and she knew what was must be best, yet as she never knew the sorrow that must have come upon Madge had she lived, it was with resignation rather than sorrowing thankfulness that she accepted her Father's will.

For Madge, young and hitherto full of strength, and health, and life, rejoicing in her youth and her sense of freedom, with her intense love for her parents and all around her, with her still more intense love for Alfred, and with her trust in him unshaken; with her last prayer that all those who loved her might be comforted for her loss—Madge died.

And when Alfred Stockton came hurrying home, he looked so thoroughly broken down that Mr. Laurence felt a pang of remorse, thinking that he had always done him injustice; he had never given him credit for such deep feeling.

. . . . . .

Alfred Stockton had only stayed in town a few days, and had then gone on with his friend Howard to Grasscroft, a large comfortable country house. He found that he knew very few of the guests, but he was troubled with no shyness, and in a very few days his beautiful voice, and invariably courteous manner, had made him a favourite with all the womenkind. The men did not take to him. Among the guests there was a pretty, gentle, shy-looking girl, whose mother had been a very old friend of Mrs. Howard's, and who was consequently paying a long visit at Grasscroft.

This young lady, by name Mary Watson, had plenty of money—about three times as much as Madge had—and was, moreover, very pleasant, and evidently inclined to listen to Alfred's conversation with much deference. That gentleman assumed a most intolerable air of patronage towards her, but she never seemed

to resent it, but used to listen and laugh, and now and then put in some shy remark which proved that under all her shyness there lay a great sense of humour, while he hung over her chair, or lounged round the garden by her side, laying down the law on every subject under the sun. And so the long idle days passed pleasantly enough for Alfred. The fact of his engagement was known, so of course people talked and wondered, but the general opinion was that he looked upon Miss Watson as quite a child, "but she had better take care of her heart, poor little thing." And by-and-by Mary herself began to feel vaguely uncomfortable, and wondered if she ought to let Mr. Stockton be so intimate with her; but then he was getting to talk to her just as a brother might, and was there to be no friendship for man and woman outside of love?

Alfred, meanwhile, was feeling the charm of having someone to talk to who would listen to him without seeming to think it possible that anyone could entertain a different opinion. Mary could listen well, but she could not talk. When she was thoroughly at her ease, she used to make quaint little speeches, but it was quite out of her power to make conversation. Madge could both listen and talk, but Alfred's egotistical nature preferred the one without the other. He began to perceive that here was a girl capable of that blind adoration which Madge could never give. Mary would deny the possibility of fault in those she loved. Madge would admit shortcomings, excusing as much as her sense of justice would allow, and accepting the rest; and her love was the highest.

But had she lived, and had Alfred married her, there must have come a break; his wife must never dream that there could be two opinions about his proceedings, or about his wishes as to her proceedings. In fact, his wife must be his slave, tenderly cared for, and treated with the utmost courtesy, so long as she behaved well, but if not—— Mr. Laurence used to say, 'That man has an awful temper, my dear."

Mr. Melton once told me cheerfully that a curate wasn't allowed an opinion, but Mrs. Stockton would not even be allowed the ghost of an opinion.

And so you can easily see how it was that, day after day, as he got more intimate with Miss Watson, Alfred learnt to feel his engagement to Madge more and more irksome. And then there was Mary's money in the balance.

But Mary was getting more and more uncomfortable, and at last, one day, when he began to talk about the end of his visit, not without a touch of pathos in his voice, the pain his words gave her showed poor Mary only too plainly what really was working in her heart. She was a good girl, and took her resolution swiftly, not without a feeling of most bitter shame that she should have allowed matters to come to this pass. She made her excuses to Mrs. Howard, and left Grasscroft two days afterwards, thinking, poor child, that nothing was left to her but a life of sorrow and loneliness. During those two days she had wished to keep out of Stockton's way as much as possible, without seeming purposely to avoid him, and had written a great many letters in her own room by way of an excuse. When she said good-bye to him, she felt as if every look, every gesture, were betraying her secret, and he had wondered and half guessed what the look in her eyes meant.

After she was gone he hung about, gloomy and cross for a day or two, with a half-formed resolution in his mind. He wished Madge had a little more money. He wished she were a little more docile. He wished he had seen Miss Watson before his engagement. He wished this, that, and the other, and at last made up his mind to break off what he was pleased to call his little entanglement. He wrote a rough copy of his letter, saying it was a confounded awkward thing to have to do, and one afternoon began to copy it out fair, meaning to send it by that evening's post.

In the middle of his copying there came a knock at the door, and a letter was brought in. Alfred flushed slightly; since he had been at Grasscroft Madge's letters were the only ones he had received at that time of day. He did not even look at it, but said to himself that he would not read it till he had finished his writing. In a few minutes, however, when he was casting about for some high falutin phrase, his eyes fell on the direction, and he saw that it was in Mrs. Laurence's handwriting. Impelled by curiosity, he tore it open. It was a briefly-worded announcement of Madge's death.

For some moments he sat stupefied; then he caught sight of his own half-written letter, and for the first time the full baseness of his conduct flashed in upon him. He dropped his head on his hands, trying to think; all his old love for Madge swept back upon him, and he burst into great sobs as he thought how she had died, unknowing his treachery; how, while he had only been thinking of pretty Mary Watson, she had been stretched on the bed of sickness, from which she was never to arise. And then, with the strange inconsistency of grief, "If I could only have seen her," he said, "only once more, I think she would have forgiven me; I think she would have forgiven!" forgetting that she never knew how sorely her forgiveness was needed, though the instant before he had been thanking God that he had kept her in ignorance so long that she had died happy.

I saw him that afternoon. I was alone in the library when he came in, saying, "Fitzgerald, make my excuse to Howard, please; I can't find him; I am going home by the 5.40." Struck by his tone, I turned quickly, and was still more struck by the expression of his face. That was the first and last time I ever saw Alfred Stockton look humble.

"Is anything wrong?" I asked, hurriedly. A touch, not of the old self-satisfaction, but of defiance, came into his face; he flung back his head.

"Miss Laurence is dead," he said; "I am going to her funeral. She is dead, and I have been false to her," he added, fiercely, though with a broken sound coming into the last few words.

I don't know why he should have spoken out to me like that; perhaps he felt the need of speaking out to someone, and I was the first to come in his way, though, had I been asked, I should have said that, while his disgraceful secret was his own he would never have let it out to any living man. But I think he knew how the news would stun me, and felt a savage delight in hurling it at my head. When I looked up to try and make him some answer, he was gone.

For a day or two the sudden death of Miss Laurence and the supposed feelings of Stockton were freely discussed. I kept out of it all; I had known her very well at one time, and to me all this talk seemed something like sacrilege.

Alfred Stockton seemed broken-hearted. I saw him not very long afterwards, and, to my no small surprise, he confided the whole story to me. He, I, and (I think) his wife are the only people who know that he was on the point of breaking off his engagement. I think he has told his wife all about it, for she would be sure to pity him for having been so unfortunately placed.

For Stockton is married to Mary Watson. A year after Madge's death, he met her again in society; but however that may have been, it is certain that within another year he married her, and they make a very happy couple. I went down to Bridgeford last summer, and after calling on the Laurences, turned my steps towards the church. I met Mr. and Mrs. Stockton coming away. Mrs. Laurence had told me that they regularly visited Madge's grave, taking the most beautiful flowers. I did not wish to speak to them, so passed on the other side of the road, and they did not recognise me, but I heard Stockton saying something about "poor Madge" in a tone that made my blood boil.

I wonder what he has told his wife about her! I suppose they pity her; but let them say, do, or think what they will, they cannot hurt her now. Perhaps she looks down and smiles a smile of heavenly compassion when she hears Alfred's tone of condescending pity. Be that as it may, she is safe beyond all trouble now.

It is certainly a very curious thing that two good women should have been found to love that man. After all, Madge was more child than woman. If she had met him five years later, I don't believe she would have fallen in love with him. After that little scene in the library at Grasscroft, I tried to think better of him; but last time I saw him, his old insufferable manner was more insufferable than ever. Perhaps I am really unjust to him—indeed, I think it would be difficult for me to be quite fair to Alfred Stockton.

I believe he is quite happy, though I should not like to enjoy that sort of happiness myself. I know his little wife is happy. She may not be wise, but she is a good little woman, and it is pleasant to think of the peaceful content she enjoys.

I went slowly into the churchyard that summer afternoon; it was quiet and shady. I found the stone without difficulty. It is a cross of beautiful white marble; there is a name and date, and then the words, "He giveth His beloved sleep."

"Whom the gods love, die young." "He giveth His beloved sleep."

And then I asked myself, what the world could have given her—what she could have found in the world.

Hers was not a nature to take life easily and unthinkingly. She began life too joyously and with too keen a sense of the freedom her youth and strength gave her for its waters to flow evenly on towards the end. "Gently comes the world to those who are cast in gentle mould." She was not one of those; she was strong and tender—not gentle; and her strength and tenderness grew and deepened year by year. The strongest are capable of the deepest tenderness. I have often heard it said that men, when they are touched, can be far more tender than any woman.

At last I rose to go; the sun was setting in his glory, and the churchyard was bathed in a flood of golden light, which transfigured the white cross as the glory of heaven must have transfigured her pure soul when she passed from this world. The whole place seemed the very essence of peace.

"Sleep soft, beloved, we sometimes say,
Who have no time to charm away
Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep;
But never doleful dream again
Shall break the happy slumber, when
He giveth His beloved sleep."

WILLIE FITZGERALD.

CHRYSÉ.

A TALE OF ROME IN THE GOLDEN AGE.

By ARTHUR W. GROSER.

CHAPTER IV.

THE sun was setting over the glorious old Roman city as some few weeks afterwards a travelling carriage dashed up to the portals of the palace on the Janiculum. The horses were travel-stained and covered with foam, and the two occupants of the clumsy vehicle bore marks of a prolonged and rapid journey, and exposure to the fierce rays of a tropical sun.

Alighting, they inquired eagerly of the janitor for Parmenias, and then for Chrysé, and then to the man's amazement, for the features of both visitors were unfamiliar, they added an even more pressing demand to see the slave girl, Doris.

The man bore the news of the strange arrivals to his master with unaccustomed promptness, and in a few moments Parmenias stood face to face with his old comrade, Ælius Largus, and with the young patrician to whose happiness he had so unwittingly contributed so much.

Few words were necessary to explain to Parmenias the object of the unexpected visit, and no apologies were needed for the impatience of his guests to see the young girl whose freedom they had hastened to Rome to obtain.

With true Roman calm, but with a softness unlike the hard mannerism of the past, Parmenias listened to the extraordinary recital of his visitors, and the reasons for assuming the identity of Hebrus and Doris with the stolen children having been fully placed before him, he bade a domestic summon his daughter and her favourite slave.

"Your story is a strange one," he said to Ælius Largus, "but as far as I know Hebrus has told you nothing but the truth. I purchased your two children at Alexandria for a large sum, but of their birth I knew nothing. You have brought your son back, I now give you your daughter. One condition I make, or, rather, one favour I ask: that Doris shall extend to her friend in the future the love that she has shown to her mistress in the past. From you, Hebrus, I parted in anger, but I have lived long enough to regret my wrath. You were a faithful servant to me, be now a servant to Rome; she has need of such as you."

The thanks of father and son were cut short by the entry of the two young girls, who paused at the sight of the stalwart and sunburnt strangers. The pause seemed to Ælius Largus interminable. Which of these two maidens, both so different and yet each so lovely in her snowy gown, was to be his child? This question was answered by Doris herself. With a low sobbing cry of joy, too full for words, she rushed into her brother's arms, forgetful of the conditions of her slavery in one long sweet embrace.

The elder stranger broke the silence that followed, in words of mysterious meaning to her.

"You have an amulet, Doris; will you show it to me?"

Doris started, and glanced first at the speaker as if mistrustful of his intentions, and then looked up appealingly to her brother. Reassured by the gentle pressure of his hand, she took the amulet from her bosom, and held it out to Ælius Largus, without, however, relinquishing her hold of the treasure.

There was no mistaking the curious charm, with its dull red links and ancient workmanship. It had been handed down by the ancestors of Ælius Largus from generation to generation, and had been regarded, like its fellow in the possession of Hebrus, through all the changing vicissitudes of the family, as a precious and luck-bringing talisman.

Gently and tenderly, lest the shock should be too severe, the father broke the glad secret to his newly-found child. Speechless with amazement and with tears of gladness welling up into her eyes, Doris could find no words to tell of her joy. Time alone could reveal to her the full extent of her happiness in the home of her parents to which her father was now to take her. Her life in the society of her beloved mistress, Chrysé, had been bright and sunny, but the future, with its possibilities of continued intercourse with her friend, and with its revelation of the rich new love of the parents and brother she had lost and found, seemed golden in its promise of happiness.

The farewells between the young girls, mistress and slave no longer, were sorrowful, though the parting was but until the morrow. Their love had grown from childhood, and neither could bear even the semblance of separation.

But why prolong our story? Chrysé and Doris had been sisters in sympathy and affection for many years when Ælius Largus came to claim his child. Soon a closer relationship was to be cemented by a union that made her sister to Chrysé in name. The similarity of tastes and sentiments between Hebrus and Chrysé, which was revealed so strangely and involuntarily when the youth was a slave in the palace of Parmenias, had gathered strength through sorrow, and now the sympathy and interest were to grow unchecked.

The young people found no opponent to their love in Parmenias, though to the end his mistrust of their ideas of charity and self-denial was strong. Their new life and exalted station brought opportunities of usefulness undreamt of in the days of servitude, and though too soon to know the peace and joy of a knowledge of the Man-God, Christ Jesus, who was shortly to be born in Bethlehem, their influence was ever on the side of purity, and their constant mission to minister to the sorrowful and afflicted, in the grand but cruel golden age of Rome.

[THE END.]

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

MAY BLOSSOM.—You are too old for the second-class Cambridge examination, which must be passed before competing for a higher grade.

ELLEN WHITE.—There is a very good amateur society specially instituted for the benefit of farmers' daughters. It is called the Sulhampstead Girls' Question Society, to which the subscription, for printed circulars, etc., is only one shilling yearly. The subjects respecting which questions may be asked comprise history, geography, general science, etc. Address the secretary, Miss Thoyts, Sulhampstead, Reading.

NANCY.—Write to the secretary of the Governesses, Institute, 48, Rue de Chaillot, Paris, and state what you desire. But you are contemplating a rather dangerous course if you propose looking for a situation as governess abroad. Do nothing without the advice of such persons as Miss Leigh, of the Avenue Wagram, Paris, or the British chaplain in that city.

TOMMY.—Thousands of women, well educated and of superior intellect, are useful and agreeable members of society who have no knowledge of geometry. Nevertheless, such studies are useful for the purpose of enlarging the mind and improving the reasoning powers. Besides, a mother or sister may assist in the education of a boy whose future vocation may necessitate an acquaintance with various branches of science, if already well versed in them herself. At the same time, it is more essential for her to study the art of nursing the sick and the care and rearing of young children; the arts also of teaching, of needlework in all its branches, of housekeeping and cookery, and of guiding and directing a household, and the work of each servant, as well as the etiquette, under all circumstances, to be observed by the mistress of a house who receives and goes into society.

ONE OF THE EDITOR'S GIRLS.—The house linen is not provided by the bride's parents, like her personal trousseau. If they give any, it is merely optional. What is called a "tea-gown" may be worn, not a dressing-gown. The latter should be restricted to bedroom use. The boy should be sent to one of the London hospitals to be trained, and there he will have to pass examinations to be qualified to practise.

IVY, DAISY, and COWSLIP.—The age varies somewhat in different dioceses, generally not later than thirteen or fourteen. It should not be voluntarily postponed. Read our long series of articles on good breeding, especially those at pages 73, in vol. ii., and 90, 162, 278, and 419, vol. iii.

APPRECIATIVE READER.—Foreign stamps are exhibited on large sheets in shop windows. We advise you to prepare for your proposed vocation by joining an ambulance class, and by studying a small manual entitled "Sick Nursing at Home" (170, Strand, W.C.). We are glad that you liked our articles on this subject.

NETTA.—We give answers to such questions as yours nearly every week. Read our answers under "Educational," and our article entitled "Nursing as a Profession," page 454, vol. ii.; also page 119, vol. v.

WORK.

MARY LITTLE.—If rubbing it with a little dry flour will not answer, you must send the plush to a cleaner.

B. H.—Curl each of the filaments of the feather separately, carefully, with a blunt penknife.

BERYL S.—White serge and nun's cloth will both wash, but look better if cleaned by a professional.

LIGHTFOOT.—Wash the worked teacloth in water in which bran has been boiled, and use no soap; wring the cloth very dry in a towel, and iron on the wrong side while damp.

A BLUSTERING BULLY has read our dress articles to little advantage if she imagines we have ever advised our readers to wear crinolines.

NESTA ANGUS.—We think the most practical method of dealing with needlework is to get it sold at a shop in your own town and pay a percentage upon the sale. Work societies prove disappointing as a rule, and cannot sell half what they are expected to dispose of.

ECONOMICAL will find an article on "New-Footing and Heeling Stockings" in vol. i., pages 287 and 486.

ECCLESIA had better send for the pattern of the divided skirt and consult the list at the end of the dress article.

ICE WOOL.—Directions for knitting shawls and scarves are given in vol. iii., page 596.

A. W. B.—Some blue cashmere would mix very prettily with the pattern you send us. The skirt might be opened at the back and a breadth of lining put in, which might be covered with a waterfall back of the blue cashmere. Make a hat of the pattern, mixed with blue velvet to match the blue cashmere in colour; or else have a blue straw bonnet and trim it with blue velvet. You could trim the bodice also with cashmere, both in folds in front and at the back.

E. B.—You appear to have kept your mackintosh in too hot a place, or you have been close to a fire with it. We do not know what you can do with it under the circumstances.

ART.

EVELYN ADARE.—You had better get some liquid gold to brush over the frames, unless you wish them to be restored with gold-leaf; and in that case you should send them to a carver and gilder. Tobacco-juice will relieve your plants from vermin. Water them with that, and sprinkle salt all round them on the earth, as no slug will crawl over that.

MURIEL E.—We do not know that the drawing you send shows much talent, but if the boy be a cripple and have any liking for using his fingers, it will be well to have him taught to use them in some artistic way. You do not give any address, so we cannot help you with advice.

ISIS.—We do not profess to understand why people give extraordinary opinions about pictures any more than yourself. You must remember that, the rules of art apart, the old proverb about "the meat of one man being poison to another" would hold good.

F. FOSTER and ERIN.—The only practical method would be to get your *protégé* to the nearest school of art for instruction to begin with. In London the Polytechnic classes would suit you, we think.

PATTY.—An article on colouring photographs was given in vol. iii., page 183; also a long mention of the same in "Work for Invalids," vol. ii., page 715.

SAMPSON.—The "Arundel marbles" are the same as the "Oxford marbles." They consist of 37 statues, 128 busts, and 250 inscriptions, and were found in the Isle of Paros in the reign of James I., 1610. They were collected by Mr. W. Petty, purchased by Lord Arundel, and given by his grandson, Henry Howard, afterwards Duke of Norfolk, to the University of Oxford, in 1667. Hence their name of "Oxford marbles." The characters of the inscriptions are Greek.

MARTHA.—Busts from the face in plaster of Paris are said to have been first taken by Andrea Verrochi, about 1466. Moulds are said by Pliny to have been first made by Lysistratus, from which he cast wax figures, B.C. 328. The art of sculpture is very ancient.

VERONICA.—You can reduce silhouettes thus:—Divide the large picture into a number of squares, and mark these with faint pencil lines. Count the squares, and draw out the same number upon a clean sheet of paper, but make them half or a quarter of the size of the original. Whatever part of the silhouette is contained in the larger square, draw inside the reduced square that answers to it.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ISABELLA S. B. and FATTY.—Beware of taking anything to make yourself thin; it is a dangerous thing to do so. Take a fair amount of exercise, and be thankful that, if mistaken for the sister of the "fat boy," you are better off than if you were the twin of the "living skeleton." You write a legible, neat hand, and your letter is well expressed.

NIL DESPERANDUM and HONORA.—A doctor would prescribe some lotion for your eyelids; but, still better, give advice as to your general health. Such complaints are constitutional, not local only. If you have a skin complaint, the cause must be ascertained and prescribed for. Possibly it originates from the same cause as the cough, and cod-liver oil might be prescribed for you; but we could not give an opinion in your case. Consult a medical man.

EUNICE.—Her Majesty the Queen has no maiden name. All shoes that preclude evaporation of the insensible moisture given out through the pores of the skin must be injurious.

CRICKETANA.—We decline to discuss politics in this paper. The people who import the goods pay the duty upon them, and the dues are collected by the Custom-house officers.

SNOWFLAKE.—You have a slow and weak digestion. Avoid heavy meals, eat light nutritious food, and never later than at 7 p.m. Also, keep your mind free from occupation for an hour after dinner, and do not eat the latter immediately after much fatigue; rest first, and take something light to begin with. We rejoice to hear that our paper has been of so much use to you. Your writing is very good.

KATRINA A.—The point you name is a "vexed question," one on which the Christian world, English and foreign, entertains very conflicting views, and much liberty of conscience is allowed. See the Epistle to the Galatians. On hygienic principles you should be very careful how you make any great change in your diet. When abstaining from meat you should substitute lentil soup, p.ase pudding, rice, fish, poultry, etc.

ROSINE.—Yes, it is quite suitable for a bride to wear her wedding dress at the dinners given in honour of her marriage, but any trimmings and head decorations of orange flowers should be removed. You write fairly well.

MINNIEHAHA.—As a rule, the present race of Greeks is dark.

LENT LILY.—We fear you are mistaken in the value of your Bible. By the date and description it may be worth perhaps 10s. 6d.

BETTY.—The Greeks speak modern Greek, and ancient Greek is taught in most of their schools.

INDUSTRY must make all such inquiries for herself. After we have given the information, it is something like asking us likewise to pay her omnibus fares to the place.

MAGGIE H.—We could not give you advice, knowing nothing of the reasonable prospects your lover has of earning a livelihood. Your love for each other and trust in Providence must be supplemented with good and certain work and a little private means, for neither love nor Providence will give you an iron skull, because you choose to run your heads against a wall! Have either of you private means? If out of work or of health, you would otherwise have to come on relations or the parish. And is your would-be husband already engaged in a good business? or has he the selfish effrontery to ask you to marry him before he has provided a home for you that he has present means to pay for, including rates and taxes, food, dress, doctor, fire and light, servant, and all those little *etceteras* of stationery, postage, odds and ends for the kitchen and house in general, which are beyond our powers to reckon? If not, we do not think much of the "high principle" of which you speak.

LILY.—You would be acting very wrongly in leaving home when your parents wish you to remain with them, and are able and willing to support you, especially as you are only a minor. You should learn to show piety at home and requite your parents, and thus set a good example to your six sisters and one brother. This is your path of duty; it lies in your own family circle, not outside amongst strangers. If you began learning music only a year ago, how could you be "a good player" now? Cultivate patience.

GWENDOLINE.—The lines, though religious in spirit, are mere doggerel. We could not advise you on the subject.

GOING TO THE BOOKSELLER'S.

LITTLE COCK SPARROW.—We imagine that by "Admiral Crichton" you mean "the Admirable Crichton." He was a Scotchman and a great scholar, born 1650 or 1660, at Elliock, Dumfriesshire. James was the son of the Lord Advocate, Robert Crichton, and descended maternally from King Robert II. At the age of sixteen he had mastered ten languages, the whole circle of the sciences, and all the accomplishments of a knight of the period. He became as celebrated by his eloquence and learning as by his great prowess in the tilting ring, and having killed a master of fence who had vanquished all others, the Duke of Mantua made him tutor and governor of his dissolute son Vincenzo di Gonzago. It is believed that he perished by his pupil's hand, amongst a band of masked assassins, who attacked him at night during the Carnival, 1583.

DORMOUSE.—The food of dormice is nuts and almonds, peas and beans, canary seed, and other grains, and they are very fond of the milky juice of the dandelion or sow-thistle. A little tin pan of milk should be put into the cage every night, especially if they have young ones.

ART POTTERY.—All the rites of the festival of Midsummer Eve appear to be derived from Pagan times, when they celebrated the winter and the summer solstice. Those at Midsummer Eve were the counterparts of those used at Yuletide. All eyes are fabled to be opened on Midsummer Eve, so that the fairies and all the other invisible spirits can be seen.

BUTTERFLY S. A.—The 5th of April, 1859, was a Tuesday.

ROSENCRANTZ.—Your verses show true poetic feeling and flow well, though you need a little teaching. For instance, in "Nature's Child" the wrong lines are made to rhyme—that is to say, when only two out of four are made to rhyme they should be the second and fourth, which should always rhyme, whether the first and third do so or not. In the first verse the rhymes have been all forgotten; then the word "corpse" is inadmissible in poetry. In the "Angel Figure" you have fallen into a mere mannerism of that charming poet Longfellow, which is a pity, being a defect of his. We refer to the repetitions of the same word. Observe the words "fell" and "dwelt." We enter into these particulars because we see that you have a gift, and will probably do still better.

ALEXANDRA.—"Alex" is usually considered to be the short for Alexandra. A series of articles on heraldry have been advertised to appear this year.

SEE-SAW.—We have not heard that the use of a lead comb was injurious. But why worry about your red hair? At present it is very "fashionable."

K. S. M. would be better if she took more exercise—not to over-tire herself. However, by getting up early in the morning she could have a bath and an hour's pleasant walk before going to business.

A MOSS ROSE.—We fear that nothing can be done with the spots. Shoes with low, broad heels are always selected by the wise, and prove the best.

UNKNOWN CYNIC.—See our article, "Lissom Hands and Pretty Feet," vol. i., page 348. There is a pad or spring expressly made for insertion under the sole of the foot, inside the shoe, to raise the flat instep. You had better inquire about it at some surgical instrument shop, or write to an orthopœdic institution about it. Some of the complaints you name are hereditary.

THE DAUGHTER OF AN IRISH LANDLORD.—You should not fee the lady's-maid unless she had regularly waited upon you. You do not mention the length of your visit; but young girls do not give as much as older people, and half-a-crown to the housemaid would be quite enough for an adult to give for a week or ten days' visit, except you had given a great deal of extra trouble.

BEULA.—Do not trouble yourself by mere suppositions. The money has come to you legally; accept it as a providential gift to you, with gratitude, and take care that you use it judiciously and well, for your own benefit and that of others.

MALAPROP writes to know "how soon she should marry, as she is of age this month." We can only repeat the famous advice of Mrs. Glasse about "first catching your hare."

MARCELLE.—Militia regiments date back to a very early period. Every five hydes of land were charged with the equipment of one man, and freemen, according to their wealth, were obliged to provide arms—which could not be pledged or sold—so long as before the Norman Conquest. After that time, this force was maintained under the name of "the Fyrd," in addition to the feudal army, supplied by the barons and knights in exchange for the lands they held, or as a tax upon it. Officers of the militia may obtain commands in the regular army on passing an examination after two years of training. This body has rendered good foreign service in India and the Crimea, and done duty on the Mediterranean Stations.

MISCHIEF.—The "Men of Kent" went out to meet the Conqueror, and obtained in consequence a confirmation of their ancient privileges from the new King. They call themselves the *Invicti*. Any resident of the county is called "a Kentish man," irrespective of his birthplace. Taylor, in "The Water Post," 1630, says of them:

> "Some books are arrogant and impudent,
> So are most thieves in Christendom and Kent."

See Hasted's "History of Kent," 1778 and 99.

M. E. R.—Farrar's "Life of Christ" was, we believe, published in parts by Cassell and Co.

DAISY.—There is no sort of obligation resting on a bride or her family to provide house-linen, furniture, or home. It would be wholly gratuitous on their part if they did. No man should presume to ask for a woman in marriage unless he has a furnished home prepared for her and means to keep her in the position in which she was brought up.

HANNAH.—We do not give addresses. Advertisements should be consulted, or you might make inquiries of large furnishing shops respecting the manufacturers who supply them. This would be the best plan, we think.

JACKDAW.—The parishioners—that is to say, all persons of a certain position in life—should take an early opportunity of calling on their new clergyman or pastor and his wife, and he should do the same as regards the farmers and tradesmen, with little loss of time, and should visit all the poorer classes within the field of his spiritual charge. Delay in such acts of mutual good feeling and duty should be scrupulously performed.

MARGUERITE DAISY.—The advice to rub the knee-joints well with vaseline was very good; but we imagine you did not persevere.

ESTHER F. L.—We think you must let a doctor see your little sister's eye. The "a" in Gladys is sounded like the "a" in "say" or "day."

WONDER had better send for the catalogues of the Religious Tract Society, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. VII.—No. 345. AUGUST 7, 1886. PRICE ONE PENNY.

A NOTE OF PEACE.

BY HARRIET L. CHILDE-PEMBERTON.

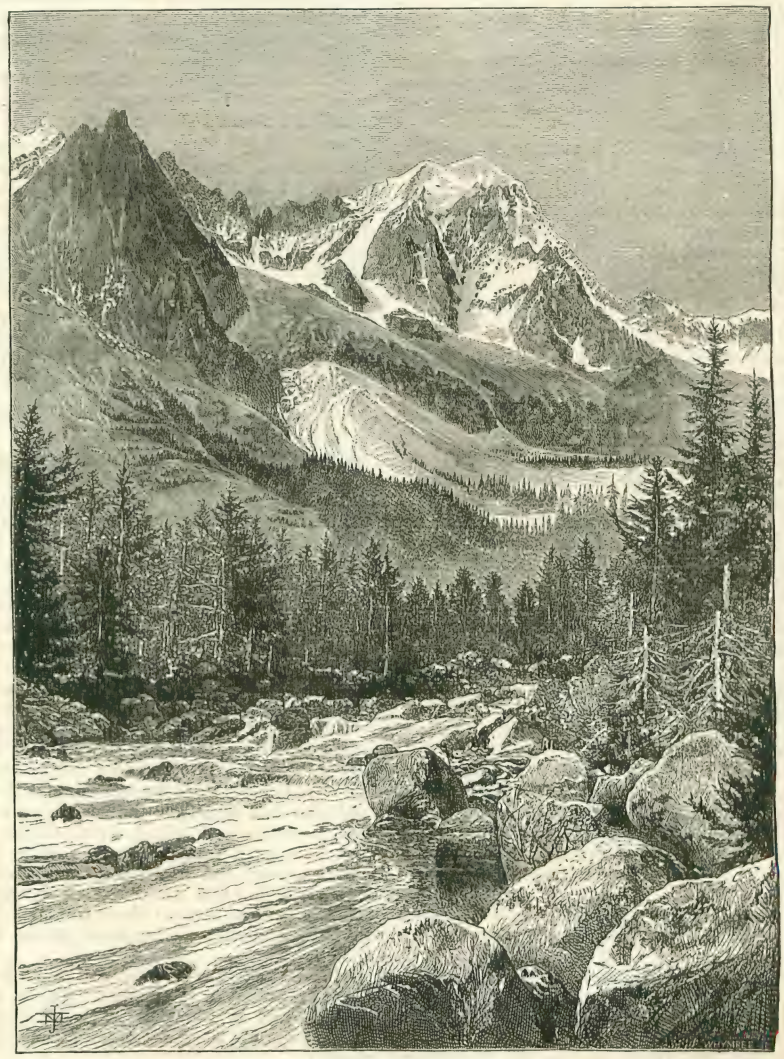
I STOOD above the torrent as it flowed
From the great glacier where its toils begin,
Clamorous, persistent, pitiless and cold,
Till my whole being wearied of its din.

But, sweet and clear athwart that ceaseless roar,
Athwart the rushing of that glacier stream,
I heard the mavis' music swell and soar,
And my soul caught the message of its theme.

It smote upon mine ear like something blest,
A note of peace—yet stronger than the strife,
A pause for prayer—a standing still—a rest,
Where all around a seething whirl was rife.

Bearing of good and ill a mingled load,
The heedless torrent knew nor pause nor hush;
Downwards and ever downwards on its road,
But upwards went the music of the thrush;

Upwards, like some pure thought, and seemed to say:
"Ye whom the turmoils of this world beguile,
Do ye seek peace and beauty?—yearn to pray
And think high thoughts?—Ye must stand still awhile."



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COURTLEROY.

By ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER XLII.

SIMPLE TRUTHFULNESS.

GEORGE found Le Roy in a state of excitement and annoyance. He scarcely allowed him to be seated before he began—

"I suppose it was an appointment, as my niece did not follow me here."

"I told her I should call this afternoon," replied George, slightly flurried by what had so lately passed. "But there was no appointment. When we were last at Summerlands I came and went as I chose, and now, perhaps, I have taken a liberty in calling again without your invitation or permission. If so, I hope you will excuse it, Mr. Le Roy. Miss Marmont and I have been friends so long, and my leave of absence is so short and uncertain, that I want to make the best of my time."

"Would it be an impertinence on my part, Mr. Hope, to inquire whether you write to one another the same minute diary which you wrote as children?"

"I do, because I have nothing to conceal; but Miss Marmont has ceased to write confidentially for many months, and I partly understand that under new circumstances she cannot do so."

"You mean that she does not confide my affairs to you?"

"Certainly not; and she rarely writes at all."

"So much the better. You will understand some day that the complications arising from a correspondence between young men and women often become entanglements, and are always better avoided. I trust yours will cease; for my niece has kindly promised to devote herself to me, and what with my demands, and the stewardship, she has more than she can do."

George smiled as he perceived the selfishness of the man; but the next moment looked gravely and steadily at him, as he replied to his implied request—

"I am Miss Marmont's servant in all things, and yield to her wishes. She commands, I obey. I have just told her that she has always been and still is the guiding star of my life, and that without her light I should grope in darkness, but for the Sun of Righteousness which never fails. I hope, Mr. Le Roy, that you will not intercept either star or sun."

Le Roy had never before been spoken to in this wise. He looked at the young man in surprise and perplexity. He was so simple, straightforward, and, at the same time, captivating, that the caustic answer he was prepared to give changed into kindliness and persuasion.

"You are young to speak so positively, and have yet to learn how we all change. But Mimica, my niece, what did she say?"

"That we are adopted brother and sister, she the elder, and shall ever love one another as such. But, sir, I dare to look forward to a tie more binding still. I can wait."

"You, Mr. Hope, for that is, I suppose, your name, adopted, as you say, yet venturing to look forward to a union with a Le Roy! You cannot be in earnest?"

George coloured to the temples. Never since his schooldays, when Bully Carew and a few other envious lads had taunted him with his uncertain birth, had it been cast in his teeth. And Le Roy, who was a gentleman, was sorry for his words when spoken: for he felt that he could have addressed him without this slur. But George also was a gentleman, and more, a Christian. He commanded a rebellious inward rising, and resisted the old impulse to clench his fists; but he rose from his seat as he answered Le Roy—

"My father was a soldier, like myself. It seems to me that it matters little whether we are in the ranks or in command, if we do our duty. The Captain of our salvation makes no distinction when He bids us 'fight the good fight of faith,' and those who serve Queen and country faithfully are all equal. Of my mother I know nothing, but I hope and think she was pure and good." Here a flush coloured the speaker's face, but he continued unfalteringly: "My foster-parents are, at least, without reproach, and in their exceeding goodness they tell me I am to be their heir, as they consider me their son. They would have me take their name, but my own suits me best, as offering a chance of my discovering the friends of my parents."

"It is certainly more soldierlike than Prettyman," put in Le Roy causticly. "I cannot imagine a General Prettyman."

"Why not? Deeds ennoble names, and that of Prettyman is ennobled by endless good works. I had never before thought how my uncertain parentage might interfere with my love and friendship for Mimica. I see it all now, and would not add to her burdens one of mine by bringing misunderstanding between you and her, since she has promised to devote herself to you. Not that I give her up, Mr. Le Roy. I can wait till you are brought to see our mutual relations more clearly, and, perhaps, to sanction the renewal of our old—correspondence."

"Just so. If my niece will consent to this, I think it will be best for all parties. They are fools who ruin their lives and prospects for women."

Le Roy said this with a bitterness that touched George, who fixed his clear eyes upon him, and said with his usual convincing truthfulness—

"Sir, I think we need not ruin them if we have faith in the Divine leadership, and do not quail beneath the difficulties we meet. I know that I shall be guided aright so long as I trust my Commander."

He held out his hand, and to his amazement felt it grasped by Le Roy. He did not know—how could he?—the strange feelings of wonder and awe that his simplicity of belief and frank geniality of manner inspired in one who had never before come in contact with such, and who had fled from the world because he had been once deceived. But George felt that he parted from Le Roy as a friend, and not an enemy, and in this assurance bade him a hurried good-bye, not venturing to wait for some remark he seemed about to make, lest it should counteract the kindness of the handshake.

He went back to Mimica, and found her, as he left her, deep in thought. There was a pathetic ring in his voice when he spoke to her, though his words were manly and determined.

"Dear Mimi, your uncle thinks my parentage uncertain, and my age and position unstable. I will mend all that if you will promise not to forget me. He wishes us to abstain from writing to one another, and says what you have already told me, that you have promised to devote your life to him."

"That need not deprive me of the only pleasure I shall have in it," cried Mimica, passionately. "I look forward to your letters as my only comfort. I am quite old enough to decide such matters for myself, and if I am to obey a tyrant, it shall be in gaining my living elsewhere."

"Do you really care so much for my letters, my Mimi?" asked George, the pathetic voice changing to a glad cheerfulness. "Then all will be well. I can wait, and you can wait, until your uncle withdraws his prohibition, which he will, for he is not a tyrant but a human being who has suffered and been sinned against. Be patient with him."

"George, I am not a child, and in no way subservient to him, except in so far as I serve him in return for food and clothing. This I could do to a stranger."

"Think of his loneliness, his disappointments, his almost ruin, Mimi. You may save him, body and soul, with God's help. He looks strangely beside himself at intervals."

"Yes, George, you are right; always right and noble. I know this is my appointed work, and I pray for grace to do it. I thought I was strong of purpose, and had found the mission I have been looking for, but I am weaker than water after all."

And Mimica covered her face with her hands.

"You had better go," she whispered, as he laid his hand on her smooth, gleaming hair.

He bent over her, and pressed his lips on the folded hands. He had not dared so far since his boyhood.

"God bless you; we will wait," he breathed, emphasising ever so little the "we."

And so they parted. When were they to meet again? Who should say? for when he reached Summerlands he found a telegram awaiting him, summoning him to rejoin his regiment. It was ordered back to Africa, and he was to be at headquarters in two days.

"It is really too bad," said Mrs. Prettyman. "Just as we had made plans for a dance, and have as many engagements as we can get through, and everybody is in love with you, Georgie, and Lady Helena has written to beg you to go and see Captain Carew, and padre has got quite into the spirit of it all. I'm sure those Dutch African savages may well be called Bores."

"You've put the cart before the horse, my dear," quoth Mr. Prettyman. "And you know 'England expects every man to do his duty.'"

"I think it's a man's duty to stop at home, and not to go slaughtering those poor, inoffensive blacks," returned Mrs. Prettyman. "That wasn't Livingstone's way, and I'm sure his way was best. You may as well have stopped away altogether, Georgie."

"Not quite, madre mia. I have seen you all, and we have come to Summerlands again. Besides, the dance, if it had come off, might have been a failure. None of the Lestes could have come so soon after Horace's death, and I am afraid Carew is worse."

"I wanted you to see more of that sweet girl Helena, Georgie. She is just the right age, and I should like you to marry one of the Lestes; they are all so good."

George winced. "The right age" was in everybody's mind but his own. Mr. Prettyman interposed with his hearty laugh.

"You are not going to become a match-maker, Lou, in addition to your other maternal propensities?" he said. "Time enough for George to think of marriage when he's a general, which, Sir Joshua informed me, he was sure to be soon. I said, 'Promotion cometh neither from the east, nor yet from the west, nor yet from the south.' 'Then,' said he, 'it must come from the north, and as we're pretty sure to have war with Russia, he'll get it from there.'"

"All our plans for a merry Christmas and a happy new year spoilt by those horrid Bores!" sighed Mrs. Prettyman. "I wish you hadn't been born a soldier, Georgie."

"Or, rather, bred one," put in Miss Heath.

The following morning George hastened to Monklands. He found Lady Helena alone, awaiting him. She was sitting in state in her morning-room, which was furnished, according to modern taste, with everything antique. He had never before been *tête-à-tête* with her ladyship, and, wishing to end the interview at its beginning, inquired if he could see Captain Carew at once, adding that he was ordered to rejoin his regiment. He did not like Lady Helena, and felt, instinctively, that she was jealous of his success. She was, however, so anxious about her son, that all ill-feeling was merged into maternal longings for his recovery.

"If you can say anything to quiet his restlessness," she began, motioning George to a seat. "He was much better, but the fever has returned, and with it a nervous desire to rejoin his regiment, which is impossible. We want him to resign, and settle down as a country gentleman."

"That would be dull, unless he married," suggested straightforward George.

"Of course, we wish him to marry," rejoined Lady Helena. "But you young men are so contradictory, and never follow the wishes of your parents. I forgot. You are your own master."

"Not so, Lady Helena. I owe more than obedience to my foster-parents, and wish to please them. May I see Captain Carew?"

"One word first. If—supposing you have the opportunity, will you persuade him of the suitability of his marrying Miss Marmont? You have an influence over him."

"I could not, Lady Helena. Miss Marmont has often spoken to me of Barbara Leste."

Lady Helena frowned, and looked out of one of the windows that made of her boudoir a light and gladsome room. Broad and wooded landscapes were before her eyes, and these would descend to the son she idolised. Not far off the lands of Courtleroy joined them, and she coveted them still. Had she not schemed enough? Was it not sufficient that she had ruined the happiness of a sister, and one owner of Courtleroy? Must she ruin that of a son also? George saw into her mind, but he thought he saw also something of a mother's tenderness in the eyes which were gazing afar.

"It is a pity to cross true love, Lady Helena," he said, simply and dreamily.

"Tell him what you will then, only give him back to me—to me, his mother. He is more to me than life."

She rose and stood before George with her hands folded on her bosom. The tall, dark, handsome, unapproachable woman looked at him with a glance so supplicating that it pierced him through. Why did she appeal to him? She could not tell, but the fascination of his truthful sincerity had broken down some barrier that she had placed between herself and peace, and she was striving to bring the pride within it to some level that she had never before faced. A bell rang violently.

"It is Monty; come to him," she said, alarmed.

George found Captain Carew on a sofa in the library. He looked very ill, and was coughing violently. The room was at fever heat, and it was evident that he was being killed, partly by maternal kindness, partly by irritating contradiction. He grasped George's hand, and Lady Helena left them together.

CHAPTER XLIII.

CONFESSIONS.

"I WANTED to talk to you about Miss Marmont," Captain Carew began, as soon as George was seated. He was much excited. "I have been tormented into making a fool of myself, and if she hadn't the sense of a man I should have made a fool of her too. They say she tells you everything, and I want you to give her to understand that I am very sorry for having annoyed her more than once. You see a fellow isn't always master of himself under certain circumstances, and my mother was always urging me to propose for her because she is heiress of Courtleroy; though old Le Roy is as likely to marry as not, and then where should we all be?"

"I shall not see Miss Marmont again before I leave," said George, rather stiffly for him.

"You must. I shall go mad if I don't get certain demons out of my head. This is one of them, Barbara Leste is another, and you are a third."

"I, how?"

"Well, I took considerable pains to make the circumstances of your history known in the army. My brother was at the bottom of this, for he was always nagging about you. I want to make a clean breast of it before I die, and I ask you to forgive me."

"You only told the truth. I have nothing to forgive—indeed, something to thank you for. I should not have known of my father had not the General heard my story."

"You are a brave fellow, Hope. I wish I and many another of us had your moral as well as physical courage. I am many years your senior, but have neither your pluck nor forbearance. My own illness and poor Horace's death have opened my eyes to many things, and to none more effectually than that I began life earnestly and lost purpose as I pursued it.

"Did Horace say anything about me? I have never had an opportunity of asking you, because you were off like a shot when you came down last."

"Do you really wish to know what he said? It involves another, and, perhaps, I should not repeat it."

"You mean Barbara?"

"Yes."

"Tell me all—Barbara and I understand one another."

"Horace said that one of his regrets was that he had never had the courage to represent to you that you had ruined Barbara's happiness and his also, in part. But he forgave you, and believed that all would come right."

"It never can. Barbara and I are friends. She will not have me even if I tell her she is killing me by her cold distance. But how have I meddled with Horace's happiness?"

"He loved Mimica Marmont."

Captain Carew covered his face with his hands, and there was silence between the young men, broken only by what in woman would have been a sob, but in the invalid seemed a convulsion of pain.

George half rose, but Carew bade him remain.

"I deserve it all," he said. "The revelation is good for me. I have been despicable. Loving Barbara alone, the grandest woman living, I have sought others, partly from ambition, partly for pastime, partly from an inconstant nature. But Miss Marmont was too simple-minded to encourage me, pointing by her grand decision to Barbara. God knows it is bitter to me now to feel that I have made the two dearest, oldest, best friends I ever had, unhappy. I think I am a dying man. How can I atone?"

"See Barbara or write to her."

"She avoids me, and my mother does her best to prevent our meeting. Barbara is as proud as Lady Helena, and would never come here without an invitation from her, scarcely with it."

"But you were not engaged to Barbara?"

"No, not by mere words, but life-long deeds."

"It is not too late to make amends. Confide in Lady Helena. She will refuse you nothing. She said as much to me."

"Why to you, *George Hope?* Are you in everybody's confidence — Barbara's, for instance?"

"No, but I think she would listen to you if you would say to her what you have said to me."

At this moment the hall bell rang, and shortly after Lady Helena entered, and told George he was wanted for a minute. She took him to the large dining-room, and again stood before him, her hands folded on her breast, her eyes dilated.

"I have heard all that has passed between you," she said; "I remained in the room behind the portière. Barbara has just arrived. I asked her to come on some trivial excuse, and she is here. What shall I do?"

"Take her to Captain Carew and leave them together, but leave them alone, Lady Helena. Not even a mother should intermeddle between heart and heart," replied George.

"Will you ask Barbara? I dare not. Tell her it is my wish that she should see Monty—and his—his last request. It is I who have ruined their happiness. She is in my morning-room."

"You will come with me, Lady Helena?"

"No; I would rather you went alone."

George found Barbara standing not far from the door, Lady Helena having left her almost before she had greeted her. She was meditating leaving, and looked as she felt, annoyed and grieved.

"I have a message for you, Barbara," began George, who had certainly been trained in no Circumlocution Office. "Lady Helena asks you to see Captain Carew, and his one desire is to be reconciled to you."

"Reconciled! We have not quarrelled," said Barbara, proudly.

"But you are not the friends you once were," pleaded George. "He wants the old friendship. I understand him, for I should be wretched were I estranged from Mimi; and now he is so ill he imagines, perhaps, what does not really exist. He thinks he is dying."

"But he is not—he cannot be dying. Horace and he could not both be taken from us," exclaimed Barbara, off her guard for the moment.

"We cannot tell. His mother says he will not live, Sir Joshua is aroused to his danger at last, and his feverish anxiety to settle certain affairs of conscience is alarming. Oh, Barbara! come to him! One of Horace's last wishes was that you and he should be friends again as in your 'sweet spring days.' Those were his very words."

"I will go; but why does not Lady Helena take me?"

"She cannot. And what matters it who takes you, at such a time?"

Barbara bent her proud head, and followed George Hope. He went up to Carew with the words—

"She is here; your mother has brought her to see you."

"Barbra! That is good! that is kind! that is your old, dear self!" cried the excited man, struggling to rise from the sofa.

She hastened towards him, took his extended hands, and said, with a strong effort at calmness—

"George says you wish to see me; Lady Helena asked me to come. I do not quite understand, but—but I am grieved you are so ill."

She sat down on the chair George had vacated, and burst into tears.

"Good-bye, Carew. Good-bye, Barbara," said George, extending a hand to each, and then hurrying from the room with a murmured "God bless you."

He found Sir Joshua in the hall, stamping up and down, fretting and fuming. He asked for his horse, saying that he had not many hours to spare, as he had to be at headquarters the following day. While it was coming round Sir Joshua exploded.

"I always said you were a trump, Hope, whatever your parentage; and there isn't a better fellow living than Prettyman, except, perhaps, Leste. The women are at the root of all the mischief, and I vow it is better to be an out-and-out revolutionary radical than a match-maker. I see no difference between 'em. They meddle and make, and change one thing for another, and professing to go to the root absolutely destroy it. When you fall in love, my boy, stick to her; don't go flirting off from girl to girl. That's what I call Liberal. Now a Liberal government never knows its own mind; it's a match-maker. If Lady Helena had let 'em alone they'd be man and wife by this time, and Monty wouldn't have caught that confounded African fever. Keep out of that, my dear young friend. Do you think he will recover? He would if Barbra would nurse him; she brings all the sick people round."

George knew not what to answer; he could only say, as he wrung the baronet's hand, that he had seen men recover who were worse than his son; and so saying, he mounted his horse, and left the baronial towers of Monklands.

He rode home at full gallop, and found luncheon still awaiting him. His madre would not have it removed until assured that he had been regaled elsewhere.

"I'm sure I wish we hadn't come to Summerlands," she groaned. "If we had been in town we should at least have seen the last of you, Georgie."

"Before he is eaten up by wild Boars," put in her husband. "But I shall run up and join in the hurrahs of the multitude, who won't care much whether he is eaten up or not. Such is glory!"

"Yes," sighed George, as he helped himself to a comfortable portion of game pie.

After luncheon he waylaid Miss Heath. He wanted a *confidante*, and knew that this taciturn lady was safe. He found her deep in a quasi-theological, quasi-scientific book, seated over the fire in what was called the small drawing-room. She eschewed light literature, and was subjected to many caustic remarks from her host, who was always, as he expressed it, "wishful to improve his own mind by intercourse with hers, only she locked it up with a safety key made on purpose."

"Would you grant me a few moments' conversation?" began George, as Miss Heath looked up from her book.

"Certainly," she replied, and closed it.

He sat down at her side near the fire over which she was shivering—for Milly Heath felt the cold terribly. She was discriminating, and saw that he was troubled. His face always reflected the state of his soul.

"I shall not see Mimica again, Miss Heath, and I have a message from Captain Carew for her. You know or can guess what has passed between Mimi and him, and he wishes her to understand that he is sorry for having annoyed her. You are as secretive as we all ought to be, I suppose, and I am not betraying confidence if I ask you to deliver this message, as I cannot."

"Why not, Mr. Hope? I would rather you took it or wrote it yourself," returned Miss Heath, who no longer called her hero "George."

"I have wished Mimica 'Good-bye.' I have seen Mr. Le Roy. I shall not be able to go to Courtleroy again."

"But you can write. I dislike being mixed up in the Carew affairs."

"Mr. Le Roy requested me not to write to Mimi, and has so worded his request that I must abide by it. Indeed, until I have made a name for myself I must be content neither to see her nor write to her. This for her sake. You will sometimes tell me about her, Miss Heath, for you know how dearly I love her!"

"I do not understand. What has Mr. Le Roy done?"

"Put a stop to our intercourse; and in his view he is right. But what I ask you to do, Miss Heath, is to tell Mimica from me that she need fear no further annoyance from Carew—if his proposals were an annoyance, and I think they were. I was too hurried to refuse to deliver this message, or to remember that I was not about to resume my diary."

Here a melancholy smile passed over George's face. How could he live without that daily interchange of thought?

"What has Mr. Le Roy said?" asked Miss Heath.

"That Mimica has promised to devote herself to him and his affairs, and will have no time to bestow on a nameless soldier. Perhaps I may as well tell you all. You know how I love her. I owe more to her than to any human being except padre and madre. Ever since I was a child I have looked forward to the time when I could ask her to be my wife." . . .

"Your wife!" exclaimed Miss Heath, surprised out of her ordinary quiescence. "She is years older than you; she looks on you as a boy."

"That is what you all say; but I am not a boy," replied George, laughing quietly. "Even Mimi spoke of our respective ages, which I had not considered. Souls count no years; eternity no time. Mr. Le Roy thought more of disparity of condition than of age."

"Surely you did not tell him?"

"I did. I am glad he knows, so that I can now fight in a fair field. I pity him, and would not rob him of the only thing he has to love. I am young and can wait, and if Mimica loves me she will also wait."

"George Hope, you are an enthusiast."

"Am I? Then I rejoice, for without enthusiasm we win neither in love nor war. You will take my message?"

"Yes, if you will tell me what Mr. Le Roy said."

"That I, nameless and adopted, could scarcely aspire to be united to a Le Roy. He thought I could not be in earnest—he even questioned my right to the name of Hope."

"And you—what did you say?"

"I forget; but something to the effect that my father was a soldier, but of my mother I knew nothing, though I doubted not she was pure and good."

Again George flushed as he said this, and the colour seemed to be reflected on Miss Heath's pale face. She shuddered slightly, rose from her fireside seat and walked towards a window through which the red glow of a winter sunset was penetrating. The outer world was white and crisp with frozen snow.

"Should I have time to get to Courtleroy and back before dinner?" she asked.

"There is no immediate hurry," replied George. "The message can wait till after I am gone."

"I have been thinking of going up to London to-morrow with Mr. Prettyman and you. If so, I must see Mimica, and could deliver your message incidentally. Will you come with me? What I have to say nearly concerns you, and you must be at hand. I would not ask you to do anything to compromise Mimica, but my business is important and you must witness it; I mean, you should be in or near the house." Miss Heath was apparently flurried.

"I will walk with you and wait for you, Miss Heath," said George, puzzled by her request and manner. "But if I see Mimica, I can give the message myself.'

"Just so. I will put on my things. Explain to Louisa; I fear she will be annoyed."

Mrs. Prettyman certainly was annoyed, but as she said, when Milly Heath took anything into her head nobody could get it out; but why she should carry off Georgie at such a crisis, passed her understanding.

"You shall know, Louisa; you shall know afterwards," whispered Miss Heath; and she and George walked forth together in the frosty darkening afternoon.

(*To be continued.*)

INSIDE PASSENGERS; OR, THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF LUKE AND BELINDA.

By A LONDON PHYSICIAN.

CHAPTER XI.

AN ARRIVAL.

LUKE turned round with a scared look, dragged his sister further into the cave, and began to "bring her to," after the most approved method. In a minute the fair one opened her eyes.

"Oh, Pill, do get me out of this horrible place," she whispered. "There's someone alive here!"

"What do you mean?" said Luke, more alarmed, his hair gradually rising up off his head.

"I heard a man's voice. I know I did, Pill. It said 'Miss Courteney.'"

"Nonsense, Bozy; you make me feel queer all over," said Luke, getting very pale, and, fumbling in his waistcoat pockets, he handed his sister a Cockle-cum-Eno.

"If I swallowed twenty of them they would make no difference, Pill," said Belinda, sitting up. "I heard a voice."

Luke, who, like Robinson Crusoe, had begun to regard his uncle as his own private property, felt quite as alarmed at this emphatic declaration, as that hero did at the discovery of the footprints on the sand.

"Where did it come from, Bozy?" he asked.

"There!" said Belinda, with satisfaction.

"Well, I'm not in the least afraid. I'll go and see what it is," said Luke, getting paler still.

"I'll stay here," said Belinda.

Luke reluctantly left her side, compelled to show he was a man, and walked to the entrance. He had just peered out when—

"IS THAT YOU, OLD CHAP?"

Luke turned sick, but he wouldn't scream. He was a man.

"Belinda," he said, looking perfectly scared, "I'm not a bit afraid; but we must find this out."

"Not for worlds," said Belinda, moving still further away.

Luke deliberately unhooked the lamp, and carefully directed it to the mouth of the opposite cave, whence the voice appeared to come.

"HOW IN THE WORLD DID YOU GET DOWN, OLD FELLOW?"

No; it did not come from the cave. Shaking and feeling dreadfully ill with some vague idea he knew the voice, Luke turned the light up the shaft. Nothing could be seen until his eye reached the low yellow parapet at the top, over which shone the red and spectacled face of their lost friend, Sutton!

"All right, Belinda," said Luke; "it's old 'mole.' You *are* a coward."

"You know you wanted to scream yourself, Pill, only you were ashamed."

"Mr. Luke Courteney, I believe!" shouted Sutton most politely down the shaft (*à la* Stanley-Livingstone). "I hope I did not frighten you out of ten years' growth, for I'm afraid you can hardly afford it, judging by your size."

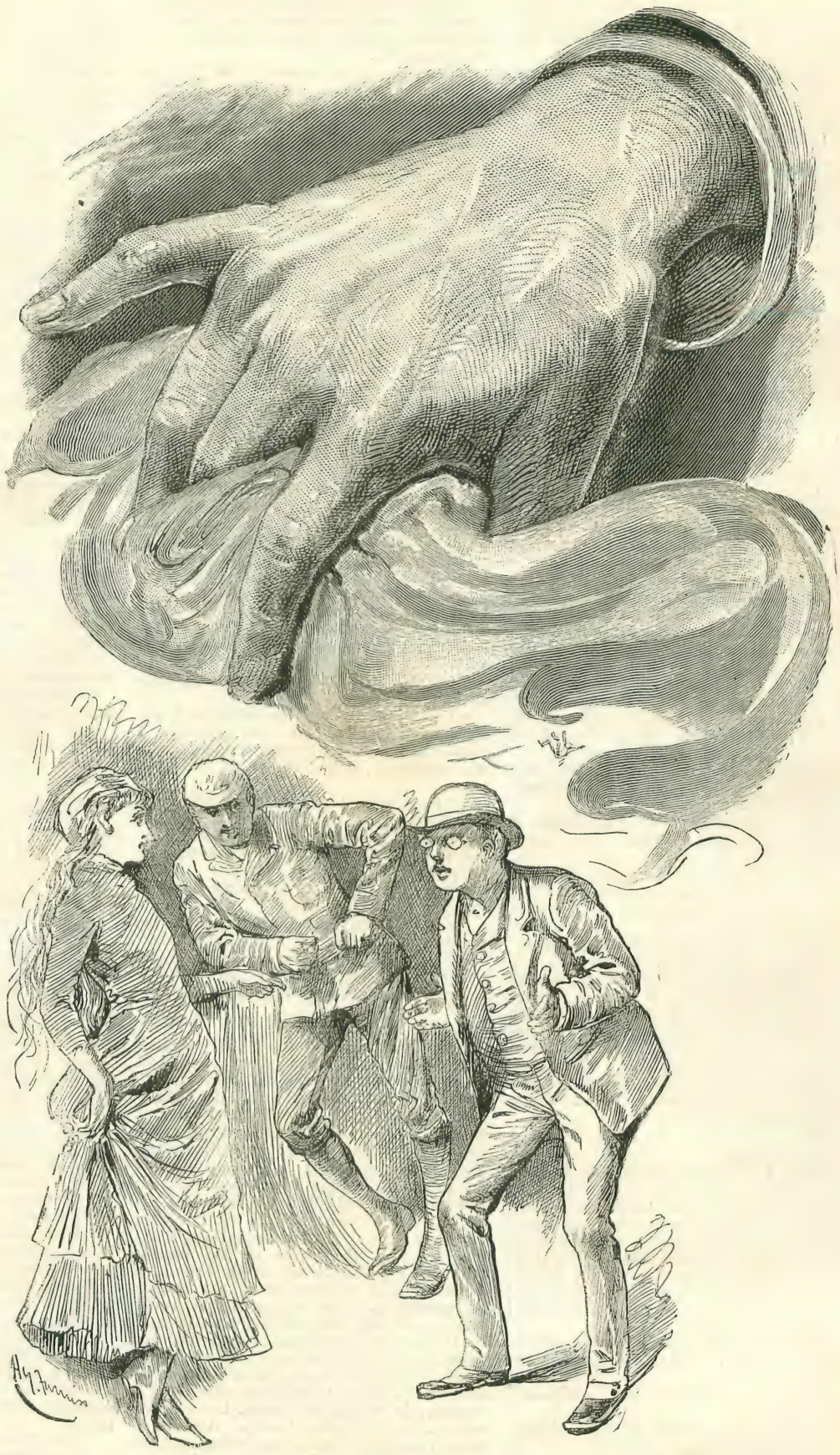
"Hallo, Sutton, old fellow! Glad to see you. Come down here. You'll find a hook fastened close by you, with a rope to come down by."

Sutton did not want twice telling. He came down in true nautical style, and just before he reached the silvery platform, Luke dragged him safely into the cave.

"Well, Miss Courteney, you look scared."

"I believe you have turned my hair white, Mr. Sutton. You gave me an awful shock."

"I could not believe my eyes when, on looking down the shaft, I saw that brilliant light, and you gracefully standing to be photographed. I didn't



"'I DIDN'T KNOW EXACTLY WHAT TO DO.'"

know exactly what to do. I believe the proper thing is to make some sort of a remark about 'Ahem!' but I thought, on the whole, your own name would startle you the least."

"Well," said Belinda, "you see, Mr. Sutton, we were not expecting you; at the same time we give you a very hearty welcome to our 'castle in the air' (shaft), or, as I call it, 'The Vicarage.' But may I ask you how you came here?"

"'The Vicarage,' Miss Courteney?"

"Yes, Mr. Sutton." And she had to explain. Luke got impatient.

"Now, tell me, Luke, how did you get here?"

"Let me see. Where did we part?" said Luke.

"Oh, you know. I saw you hurry off like mad, and getting ridiculously small, but at the same time trying to look fully six feet at least, and I ran after you as hard as I could, but you were too fast for me."

"Well, you see," said Luke, a little ashamed, "I had Belinda to look after."

"Well, whether you looked after her or not, I certainly not only 'looked after,' but ran after, you. I got as far as the room door, but it was shut."

"We walked in, all the same," said Belinda, "underneath the crack."

"Well, I could not quite do that, not being then small enough—I could now—and I didn't like crawling under, so I waited outside."

"What then, old chap?"

"Why, then I was as nearly done for as anything. I felt a sort of inward shrinking still going on, and was waiting patiently, when all at once the door opened and two feet about the size of the Great Eastern stood in the doorway—I presume, as they were going into the room, your uncle's. Perhaps, indeed, you can tell me, Luke, in whose larynx we are? I hope it really is your uncle's, and not some rascally Turkish waiter's."

Belinda thought this idea capital, and, seeing her way clearly to a joke at Sutton's expense, said—

"You know there were a lot of waiters in and out of that room, Pill, and, of course, one can't be certain with——"

"Oh, really, Miss Courteney, do you mean to say you don't know where we are?" said poor Mr. Sutton, with a face that filled Belinda with glee.

"Well, we hoped you would enlighten us," said Belinda, still squeezing Luke's toes.

"I hoped this was your uncle. But let me tell you how I got here. It really is strange what one goes through in a lifetime. To think that two members of the Royal College of Surgeons, to say nothing of a fair member of Deptford High School, should meet in a gentleman's"—("or lady's," suggested Belinda)—"no, a gentleman's—larynx. I saw his thick boots and trousers——"

"Finish your story, old chap, before we decide who he is."

"Well, I was nearly crushed as flat as a biscuit by that great boot. I just hopped on one side, when a thought struck me. If that's Captain Goodchild now is my chance; so I scrambled to the side of the sole, just where there is a little ledge all round, when, all at once down came a gust of wind, and a cloud of white muslin whack, whack, on the boot! I got caught up in the folds, and was whirled away miles and miles."

"What an awful thing," said Belinda, getting interested. "Whatever do you think it was?"

"Don't you remember how much——" began Luke.

A violent squeeze on the foot stopped him.

"Yes, Mr. Sutton," continued Belinda, glibly, "uncle noticed everything; and I remember his remarking how curious it was of a waiter to dust his boots with his napkin."

Belinda being truthful, it is clear Captain Goodchild must have made this remark on some other occasion, though certainly not in this connection.

"Then we must be in a waiter," said Sutton, ruefully. "But stop; a waiter does not put his napkin into his coat pocket. When I was whirled aloft I found myself pocketed in a dark hot place, which I took to be his coat pocket."

Belinda's resources were nearly exhausted, but she made one more effort. "Oh," she said, carelessly, "you know foreign waiters will do anything, especially that one like a Chinaman. What was he, Pill?"

"Oh, you mean the Tartar waiter, Bozy—Go on, old chap."

"Well," continued Mr. Sutton, whose eyes had been dilating behind his spectacles at the thought of having "caught a Tartar," "I struggled to get free, and gradually climbed up the napkin—though it seemed to me like a handkerchief, and certainly smelt of lavender."

Luke and Belinda exchanged quiet glances, it being the niece's daily task to perfume her uncle's pocket handkerchief.

"And what then, Mr. Sutton?"

"I climbed carefully off the handkerchief, avoiding the frightful precipices around me, and sat down to rest in the corner of the pocket, just at the top. I could see I was an awful height up. Fortunately I was holding on tightly, for the man moved, and I saw something carried up and above me. I looked up after it, and found I was near the top of his coat, in his breast pocket, the shoulder being about 600 yards above my head, while on the face (which was as far again) were a pair of what I took to be gold eyeglasses."

"Go on," said Luke and Belinda, breathlessly.

"I was just making this out when I saw something tumble. At that distance I cannot be sure, but I strongly suspect now it was yourselves, unless the world is full of pigmies."

"I must request you not to call me names, Mr. Sutton. But you are quite right; they were eyeglasses, and we fell off them."

"Yes; fell into what I suppose was his moustache."

"Now, tell me, Luke, do waiters wear gold eyeglasses and moustaches?"

"Certainly not," said Luke, in spite of the pressure on his toes.

"This must be Captain Goodchild, then," said Sutton, triumphantly. "I feel inwardly relieved. But you knew it was, Miss Courteney."

Belinda burst out laughing.

"Forgive me, Mr. Sutton; but your look of disgust was too delicious, when you thought of the Tartar waiter! But finish your story."

"Oh, I feel a different man, Miss Courteney, I assure you, now I know where I am. I have a great regard for the Captain, and am delighted to join your exploring party. For a couple of days I dodged about, living on a lot of biscuits I had with me. I had one or two bad falls to the bottom of the pocket; but, it being soft, I did not even break my glasses. This morning I was in my usual seat at the corner of the pocket, finishing my last biscuit, when I thought I would take a tour on a flat stretch of handkerchief close by, and I had hardly stepped out, and had only just time to hold on tight, when I was whisked up again, and found myself left standing on a slanting red ridge, behind which was a row of white ivory columns. I believe he had been eating, and I suppose, in wiping his mouth, had whisked me out, and left me on his lip. Anyhow, I walked along the base of the pillars, and, as good luck would have it, found a small crevice through which I crept inside the mouth. The tip of what I suppose was his tongue was just in front of me, and I stepped on it, and walked the whole length of his mouth, wondering wherever I should find a safe hiding-place. I thought, Luke, that just beside the pharynx, behind one of the fleshy pillars, seemed a good corner, and was going there, when I saw his epiglottis in front, and fancied I saw a light coming up the shaft. So I slid down to the edge of the wall where it was low, and looked over, when, lo and behold, Miss Courteney! I got really as great a shock as you did, but it was a shock of joy, for I had finished my last crust, and things were beginning to look very black indeed. You looked jolly enough, however, in spite of your fright."

"Well, old fellow, we've been living well, and enjoying ourselves. At least, Belinda has. I'm nearly hoarse lecturing to her."

"I don't know about being nearly 'horse,' Pill; but it's certain you're quite a donkey. Look at the contents of his panniers, Mr. Sutton," she added, anxious to take a little off the edge of her rude remark, and pointing to the floor covered with parcels and general litter.

"I'm neither a donkey nor a horse," said Luke; "but one of the best-tempered and good-natured brothers that a pert schoolgirl was ever blessed with. But now for dinner."

"Ha!" said Sutton, "the H.F.D., I suppose. How I wished for one of those this morning."

"You hear that, Belinda," said Luke, opening the box.

The meal over, Sutton listened while the other two fought their battles over again, carefully putting in all the adventures and sights they had seen.

"What is the next step?" said Sutton, after hearing all with deep interest.

"First we'll go up, then we'll go down," said Luke, in a frivolous manner.

"He means into the stomach, Mr. Sutton; only he does not like to say so, and calls it 'gastar' or something, instead. Do you think it really safe. Besides, how are we to breathe?"

"Don't ask me, Miss Courteney. Your brother is a man of wonderful resources, and you may be sure he will carry out all he undertakes."

"That I will, old chap. Just be guided by me, and you'll be all right."

"What's your route?"

"We'll just chalk it out," said Luke, picking up a piece of paper and pencil, and using the tin water-bottle as a desk. "You see, here's his mouth, and here we are, and here's his gasteer. I thought we might enter by the cardiac orifice, traverse the greater curvature to the pylorus here, thence past the crypts of Lieberkühn, and the Ductus choledochus, to one of the villi duodenalis here. At this point I propose we should leave the digestive, and enter the absorbent system. Our course would, therefore, be along the lactæals to the Receptaculum chyli here, and thence by the left thoracic duct to the left clavicle up here. *Comprenez?*"

"And then——"

"Then our tour will be finished."

"Very good," said Sutton. "I think, Miss Courteney, that, with certain appliances I know that Luke has, you will on the whole enjoy yourselves very much. You will be protected from most inconveniences, and for any you may have to encounter you will be more than repaid by the wonders you will see. You will want the automatic respirators, Luke."

"Here they are, old chap," said Luke, producing three, rather more bulky than those ordinarily worn, and covering both nose and mouth.

"Now, Belinda, let me teach you how to use this, which is the true eighth wonder of the world, enabling us to go anywhere, do anything, without breathing one breath of

fresh air. I need hardly tell you that once we leave the pharynx all air is left behind, and we must rely on our own resources. This closely-fitting respirator has two openings; one, you see, closely fits the nose and mouth. In using it the grand principle is always to inspire by the nose and expire by the mouth. If you do this you can go on breathing for days without any other air."

"But how, Pill?"

"You know the expired air is impure, being deficient in oxygen, and having an excess of carbonic acid. When you breathe this out through that grating it enters a chamber full of a new chemical purifying ozoniser that absorbs the carbonic acid and charges the air with oxygen. This, then, being inhaled by the nostrils is in every respect equal to fresh air, except that it is rather warmer. If, however, you inspire by the mouth you will simply inhale the impure air again."*

"How long will that last, Pill?"

"Well, I should think a week at least, Bozy; and we are more than half way through the week already."

"But how are we going to keep the damp out, Luke?" said Sutton.

"Well, old chap, Belinda will tell you that. But we'll set to work at once." Luke then picked up three powder boxes and gave one to Belinda and another to Sutton. "Now before we begin, is there anything you are likely to want for the next few days?"

"I've nothing at all; my biscuits are gone! Oh, yes I have, there is this parcel," said Sutton, pulling it out of his pocket. What in the world is it? Oh, I know, it's that spare electric light you told me to get in case yours broke. I think I'll wear this at once, or I shall not be able to get it when I'm 'sealed' up." So saying, he unpacked it and laid it on the ground.

"I've nothing at all," said Belinda, not quite truthfully.

"Well, you are both ready? I shall put my few stores in this small waterproof bag, which has a water-tight cap, and coil my wire rope round my neck. The rest I shall leave behind as a legacy. By the bye, I forgot those parcels. I must fetch them down and carry them on my back."

"No, you won't, Luke; I'll carry one or both," said Sutton.

"All right, old chap," said Luke, putting on his coat and carefully packing all the valuables away in the bag he had mentioned. "Now for it, powder yourselves thickly over."

In a few minutes all three were as white as millers. Luke then sprinkled the other two over with a fine spray, and the powder disappeared and they were soon sheathed in gutta percha.

"Now for your heads. Put on your respirators and take off your hats. Put your hair up tight, Belinda, and shut your eyes."

This done, Luke, powdered every part of the head, face, and respirator over, and then moistened it. They stood completely encased in a transparent skin of waterproof.

"Can you breathe, Bozy?"

"Oh, beautifully! and see and hear, too. But I do feel so funny."

"Oh, that will wear off after a bit."

"No doubt," said Sutton, fastening the light to his forehead. "Now finish off our feet and hands."

Luke, with several layers of powder, powdered a thick sole on the boots continuous with the gutta percha sheathing, etc., then sprinkled the hands. After about an hour's hard work, every part was completely air and water proof, all the joints being carefully cemented with chloroform.

Belinda's dress gave the greatest trouble; but by carrying the gutta percha round the edge of the skirt, tightly round each ankle and down over the boot, the difficulty was overcome, and the substance being extremely elastic, allowed the movement of the feet with freedom.

"Luke, I said you were a donkey," said Belinda, in a somewhat muffled voice.

"And is that all the thanks I get?"

"Well, Pill, dear, here we are, hermetically sealed up. No doubt we can see, and hear, and breathe; but how are we to eat? You ought to have put a supply of pills in the respirators."

"I forgot to explain that, Bozy. It's my fault. Of course, the respirator never comes off; but just at the back, here, is a sham cap which unscrews—I don't know what it was meant for—and through it you can take both food and drink. Now clothe me, please."

Belinda and Sutton then set to work, and at length all three were ready to start. The electric lamp was placed in Luke's forehead, a coil of rope round his neck, and his small bag in his hand.

Sutton carried his lamp and Luke's stick, and Belinda carried herself with as much grace as her new dress would allow.

(*To be continued.*)

* We cannot hear of these respirators at any of the leading makers.

VARIETIES.

THE REJECTED LOVER'S GRATITUDE.—A curious will was made in 1610 by a French merchant, who left a large legacy to the lady who had jilted him, in order to express his gratitude to her for her forbearance and his admiration for her sagacity in leaving him to a happy bachelor life.

HAPPY HEARTS.—Pleasant people make a dull day cheerful. They have somewhat of the same effect in a room as an open fireplace or bouquet of flowers; they make us feel for the time as if everybody was pleasant because they are. We cannot always explain why they are so pleasant. They may not be beautiful—they are often plain; they are not always robust people—they are sometimes invalids; they are not always the wittiest, but they possess a magic superior to all these, which dwarfs the wit and cleverness of others, and makes these of small value beside their own attractiveness.

WOMEN AS CRITICS.—Women make excellent critics, and their judgment is usually sound. "Molière," says Addison, "used to read all his comedies to his old housekeeper, as she sat with him at her work by the chimney corner, and could tell the success of his play in the theatre from the reception it met at his fireside, for he observed that the audience always followed the old woman, and never failed to laugh in the same place."

A REAL APRIL PASTORAL.

(Not by Mr. Austin Dobson)

He. Whither away, fair Jessamy?
She. *I go by a big fire to sit (shivers).*
He. Stay, let us stroll and spoon a bit.
She. *I've such a cowd I scarce cad see.*
He. The cowslips dapple all the lea.
She. *I wudder the poor thigs dote freeze.*
He. Come, sing an eclogue, sweet, with me.
She. *I cad do nothig else bud sdeeze.*
He. Dost thou not know it is the spring?
Is that the blackbird loud whistling?
She. *Do—the east wid. It caddot be.*
He. Farewell, then, sweetheart! Farewell, now!
She. *Farewedd. Where—aitchoo—goest thou?*
He (shuddering). To crouch by a big fire, like thou? —*Punch.*

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Oh, literary twins!
What pleasure do you give
To all your readers!
Whoe'er to read begins,
Can see your soldiers live
Among their leaders.
We feel the crash of war!
Pulsation is congeal'd
Before its terrors;
We hear the tumbril's jar,
With wounded from the field
And all its horrors.
We see the homely life
Of simple village maids
About the house;
We meet the thrifty wife,
Whose industry upbraids
Her careless spouse.
All tells the moral keen
From thoughtful men:
"Let quarrels cease!
Where war and strife have been,
Let order reign again,
With blessed peace!"

1. The chuck that turners use
When patterns intricate
Must needs be done.

2. Condemn'd his head to lose,
As traitor to the state,
Though he was none.
Brave soldier; seaman bold;
Historian; poet, too;
And courtier fine.

3. Italian town, we're told,
That conq'rors learn'd to rue
Its luscious wine
And soft delights; their strength
Was wasted, they became
The conquer'd then!

4. A saddler's son; at length,
His metaphysic fame
Grew among men.

5. A fabled monster, fed
On human flesh but slain
By prince's sword.

6. They near'd this town, then fled
Pursued across the plain.
With one accord
They turned—the ambush rose:
Hemm'd in between two bands,
The townsmen fell;
Their unrelenting foes
Destroy'd with vengeful hand
The town as well.

7. My flowers, blue or white,
Among a veil are hid
Of tangled green.

8. The bird, whose graceful flight
By Pharaoh's pyramid
Is often seen.

XIMENA.

OVER MY PORCH.

By CLARA THWAITES.

OVER my porch in beauty blows
Wreath and spray of the Banksia Rose,
Coy as a maiden, free as a child,
Sunny and sweet, untrained and wild.

Over my porch, and 'neath the eaves,
Nestles among the fluttering leaves,
A guild of faith and a guild of song,
A blithe and chattering swallow throng.

Over my porch, with slumb'rous boom,
Bees are busy among the bloom,
Honeyed labour from hour to hour
Deftly plying from flower to flower.

Over my porch, with kisses coy,
The White Rose greeteth the Travellers' Joy,
Under a canopy of snow
For rest and toil we come and go.

Over my porch are matins sung,
Evensong is as sweetly rung;
And fervid noon hath a call to praise
In trill and twitter and wild bird lays.

Service and song are all around,
Labour and joy in all abound;
All things serve Thee, and why not I?
With wings and laughter and minstrelsy.

JANET'S TRUST.

CHAPTER I.

"Oh, dear, I am tired of these hems and seams!" And the speaker, a tall girl of twelve, flung down her work, and looked mournfully out of the window.

"Would you like to run out and buy me some reels of cotton, dear?" asked a gentle voice from the other end of the room.

"Janet, you are a perfect darling! I am longing for a breath of air. How good of you to want cotton just at the right time."

"Very good of me, indeed," said Janet, with a smile. "So put on your hat and run off at once. But you must be quick back, Meta, for I have promised to finish this dress to-night."

"To-night! Oh, Janet, just when I feel so lazy."

"Yes, dear, it does seem hard; but it can't be helped. My little sister must overcome her laziness, and work as fast as she can."

"How tiresome! So I must hurry back in a minute. Dear, it is so provoking; I did so want to walk round by the Arcade."

"Well, dear, you must put off that little walk till we have less work on hand," said Janet, gently. "Perhaps George may take you out on Saturday afternoon."

"George; I don't want George, I want you. I want you to come out as you used to do, with your pretty bonnet and nice neat dress. Oh, Janet, Janet, is that life never to come back to us? Are we always to go on stitching at servants' dresses as we do now?"

"My dear Meta, why do you talk so? Of course we must go on with our dressmaking. What else can we do?"

"I don't know, I'm sure. But there's that property father told us about before he died. Will it never come?"

"Perhaps it may, Meta, some day. But in the meantime we must work and do what we can to be independent. Poor George stints himself to help us, and I cannot bear to take his money. My greatest wish is to be able to support ourselves entirely. Thank God, we can almost do so now."

"Yes; but that property? It makes me feel so cross when I think that those wretched papers, shut up in that old box, could bring us in money, and yet we sit sewing and stitching and——"

"My dear Meta, pray put such things out of your head, and think only of your work," said Janet, gravely. "Father told us those deeds might prove that we were heirs to a property. But he also said, that in order to prove our right we must have a lawsuit, and that would cost money. Now, we can never have any money but what we earn. So the best thing for us to do is to work as hard as possible."

"Oh, but it is such slow, stupid work, Janet. I think I'd rather go and sweep the crossing in Regent-street. It would be twice as much fun. That perpetual stitch, stitch, drives me wild."

"But, Meta, dear, it is better to sew than to starve. The money father left us barely pays our rent; so what are we to do? This dressmaking is a quiet way of earning our bread, and we should be thankful that we have been able to get on so well. It is dull work for you, I know; but if you will only try and do it cheerfully, you will soon find it much easier."

"Oh, Janet, Janet, if I were half as good and patient as you are!" cried Meta, throwing her arms round her sister's neck and kissing her. "But I will try and grow more like you; I will indeed."

"My poor little girl," whispered Janet, tenderly, as, pushing the fair hair back from the child's forehead, she looked lovingly into her eyes, "would that I could give you more happiness, and make your life a pleasanter one. But God has made us poor, dear, and, being poor, we must work hard. He knows what is best for us, Meta; and when He sends us troubles we must bow our heads and bear them cheerfully. And after all, darling, there are girls in London who are much worse off than we are—much more unhappy. So we must try to be content and do the work that God has chosen for us."

"Yes, Janet, and I'm sorry I grumbled so much; but I did feel so dull and tired. I will sit down now and go on with my work as fast as I can."

"No, dear; don't go back to your work yet, said Janet, gaily. Go out and have a little run. I want the cotton very badly, and a breath of fresh air will do you good, and sweep away all the cobwebs that are choking up your mind and making you low-spirited. See, I want two reels of blue cotton to match this pattern. So off you go, and come back looking bright and merry."

"But could you not come, Janet? You have been sitting still all day too."

"No, no, dearie, I cannot spare the time. I am a quiet girl, and don't mind sitting still a bit. Run away now, and get in again as soon as you can."

"Very well; I shall not be long, Janet," and, tying on her hat, Meta hurried from the room.

"Poor darling, poor darling!" said Janet with a sigh, as the door closed upon her sister. "How I wish I could do all the work and let you go to school again. But, alas! it is quite impossible. Oh, father, father, father, if you had only lived a little longer—or if I had known the truth a little sooner! But there, I am forgetting myself, and doing what I have just been telling Meta not to do—grumbling at the hardness of my fate. My God, give me a patient and a cheerful spirit." And, threading her needle, the girl went on with her work.

Janet and Meta Grey were orphans, and lived together in a small lodging near the Strand. They were very poor, and the only person to whom they could turn for assistance or advice was their cousin, George Moore, a lad of twenty, almost as poor as themselves, but whom they loved dearly, and looked upon as their brother.

Some two years before our story begins, their father had thrown up his business in New York and hurried off to London with his two girls and his nephew. He took comfortable rooms for them in the West End, and then left them to their own devices.

George entered an office in the city, and the girls attended classes and worked hard at their studies.

Then, when the day's work was over, George would hasten back for his "sisters," as he loved to call them, and carry them off to visit the picture galleries or to take a stroll through the park.

That John Grey was rich, none of them ever imagined, but as he seemed to have money for all they required, the young people asked no questions, and were extremely happy—enjoying everything that came their way without a thought or care for the future.

But at last their happiness received a sudden check. John Grey fell ill; and after many months of terrible suffering he died, leaving his two young daughters alone in the world.

"Janet," he said, as he lay on his death-bed, "I brought you from America hoping to make you rich; but I have failed, dear child, and, instead of leaving you rich, I leave you almost destitute. But listen, dearest. In that box," and he pointed to a tin case that stood at the foot of his bed, "are deeds and papers. Never part with them—no matter how poor you may become—for they may one day prove your right to a property in the North of England. To do this I gave up my employment in New York and lived here on what money I had. But a lawsuit would have cost too much, and so I could not establish your claim. But keep the deeds safe, dear. Keep them safe. George Moore, help my girls—be a brother to them."

George promised to love and cherish them as his sisters, and, comforted by his words, the sick man dropped into a quiet sleep.

The children watched beside him during the night; but as morning dawned his spirit passed away, and George did what he could to console the weeping girls.

When the funeral was over, and all things arranged, it was found that John Grey had made but scanty provision for his daughters, and that they were, indeed, almost destitute.

This was a cruel shock for the poor girls, but Janet was brave beyond her years, and determined to find some work to do at once.

A few pounds a year, just enough to pay a small rent and keep a roof over their heads, was all that their father had left them. This in itself was a great boon, and Janet thanked God that they had even that poor sum ensured to them. But having paid their rent they must eat and drink, and the girl spent many hours trying to think of some quiet occupation by which she might earn a little money, and so support her sister and herself.

George Moore pinched and saved, and gave what he could from his salary, stinting himself in every way that his friends might have food to eat. But this generosity was a source of real sorrow to Janet, and she resolved to put a stop to it as soon as possible.

But there are, unfortunately, few things for girls to do, and Janet was disappointed in everything she undertook.

But suddenly a happy thought came to her, and she resolved to put it in practice at once.

The girl's education had been neglected in many ways, but in one branch she had been well instructed—namely, needlework. So, feeling that she was clever at this, Janet resolved to try her hand at dressmaking. But who would give here work? She was a stranger in London; was it, then, likely that she should get any dresses to make? And as she asked herself these questions her heart sank low, and her hopes of success were crushed before she had fully thought out her plans.

But help came to her in a most unexpected manner.

One day the servant of the house in which she lodged complained bitterly of the high prices asked by the person to whom she was in the habit of giving her dresses to be made.

"I declare to you, miss," she said, "I have a nice piece of stuff that I bought cheap at a sale, but I can't afford to get it made up, that Mrs. Puff is that dear! If she puts a bit of a frill on a servant's dress, she charges as much as if we was ladies."

"Give your stuff to me, Bridget!" said Janet, eagerly. "I will make it well and quickly, and do it for half what she charged you for your last dress."

Bridget was lost in astonishment at the young lady's request, and would not consent to such an arrangement. But as Janet pressed her hard she at last yielded, and handed her over her material; and when the dress was finished it was quite a success. Bridget was delighted, and showed it off proudly to her friends; they admired it greatly, and soon sent in their own stuffs to be made up in the same manner.

So at last Janet found herself with plenty of work, and had the pay been good she might have managed to live in tolerable comfort; but it was wretchedly small, and she found it a hard struggle to make ends meet. Still, she never complained either of the dulness of her occupation or of the days of keen anxiety she had to endure.

But Meta was not so patient, and, growing weary of hemming frills, would indulge in outbursts of temper that pained and vexed her kind-hearted sister.

And yet Janet did what she could to brighten the child's life and give her variety. All the messages were done by Meta, and even when she lingered by the way longer than was necessary the girl never rebuked her, but listened gladly to the stories she had to tell of where she had been and whom she had met.

And so, on this afternoon on which our story begins, Janet hurried her little sister off for a walk, and remained alone, sewing steadily at her work. She stitched on till the light grew dim, and yet Meta did not return.

"What can have become of the child?" she murmured. "She promised to be back soon. Where can she have gone to? It is much too late for her to be out alone." Then she lighted a candle and went on with her sewing.

But presently, as she began to grow really anxious about her sister, a peal of merry laughter was heard on the stairs, a scuffling noise, the sound of running feet, and the door was burst open, and Meta entered the room, followed by George Moore.

"Oh, Janet, Janet, I bring you such good news, dear," cried the little girl, flinging herself into her sister's arms. "We are never to be poor again, darling, so give me that horrible dress."

"Hush, Meta, dear," said Janet, smiling. "Has the fresh air gone to your head?"

"No, Janie, but the good news has. George, come forward and tell her all about it."

"Why, George, are you there?" said Janet, giving him her hand. "I did not see you standing back in the shadow. Well, what is this wonderful news?"

"The news is this, Janet. To-day a gentleman came to me at the office. He had heard that I was connected with you, and wishes to make you an offer through me. He says he is the person against whom you would have the lawsuit if you tried to claim that property your father told you about. Well ——"

"Well," cried Janet eagerly, "what does he say, George?"

"He says," replied George, with a ring of triumph in his voice, "that if you will give up all those deeds and papers, and promise never to come forward or try to take a lawsuit against him, he will give you and Meta five hundred pounds at once."

"Five hundred pounds! Just fancy," cried Meta, joyfully. "Isn't that splendid news, Janet dear."

"Splendid news, indeed, darling, if we had the money," said Janet, smiling. "But it will not be ours, Meta."

"Not ours. Oh, but why?"

"Because," replied Janet firmly, "nothing will persuade me to give up those deeds; and so I must refuse the five hundred pounds."

(To be continued.)

HOW TO CHOOSE A PIANOFORTE, AND KEEP IT IN ORDER.

SECOND LETTER.

"THE social importance of the piano is, beyond question, far greater than that of any other instrument of music. One of the most marked changes in the habits of society as civilisation advances is with respect to the character of its amusements. Formerly, nearly all such amusements were away from home and in public; now, with the more educated portion of society, the greatest part is at home and within the family circle—music on the piano contributing the greatest portion of it. In the more fashionable circles of cities private concerts increase year by year, and in them the piano is the principal feature. Many a man, engaged in commercial and other active pursuits, finds the chief charm of the drawing-room in the intellectual enjoyment afforded by the piano.

"In many parts of Europe this instrument is the greatest solace of the studious and the solitary. Even steam and sailing vessels for passengers on long voyages are now obliged by the fixed habits of society to be furnished with pianofortes; thus transferring to the ocean itself something of the character of home enjoyments.

"By the use of the piano, many who never visit the opera or the concerts become thoroughly acquainted with the choicest dramatic and orchestral compositions. This influence of the piano is not confined to them, but extends to all classes; and while considerable towns have often no orchestra, families possess the best possible substitute, making them familiar with the finest compositions. The study of such compositions, and the application necessary for their proper execution, may be and ought to be made the means of greatly improving the general education, habits, and tastes of pianoforte students, and thus exerting an elevating influence in addition to that refined and elegant pleasure which it directly dispenses."—*Sigismund Thalberg.*

I have begun my second letter by a long quotation from M. Thalberg's remarks to the Grand Jury of the International Exhibition of 1851, both because they are not likely to come under your observation in any other way, and because of the singular ability and wide experience of their writer in all matters relating to the pianoforte—that beloved instrument upon whose career I would write to you; for it would be difficult, without some knowledge of the subject, to realise the amount of skilled mental and physical labour necessary to produe that most complex instrument, a grand pianoforte. I might also add, the amount of capital necessarily sunk in maintaining the various trades concerned in its production. For consider: a grand piano is composed of about 5,000 different pieces. These pieces are of different materials. The woods selected are of the peculiar kinds best suited for the particular work they have to do; as oak from Riga, deal from Norway, fir from Switzerland, pine from America, mahogany from Honduras, beef wood from the Brazils, birch from Canada, cedar from South America, beech, lime tree, pear tree, sycamore, and white holly from England, ebony from Ceylon, Spanish mahogany from Cuba, rosewood from Rio de Janeiro, satin wood from the East Indies, zebra wood from the Brazils, and other fancy woods; and these are all needed, chosen from the finest sorts of each, and all seasoned in the manner hinted at in my first letter.

Then we want woollen fabrics; and these, remember, are all made for the one special purpose, so as to produce a material most exactly fitted for the duty it has to perform. And this, you will see, is one of the advantages of great manufacturers, that these stuffs are made at different factories, of specially-prepared materials, so as to produce the best effect in the particular service for which they are required.

Baize—green, blue, and brown. Cloth of various and peculiar make. Felt, also of peculiar make.

Various sorts of leathers, as buffalo, saddle, basil, calf, doeskin, seal, sheepskin, morocco, sole.

Of metals, various, such as iron, steel, brass, gun metal, steel wire, steel spun wire, copper-covered wire.

Of other various materials, such as ivory, black-lead, glue, bees wax, French polish, spirits of wine, &c.

These materials must all be of the best possible kinds; the timber especially being the most important, must be selected of the soundest quality; it requires to be thoroughly seasoned (a process often of several years), and must then be dried by artificial heat before it is worked for use. A similar degree of care must be taken in the selection and preparation of all the other materials, or the quality of the instrument will suffer.*

We will come to the trades employed in the manufacture of these materials into the pianofortes, large or small, which issue from these factories.

Will you think that I exaggerate in saying that they are many, when I can tell you they are these:—

1, The key maker; 2, the hammer maker; 3, the check maker; 4, the damper maker; 5, the damper lifter maker; 6, the notch maker; 7, the hammer leatherer; 8, the beam maker; 9, the brass stud maker; 10, the brass bridge maker; 11, the wrest pin maker; 12, the metallic brace maker; 13, the metallic plate maker; 14, the steel arch maker; 15,

* For the particulars in the text we are indebted to the courtesy of the Messrs. Broadwood.

the transverse bar maker; 16, the spun string maker?

Then for the body of the instrument—

17, The sawyer; 18, the bent side maker; 19, the case maker; 20, the bracer; 21, the bottom maker; 22, the sounding board maker; 23, the belly man; 24, the marker off; 25, the stringer; 26, the finisher; 27, the rougher up; 28, the tuner; 29, the regulator of action; 30, the regulator of tones; 31, the top maker; 32, the plinther; 33, the pouter; 34, the canvas frame maker; 35, the lyre maker; 36, the leg block maker; 37, the leg maker; 38, the turner; 39, the carver; 40, the gilder; 41, the scraper; and 42, the polisher.

I could give you the detailed work executed by the men of these 42 different trades, and the particular use and need of all the materials I have named. It is almost unnecessary to add that all the hands employed in the manufacture must be well skilled in their several departments, and that the whole of the operations (but most particularly those connected with the framing and action) must be done with the utmost care, or a good result cannot follow. It is moreover necessary, in order to ensure the good quality of the instrument, that the work be not hurried, but that it should progress slowly and gradually to completion. A grand pianoforte usually remains in hand about six months.

After this summary of special materials from all parts of the world, specially-prepared fabrics, specially-seasoned and prepared woods, specially-trained trades (42 of these) engaged in the formation and putting together of the 5,000 separate pieces which, properly chosen and united, form that wonderful whole which we, in our ignorance, think so simple, is it wonderful that a fine piano, a really noble one, should be the creation of the few great names, and should be simply impossible to the charlatan, to the needy workman, to the poor shopkeeper?

The perfection of our grand modern instruments by the best makers in houses like that of Broadwood, Collard, Hopkinson, Erard, of France, Streicher, of Vienna, Schiedmayer, and others, is the result of a century of inventions (and perfecting of inventions), carried out by an army of workmen headed, guided, and watched over by leaders who had every assistance from science, every force of accumulated capital, every advantage from the combined skill of the band of friendly musicians who crowded round them, true artists whose zeal was intensified by their sense of the requirements of modern music, and their experience of musical art; and let me remind you that not only the whole series of inventions, but every part of the construction has, in turn, been the focus of the concentrated attention and the continued experiments of the best makers. Simple as the *hammer* looks, there are 150 years of thought and experiment in it. It required half a century to exhaust the different kinds of wood, bone, and cork necessary for its perfection; and when, about 1760, the idea was conceived of covering the hammers with something soft, another century was to elapse before all the leathers and fabrics had been tried, and *felt* found to be the *ne plus ultra*.

Making a piano is not like any other construction. *Given* all those various materials gathered from all quarters of the globe, and properly chosen and seasoned; *given* all that army of trained and skilled workmen (the best of their kind in 42 trades), still, like the story of the Sleeping Beauty in the Wood, before the trades can begin to work, the wheels to turn, the hammer to clink, the steam engines to puff and whirr, and all the hum and stir of factory life even to begin, the fairy prince who has to touch the spring of all this world of busy activity, has had to conjure with busy brain the spells of mathematical calculations and laws of sound, the number of vibrations which would correctly produce each tone. Have you ever thought of this part of the subject, or has it seemed to you that the piano, like the watch to Paley's savage, came together by a happy chance collection of atoms? or like Topsy in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," did you "'spects it growed"? And this is not all! The exact curves which regulate the length of the strings must be found; also the laws of strength which would enable the maker to produce a frame capable of resisting the tremendous tension necessary to produce those grand tones. For here comes another difficulty. Do you know, or can you imagine, the strength of frame necessary to a grand pianoforte? There is an old Arab saying that "an arch never sleeps"; and even so the perpetual strain on the strength of a piano never ceases.

The *Atlantic Monthly*, from which I have already quoted, says on this matter:—

"The reader has seen, doubtless, a piano with the top taken off; but perhaps it has never occurred to him what a tremendous *pull* those fifty or sixty strings are keeping up, day and night, from one year's end to another. The shortest and thinnest string of all pulls two hundred and sixty pounds—about as much as we should care to lift; and the entire *pull* of the strings of a grand piano is sixty pounds less than twenty tons, *a load for twenty cart horses*." The *Encyclopædia Britannica* gives a slightly lower estimate, and says, "The remarkable improvements in the drawing of cast-steel wire produced in Birmingham, Vienna, and Nuremberg . . . have rendered very high tensions practicable. We believe that they have been overstated in figures; it is certain, however, that Broadwood's seven-octave grands have a tension of not less than *sixteen tons* when at the English orchestral pitch, the notes of the ideal length each drawing 450 pounds."

Now, if each string is to be wound up to this tremendous strain, do you not see how carefully the frame which is to bear such a strain—through heat and cold—through damp and draught, and the jolting of carriage and travel, must be made and put together? how great and how scientifically accurate the mental work must be which must precede any good mechanical result? Does this seem to you an easy task, or one to be carried out by those who have neither science nor capital at their command?

As a great author says: "A lady is the special and choicest product of centuries of Christianity and civilisation"; so a piano is the product of nearly two centuries of the most intense thought and science, aided by organisation and capital.

Would you like to know something of its antecedents? for the history of the piano, even such few glimpses of its course as I may find space to give you, is a most suggestive one.

I have only time to give you, as it were, a few pictures from history, with so much regret at the multiplicity of facts, incidents, and pleasant traits of character and of old times I must pass over and leave behind me; but it may be a hint to you of many hours' delight you may gain from a more extended study of the subject, and you may learn to look at a piano, which has such a past, and has been trained to beauty by the devotion of so many generations, with much more intelligent interest.

Lord Bacon says: "All young things are at first misshapen and ugly"; which is very true of most things. Indeed, one can only refer to any exception from the sayings of so wise a man, by saying that the exception will in this case prove the rule. But the piano, our sensitive Pegasus who is to bear the divine forms of harmony and the poetry of sound from the high regions, whence they descend into the hearts and souls of men, was born beautiful (I wish I could show you a drawing of the gravi-cembolo, belonging to the Duke of Modena, in the Florence Museum) in the land of glowing colours and of golden sunshine, in the heart of Italy, where the pure light resembled its clear tones, and the resplendent colours of earth and sky its rich harmonies and contrasts of light and shade.

Indeed, the kinship of the young queen of instruments to the master of poetry in colour was curiously indicated when Farinelli, the great singer, caused the name of Raffælle di Urbino to be painted on his most precious pianoforte—not the harpsichord bequeathed to him by Elisabetta Farnese, Queen of Spain, who in her native Italy had learnt to love music but—a pianoforte made in Florence in 1730. So we look through our pictures from history, and we can dimly descry a faint form of the oldest ancestor of the pianoforte race in the palace of the Duke Alfonso of Modena (very incomplete, doubtless, still the chrysalis to emerge one day a radiant creature from its shell), made by Paglianino, whom we find seizing the opportunity of a brother's visit to Venice to get materials to repair the one, and to make another after its model; and this throws a light upon the difficulties of that time in getting together materials, for the roads were difficult and dangerous, and supplies of curious necessaries for new inventions very hard to get.

We pass on a hundred years to 1709, and see in Florence the palace of the Medici rises before you, grand and stately, where lived Prince Ferdinand dei Medici, who was an eminent musician, and deeply skilled in mathematical and mechanical science. And to him comes on a visit the Marchese Scipione Maffei. Now, the Prince at Maffei's request, and that of two other eminent scholars, had accepted the protectorship of a new publication (see the use of these journals, ancestors of such a large and influential family) called the "Giornale dei Letterati d'Italia." We see Maffei at Florence, being conducted over the beautiful Medici palace and its treasures of art, but most struck by four specimens of a new kind of instrument, called Piano e Forte, by Bartolommeo Cristofori, a Paduan harpsichord maker, which he saw and narrowly examined, amongst the Prince's collection of at least forty musical instruments. He is so struck by them that he writes a detailed account of these wonderful instruments in the new number of the "Giornale" in 1711, with a careful diagram of its mechanism. Now the curious part of this story is to come. The invention seems to have gone to sleep in Italy, but the next scene in this eventful history is not in *Italy*, but in *Germany*, where Marchese Maffei's essay in the "Giornale" has been translated in 1725, by the Dresden Court poet, König,* who was a friend of Silbermann, the renowned organ builder and harpischord maker. The beauty of the invention seems to have fired the two friends, and by 1726 (only one year later) Silbermann had made two similar instruments. It is a delightful circumstance that, while we have the very instruments Cristofori made, one of 1720 and one of 1726, now in the Kraus Museum at Florence, we have also Silbermann's pianos still existing in the palaces of Frederick the Great at Potsdam. Musicians may satisfy themselves that Silbermann reproduced the Cristofori framing, stringing, inverted wrest plank, and action complete. These pianos are known to have belonged to Frederick the Great, and to have been aqcuired by him before John Sebastian Bach's visit to him in 1747.

Then Bach came to England, and, inspired by the wish to furnish him with instruments such as he had played on at home, a small

* The translation may be read in "Oscar Paul's Geschichte des Cloveus," Leipsic, 1868.

army of pioneers worked away at attempts to produce the piano here. Amongst these we see Americus Backers (said to be a Dutchman) gain the first place; but the wise man went *to headquarters (where they* say you should always go if you wish to do or learn anything), and made what is called the *English* action, though it is based on Cristofori and Silbermann.

There is an old playbill of Covent Garden in Messrs. Broadwood's possession, dated the 16th May, 1767, which has the following announcement, end of act 1: "Miss Brickler will sing a favourite song from Judith, accompanied by Mr. Dibdin on a new instrument called the Pianoforte." The mind at once reverts to Backers as the probable maker of this novelty, for between 1772 and 1776 (the year of his death) he produced the action continued in the direct principle to this day by the firm of Broadwood, or with reversed lever and hammer, both introduced by the firm of Collard in 1835.*

Americus Backers worked hard, but he did not work alone, in the hard battle of bringing his pianofortes to perfection, and forcing them to the front in the teeth of the difficulties which beset all inventors, especially at that time any who clashed with the claims of the great harpsichord makers of that day, Jacob Kirkman and Burckhardt Tschudi.

Writing of friendship, Lord Bacon says:—"If he has not a friend it is better for him to quit the stage;" but, as I told you, he was not alone. He had a friend, John Broadwood, the ancestor of the great firm which still bears his name—as the record says, a man of large and liberal mind, gentle manners, and of highest moral worth. He was of an old Scotch family who lived near Dunbar.

And John Broadwood had a very clever apprentice, Robert Stodart; and we may see the old man, Americus Backers, in a quaint old workroom, surrounded by the apparatus of his inventions, working away with his two young comrades at solving the difficult problems of this new and beautiful creation of their own; and in spite of all opposition, day by day and night after night they worked and prospered.

But their rivals also were no ordinary men. Jacob Kirkman came to England about 1760, and worked with the celebrated Tadel, the harpsichord maker, till his death; and then, by a curious kind of courtship, married his master's widow, "by which prudent measure," as Rimbault observes, "he became possessed of all his master's seasoned woods, tools, and stock-in-trade." So you see Cupid and Plutus ran in harness before the car of Hymen. Kirkman himself told the singular manner in which he gained the widow, which was not by a regular siege, but by storm.

"He told her, one fine morning at breakfast, that he was determined to be married that day before twelve o'clock. Mrs. Tadel, in great surprise, asked him to whom he was going to be married, and why so soon? The 'finisher' told her he had not yet determined whom he should marry, and that if she wou'd have him, he would give her the preference. The lady wondered at his precipitancy, hesitated full half an hour, but he, continuing to swear the business must be done before twelve o'clock that day, at length she surrendered. . . Kirkman lived long enough to stock the whole kingdom with his instruments, and amass great wealth."

Now for the other rival to Backers and Broadwood.

Burckhardt Tschudi, who was a cadet of a noble Swiss family belonging to the canton of Glarus, or rather the canton of Glarus had belonged to them—came to London to make his fortune, became pupil of the Flemish master Tadel, before mentioned, was the neighbour and great friend of Handel, who got him the patronage of the royal family, and often dined with him in Great Pulteney Street, in the same house where the firm of Broadwood is still carried on. M. Tschudi became a firm friend to John Broadwood, to whom he gave his daughter, while he took him into partnership with his son.

We must now return to Robert Stodart, at first John Broadwood's apprentice, and the ancestor of another great English house, who seems to have been the first to work out Backer's plans with his grand pianofortes—a designation he was also the first to give them; for John Broadwood, having probably been held back by his partnership with his brother-in-law in the harpsichord business, had devoted his attention to the construction of the square pianos, which he brought out in 1780, allowing Stodart to take the lead with the grand pianos, with which he soon made a considerable reputation. So these were the foremost men who, like the great Romans in the song of Horatius, "kept the bridge of old," and fought the great array of difficulties for the royal progress of the "queen of instruments."

(*To be continued.*)

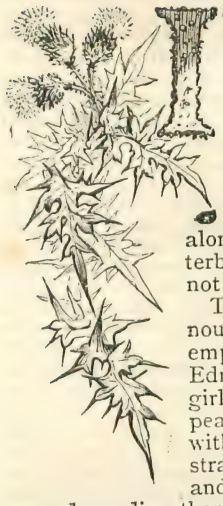
* I must refer you to my authorities, the "Encyclopædia Britannica," and the exhaustive article in Grove's "Dictionary of Music," for infinitely more technical explanations of the mechanism than I have space to give.

MY BROTHER'S FRIEND.

By EGLANTON THORNE, Author of "The Old Worcester Jug," etc.

CHAPTER XV.

REVELATIONS.



"Is it not time the post should arrive, Dorothy?"

"Almost," I replied, rising from my chair, and leaning over the balustrade of the balcony that I might gaze as far as possible along the road to Lauterbrunnen, "but I do not see her yet."

The feminine pronoun I thus vaguely employed referred, as Edmund knew, to the girl who usually appeared at this hour with a huge letter bag strapped to her back, and sundry small packages depending therefrom, or carried in her hands, as she found most convenient.

We were on the balcony, Edmund and I, he reclining in a long, deep, easy chair. As I moved back to my place at the little table, my eyes fell on my brother, and I perceived, with a thrill of pain, how very white and worn he was looking in the clear, bright light of the morning. How hollow were his cheeks; how sharpened his features; what a sad pathetic look there was in his sunken eyes! Was it my fancy, or had his face wasted rapidly during the past week? Alas! alas! I feared it was no fancy; there were too many tokens that my brother's strength was declining.

It was now September, and for ten weeks we had enjoyed the beauty of this lovely retreat. In that time we had become well acquainted with the mountain forms on which we daily looked. Every buttress and pinnacle of the snowy range was familiar to us, and we loved them under all aspects, whether shining forth in the clear light of early morning, or dimly seen through a veil of mist, or rising from a sea of billowy clouds, or when their summits were gilded with the ineffable glory of the sunset afterglow. We had learnt to love the clouds, which wrought such weird, fantastic, wonderful effects, scarcely less than the mountains. How lovely it was to watch in the morning, ere yet the sun had gained much power, the ghost-like mist stealing up the valley till it wrapped itself as a winding sheet about the sides of the mountains, and then to see, as the sun rose above the highest peak, how the mist shrank away, and dispersed in broken wreaths! Or to mark the devotion with which a fleecy cloudlet would woo some lordly peak, now nestling close to its side, and anon timidly retreating, floating higher, and brooding over the object of its love, fading, then gathering anew, constant to the last moment of its brief existence. Or, when night fell, to watch, as the moon slowly rose behind the mountain wall, some bird-like cloud hovering above, illumined by its rising beams, and growing ever more luminous, till the bright disc glided into sight, and the mystery was at an end.

Edmund enjoyed these visions as few can enjoy them. They fired his imagination, and set his poetic fancy in play. He was so happy during the first few weeks of our stay that I could not but be happy too. We met with pleasant people in the pension, and often had a merry party about us as we wandered through the pine woods, or rested in the shade of the trees. I do not know when I first perceived that my brother was not making the progress I had expected. A marked improvement seemed to set in after our arrival at the pension, but, unhappily, it was only a temporary improvement. Soon my brother's strength once more declined.

There was not much change from day to day, but gradually Edmund's walks grew shorter and shorter; he ceased to speak of the longer excursions we should take when he was strong enough, and at last grew too languid to climb the green slopes to the pine woods at the back of the house, and preferred to pass the day

resting in his chair on the balcony if the day were warm, or lying, wrapped in rugs, on the couch in his room when the air was keen. And the wearying cough, which had never entirely ceased, became more and more troublesome. Heavy grew my heart beneath the weight of these bitter facts, but still I clung to hope. I could not, I would not, acknowledge that the hopes with which I had started on my journey to Switzerland were doomed to disappointment.

"Edmund," I said now, as I bent to draw his wraps more closely about him, "I think that if Ralph Dugdale does not soon appear, we had better leave this place. It is getting too cold for you to remain at such a height. The air this morning was a trifle too keen, even for me, and it has an edge to it still, although the sun is so warm."

"I do not think the cold hurts me as long as the air is so dry," he replied, "and we shall surely hear from Ralph in a day or two."

I went back to my place, and began to read to Edmund a new poem with which I was delighted. It has since become well known, and a favourite with many readers.

"She was not as pretty as women I know,
And yet all your best, made of sunshine and snow,
Drop to shade, melt to nought, in the long-trodden ways,
While she's still remembered on warm and cold days—
My Kate.

"Her air had a meaning, her movements a grace;
You turned from the fairest to gaze on her face,
And when you had once seen her forehead and mouth,
You saw as distinctly her soul and her truth—
My Kate.

"Such a blue inner light from her eyelids outbroke,
You looked at her silence, and fancied she spoke;
When she did, so peculiar yet soft was the tone,
Though the loudest spoke also, you heard her alone—
My Kate."

When I had read these three verses I paused, and turning to my brother asked, "Does that remind you of anyone?"

"Yes," he answered, without a moment's hesitation.

"Of whom?"

"Tell me first of whom you are thinking," he returned.

"Oh, I was thinking of Grace West. This poem exactly describes her."

"Yes," said Edmund, quietly; "I, too, thought of Mrs. West."

"Dear me! How strange that we should think of the same person!"

"Not at all strange. We could but think of the same. Where would you find another woman like Mrs. West?"

I made no reply, not because I did not share my brother's high estimate of our friend; but I was wondering at the abrupt, constrained manner in which he spoke. At that moment I heard someone tapping at my bedroom door. Stepping into my room I hastened to open the door, "Letters, mademoiselle." It was the Swiss chambermaid, and she smiled as she gave me the letters, knowing how welcome they would be. There were two, and both were for me. As I carried them to the balcony I was conscious only that one was from Mrs. Lyell.

"No letter from Ralph?" asked Edmund, turning to me with an anxious glance.

I shook my head. My mind was too preoccupied to think of offering him consolation. As I sat down and began to open Mrs. Lyell's letter, the other letter fell unheeded on my lap, the address upwards.

Mrs. Lyell's letter was very kind, as her letters always were. It showed no diminution of the affectionate interest she took in me, and yet there was that in the letter which stung me. Did Mrs. Lyell really think it would please me to know that Rose Carsdale—for thus Mrs. Lyell now spoke of her—was so kind and attentive, and that she and Leonard came in almost every day? Yes, I could not doubt my old friend's sincerity; but oh! how bitter to me was the thought that those three, Mrs. Lyell, Miss Carsdale, and Leonard, were always together! Too well I knew what a quiet, unobtrusive third person Mrs. Lyell could be; how she would sit absorbed in her book or thinking her gentle thoughts, and hear nothing that others said in her presence, except when it was especially addressed to her. Dark and bitter grew my spirit as I read over and over again the words of the letter, making the most of every suggestion that could feed my jealousy. For I had not been able to forget Leonard Glynne. How could I, in a life that afforded so much leisure for dreaming, with no active duties save the simple services Edmund required at my hand? It was harder to forget him here than it had been at Ventnor, for he had talked to me much of his experiences when travelling in Switzerland, and every day some novel incident of our Swiss life, some fern or flower, would remind me of his words.

"Your letter seems to be very interesting." Edmund's voice thus roused me from my unhappy meditations. I coloured as I awoke to the consciousness that he had been watching me intently for some minutes. There was a shadow on his brow as he spoke. He seemed vexed with me for caring so much about the letter.

"Yes, it is interesting," I answered; "it is from Mrs. Lyell, and she, of course, has a good deal to tell me that I care to hear."

"You cannot care much about your other correspondent," he said, in a tone that betrayed some irritation, "since you can read an old woman's letter two or three times before you take a glance at hers."

"Hers! Whose?" I asked, looking at the letter that lay in my lap. "Oh, it is from Grace West!" I added, as I recognised the small, delicate writing, clear as copperplate; "did you see that it was from her?"

"I—I fancied it looked like her writing," he said, rather falteringly.

"Why, she is at Interlaken!" I exclaimed, as I began to read the letter; "they are all there, Mr. and Mrs. Dugdale, and Ralph too. Ralph is coming on here to-morrow. There's good news for you."

But my brother did not look so pleased as I expected. He did not smile, nor even turn towards me; he sat with downcast eyes, his face very pale. Instinctively I felt that he was putting some restraint on himself. "Is Ralph coming alone?" he asked, very quietly.

"Oh, yes, I suppose so. Grace says nothing of anyone else coming. Did you think that she might accompany him?"

"Well, yes, I fancied that she might like to see this place."

I discerned that it cost my brother an effort to answer my question with an appearance of indifference.

"I wish she would come," I remarked; "but Grace and her parents are going on to Grindelwald. It is a favourite place of Mrs. Dugdale's. She says it would be nice if we could meet there. Would you like it, Edmund?"

The faint glow which instantly kindled in his cheeks gave me a truer answer than his careless, "Perhaps; we must think about it."

Then the truth flashed on me. There was little to demonstrate it; Edmund had guarded well his secret, yet at that moment I knew intuitively that Grace West was to him what Leonard Glynne was to me. Stay, let me speak the truth as I know it now—my brother loved Grace with a pure, strong, selfless love of which I was incapable.

I recognised the fact beyond all doubt. One memory after another revived to confirm it, till I wondered that I had been blind to it so long. Grace was some years older than my brother, but that was no hindrance to his loving her. He was the man to be attracted by a woman's spiritual rather than physical beauties. He had a high ideal of womanly excellence, and the woman he chose must be one whom he could reverence as well as admire. How could he help loving her? I say to myself now. "We needs must love the highest when we see it." And all who could really understand Grace, not everyone could, failed not to love and honour her.

But I was hardly conscious of loving Grace at that moment. The truth came home to me with a sharp and selfish pain. All my latent jealousy was roused. Amidst my trials and disappointments I had ever consoled myself with the thought that my brother at least was all my own. He needed me if no other did; I was everything to him. What a blow shattered this belief when I discovered that another had the first place in his heart! Grace West stood between us.

I cared not whether Edmund noticed how abruptly I left him. It was not yet time to prepare for the midday meal, but

I went away and shut myself in my own room till the bell sounded. Edmund did not call me back. "He will not miss me," I thought, "he will like to sit alone and think of Grace, and count on seeing her at Grindelwald."

After luncheon, Edmund lay down for a while, hoping to get a little sleep. Unhappy and restless, I wandered forth alone, carefully avoiding the company of any of the ladies who were lodging in the pension.

Instinctively I chose the easier, the downward way, and descended one of the steep little paths that ran down the mountain side into a little valley lying between the mountains to the right of our pension. It was a pleasant path I followed, and soon led me into the shade of pine trees. Steeper and steeper grew the way as I drew nearer to the torrent that roared through the valley, being fed by a glacier at its head. Gradually my walking was exchanged for climbing; but by the help of my alpenstock I was able to press on, scrambling through bushes and over boulders till at last I gained the high bank above the stream. Here I found myself in a wilderness of lovely things, old moss-grown trees about whose roots the fragile oak-fern and sturdier beech-fern were growing luxuriously; patches of ground on which the low whortleberry bush grew thickly, tempting me with a profusion of its purple black fruit; a few wild strawberries lingering here and there, finer and redder than any I had seen before; brambles throwing their amber and vermilion-coloured leaves across the path, and scattered everywhere flowers of the loveliest and most varied hues—large, silvery thistles, grand enough to deck a queen, purple gentians, turquoise-blue forget-me-nots that would put our English ones to shame, with blue and white campanulas, as fine as any a garden could show.

Wild, angry, rebellious thoughts had been working in my mind as I made my way down. It was very hard, I told myself, that I should be robbed of all that was most dear to me in life. One precious love after another had been taken from me. Howard Steinthorpe had supplanted me in my sister's affections, death had deprived me of my father, Rose Carsdale was filling my place with Mrs. Lyell, and charming Leonard Glynne into forgetfulness of any faint interest he might have felt in me, and now Edmund, whom I had believed to be my very own, in whose life I could yesterday have declared that I stood first, had given his best love to another! How wronged and wretched I felt! There seemed no longer any place for me in the world. No one loved me best; no one wanted me. My feelings were none the less bitter that I knew them to be utterly unreasonable. There was within me a dim consciousness that when my mental emotion should subside my better self would reproach me. For had not Edmund as much right to feel injured as I? What if he craved the first place in my heart, could I honestly say that it was his? How many hours of the past had been filled with thoughts of another! And how often even now did the image of that other cross my mind!

Only gradually, however, did these considerations bring me to a better frame of mind. I was still possessed by perverse, angry imaginations as I strolled amidst the greenness and beauty by the riverside, though nature's sweet influences were beginning to soften my mood.

Presently I came to a woodcutter's shed beneath the pines, and seated myself on one of the felled trunks that lay beside it. It was a lovely spot. A few feet below where I sat rushed the torrent, foaming and dashing over the stones with a roar which was delightful to my ears. On the opposite side of the deep gorge, through which the river cut its way, rose tall pine trees, tapering one above the other, till at a vast height their delicate pinnacles were pencilled against the sky. Here and there a bare, precipitous mountain side showed through their sombre foliage, with other tiny firs fringing its summit. The sun was shining brilliantly on the stream, but beneath the pines there was welcome shade, and a deliciously cool breeze blew from the mountain heights, odorous with the delightful perfume of the pines. The woodcutter's shed was deserted, and I enjoyed perfect solitude, broken only by those voices of nature, which, as Keble truly says,

"Make deep silence in the heart,
For thought to do her part."

In that stillness I experienced a swift reaction of feeling. My proud sense of injury gave place to shame and contrition.

I was heartily ashamed of my outburst of temper; I despised myself for the mean, selfish feelings of which it was the outcome. As I thought of Edmund now, my heart throbbed with emotion of another kind. To think that self-love should have made me oblivious of all that this discovery I had made meant for him. Poor Edmund, whose life was so uncertain! My own experience taught me that this love of his must cause him much silent suffering. It would have done so probably in any case, but his circumstances were such as would intensify the suffering. Had he not been the invalid he was, had his position been such as would justify his seeking Grace's love, I could not believe that he would win it. From what I had seen of her, and from a few words she had once said to me, I felt convinced that Grace was one of those with whom to love once was to love for ever, and that she would not tolerate the idea of a second marriage. But what of that? Alas! alas! I could not hide from myself the truth. Too surely my heart told me that there could be no such union for Edmund. He was drifting, drifting away from all the loves of earth. And in the presence of that sore fact, what did it matter whether Grace or I were the dearest to him? With the thought came a shower of blinding tears, shutting out all the beauty that surrounded me.

The tears soon passed. Something prompted me to lift my head, and look around. Then I saw a glorious sight. From above the mass of dark pines, which lay behind, looked down on me a mighty, snow-crested peak, shining in purest radiance against a cloudless sky. It was the Jungfrau, of which I caught a side view, and, peeping over her shoulder as it were, appeared the unsullied, resplendent dome of the Silberhorn.

Wonderful seemed the vision that broke so suddenly on my view. It had for me the force of a revelation—a revelation of the majesty and holiness of God and my own utter vileness and meanness. What could I do but cry unto Him who made me and made also the magnificence I beheld?

"Oh, Thou who art all purity, power, love," my heart cried, "have mercy on me, Thy unworthy creature; deliver me from my low, mean, selfish feelings, the feelings which I know to be hateful, even whilst I cherish them. Lift me out of myself. Raise me to a higher, purer, nobler life. Make of me something better than I am."

I waited, yearning for some response, some whisper from above that should promise deliverance. As I watched, the clouds slowly drifted again across the snowy mountain, and its glory vanished from my sight.

The wind rustled the pines, the torrent roared, the foaming water gleamed in the sunshine; all was as before. Yet was my prayer heard, for no such prayer is vain. When I rose and took my way back to the pension by an easier path than the one I had descended, my heart was quiet, my selfish cravings had ceased.

As I approached the house there came into sight on the path which ascended on the other side of it, a traveller, attended by a peasant carrying luggage. The gentleman's appearance seemed familiar, and at the second glance I recognised Ralph Dugdale. Apparently he saw me at the same moment, and we hurried forward to greet each other.

"I am so glad you have come," I said, warmly, as we shook hands; "Edmund will be so pleased. We did not expect you till to-morrow."

"Why, how is that? Did not Grace tell you?"

"Yes, but she said to-morrow."

"I expect her to-morrow meant to-day," said Ralph, smiling.

"Oh, to be sure! How stupid of me to make such a mistake! And I misled Edmund too! But come in."

"First tell me how your brother is," said Ralph, pausing on the threshold of the house. "Has he been getting on as you hoped?"

The question, put with evident anxiety, overwhelmed me. Tears rose to my eyes, my lips quivered; for a moment I could not speak. Then I said, falteringly, "You will see for yourself."

He looked at me, his eyes full of grave, sad comprehension, and asked no more. We went indoors.

(To be continued.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

JAN. 16TH.—Yes, there are many half-hour reading societies, and amongst them that of Miss Young, Grove, Hollington, St. Leonards-on-Sea, Sussex, and Miss Lilian Hudson Reigate Lodge, Reigate, Surrey, and Miss Ada Carson, Chylton Dene, Surbiton, Surrey. We could not possibly "recommend a pen." A very soft one, with rather a fine point, would suit a free, artistic hand, or any delicate small one.

JEANNE D'ARC.—A nursery governess of nineteen might expect a great deal more than she is likely to get. In the first place, she has to acquire experience, and, in the second, she lacks the weight and authority of a woman of thirty. Over and above these considerations, the competition is very great and situations but few, and a preference is shown for certificated young women. A comfortable home and a small salary sufficient to clothe you and pay for a few indispensable *etcæteras* should be sufficiently satisfactory terms in taking a first situation; but take care to ascertain and settle by letter all arrangements for where your holidays are to be spent, and when and how long they are to be.

JESSIE SMITH.—The highest ladies in the land, who can prove their pedigree, and give an authentic account of when and for what services to their king or country armorial bearings were legally granted to their families, have, nevertheless, no right to use a crest. That is only for men, not women. The latter may only use a "lozenge," but they must pay the tax due for using it. You might apply for a grant to the Heralds' Office, but will then have to pay the heavy fees for it. In any case, you may adopt any fancy device and motto you please free of all cost and all tax.

M. H. Q.—You would probably find books in the different native languages at Messrs. Trubner and Co.'s, Ludgate-hill, E.C. The Religious Tract Society also publishes in many languages.

PUELLA.—*Esto quod esse videris* is Latin, and means, "Be what you seem to be." The cause of erysipelas is some specific poison. It is not a disease of the skin.

A VISITOR writes to us to draw the attention of students, governesses, and teachers to the Training Home for Governesses, 81, Mildmay-grove, N., as being most moderate in price—£6 for board and lodging for three months, no charge being made for tuition. Address the directrice, at the Home. The Kindergarten system is also taught.

L. V. A., R. E., I. Z. M.—The address of the Ladies' Association for the Promotion of Missionary Work in India, in connection with the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, is Miss Bu lock, 19, Delahay-street, S.W. There is a Mission Training House for Ladies at The Poplars, Addlestone, Surrey; hon. secretary, Miss Lloyd, 143, Clapham-road, S.W.

MIMI.—There is a home for governesses and pupils in Lette Verein, Victoria Stift, Königgratzer Strasse 90, Berlin; also one at Dresden, Pädagogischen Verein, Johannes Strasse, Dresden.

NELLIE (Cambridge).—There are classes at the Birbeck Institute, Southampton Buildings, Chancery-lane, and at the Polytechnic, in Regent-street, for instruction in bookkeeping and double entry. You had better attend a class than attempt to teach yourself from a book. The salary entirely depends upon the amount of work and the locality in which the shop is situated.

THEODORA.—The Governesses' Benevolent Institution, 32, Sackville-street, has an annuity fund, and also a provident fund and savings bank and a home for governesses, available during the intervals of their engagements, at 47, Harley-street.

HYPATIA.—You would be quite enough advanced, we should think, to try for the Oxford or Cambridge senior examinations.

MARY.—Write to —Kinsey, Esq., principal of the Training College for Teachers of the Deaf Mutes, The Elms, Castlebar-hill, Ealing, W., state your age, and ask for the prospectus and printed rules. The terms are high. If you fail here you could apply for instruction to the School Board. It is not a vague description that you require; it is a slight description, but clear and correct, so far as it may go. The word "vague" means indefinite, uncertain, ill-defined, equivocal as to the real meaning or intention.

TEDDIE.—The principal of St. Aidan's College, Birkenhead, is the Rev. Canon W. S. Smith, B.D. The course of study extends over six terms, and there is an entrance examination. Fees, £2 2s. The admission fee is £5 5s., and resident students pay £21 per term; non-residents, £10 10s. There are three terms in the year. Write for further information to principal.

H. A. S—You will do better to go through the college course instead of leaving off and becoming a governess. Situations for such vocations are becoming very scarce.

A. FEWNELL.—See "Work for All," vol. v., page 518. By writing to the office of the Civil Service Commissioners you could obtain a printed prospectus of all the rules. Girls are admitted to the competitive examinations in the telegraph department between the ages of fourteen and eighteen. The subjects for examination are, writing from dictation, handwriting, and easy sums in the first four rules of arithmetic. After this successful candidates must attend the Post Office Telegraph School for a three months' course of instruction, free of charge, but without receiving pay.

MUSIC.

SINGER.—You cannot teach yourself to sing. You will need to have a few lessons, if only half a dozen, from a good master (on the Italian system, if possible) to show you how to take the notes and to correct tricks. Beware of over-straining your voice, or you may lose it altogether. From what you say, we believe that you are attempting to force your voice up too high. You say you have "turned sixteen." How does it look on the other side? It is a pity that we cannot "turn" the moon, as no one has ever seen the other side! We suppose you have completed your sixteenth year, or you are sixteen years of age.

PERPLEXITY.—Music, both vocal and instrumental, affords a charming recreation, and might be cultivated, in moderation, with great advantage to you if suffering from nervous melancholy, and a concert occasionally would be a treat to you. Occupy yourself also in some useful way, mental and manual. The amount and the description of recreation in which we may indulge ourselves must be a matter of individual opinion and conscience.

LILY WILSON.—It quite depends on your own perseverance and the amount of intellect you possess how much you could learn of anything without a master. An instruction-book for the harmonium would be found at any music-seller's.

MOTHER BUNCH will find Messrs. Novello's "Primers" the books which she requires for self-improvement. It is quite possible to learn harmony without a master. Powder is most injurious to the skin. There is no good remedy for chapped and red hands save wearing an old pair of kid gloves and the application of some good cold cream or vaseline. The tips of the fingers should be cut off.

VIOLET and ELFLEDE.—A raw egg well beaten up and swallowed ten minutes before beginning to sing is said to clear the voice.

A CONSTANT READER.—We should imagine your non-success in music is your own fault, that you lack attention and perseverance. You do not mention your age, but your spelling is shocking. "Very" with two "r's" would disgrace a child of nine. Pray to God for aid; "He giveth wisdom," and will help you. If you have been four years under one master with so little improvement, there is something wrong, and you had better get someone more strict and particular.

WORK.

MAY QUEEN can stiffen white straw hats with gum-water.

A COY MAIDEN.—There are plenty of washing silks sold at present, but all of them require care in washing. Use cool water in which bran has been boiled.

FONGERE AMIE.—The specimens of crochet lace you have enclosed are most exquisitely done. We think you would be sure to find a sale for it at a baby's and children's outfitter's, or any shop where such articles were kept; but you must take specimens, and look for orders yourself. We have read your letter with much interest, and we hope your quest will be successful.

MARIA must soak the cloves, to make them soft, before she threads them for clove baskets.

RHODA CLARK.—Very fair pay is given to those who work for good outfitters. Those skilled in executing white embroidery should find it moderately profitable, and also markers of linen handkerchiefs, as the competition in this line is comparatively small. Orders are often sent to Ireland because English women do not apply for it. At the Technical School, Manchester, training in dressmaking may be obtained. Dressmakers are wanted in some of the colonies.

AURICULA, MADCAP, and Others.—Mr. C. J. Darkin, secretary of the Sea-shell and Children's Scrapbook Missions, 26, Tunstall-road, S.W., will be very glad of your Christmas or New Year's cards, or any kind of pictures, which his lady workers make up into scrapbooks, etc., for the poor and sick children of London, both at home and in the hospitals. "Madcap" may make her cards into a "splasher" for hanging against the wall, if she choose to do that in preference.

PINS AND NEEDLES should sponge her jacket with ammonia and water to clean and revive it. See also the articles on "Girls' Allowances," pages 54, 91, 246, and 764, vol. v., which will be available to both "Flossy" and herself.

MISCELLANEOUS.

TWO BUSINESS GIRLS have our thanks for the information they give as to the comforts enjoyed by girls employed in shops, who reside on the premises. We ourselves have listened with sympathy to the complaint made by a very superior young person in a large first-class shop, as to having no sitting-room but her bedroom, but we are glad to hear that such a case is quite exceptional. We quote our correspondents' words:—"We have been employed in drapery establishments for the last five years, and give the following from our personal experience. In one large London house, where the firm employ nearly 200 young people, our sitting-room was well carpeted, and furnished with sofa, arm-chairs, piano, and music; there was also a library and weekly singing class. In a smaller house, employing eleven, we had the same comforts, excepting the piano; and in small country houses the young people are nearly always treated as those of the family."

L. F. T.—Many thanks for your kind, if somewhat excitable, letter. We are sorry we cannot give you any information, but you will do well to find some other object of interest to fill up the time.

MEM.—We think the lady would do better with a lighter one, as fifteen ounces seems to need very strong wrists.

BEATRICE C. should write or go to the Colonial Emigration Society, 13, Dorset-street, Portman-square, W.; office hours, 10 to 4 p.m. Emigration appears to offer great advantages to servants of good character and health.

HOLLIS.—You should begin the quotation with a capital letter. Gingerbeer would also be open to the same objection, as that contains both sugar and yeast.

ADELINE.—"Only a Girl-Wife" began with the new volume in October, and "Courtleroy" in December. Cod-liver oil is taken with an orange. Squeeze the juice into a glass first, and pour the oil on the top.

FOURTH-FORM GIRL.—"That Aggravating Schoolgirl" appeared in the second volume, beginning at page 9, in October, 1880. Your letter is legible, but your writing is not pretty.

JEANIE VIOLETTA.—Make a whalebone hoop of any size you like, and with thin wire (like that round bottle corks) fasten on the flowers, winding it round and round over the stalks, which must be laid along the hoop. Write copies from copperplate writing sold for the purpose.

PRIMROSE.—Miss M., writer of the article you name, is English. We cannot promise articles on any subject.

ZOUMROUT AZIZ.—You should read a book on natural history, insect department. *Flies have multitudes of* eyes in the head, but not "all over their bodies." We have frequently answered the question respecting Easter eggs. The origin is Magian or Persian. There is a tradition that the world was "hatched" at that season, and they are symbolical of the re-creation of springtime. The custom of giving Easter eggs prevailed amongst the Egyptians, Jews, and Hindus. Christians adopted the custom to symbolise the Resurrection, and they colour the eggs red in allusion to the sacred blood of their redemption.

A MOUNTAIN POET.—When the maidenhair dies down of itself, then cut off the dead leaves.

CONSTANCE.—*Dulce et decorum est pro patriâ mori*, is from Horace, and was the memorable quotation of Lord Lovat on the scaffold. It means, "Sweet is it, and glorious, honourable, to die for one's country." Use glycerine and wear gloves. Many thanks for the funny verses.

GOTTIE and FROGGIE.—When the letters *R.S.V.P.* are added to the invitation, you must reply to it by letter. Young girls if not out would wear some pretty, simple high-necked dress of white or coloured nuns' veiling or cashmere.

EDYTHE must stand the white coral in clean cold water for twenty-four hours, and then, when the dust is loosened, pour water over it, and a feather or camel-hair brush will soon clean it.

A JUNE BRIDE.—The dress you propose for your child-bridesmaids is very suitable; but lace or net hats would be prettier than the Tam o' Shanters, we think. The first bridesmaid holds the glove when the bride takes it off.

DICKIE.—Why not pour water over the bird if he likes it? It is difficult to make a bird take a bath, but perhaps if he had the example of another bird before him he might follow it. Very few flowers should be kept in a bedroom, though growing plants are now said not to be injurious, but otherwise.

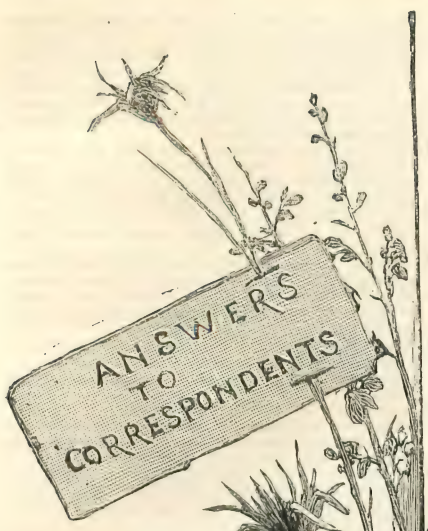
A. PLATER.—The verses show good religious feeling, and run fairly well, but have no originality; indeed, the lines, each taken separately, may all be found nearly verbatim in other hymns.

ANNIE PALSTON.—The verses are quite incorrect, according to the rules of metrical composition, and in one place the grammar. We regret to say so and disappoint you; but, in any case, four pages of foolscap could not be given space in our small occasional corner for the best youthful amateur efforts at composition.

M. A. C. M. WHITE.—Blank verse must consist of "heroic" lines (ten syllables each), and the breaks in these lines must be regulated by the ear. When a paragraph concludes with a less number of syllables than ten, the next must contain the missing number so as to complete the ten. Of all styles, it is one that must contain original thoughts and beautiful or striking similes. The lines enclosed do not answer this description in any particular. The other verses are quite incorrect in rhythm.

M. A. W.—If you like biography, we recommend the lives of the remarkable foreign pastors, Oberlin and Felix Neff, which are both deeply interesting and edifying.

R. A.—We recommend you to write to the Mildmay Deaconesses' Institution, Mildmay Park, N., of which there is a branch home at 9, Elgin-gardens, Brixton, S.E. You will thus obtain all necessary information direct, and more fully than from us.



LOTINCHA. — Carisbrooke Castle was once a British and Roman fortress. Cerdic, founder of the kingdom of the West Saxons, took it in 530. William Fitz-Osborne, Earl of Hereford (temp. William I.), gave it its Norman character. The imprisonment of Charles I. within it took place between November, 1647, and November, 1648; and the death of his daughter, the Princess Elizabeth, on September 8th, 1650, history states, of a broken heart, at the early age of fifteen. Your writing is very legible, but lacks grace.

AN AUSTRALIAN.—We could not venture to offer you an opinion as to Florida, especially as a residence for delicate people. You had better procure and study one or more books on the subject of the climate and the best locality, away from the swamps—"Down South," by Lady Duffus Hardy, and Barber's "Florida for Tourists and Settlers."

BLANCHE JANE (Canada).—This is the last notice that we shall take of your silly letters. Learn your lessons, read your Bible, and make and mend your own clothes, and waste no more time in writing such rubbish.

E. GRAY.—The sect of the Manichæans was founded by a native of Persia, who was born about the year A.D. 250. It was a fusion of Zoroastrianism and gnostic Christianity. Amongst other heretical dogmas, he maintained that the human body of Christ was a mere phantom, and His sufferings only apparent. As for Manichæus himself, he claimed to be the Blessed Paraclete promised by Christ.

FORGET-ME-NOT.—You should study our series of articles on good breeding and etiquette, under all circumstances and in every position of society. You should not bow perpetually on meeting and re-meeting an acquaintance. You can look into a shop or speak to your companion so as not to catch his eyes; but should you do so, give a smile with the slightest inclination of the head. Sometimes the Lord sees fit to permit you to be tried by temptations, and it is His will that we should look to Him for help, and grace, and strength to "fight the good fight of faith."

ENGLISH GIRL.—Pennies bearing the date 1864 have never been "called in," nor do we know where the foolish story of "the bar of gold that was dropped into the metal from which they were cast" originated; but they are of no more value than other pennies, and only one shilling can be got for twelve.

PETER CAMERON had better wear gloves, with the tips of the fingers soaked in alum-water, when *she is reading, to* prevent her biting her nails. A princess dress is the simplest dress to make for a doll.

I PENSIERI NON PAGANO GABELLE.—We cannot imagine how you came to think claret could be a teetotal drink, at any time. It is a wine, just as much as Burgundy or champagne.

ATHELIS must find a standard of wrong and right in reading for herself, or she will always be miserable. If on rising from the perusal of any book she feels a better girl, more wishful to act rightly, and more conscientious in judging her actions, the book has done her good. During her girlhood it is well to be strict in everything she reads, as her mind is unformed, and amusing reading means, not rest and recreation, but generally mental dissipation.

THISTLE must read the various articles by "Medicus" on the hair, and be guided by them in her treatment of it. A good cleansing and softening wash for the head is composed of camphor and borax—of each one ounce in a quart of boiling water. Keep in a bottle, and when needed apply a little with a sponge, rubbing well in.

HOMESPUN.—Your letter, so well expressed and kindly, too, was read with interest. It did you credit, and were the writing a little smaller it would be better. We regret that your former letter was not answered, and we do not now recall the question it contained. Accept our best wishes.

UGLY MUG.—As a rule, it is both polite and more considerate to repay borrowed stamps with stamps, for though you give the penny at the time, it does not repay the trouble of buying another stamp and fetching it from the post-office. With elderly people this point of view should always be considered in borrowing them.

MAUD.—We must refer you to our indexes in reference to the complexion. Probably your diet is unsuitable, or you eat too fast, or you need internal rather than external remedies.

VIRTUOUS INDIGNATION does not know what she is talking about. Where does it say that godparents are "responsible for our sins until we are confirmed"? You invent a difficulty for yourself, and then profess yourself virtuously indignant. The duties of sponsors are to see that the child be religiously instructed and shall enjoy certain religious privileges in course of time. Remember this, that, quite apart from any promise or engagement made for him, his obligations to his Maker and Redeemer are as great and binding by every law of duty and gratitude, whether such promises be made or not. As yet you only scribble, and you should write copies daily to form your hand.

PETERHOFF.—We have heard it said that "no dead donkey is ever seen anywhere," not that they never die. Many complete disappearances are always taking place. Where do all the pins go? We think the former go to the knackers. See answer to "E. Gray" respecting your second query.

H. Y. Z.—The serviette is not refolded by the guest, but left generally on the chair on which he or she sits. At home asparagus may be eaten held in the fingers, but at a more formal repast the tops are cut off on the plate and eaten with the fork, like any other vegetable.

F. A. C.—We are obliged by your letter giving the address of the Midland Reading Society—secretary, Miss Cowper, Hillesden, Buckinghamshire, which gives prizes in money and sends its rules gratis.

BEULAH TERRACE.—We can only advise you to get the "Handy Guide to Emigration," by Mr. Paton, published by Stock, 370, Oxford-street, W. In that every one of the colonies is mentioned and every information given; price 6d. only.

L. T. G. (New Zealand).—Certainly, our paper patterns are sent to the colonies, including your own. You have only to send an order for what you require and a post-office order for the money due for the patterns. Your handwriting is not yet formed. Any set of copperplate copies would suit you in small round-hand.

TROUBLED ONE.—We are told in the Scriptures that "the Gospel shall be preached to all nations," not that it will be received, nor that the conversion of all nations will be the result: far otherwise, for our Lord says, "When the Son of Man cometh shall He find faith on the earth?"—at so low an ebb will it be found; and even "the love of many shall wax cold." We cannot tell when "the end will be." We must watch.

AFFLICTED HARRIET had better leave off eating late suppers, and avoid going to sleep or lying on her back in bed. She probably breathes through her mouth by day instead of her nose—a bad habit, which she must check. It would be well for her if she did read "Luke and Belinda" under the circumstances.

HEN.—We do not think the curse in question would be a good possession, and we certainly should not give any information where to get it. Why do you want it?

KISMET.—The evil actions which you name, such as petty pilferings, and other sins, should not hinder your making a solemn and sincere preparation for presenting yourself at the Lord's table. If you have quarrelled with anyone, make it up so far as, on your own side, you can do so. If you have stolen, restore what you have taken. If you have neglected your daily prayers, resume them; and, having humbly confessed to God your utter unworthiness, and prayed for His pardon and grace, present yourself at the holy table in the spirit of that beautiful hymn—

> "Just as I am, without one plea,
> But that Thy blood was shed for me,
> And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
> O, Lamb of God I come!"

Certainly, you must tell your stepmother the truth about the birdcage, and clear the boy's character before you presume to partake of the Lord's Supper.

ONE IN TROUBLE.—Your question is one more for a good surgeon than for us; but we do not think that, having had one operation, you had better try another without the best possible advice.

STEPHANOTIS.—Read "Lissom Hands and Pretty Feet," page 348, vol. i. You could not have the swellings on your joints "taken out." You might as well propose that when your nose is swelled from a bad cold and becomes inflamed that it should be "taken out" likewise. Wear straight, square-toed shoes, with low broad heels and broad soles.

IVY must read the articles of "Medicus." Her question is so vague that she must only try the measures recommended by him, which are safe and reliable.

MAUDE JAMES must consult a doctor, and be guided by him as to diet and regimen.

J. WHITE.—Your quotation is taken from Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope"—

> "What though my winged hours of bliss have been
> Like angel visits—few and far between."

LADY CLARICE.—We should think you had better ask him not to smoke at all, if you have any influence with him under the circumstances.

EVERYTHING AND SOMEBODY.—We should think there is something wrong in your mode of living, and can only advise you to read the advice of "Medicus."

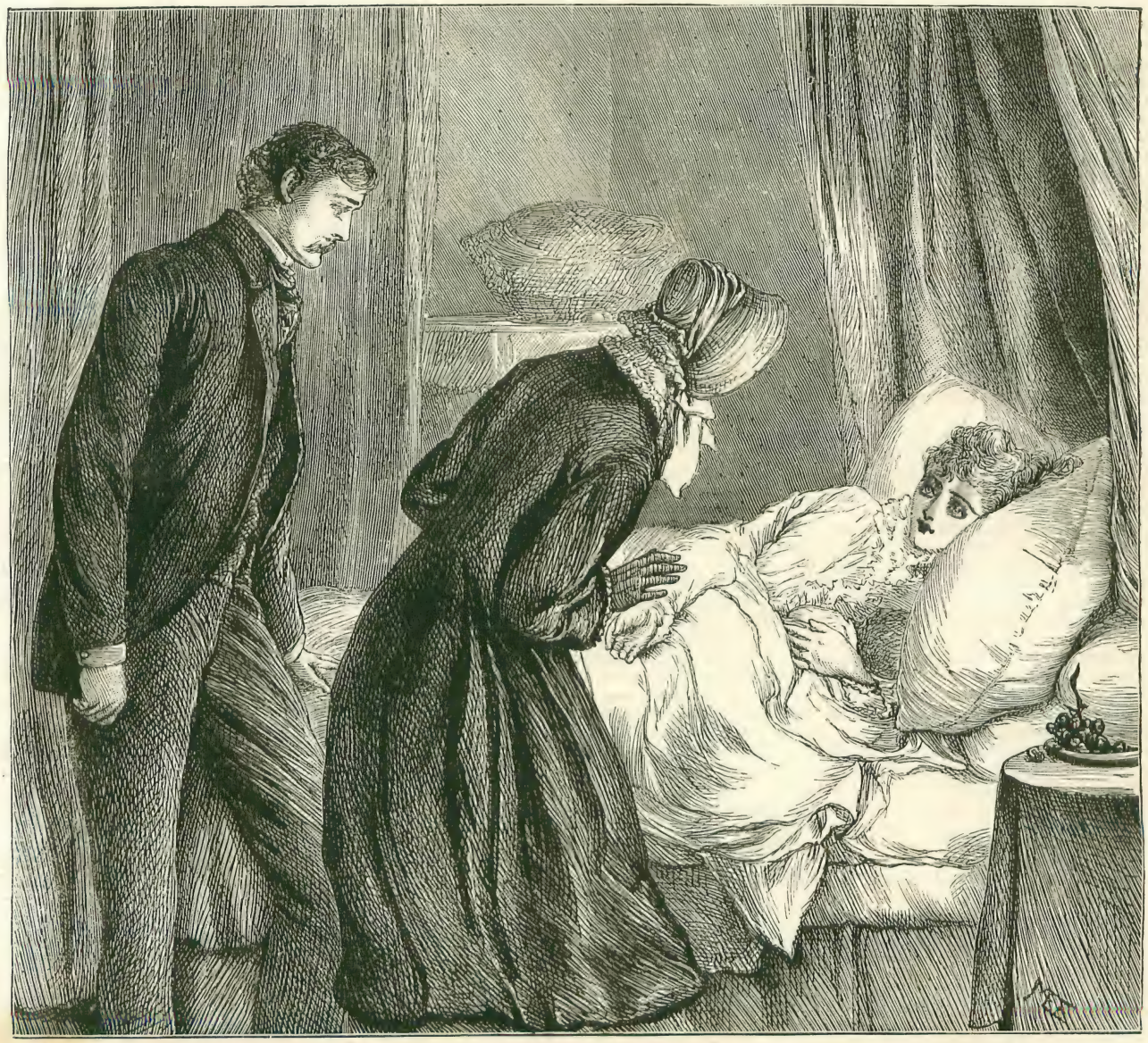
TROUBLED ONE should consult a doctor about her general health.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. VII.—No. 346.] AUGUST 14, 1886. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

COURTLEROY.

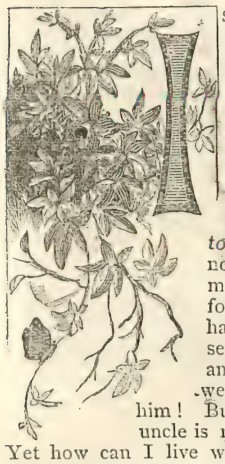
By ANNE BEALE.



All rights reserved.] "'MY BROTHER LED ME TO HER, AND SHE HELD OUT HER HAND.'"

CHAPTER XLIV.

DISCLOSURES.



Is this to be in love?" questioned Mimica of herself after George had left her that Christmas Day. "Is it for this I have fancied myself his elder sister, his protector, his adviser, and I know not what else? Am I not old enough to be his mother? No, not quite. I am—let me see—one, two, three, four, five years and a half—yes, a half, his senior. He is over one and twenty; I am nearly twenty-six. Yet I love him! But it must not be. My uncle is right, it can never be. Yet how can I live without the letters and diaries which have been my happiness for fifteen years? How can I say farewell for ever to one whom I have loved and cared for so long? Is this my mission in addition to that of waiting on my strange, lonely uncle? I have promised him, and I must keep my word, God helping me. All my aspirations after some great work are merged in this dull round of business and semi-servitude, and I shall have no George to help and counsel me. But how he loves me! how he loves me! In purpose, foresight, faith, he is years older than I, yet I had the misfortune to be born first into this world. What a medley it all is! And here comes my uncle. What will he say? What can I do?"

Mimica seized the poker and began to stir the fire, which was nearly out for want of attendance. She usually kept it bright and the hearth clean, for her uncle's sake, whose mood depended, she had found, on exterior objects. When he entered she was on her knees, poking splinters of wood between the bars.

"How gloomy!" he exclaimed. "Hero worship has, I suppose, superseded fire worship. Achilles has extinguished the vestal flame."

"It is beginning to burn, uncle. The gas has caught," said Mimica, humbly.

He took the poker and severed a large piece of coal, from which issued the pent up light.

"Emblematic," he exclaimed, as the fire began to burn in earnest. "I suppose the ardent flame that has just burst through the breast of your adorer may be compared to that, Mimica. But a pint of water will put it out. I trust you threw on the cold element."

"I had none at hand to throw, uncle. But I understand you did it instead. I suppose if a fire is to be put out it doesn't much matter who quenches it, or how it is managed."

"It matters very much, Mimica. If extinguished promptly and completely it does not break out again; if allowed to rage it destroys; if only half put out it smoulders. I trust we have entirely put an end to the fires of your youthful lover. They have not consumed much of him, and he will soon get over the scorching, as men do."

"You did not, uncle."

These words escaped from Mimica involuntarily, and she soon wished them unsaid. She saw by the quickening firelight that her uncle was excited, and feared his rushing out into the frosty night. He did, indeed, go towards the window, but, to her relief, it was only to draw down the blinds. He then walked rapidly up and down the room, and finally sat down near her.

"Do you love this boy—this foundling?" he asked, abruptly.

"That is a secret I decline to tell," she replied with spirit, and an offended tone.

"If you do, you must choose between us," he continued, his manner betokening an inward struggle. "You must break your promise to me, and let Courtleroy go to the dogs again. I would rather it went to them than to a youth of uncertain parentage, even though he is what he is, and I like him. I have grown to love you, child, and cannot do without you. You saved me once from self-destruction, beware how you leave me alone to be tempted again. You are filling a gap, yawning for half my life, and through you I am returning to my duties—by your instrumentality our little world smiles again, and I am learning to forget the past to which you so roughly alluded."

"Forgive me, dear uncle; I will never, never leave you," exclaimed impulsive Mimica, touched to the quick by this unexpected revelation of feelings of which she knew nothing.

"You have wished him good-bye?"

"Yes."

"You will not be unhappy?"

"Not if you really love me."

"Such love as I have to give is yours, Mimica."

He held out his hand, and she laid hers within it. He clasped and fondled it gently, but happily did not see the tears that filled her eyes. She forgot his selfishness in the knowledge that he loved her, and the sense of her duty towards her mother's brother and the one relation she had in the world deadened the pain at her heart. They sat awhile in silence, and then he suddenly rang for lights.

Barber brought them, and with them life and thought seemed to return to their old monotony. She asked a casual question about her guests.

"They are at tea, ma'am," replied Barber, solemnly. "They have greatly enjoyed themselves. As they are no longer young, Mrs. Stone persuaded them not to go again to church, the afternoon being cold, so I took my violin and played to them sacred music instead."

"What did you play, Barber?" asked Le Roy, suddenly interested.

"Pieces suitable to the day, sir. 'Unto us a child is born,' and such like. They requested some hymns, and I selected a few from the 'ancient and modern'—Christmas ones, sir, you will comprehend. They sang to my accompaniment, and although their voices quavered a little, I assure you it was not bad, sir. We had quite an enjoyable afternoon, thanks to you and Miss Marmont."

"Not to me, Barber, but I—hem! am glad your violin was of use."

"Music, heavenly maid, can soften stones, as I have heard you remark, sir," said Barber, and bethought himself of his master's dinner.

"This is a new act in our domestic drama," said Le Roy, when he was gone. "Barber descends in the social scale, and, for want of congenial spirits, amuses the servants' hall."

"The next is Mr. Sellon's visit to-morrow. He wrote a few lines to say he would be here," said Mimica.

Sellon arrived about midday, and did his best, by dry business details, to distract her mind from thoughts and regrets connected with George Hope. Still, she was always thinking of him, and his face was ever before her. She little knew that he was bringing together her friend Barbara and her supposed suitor, Captain Carew, while she and Sellon were talking of mortgages and settling accounts.

The lawyer was, at last, in communication with Searle, who had escaped to America. Acting on Mr. Le Roy's resolution not to prosecute, he had promised immunity for the past, provided Searle made a clear statement of his own defalcations and the liabilities of Le Roy. This was in progress, and Sellon said he saw daylight at last, while Le Roy persisted in taking all the blame of his losses and crosses on himself. "If Searle was a villain, he had made him one," he said, and it was difficult to contradict him, since those who neglect their own interest have no right to expect another to watch over it.

Sellon had with some difficulty prevailed on Le Roy to join him and Mimica in a revision of certain documents, on the afternoon when George and Miss Heath were discussing what had passed at Courtleroy on Christmas Day. They were in the library: Sellon and Mimica, and the mortgages at the table, Le Roy lounging in his easy chair. All were congratulating one another on the possibility of a settlement of the Courtleroy affairs at no very distant date.

"I can scarcely see," said Mimica, who was poring over some bills. "The afternoons close very early, and perhaps we had better have candles."

"Not yet. The sun has not set," returned her uncle. "What is to become of Searle's family?"

"They are gone to America, bag and baggage, thanks to your lenity, or——" began Sellon, and paused.

"Or cowardice, perhaps," supplied Le Roy. "Who on earth is this? We have literally no peace, Mimica."

The last words were called forth by the sound of the hall bell, which was soon succeeded by the appearance of Barber.

"Miss Heath, sir. She particularly wishes to see you and Miss Marmont," he said.

"What can she want, Mimica? Pray find out," said Le Roy, irritably. "But bring her in of course."

Mimica went into the hall, and, to her surprise and joy, saw George and, for the moment, no one else. Their hands had scarcely met when Miss Heath came forward, and said with unusual haste—

"Mimica, I must see your uncle at once. It is on an important matter, which concerns us all. You and Mr. Hope must be present. Let us go at once; we have not a moment to lose."

"Mr. Sellon is with him," said Mimica, trembling between fear and the happiness of once more seeing George.

"So much the better. They are in the library. Come."

Miss Heath went into the library without further announcement.

"Is she out of her mind?" asked Mimica of George.

"I scarcely know, but she says she has some important disclosure to make that nearly concerns me, and that I must be present," he replied. "I did not mean to come again, though I longed to see you once more. What can I say to Mr. Le Roy in excuse?"

Miss Heath was before him in this. When he and Mimica followed her to the library, they heard the words—

"Mr. Hope is with me, Mr. Le Roy. He would not have come but for me. I wish to prove to you that the slur you cast on him yesterday was undeserved."

Mr. Le Roy rose and offered a seat. Happily the subdued light concealed the annoyance of his face. Sellon came forward to shake hands, and proposed leaving the room, but Miss Heath begged him to remain. Scarcely was the door closed behind George, when she began what she had to say with nervous haste. There was no time for further greeting, so he remained standing near the door, while Mimica resumed her vacated seat at the writing-table.

"I hope she will come quickly to the point," thought Mimica, who knew by experience that when Miss Heath had a story to tell she grew strangely puzzled.

It was so on the present occasion. She went over and over the same ground without seeming to advance, and evidently dreading the result of the communication.

"Perhaps you had better begin at the beginning, Miss Heath," suggested Sellon.

"That will be best," she replied, turning towards him, and so avoiding Mr. Le Roy's eyes. "It must be between thirty and forty years ago, when I first came to Courtleroy as governess to Mimica's mother. I was quite young, and more of a companion than governess. When she married I went to Monklands to—to—help Lady Helena, and be with Lady Margaret. You remember, Mr. Le Roy, my parents were both dead. After my father's death, my mother married again, and died, leaving an only boy. I had to look after him, for her husband, a lawyer, was also dead. He lived with an old servant until he went to school, and I used to see him during my holidays. Sometimes he came to see me. He was very handsome and taking, and everybody liked him."

Here Le Roy made an impatient movement, as much as to say, "What is that to me?"

"He was very fond of me, and, when I was in London, would waylay me whenever he could. He often met us in the park or gardens."

"Us? Who?" interrupted Le Roy.

"My pupil and me. I got him a situation as clerk in a merchant's office, but he hated the desk. He was young and wild, but not wicked, and never told a lie."

"What has this to do with Captain Hope, or our interview yesterday?" asked Le Roy impatiently.

"You will see—you will see. But you must prepare yourself, Reginald Le Roy," replied Miss Heath, who was so flurried that she could scarcely speak, and whose courage was failing.

Mimica came forward and sat down beside her, taking her hand and whispering, "Tell the worst at once, and let it be over." The red sunlight and flickering firelight cast fantastic glimmers over the room and its inmates.

"The worst!" echoed Miss Heath. "When was that? It must have been when Lady Margaret married, no one knew to whom. I never guessed—I was in despair lest I should be blamed, but no one blamed me. I was grieved from my heart for you, Reginald, though I guessed the match was forced upon her."

"Pray come to the point," said Le Roy, hoarsely, clenching the elbow of his chair.

"I will, only I dread it now I have begun. Some time before this I had lost sight of my brother, and was told by one of his fellow-clerks that he had volunteered for the army. I was very unhappy about him, for I loved him dearly. I went to live with Mrs. Le Roy as companion after I left Monklands, and we settled, as you know, in London. We had been there over a year, when I received a letter from my brother entreating me to come to him at once. I went to the address he gave me; it was near Regent's Park, and I noticed that there were trees about the place, and that it looked bright and cheerful. My brother met me at the door.

"'Come in, for mercy's sake!' he said, and hurried me upstairs.

"I heard the cry of an infant, and he took me straight to the room whence it came. I saw that the mother lay on the bed. My brother led me to her, and she held out her hand. I nearly fainted, for it was my darling, lost Margaret."

At this announcement an awful groan broke from Le Roy and exclamations of astonishment from the others. George Hope came up to Miss Heath with the agitated cry—

"She was my mother!"

Mimica turned to her uncle. All was confusion, for the effort and the tension had overcome Milly Heath's nerves, and she became suddenly hysterical.

"Take her from the room! Leave me!" shouted Le Roy, with tones that seemed to shake the books on the library shelves. They steadied Miss Heath's nerves, however, who rose, faced him, and said, humbly—

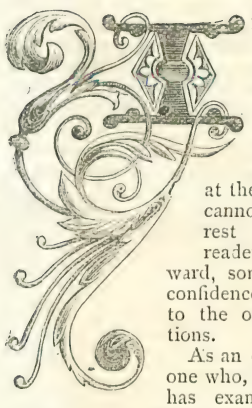
"I grieved for you, for myself, for my brother, for Margaret. But they were married, and she died soon after the birth of George Hope. I promised not to tell. I have broken my promise for his sake and Mimica's. Forgive me a secrecy which I could not help, and which has nearly killed me."

"Leave me," repeated Le Roy, more gently, and George Hope took his newly-found aunt from the room.

(*To be continued.*)

USEFUL HINTS FOR EXAMINATION CANDIDATES.

By THE REV. THOMAS B. WILLSON, M.A.



In these days when competitive examinations prevail so universally, and when girls as well as boys have to compete, a subject such as stands at the head of this paper cannot be without interest to many of my readers who look forward, some, perhaps, with confidence, some with fear, to the ordeal of examinations.

As an old examiner, and one who, from time to time, has examined the papers written by many hundreds, both of girls and boys, for different public examinations, I hope that what I have to say may perhaps be a help to some intending candidates. I want first to make a few suggestions as to the method of dealing with papers, because I feel sure there are many candidates who come out very badly in examinations, not so much from want of knowledge, as from want of a proper method in answering the papers set them, and from going about their work in a wrong way.

There can be but little doubt that the best test of a thorough knowledge of a subject will be by written examination. There real work is sure to tell, and those who depend (as so many do) on their natural quickness in a *viva voce* examination will find their true and legitimate place.

I am not, indeed, advocating the abolition of *viva voce* examination, because I know there are many kinds of questions which show especially whether a book has been studied intelligently, and with attention to the details, as well as general outline, which can best be put *viva voce*.

But with respect to that kind of examination there is no doubt it should not be conducted in a class. If so, it is manifestly unfair to some candidates. It is quite impossible for an examiner, even if he be ever so anxious to give fair play to all, to make each question he may put equally easy. For example, the question which falls to the lot of A may be much easier or harder than that which comes to the turn of B, C, or D, and so A will either be placed at an advantage or disadvantage as regards the others. To make *viva voce* examination really fair to all candidates each one should get the same question. They should be taken up separately. This will no doubt entail more trouble on an examiner, but it is the only way I can see by which *viva voce* can be made uniformly fair.

To return, however, to the subject of examination papers. Many candidates, as I have said, do not show to the best advantage in them, because they have no method in dealing with their papers.

When you receive your paper, there are a few things you should consider before you begin to try to answer it. First of all, the time allotted to the paper before you, and then how many of the questions you intend to attempt. Of course, papers will often be divided into obligatory questions—that is, questions which you must answer, if you can—and optional questions—those of a more difficult nature, *some* of which are to be attempted.

It may be assumed that an examiner will not give a paper which is supposed to be finished in two hours of such a nature that a well-informed candidate would require three hours in which to do it justice; but very many of the candidates waste time about beginning and in other ways, so it is always well to consider at the very outset the time at your disposal.

One great rule—a golden rule, I think we may call it—in dealing with examination papers is this: Always begin with the easiest questions (those you feel quite sure of), and leave the more difficult ones until you have finished the former. By doing so you are certain to receive credit for what you have done. Very often it happens that candidates begin with the hardest questions (those they are least certain of), and then find, to their dismay, that they have taken up so much of their appointed time over these questions that none remained to answer those which they really knew, and the papers are taken up before they can finish them. I feel quite sure that neglect of this simple precaution has over and over again deprived candidates of marks, which, if they had observed this rule, they would otherwise have gained.

In attempting to answer questions set on examination papers, try and be as concise as possible, and do not put in extraneous matter. You will gain nothing whatever by it, but rather disgust an examiner. Remember he has to read through, perhaps, many hundreds of similar papers dealing with the same questions, and as examiners are, after all, human, they may not feel so amiably disposed towards an unknown examinee, if he or she persists in adding a great deal of matter which has really nothing whatever to do with the question. For example, if you are instructed to write a brief note on the life of Queen Elizabeth, or Mary Queen of Scots, do not enter into a disquisition as to the advantages or disadvantages of women as rulers of a state, or branch off into such like side issues. I must say I have always found

girls greater offenders in this respect than boys. They certainly write a great deal more in their answers. Try in answering questions such as above to give something more than the usually best known story connected with the historical personage. Undoubtedly it is often the only fact known to the candidate, and if he or she were deprived of it, the result might be disastrous. Has it not been suggested that a question on the reign of King Alfred should be put in this way—"Write an account of King Alfred, omitting the story of the burnt cakes," or of King Knut, leaving out the rebuke of the courtiers? If that were done I fear it would reduce the marks gained by the candidate.

One very common fault of candidates when answering papers is this: A question is given in which the examinee has a choice, such as "Write a brief account of any *one* of the following counties: Yorkshire, Devonshire, or Kent." Now, one would imagine that a question worded in that way would be quite intelligible, and that candidates would distinctly understand that they are not to attempt more than *one* of the counties named; yet, notwithstanding that, in questions of this kind I have over and over again found that candidates will attempt *all* the places named. This is, of course, very annoying to an examiner, because it gives a great deal of unnecessary trouble, and places him in a difficulty to know which of the places described he is to select as *the* answer to the question. A little more thought on the part of a candidate would show that giving more than one is told to do is useless, and not likely to impress an examiner favourably.

Candidates, when viewed through the medium of their papers, divide themselves into many different classes. It is an interesting study to read the characters of those you are examining in that way, especially when you know nothing whatever about them, except that they bear a certain number. One can often tell a good deal about candidates you have never seen by reading their papers, especially if you examine historical papers or English composition. If the former, you can often discern their religion, what part of the land they come from, &c., and sometimes in compositions, little facts about their lives. These are often amusing; sometimes pathetic. It is curious what an insight you may get into the ideas of persons quite unknown to you by reading their papers. You cannot go through 800 girls' papers in one examination, or 1,000 boys', as I have done, more than once, without coming across much which is interesting amid a mass of dry facts and figures.

With respect to the way in which they do their work, candidates arrange themselves in many different classes. There is the methodical candidate, who does the work in a regular way, arranges the answers intelligently on the paper, and gives you no trouble in that way. Not always, however, are these the best. The clever candidate is not so particular, but has mastered the subject, and, though frequently careless in the form of the answer, yet impresses you with the idea that you have before you the paper of one who knows what he or she is writing about. Then there are the reckless guessers, often a most amusing class to meet by their haphazard attempts. Frequently you will perceive they have a glimmering what the answer should be; but often get a hold of it by the wrong end. Of this class was one who told me, in answer to a question as to the causes which led to the revolt of the American colonies in 1775, that it was due to the penny postage! The answer was, of course, absurd, but one could easily see that the Stamp Act of 1765 was the cause of this curious reply.

Some candidates are in a state of deep despondency; they have done badly in some subjects it is clear, and they hope to move hard-hearted examiners by an appeal to their compassion. Such appeals, I must say, I have found only in girls' papers. Boys, I suppose, think (and, indeed, rightly) that they do not pay. The despondent one adds a footnote to a badly done paper, to say that she failed in some other subject, and hopes the examiner will be merciful, &c., &c. If, however, such candidates knew how little good their moving appeals effected, they would probably save themselves the trouble of writing them.

The subject of curious answers given at examinations has frequently been dealt with, but I would like to give a few instances. They sometimes take an almost enigmatical form, and it requires some study to see the idea which was working in the mind of the candidate. I remember one answer took me a long time to solve. It was in a history paper. The question was to give some account of the Court of the Star Chamber. The reply contained merely these words—"The birth of Sir Chambers was a secret;" I give it *verbatim*. There seemed to be no sense whatever in such an answer. But in turning it over, it seemed as if "Sir Chambers" was a corruption of Star Chamber; the writing was clear and distinct. But then there was the curious expression "the birth of Sir Chambers." The only solution I could ever come to was this—I fear my candidate had no idea of the answer, and he (I think it was a boy) was shabby enough to apply to a neighbour for help. The neighbour did not like to refuse, so whispered back, "The Court of Star Chamber was a secret tribunal," &c., but he had only got so far as the word "secret," when he saw the examiner looking that way, and immediately stopped, and the ignorant one, having failed to catch the words correctly, wrote down what he thought was said, quite regardless as to whether it made any sense.

The Court of the Star Chamber has long been a puzzle to many candidates. I was once told that "the Court of the Star Chamber was so called because it let Sebastian Cabot go to find America," also that "it was a place where a prisoner was sent before he was found."

That well-known rebel, Wat Tyler, and the events of his rebellion, furnish many delightful answers. "Wat Tyler was a rowdy Irishman who claimed the Crown at fourpence an acre." "Wat Tyler was a rebellious prelate;" "Wat Tyler was the son of the Black Prince." "Wat Tyler's rebellion was caused by the income tax." "Wat Tyler quarrelled with the King about the choice of an Archbishop of Canterbury."

These are but a few out of the many specimens of absurd answers which may be culled from an examiner's note-book. They serve to illustrate the curious way in which boys and girls often attempt to satisfy their examiners, and they give abundant confirmation of the old adage about a little learning being a "dangerous thing." One might easily fill many pages with examples of this sort, which would be amusing enough, but my object is not merely to amuse but to help my readers who are competitors in written examinations, to avoid those mistakes into which they so frequently fall.

If candidates would only observe some of the simple rules for working at their papers which I have suggested, they would, I doubt not, greatly benefit themselves, and make the task of an examiner much easier.

MY BROTHER'S FRIEND.

By EGLANTON THORNE, Author of "The Old Worcester Jug," etc.

CHAPTER XVI.

A FAIR, GLAD DAY, AND THE NIGHT THAT FOLLOWED IT.

It was strange how summer came back to us with Ralph Dugdale's arrival. There were a few days of brilliant sunshine, the chilliness vanished from the air, and we were not conscious of the touch of frost which had begun to make itself felt at night and morning. And not less signal was the sudden revival of strength and spirits which Edmund manifested. Was it merely caused by the excitement incident to the coming of his friend and the pleasure with which he was looking forward to going to Grindelwald at the beginning of the next week, as Ralph had persuaded us to do? My heart refused to believe that it was only a temporary improvement, and hope began to fortify itself anew. I forgot the shocked, grieved expression I had caught for an instant on Ralph's face as he first saw Edmund after the lapse of several weeks. Edmund was once more sanguine of recovery, and he infected me with his own hopefulness.

"I think I have taken a turn for the better at last; there is more of life before me yet, thank God," he said, one day. "Do you know I woke this morning with the words ringing in my ears, 'I shall not die, but live and declare the works of the Lord.' I took it as a token that my days were to be prolonged. Ah, you cannot know how fair God's world looks to me now! One needs to be brought low to know the joys of life."

As he spoke thus, Edmund was lying amongst cushions and rugs on the soft turf of a little upland glade, into which the midday sun was pouring its warmest rays. It had been his own proposal that we should come and make a picnic-luncheon there. Sturdy bearers had carried him to this spot through the lovely pinewood from which it opened. A small, impetuous stream, dashing with many a turn and twist through the gully it had formed for itself, separated us from this wood, but we could look

across at the tall, stately pines and see, spreading amidst their bare, slender trunks, a perfect forest of ferns, their graceful, delicate fronds growing with a luxuriance and attaining to a height which to our English eyes appeared marvellous. The stream went down into a green valley, dotted with wood chalets. Seen through a vista of pines, it looked one of the fairest and most peaceful spots on earth. Beyond the trees, shutting in the valley, rose a rugged, purplish-grey mountain wall, its curves and rents clearly defined against a sky of pale blue. Behind us, at the head of the glade, stood a similar mountain ridge, so the spot we had chosen for our picnic was well screened from chill breezes had the day been less warm and bright than it was. The atmosphere was singularly free from cloud or haze, and in the clear light everything, both near and distant, looked so lovely that it was no wonder my brother should rejoice in the hope of continuing in so beautiful a world.

"Dear Edmund," I said, pressing closer to him and taking his long, thin hand in mine, "I am so glad, so thankful that you feel better. Yes, dear, I really do believe that you are on the way to get well at last. Grindelwald will do great things for you. Mr. Dugdale has been telling me how fine the air is and how many doctors send their patients there."

Ralph was within a stone's throw of us. He was keeping watch over a fire of chips and fir cones which he had kindled in the shelter of a rock, and on which he was trying to boil a kettle of water that Edmund might have the cup of tea he had expressed a desire for.

Perhaps it was because he was absorbed in his undertaking that he took no notice of Edmund's or my words. Yet his silence made me uneasy; and later on, when I had brewed the tea and we were taking our luncheon in rough-and-ready style, I caught him gazing at Edmund with a sad, wistful glance, which told me he did not share the hopes we had expressed. That look, which I am sure he did not mean me to see, cast a cloud upon my enjoyment. I was vexed with him for the doubt it suggested. In my impatience I wanted to argue it away. By-and-by when I was wandering along the rugged, turfy slopes by the little stream, and making my dessert of the whortleberries that grew upon them, Ralph joined me, bringing a little sprig of the Alpine rose which he had discovered in some nook—a rare prize, for the blossoming time of this mountain shrub was long past.

"The last Alpine rose of summer," he said, with a smile as he gave it to me.

He little guessed how his words annoyed me. Vividly they brought to mind the autumn day when I had refused the rose Leonard offered me with words like these. I felt constrained to accept the little sprig, but as I placed it in my belt I would far rather have flung it from me as Leonard did that rose.

"Is it not delightful to see Edmund so much better?" I said. "I feel sure that he will recover now."

Ralph did not at once reply. Instead he cast upon me a troubled, anxious glance.

"Surely you must agree with me," I added; "there can be no doubt that he is very much better."

"Certainly he is somewhat stronger," he said, slowly, "and it is clear that he feels better; but—but—dear Miss Carmichael, you must not be too confident. I would not willingly take from you any hope that gives you comfort, but—I have seen others suffer as Edmund suffers, and I know what fluctuations there are in that disease."

Too well I knew the truth of his words. Was I not fighting with fear, even whilst I hoped? But just then it was almost more than I could bear to hear the truth.

"Oh, don't," I said, imploringly, "don't take away my hope! You say you would not rob me of my comfort, and then you sweep it all away. Think what my life would be if Edmund were taken from me: I should have no one to live for, no one to love me. I should only long to die too."

"You must not say so," he said, looking greatly distressed. "I understand how you feel, but your life has many noble possibilities, and it can never lack love. I could tell you——"

He checked himself suddenly. There was a look in his eyes that frightened me.

After a moment he said more quickly, but still with deep emotion in his tones, "Forgive me if my words seemed unkind. Surely you must know that not for the world would I give you the least pain if I could help it."

I murmured something, I scarce knew what, and turned hastily to rejoin my brother. The new fear which had penetrated me kept me close to Edmund's side, and made me shun quiet talk with Ralph during the remainder of the day.

Memory would fain dwell on the sunlit hours we passed in that lovely mountain nook. So bright, so happy they seem in contrast to the terror, disappointment, and anguish which too swiftly followed. The day stands out now before my mind like a spot of heaven's purest blue, encircled by darkest storm-clouds. I am loth to tell of what ensued; but I must.

Much as my brother had enjoyed our picnic, it had wearied him, and soon after our return to the pension he was glad to retire to rest. I sat all the evening by his bedside, and when I bade him good-night he said in tones full of meaning, "What a pleasant day it has been! We are much happier, you and I, Dottie, for Ralph's coming."

"Yes," I responded with some uneasiness; "he is very good and kind. I am glad for your sake that he is here."

"And for your own sake too, I should think," he returned, hastily; "you and he get on so well together. Perhaps I ought not to speak of it, but—but—I cannot help seeing how highly he thinks of you, and—how much you are to him."

"Indeed, indeed, you make a great mistake," I exclaimed, feeling a hot flush mount to my forehead as I spoke; "it is impossible that he can think highly of me—and—if he did——"

"Well!" said my brother, smiling as I paused.

But I was silent.

"It is not impossible," said Edmund, earnestly, "I can say that I know——" But there he checked himself. After a minute he said with a change of manner, "It is foolish of me perhaps to speak of this; but if what I have hinted should come to pass, surely, surely, Dorothy, nothing would lead you to reject all that Ralph could offer you. You must appreciate him better than that. Where would you find his equal?"

"Nowhere," I answered humbly; "I know well how good and noble he is; but his very goodness makes it impossible that—that—what you imagine could ever be. You know what I am, Edmund."

"Nonsense," he said, quickly, "I know what you mean. You have your faults, of course, but you would grow up to him. His strong, moulding influence would make of you a noble woman."

I shivered with nervous excitement as he spoke.

"I wish you would not speak so," I said imploringly; "you do not know how it distresses me."

"Oh, I daresay I am blundering sadly in speaking of this at all; but, Dorothy, in my circumstances I may be pardoned for not standing on ceremony with you. I have thought of it so often during hours of sleeplessness. It has made me happy to fancy that you and Ralph and Grace might belong to each other, if I were taken from you. Your happiness is dear to me, Dottie, although I may sometimes have seemed indifferent to it."

"That you never have," I sobbed, unable to maintain self-control amid the tumult of conflicting emotions that wrought in my heart; "you have always been the best, the most tender of brothers; but, oh! I wish you had not taken this idea into your mind."

"Do you?" he said, smiling half incredulously; "I think you hardly know what you are saying now, sister, mine. Forgive me for worrying you. I will not speak of this again, only promise me that you will not lightly throw away such a prospect of happiness as seems to me to be before you."

"Yes, I can promise you that," I said. Then I kissed him and went to my own room.

I do not suppose that Edmund had the least idea how his words would trouble me. Doubtless he imputed my agitation to some girlish, hysterical emotion, which would pass as quickly as it rose. How could he understand me when I could hardly understand myself?

He had suggested no new thought to me. In justice to myself I must say that the foolish vanity which leads some girls to look upon every man of their acquaintance as a possible lover, had never been mine.

Yet, before to-day the fear had struck me that Ralph Dugdale was beginning to care for me otherwise than as a friend, and this morning an indefinable something in his looks and tones as he talked to me had confirmed this fear. The discovery could not have been more unwelcome, and now I was filled with

dismay to think that Edmund had perceived the truth, and had set his heart upon a consummation from which I shrank in dread.

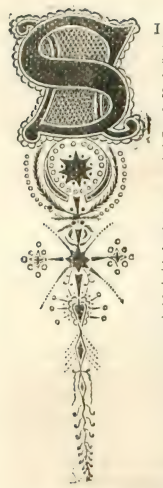
After I reached my room I sat long at the window, gazing at the mountains as they appeared pale and shadowy in the dim light of night, and pondering the situation in which I found myself. Nay, pondering is not the word to use. I could hardly be said to be thinking; my mind was almost passive, whilst my imagination cast on it as on a camera, all kinds of pictures, in which my past, present and future mingled in strangest combinations. But the excitement of mind which produces such effects is as exhausting as hard thinking, and I did not seek in prayer the calmness that comes from submitting ourselves to the Lord and asking His guidance in hours of perplexity. My head ached, and I felt faint and weary when at last, almost on the stroke of twelve, I lay down to rest. I did not expect to sleep, but sleep after a time came to me, though it was no deep, dreamless slumber. In my sleep I was transported from Switzerland, and found myself amidst gay company in a brightly-lighted English drawing-room. Perhaps I was at The Towers, but I had no distinct consciousness of my whereabouts. Mabel was present, resplendent in yellow satin, accompanied by her husband, and she was chiding me for appearing in my old, well-worn travelling gown, with my feet encased in bedroom slippers of scarlet wool. It was not respectful to Mrs. Glynne, she said, and I puzzled myself to think who Mrs. Glynne could be. Everyone but me was gaily attired, and I felt much ashamed of myself, and tried to slink into a corner. But Grace West came to me, dressed all in white, with roses scattered about her, "in honour of the bride," she said, and insisted on drawing me into the middle of the room. I kept asking what bride? but could get no answer till Rose Carsdale stood in the midst of us with a funny little fur cap on her head, and I knew that she was the bride. I looked, expecting to see Leonard Glynne by her side; but, to my mingled relief and wonder, I perceived that her hand lay on the arm of an odd, wizened, little man, whom I recognised as the dancing-master who had instructed Miss Carefull's pupils. How bright the room was! Everywhere on the walls gleamed tall wax candles. As I watched them they began to sway forward and to fall. There was a sudden blaze, followed by wild cries of fire, fire! as everyone began to rush about in terror.

Then the whole phantasmagoria vanished; yet still the cries went on. I became aware of a curious, crackling sound, and at the same time conscious of a terrible sense of heat and suffocation. In unutterable horror I awoke to the fact that the fire of which I had dreamed was an awful reality, and it behoved me to heed the shouts of warning and cries of terror that resounded both without and within the hotel. Half-stupefied, I sprang from my bed. Instinctively I threw on my dressing-gown and thrust my feet into the very bedroom slippers which had been such an annoyance to me in my dream. The floor was hot to my foot as I touched it, and the awful glare beneath the window warned me that I had not a moment to lose. What of Edmund! Was he alive to his danger? I rushed to the door, on my way to call Edmund; but when I opened it such a suffocating cloud of smoke rolled towards me that I staggered back, closing it in desperation. I had seen the flames leaping up the staircase and spreading along the corridor. It was impossible to get to Edmund that way. Now, had I thought, there was a door in my room which opened into that of Edmund's; but it was behind my bed, and as I had never opened it, I did not think to do so now. Instead, I flew to the window and sprang on to the balcony, calling my brother loudly as I did so. A crowd of persons had gathered outside the house, and they saw me and shouted at my appearance. But I heeded them not; I was intent on getting to Edmund. The heat on the balcony was intense, for already flames were licking round the balustrades. I gained Edmund's window. It was but slightly closed, and I managed to push it open from outside. I climbed into the room. It was full of smoke, and I could distinguish nothing. Pressing my dressing-gown over my mouth and nostrils, I struggled through and reached the side of the bed. I could not see, but I felt that it was empty. I remember passing my hands up and down the mattress; but I remember no more of what happened. The stifling atmosphere overpowered me, and I fell.

(To be continued.)

INFLUENCE.

BY MARY SELWOOD.



IR PETER LELY, the great painter, always refused to look at an ill-painted picture, saying that the sight of bad work unconsciously influenced his brush and affected his sense of colour.

Probably the poor artist whose bad work just called forth this remark would have been vastly astonished to hear that any production of his could injure so great a master; if so, he forgot that we have not only to consider the good or harm our actions do to ourselves, but to remember that they affect everyone with whom we come in contact.

Sir Peter Lely was conscious of a great truth, which we are very prone to overlook. We fail to grasp the idea that every word we speak, every action we perform, is making a lasting impression on the character of those around us, and that even after our death the consequences of our present actions will still affect a later generation. It is a fact that all of us, however great or however insignificant, wield an immense power in the influence we exert upon other people. It matters not how quiet a life she leads, nor how unimportant a personage she is, it is impossible that any girl can fail to exercise a great unconscious influence. It may be confined to those near her at first, but it afterwards reaches farther than she can follow it.

When a stone is thrown into the river, it first strikes only one small surface of water, the displacement of which affects that which surround it, and that again the water which lies next, till the circling eddies reach far out into the river.

Thus it is with your life. Unconsciously, those about you are being affected by your behaviour. Are you sweet-tempered, forgiving, obliging? They may say nothing about it, may not even know it themselves, but be sure they are quietly learning from you the beauty of a Christ-like life, and will put that which they learn into practice some day. Are you irritable, selfish, lazy? Then you are teaching how devoid of beauty a girl's life may be, and they will think to themselves that if this is all Christianity can do, they do not care to become Christians.

Have you not noticed how the rubbing together of the pebbles on the beach gradually rounds them all? Just so it is with human lives; each one is helping to form the character of his neighbour, the influence of each silently but surely improves or injures those in whose society he moves. Our conduct must, and invariably does, produce either good or evil fruit.

It is easy to see how this influence spreads. If your loving self-forgetfulness has attracted any one to a Christian life, he may go far away, or you may die, but your actions will live in him, and he will be a shining light to others, as you were to him. On the other hand, if his character has deteriorated, and his faults have been confirmed by the evil influence of those near him, his example again will not fail to lead others astray, for that "ill weeds grow apace" is proverbially true.

If we were fully alive to this truth (of influence), surely we should live more carefully than we do. Our selfish actions, our hasty, angry words, our thoughtless ridicule of sacred things, would be less frequent and more truly repented. Think of it, girls! Try to realise what a solemn thing is this influence, which you cannot help exerting, and what a weight will rest upon those who, having had their responsibility pointed out to them, still neglect their opportunities, and, careless of results, let their influence be for evil or good, just as chance decides.

You are your brother's keeper. In many cases where a wrong has been done, the one receiving punishment is not alone to blame. Those who have exercised an evil influence over him and by a thousand trifles hindered him from going in the right path are equally guilty, perhaps more so, in the sight of God. And it is a very solemn thought, that our behaviour in the trifling affairs of everyday

life must be either a help or else a stumbling-block in the lives of others. For it is not by the Sunday-school lessons we give, the pious books we read, and devout things we say when on our "Sunday behaviour" that we exert the greatest influence, but by the general tenor of our whole life, by showing throughout the charms of true Christianity, which, if present at all, will inevitably shine through every act and ring in every word.

A servant-girl who had confessed herself a Christian was asked what it was that had changed her so: was it the Bible classes her mistress held sometimes in the servants' hall? She replied, No; it was not so much what was said on Sunday as the way her mistress acted all through the week that made her first think seriously and wish to be like her.

I want to speak particularly to-day to sisters—to elder sisters especially. I want you to pause and consider what a wonderful power is in your hands to guide your younger brothers and sisters.

Napoleon used to say that the great want in France was good mothers. I often think a great want in England is good sisters.

Perhaps you think the little ones are so young they will not notice what you do; but that is a great mistake. Children are marvellously sharp observers, and seem to have a sort of instinctive appreciation of people's motives. They may not remember special great kindnesses you have done them, but the influence of your daily example will go with them through life.

An old lady once told me that among the remembrances of her childhood a little incident stood out more prominently than all. She was dressing some dolls one day, when her elder sister came into the room and asked what she was doing it for. She replied somewhat rudely that it was a secret, and she could not tell her. Her sister, instead of being angry, said, "If you like I will help you."

"I had only the grace to say a gruff thank you," said the old lady, when she was telling me the incident, "but I was so much impressed by the thought of my own rudeness and my sister's gentle answer, that I have never forgotten it, and never shall, though it is nearly sixty years ago now. It has kept me from bad temper, and prompted me to do little kindnesses many times in my life."

The elder sister probably thought her an ungrateful little creature, and never knew how much she cherished the remembrance of the kindly act; but so it is always: it is not the occasional great debt of heroism and self-denial which influences children, but the small, almost unnoticed, trifles of every day.

A child was telling me once about two ladies with whom he often went to spend the day. One of them frequently gave him tops and handsome presents, whilst the other rarely if ever did so, but to my surprise he showed a child's undisguised preference for the latter. The only reason he could give was, "Oh, she is always so kind, even when she is scolding you; you feel you can't be naughty with her." Children's love and good behaviour is not to be bought by presents; but, elder sisters, beware, and consider seriously whether you would wish them to grow up just as you are, for whether you will or not, depend upon it the little ones will, to some extent at least, follow in your footsteps.

But some of your brothers may be growing up, and I cannot speak too strongly about the great help or hindrance your influence may be to them. Perhaps you laugh and say it is not likely you would entice your brothers to do wrong. No, but nevertheless many a young man who has gone astray altogether, might have been saved by a sister's gentle influence. Do not imagine I advise you to preach to brothers: that would be the very worst course to pursue; young men going to college or business meet with difficulties and temptations that you probably know nothing about, and what you have to do is to make home, and the right way, so attractive that they will counteract outside influence. Parents have many duties and cares to occupy the mind and time, and it is in a large measure due to the cold, selfish indifference of sisters that home appears so dull and unbearably tame to young men.

Let me give you an instance of what I mean.

An old schoolfellow of mine had often complained to me of the bad conduct of her two brothers; how they were always out, spending their time and money at theatres and other places of amusement, and caring nothing for the society and comfort of those at home, and setting at naught the authority of their mother (the father being dead).

After I had spent a few days at the house, however, I was no longer surprised at the existing state of things. It was always uncertain whether the brothers would be home for dinner. On the first evening after my arrival, just before that meal, there was the sound of a latchkey, and my friend said, "Oh, there is Tom, I suppose." But although it was a dismal wet night, neither she nor her mother went out to greet him, and I heard him go straight up to his room without a word of welcome from anyone. We began dinner, and after a time he came in, but the only remark vouchsafed him was the irritably-spoken complaint that he was "late, as usual."

After dinner, the mother engaged my attention with some work, and my friend settled herself down with a book. The brother, meanwhile, loafed about, grumbled at the weather, and finally went out, muttering that "this was a lively sort of house to come home to after one's day's work." We saw no more of him till next morning, when he and his brother, who had not hitherto appeared at all, came down, late, to breakfast, and were met as usual with reproaches. I was not altogether surprised to hear, not long after, that one of them had left the country hurriedly, to avoid exposure and disgrace, and the other was rapidly following in the same path.

It would probably have surprised the sister, who, I should have said, never lost an opportunity of lecturing her brothers on their disgraceful conduct, to hear that she was, to some extent at any rate, responsible for it; that she might, if she had exerted her sisterly influence over them, have probably saved the one brother at any rate; but it was the truth, nevertheless. If, instead of calling attention to their failings, she had tried to shield them; if, instead of upbraiding them for being late and irregular, she had met them at the door with a welcome; if she had shown an interest in their occupations; if she had coaxed them in the evenings to sing with her, or read to her; or, if they must go out to entertainments, had persuaded them to take her with them sometimes, and been always ready to accommodate herself to their wishes, they would have found that it was quite possible to have a very pleasant evening at home, and that it was not necessary to go to questionable places of resort in order to find amusement and cheerful society. But she did none of these; she took no trouble to make home attractive or herself agreeable, and so left them to find out inviting places of amusement for themselves, thus using all her influence to drive them away from home.

If you elder sisters could only think how much good you might do, how much harm you are doing by your selfish, unamiable conduct at home, you would surely alter your way of life. "Evil is wrought by want of thought, as well as want of heart," and I know that in many of the cases where girls are failing to use their influence for good, it is because they have not considered the evil they are doing; it is not from want of heart, but want of thought.

Then let me beg of you to think seriously about it now, if you have not done so before. When your young days are over, will you be able to look back and see with satisfaction that you have played a true sister's and friend's part? That you have striven with all the power that in you lay to make your influence upon family, friends, inferiors, always and only for good?

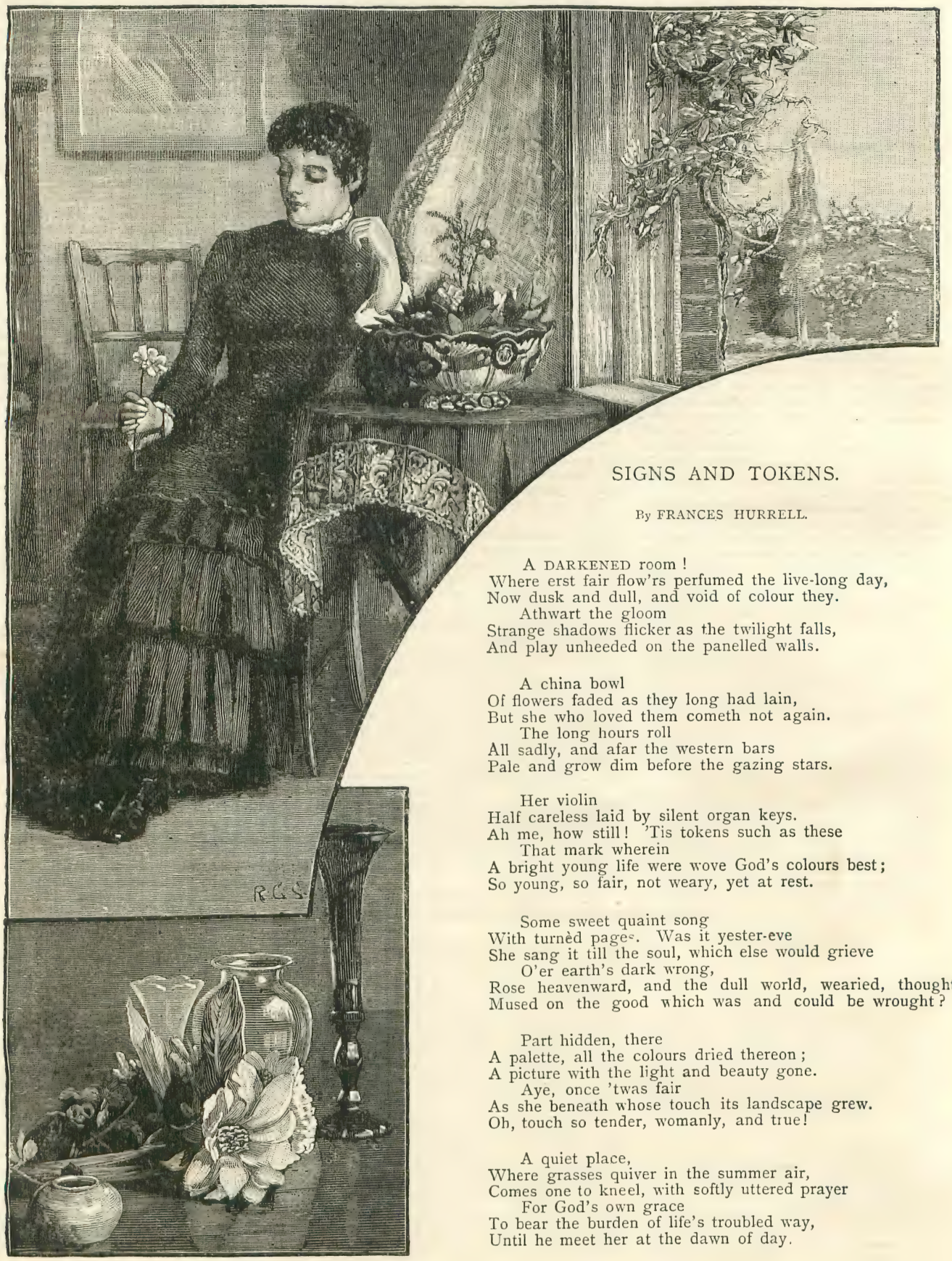
USEFUL HINTS.

To Clean Oriental and other Brass Ornaments.—Take a lemon without the peel, cut it in two, and take out the pips; well rub the articles to be cleaned with the pieces of lemon, then wash them in plain warm water; dry with a soft cloth, and polish with a clean leather, and the brass will look new again.

A Colourless Cement.—Put one ounce of chloroform into a stoppered bottle, with one ounce and a quarter of caoutchouc cut into very small pieces. When this is dissolved, and the mixture quite fluid, add a quarter of an ounce of mastic in tears. Let the whole remain with the stopper well in for eight days, when it will be fit for use (or it will keep for any time). This is an excellent cement for china, glass, and many other things. It is used in the ordinary way; the china or glass to be joined is warmed, and the bottle of cement is stood in warm water when it is too thick to use without. Take care not to cement the stopper into the bottle.

Swiss Trifle.—Take sufficient from a pint of cream to mix four teaspoonfuls of best flour into a smooth batter. Put the remainder of the cream into a saucepan, make it hot; have ready six ounces of sugar on to which you have grated the rind of a lemon, then pounded the sugar; put this into the cream, and when it is quite hot add the flour that you mixed with some of the cream, simmer for five minutes, stirring gently all the time. When quite cold stir in slowly the drained juice of two lemons. Next take a glass dish, cover the bottom of it with macaroons or ratafias, spread a layer of greengage jam over these, then a layer of the prepared cream; repeat these three layers so that there are six, and the top one is cream. This trifle is not much to look at, as the top is flat and it is not ornamented, but to eat I think it is the queen of sweet dishes.

Almond Nuts.—Half a pound fine flour, half a pound sifted sugar, half a pound pounded almonds, six ounces butter, two eggs, the grated rind of one lemon. Beat the butter to a cream, add the eggs (well beaten), sugar, spices, almonds, and flour. Stir the whole briskly together for a quarter of an hour, form into small balls, and bake in a slow oven until of a pale yellow colour.



AS IT USED TO BE.

SIGNS AND TOKENS.

By FRANCES HURRELL.

A DARKENED room!
Where erst fair flow'rs perfumed the live-long day,
Now dusk and dull, and void of colour they.
Athwart the gloom
Strange shadows flicker as the twilight falls,
And play unheeded on the panelled walls.

A china bowl
Of flowers faded as they long had lain,
But she who loved them cometh not again.
The long hours roll
All sadly, and afar the western bars
Pale and grow dim before the gazing stars.

Her violin
Half careless laid by silent organ keys.
Ah me, how still! 'Tis tokens such as these
That mark wherein
A bright young life were wove God's colours best;
So young, so fair, not weary, yet at rest.

Some sweet quaint song
With turnèd pages. Was it yester-eve
She sang it till the soul, which else would grieve
O'er earth's dark wrong,
Rose heavenward, and the dull world, wearied, thought
Mused on the good which was and could be wrought?

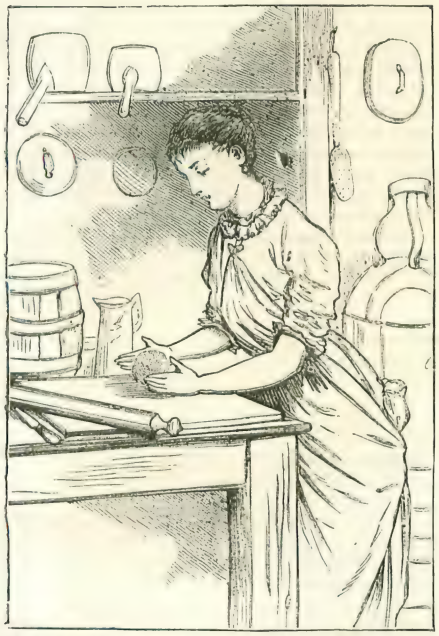
Part hidden, there
A palette, all the colours dried thereon;
A picture with the light and beauty gone.
Aye, once 'twas fair
As she beneath whose touch its landscape grew.
Oh, touch so tender, womanly, and true!

A quiet place,
Where grasses quiver in the summer air,
Comes one to kneel, with softly uttered prayer
For God's own grace
To bear the burden of life's troubled way,
Until he meet her at the dawn of day.

DIPS INTO AN OLD COOKERY BOOK.

By RUTH LAMB.

Dip II.



Before leaving savoury dishes and dipping into the sweets, it may be as well to present a selection of recipes for sauces and seasonings. Here are instructions "To Make Sace for a Docke. Take ye gisserts and penen's" (gizzard and pinions, or giblets, as they are called) "of the docke and a litle other meat, and dreg it with a little flower and frye them. When half-fryed, dreg with flower again. So frye it a little more. Then put it into a sace pan and water to it" (size of pan and quantity of water being left to the imagination) "put one onion, a little peper and salt. Soe boyle them all together. Soe serve."

Following closely upon this we are informed how to make "Sauce for a Goose," and as it is universally admitted that "Sauce for the goose is also sauce for the gander," we will copy the recipe. "Take apples and peele them and cutt them small and stue them in a little water to ye be smooth. Then put a little salt in; soe sweeten it toe ye tast, and put it on a pleat and send it toe ye table with ye goose. But you must mix vinicar and mustord and shugor together, and put it under ye goose on ye dish when it goes up to ye table."

Perhaps these sauces may suffice as a sample; for sundry recipes for gravies which are furnished by our old "Cook Book" are got up so entirely regardless of expense, that they would probably be as costly as the dish of which they are supposed to form an accompaniment only.

Amongst the puddings and sweets there are many excellent recipes, several of which I will give. But as the most delightful sample of indefiniteness I ever met with, I present the following, and any girl who reduces it to anything like common-sense, will have solved no ordinary problem: "How to Make Duch Friters." "Take new milk, or cream, and flower, or white bread grated and boyld very thick, then beat it in a wood morter very well. Then put a little shugar, scinnement, nuttmegg, and a little sack and roas water and a *pritty deall* of eggs all beat togeather. Then greas ye booard; then poor ye bater on ye boord. *So draw it of with anything* into your fat, then drane them and grate on shugar."

Can anybody tell what a "pritty deall" is? To me it is an "unknown quantity." One assumes that being "friters" these Dutch articles are fried, and, of course, assumes the presence of a frying-pan and boiling fat. But the "boord" and the "anything" which is to be used in "drawing of the bater," present such difficulties that I give them up. A happy thought suggests that the batter may, perhaps, be slipped into the pan on a floured cloth, like that from which oatcake is thrown on to the girdle.

The amusingly varied spelling of the same words in one recipe may, I think, be accounted for. Probably many of the recipes were copied, by the fair hand and in the beautiful writing of Mrs. Anne Jackson, from the MS. of friends, and, in transferring them to her own book, she religiously adhered to the spelling, however peculiar it might be, feeling that such sacred mysteries were not to be lightly tampered with.

I suppose everybody likes to have a finger in that good old Christmas dainty, a mince pie; so

"To Make Mincht Pyes: Take 2 pound of mutton, *of ye legg of mutton*, par boyle it. Then take 2 pound of mutton sueitt and chop them together. Season them with salt, peper, cloves, mace, cinnement, nutmegg and shugar. Then put 3 pound of currens, 1 pound of rasons stoned and chopped small. Some candid lemmon and an oring. *Soe, full ye pyes, and bak them.*"

If I make my Christmas pies by the above, I shall substitute beef and beef suet for mutton; but I can easily understand why mutton figures conspicuously in these pages. Great numbers of sheep are fed on the mountain slopes, or "fells;" farmers and "statesmen," —as those are called who own the land they till—kill their own mutton. Beef is a comparatively scarce article even now, and only to be obtained once a week, and from a distance of several miles. Any person unacquainted with this fact would be surprised, on examining a recipe which tells "How to Make a Stake Pye," to discover that it is made from a neck of mutton in these parts.

I have no hesitation in saying that the next recipe for a Gooseberry Ffool (one f would not express it) is not to be surpassed for excellence. "Take a pint and a half of gooseberries, clean picked from ye stalks. Put them into a basson with a pint and a half of fair water and boil them with a pound and a half of fine suggar, till it be of a good thicknesse. Then put to it ye yolks of 6 eggs and a pint of good cream (well beaten together) with a nutmegg quartered. Stir those well together, till you think ye be enough, over a slow fire, and put it into a dish and eat it cold."

When the aforesaid "Ffool" was served out at our table the other day, a youngster was asked how he liked it. He made no response, but shovelled away manfully with his spoon until his plate was empty. Then, with a sigh of satisfaction, he sent it for a fresh supply; remarking that to *talk* about such good stuff as that, whilst there was any within reach, was a horrid waste of time.

It may be added that the "Ffool" is excellent, and more suited for unlimited consumption when made with about half the quantity of cream and eggs here set down. The sugar is also rather in excess, even for a very "sweet tooth."

"A Silly Bub" seemed such a suitable appendage to a gooseberry fool, that I was going to copy the recipe for making it. But, alas! a closer examination of ye Cook Book shows me that it exists in the index only. The page on which the instructions for compounding this dish with an imbecile name is gone altogether, and it must be sought for as "Syllabub" in some more modern volume.

There is nothing melancholy about the next recipe, although "To Make Weep" sounds rather doleful. It is only to tell us how to whip cream. "Take a quart of good cream, take ye white of 1 egg well beaten. Sweeten it to ye tast with loaf shugar; then take a jacklet stick" (equivalent to the modern whisk) "and weep it about to it froth; then take it of. So do, to you have enough to cover ye creams, *which you must remember to put ye rien of a lemmon into ye cream before you weep it;* and ye creams that leaves" (drains from the whip) "you may put it into little pots, and send it up to table amongell ye creams."

"Ye creams" for which the weep is intended to form a roofing, are delicious compounds. One is of gooseberries prepared by stewing and forcing through a sieve. Then sugar and a pint of good cream are added, and we are told 'if that be not enough put more to it; to it be well coloured. Soe, put ye weep all over it. Soe, serve.'"

We had quite a family conclave over another recipe, and after much vain deliberation and many wrong guesses in the drawing-room, I went into the kitchen to consult the reigning powers in that department. Nobody could solve the difficulty. Instructions were given in ye Cook Book "How to Candy Shoups" and "How to make Shoups for cream." We were told in the former to "take ye Shoups and wash them; clean them after you have opened them; half them and make ye sirrep of roaswater and shuggar; then put in your shoups and candy them as you doe lemmon pil." Candied lemon and orange peels were prepared at home in those days.

Now, the information was plain enough, only nobody knew what "Shoups" were, and this was the cause of all our deliberations. The next recipe, which bade us "Take them, open them, clean them from ye stones that is in them, wash them and boil them till ye be soft," seemed to suggest stone fruit of some kind.

The housekeeper wondered whether "scoop" could be the correct word, and thought that "h" had really been meant for "k"; because the insides of apples and other fruits are sometimes scooped out, and, after being stewed till tender, the hollows are filled up with whipped or flavoured cream.

Another reference to the MS. demolished this, apparently, hopeful suggestion, for we are further told: "beat them well and put in two or three eggs, as your dish is for greatness; but I think 3 little enough for one dish. Two spoonfull of roaswater, two of sack are to be put in and shuggar. Sennement and mace to ye tast: thicken them in your pan over ye fire, then put them into your dish."

In addition to the good things enumerated, there was to be a sauce of "shuggar and cream," or "cream, rosewater, sack and shuggar," which would be all very delightful if one only knew where to find the shoups, or even where to look for them. My feminine curiosity grew stronger. I was resolved not to be baffled by a word of five letters in an old cookery book; so I started on a visit to the farm-house, hard by, in order to consult its mistress.

If I did not succeed there, I intended to go off in search of the "oldest inhabitant" of the dale, and to find out the meaning of shoup, if I wore out a pair of shoes in the

attempt. Happily, my good friend at the farm gave me the information. "We call those things on the wild roses, with the hairy seeds in them, 'tupes,' pronounced shoups in our part of the country. But I should think it cannot be those things after all."

It was, though, and shoups are neither more nor less than hips and the hairy seeds of the wild rose are "Ye stones that are in them," and which require to be removed before the cooking process is commenced.

I reported my success in the kitchen, and was amused to find that the housekeeper had heard hips called "choops," but could not imagine anyone would use them in cookery. Others, however, know and appreciate the excellence of jelly made from them, or "conserve of hips."

Having given these recipes for sweets, it may not be amiss to furnish one or two for puddings. Anyone might guess that the home of ye Cook Book must be amid rich pastures, where milk and cream are abundant, and eggs to be had at a reasonable price; all these articles being used in a reckless fashion unknown in city dwellings. The result is admirable, as in this "potatey pudding."

"Boyle ye tates, take of ye skin and stamp them, and to a pound of potates put 10 eggs, half a pound of butter pressed and stamped among ye potates, put in 2 spoonfull of roas water, 2 of sack, a little mace, sinnement and salt; soe bake all togeather. An hour will bake it. Drane butter and suggar, after you have baked it—soe serve."

"How to make a Quaken" (quaking) "pudding.—Take a pint of cream, ten eggs, leaving out 7 of ye whites, and mix 2 spoonfull of fine flower with a little of ye cream first. Season it with sinnomon or nutmegg; beat it very well. Butter and flower your cloth very well and put in a little salt."

It will be easily understood that the little salt should be mixed with the other ingredients at first, and not applied to the cloth in which the pudding is to be "boyled." It is an exquisitely delicate pudding; but the flavouring both in this and other recipes may be much improved. From the frequent mention of mace, cinnamon, and nutmeg, we form a notion of the small number of articles available for flavouring purposes, when ye Cook Book was written out. Still, the more substantial and important ingredients may be relied on, and in these lesser matters, it is easy to introduce some of the modern essences which impart a subtle perfume to many a dish, so as to vary the taste, without altogether discarding the homely spicery which figures so conspicuously in these pages.

Last dip, number three, will introduce instructions for "cake and wine" of home manufacture.

(*To be concluded.*)

JANET'S TRUST.

CHAPTER II.

AD a thunderbolt fallen amongst them it could scarcely have had a more startling effect than had Janet's words upon her sister and friend.

"Not accept five hundred pounds, and they in such dire need of money! Oh, it is too absurd," thought George; and yet he did not say a word, but sat gazing at the floor.

"You must be mad, Janet Grey!" cried Meta, wildly; and flinging herself into a chair, she wept passionately.

"I am very sorry that my resolution should surprise and shock you so much," said Janet, looking sadly from one to the other. "God knows the money would be most welcome to me——"

"Then why not take it?" said George, eagerly. "You want it very badly, and——"

"Yes, we want it badly—very badly," answered Janet, gravely. "But, George, have you forgotten my dying father's words? 'Do not part with those deeds, no matter what may happen. Keep them, my child, till you are able to use them and prove that you and Meta have a right to the property. Let nothing tempt you to give them up.'"

"Yes, I remember that he told you that," said George, quickly; "but he did not foresee——"

"There I think you are mistaken," cried Janet. "That he did foresee this offer of money, I feel quite certain; and therefore he warned me not to part with the deeds on any account. He gave those papers to me as a trust, and I should be very wrong if I were to give them up at the first temptation that comes to me. And do you not see also, dear George, that this man's offer only proves that our cause is a good one? By taking this five hundred pounds we may, perhaps, lose double the money. I have no idea how much the property is really worth; but it is worth more than he offers, I am sure, or he would not be so anxious to silence us for ever. Be that as it may, however, nothing will persuade me to give up my father's trust."

"You are right, Janet, I feel sure," cried George, quickly. "What a fool I was not to see that from the first! Of course, he must think you have a good claim, or he would not offer you such a large sum of money. Your claim is good—it must be good! But how are we to prove it? How shall we, poor as we are, go to law against a rich man like this Mr. Berwick? Oh, it is quite useless to think of such a thing!"

"Yes, so it is at present, George. We can do nothing now, I know; but it is hard to say what may turn up—what help we may receive. And even if it should never be proved—even if we were always to go on working, as I suppose we shall—yes, even if we were starving, I should be bound to refuse the five hundred pounds, and be true to my trust."

"You are a brave girl, brave and true, Janet," said George, as he paced up and down the room. "But oh, my poor dear, your life is a hard one."

"Yes, it is hard, George; and yet we should feel thankful to God that we have got on so well. Meta and I do not fare sumptuously, but we are never hungry. So long as I get plenty of work I shall not complain. If I could only live without taking money from you, and send Meta to school, I should be quite happy."

"Then why don't you take the money?" cried Meta. "If you feel happy sitting there stitching and sewing, I hate it. I have as much right to accept the money as you have, although you are eighteen and I am only twelve. Father said the property was for me too; so I'll just go to this gentleman and tell him that ——"

"Meta!" cried Janet, in a voice full of pain.

"Well; why shouldn't I? Why should we work and pinch, and half starve, when we might be so nice and comfortable? Why, if we had these five hundred pounds, we should not require to sit and sew the way we do. We——"

"My poor little sister!" said Janet, gently, "you seem to think that five hundred pounds is a fortune that would never come to an end. That if we took this money we should be as rich as the princess in the fairy tales. But indeed, dear, it would not be such a great thing after all; although it would be an immense help, of course. If we sat down to do nothing, and lived upon this money, Meta, it would be all gone in a few years. If we put it out at interest, even supposing we got five per cent., it would only bring us in twenty-five pounds a year, and we could not live very comfortably on that, dear; could we?"

"No; of course not," grumbled Meta, looking rather blank. "But still, it would be enough to help you a great deal; and you might send me to school, and let me grow up like a lady.

"Yes; it would enable me to do that, certainly. And, oh, Meta, you do not know how strongly tempted I feel to accept this money! It would be such a help."

"Then accept it, Janet, dear—for my sake, accept it. Say you will." And Meta raised her eyes imploringly to her face.

"Hush, dear. Do not tempt me to do what I feel—what I know—would be wrong. Listen, darling," and Janet put her arms round her sister, and drew her towards her. "You know, Meta, God has commanded us to honour and obey our parents. Well, dear, that does not mean that we are to obey them only whilst they are alive, but also after their death. And so, you see, I am bound to do what father told me, no matter what it may cost me. No matter what amount of pain I may feel in fulfilling my trust, I must and will obey his last will and strict injunctions."

"Yes. But if father only knew how poor we are, and how——"

"But father must have known—must have expected that we should be poor, dear, and still he told me to keep the deeds. So now we must forget about this money, Meta, and work patiently——"

"Oh, but it is so hard to refuse it," cried the girl, softened by her sister's words, yet unable to give up the money without a struggle. "Father was always so fond of his little Meta. I am sure he would not like us to refuse such help if he were with us now."

"That I cannot say, Meta. But I do know that he told me, almost with his last breath, to keep the deeds. Therefore, we must make up our minds to be patient, and go on exactly as we have been doing since his death."

"Oh, dear! I suppose so. But it is hard to go on for ever, sitting still, sewing and stitching at servants' dresses."

"It is hard, darling," said Janet, softly; "hard for us both; but for you, at your age, doubly hard. But let us try and bear it patiently, Meta. Who knows what may turn up for us in the future! God may help us out of our difficulties in some way that we do not think of now. And do you know, dear, I have been half promised some work from a lady this very morning. If I get it it will pay me well; and if I should happen to please her she will give me more. Then, in time, I may be able to let you go to school without taking the five hundred pounds at all."

"Oh, Janet, that is good news. You are a

dear old darling, and I am a cross, ill-tempered thing. Forgive me, dearest." And Meta flung her arms round her sister's neck.

"I forgive you, of course, dear child; but you must promise me not to fret any more about this money. My little Meta must help me to be strong and resist all temptations to disobey the last injunctions of our dying father."

"Yes, Janet, I will, indeed. I will try to forget that man and his money, and work as hard as ever I can. I ought to do far more for you than I do. But I will be much better after to-day. That I promise you."

"That is a good girl. And believe me, Meta, the hardest work becomes pleasant and easy if it is done with a cheerful spirit."

"Janet, Janet! You must not expect me to be too good. To be cheerful whilst hemming yards of frilling of a dark, muggy colour is beyond me. But, there, I am not going to grumble any more, but do my work as fast as possible. I must and will get this stuff finished before tea."

With a loving kiss the girl slipped from her sister's embrace and returned at once to her frills.

"That is right, darling," said Janet, smiling, and she too resumed her work.

Meanwhile George Moore walked up and down in silence. He seemed absorbed in thought, and did not pay any attention to the little scene that was going on between the sisters.

Suddenly he strode across the room, and, sitting down beside Janet, began to finger the dress she was working at.

"It is not very beautiful material, George," the girl said, with a smile. "Unfortunately, my employers are only poor servants, and they cannot afford anything very nice. But if this lady that I have heard of is only true to her word I shall have some lovely silks and satins to show you. They will be worth feeling, my friend. This is a rough article."

"Janet," he said, abruptly, "I want—to—ask you something."

The girl looked up quickly from her work. There was an anxious sound in his voice that surprised and startled her.

"Well, George! What is it?"

"Janet, would you and Meta—miss me much, if I—went away?"

"You go away! Oh, George!" and the look of pain in the brown eyes told him more than the words.

"Would you—really miss me? Would you be very lonely? Because, I——"

"George, George! we should be more than lonely. We should be most unhappy. Oh, do not go away. Think of our friendless condition—of——" And Janet's voice was choked with tears, and her lips quivered.

"Say no more, dear. I shall stay where I am. But still——"

"But what, George? Tell me all. Oh, do not think me foolish for weeping so easily. Tell me everything; pray do. Why do you think of going away?"

"I don't think of doing so now, Janet. I would not go against your will for the world."

"Oh, but I may be wrong to prevent you. I may be only selfish and foolish. Tell me all about it, George, and then I will tell you what I think."

"Well, Janet, I will tell you the whole story in a few seconds. You know that in the city here I get a wretched salary?"

"Yes, dear; and I know how generous you can be, wretched as it is. Well?"

"Well, I have been thinking this long time back that it would be better for us all—better for you, better for Meta—if I were to make a push and earn a little more money."

"Most certainly it would; but how? Where could you earn any more?"

"That is just it. I cannot do so in London, I feel sure. But in America, I know for a positive fact, that I could."

"In America! Oh, George!"

"Yes; but don't look so sad, Janet. I shall not go since you wish me to stay. But a few hours ago my plans seemed so good—our future looked so bright."

"But you must not change your plans," cried Janet, quickly.

"It is not I who have changed them, dear, but you," he answered, smiling. "Your will is my law, Janet."

"Then I must forget myself," she said, gravely, "and direct you as much as possible for your own good. But tell me, George, are you sure to get work in America? Work that will be better paid than it is here?"

"Yes, I know I should. A friend of my father's has written to me from New York. He offers me a place in his office at double the salary I get here, and promises me a speedy rise if I do my work well. At first I tossed the letter aside, looking upon the thing as impossible; for I felt that I could not leave you and Meta, without a creature to look after you. Then came the offer of the five hundred pounds. I never for a moment imagined that you would refuse it, and I said to myself: 'Janet will accept this money. I will accept the place in America, and we shall go off to New York together. Meta shall be sent to a good school at once, whilst Janet and I——"

"Hush, George," cried the girl, with a quick blush, "I see how wrong I was to tell you to stay on in London; but I now say 'go.' Accept your friend's offer at once, and——"

"What! and leave you behind here in loneliness and poverty? without a friend to look after you? Oh, Janet, how could I?"

"But, George, it must be done. The thought of losing you, our only friend, pained and shocked me for a moment; but, much as we may suffer from the separation, still, you must leave us, dear. God will take care of Meta and me, and help us in our difficulties. Oh, it was selfish, more than selfish, of me to think of preventing your going away—to think of myself at all in the matter. Go, George, as soon as you can; and may God grant you all possible good luck and success."

"But, Janet——"

"But, George—listen, dear. A sudden idea has crossed my mind. Go to America—get your big salary; and, oh, dear friend, do not think me selfish once more. But I know our welfare—Meta's and mine—is as dear to you as your own."

"Yes, twice as dear, Janet."

"Well, you must save your money," cried the girl, pointing to the box containing her father's trust, the precious deeds, "and then you may perhaps make use of those papers, and win our cause for us. If you go to America you may one day return a wealthy man, or, at least, rich enough to fight our lawsuit, and with the help of God get this property for your little sisters."

"Oh, if I could. If I thought I could, I would toil night and day to make enough money."

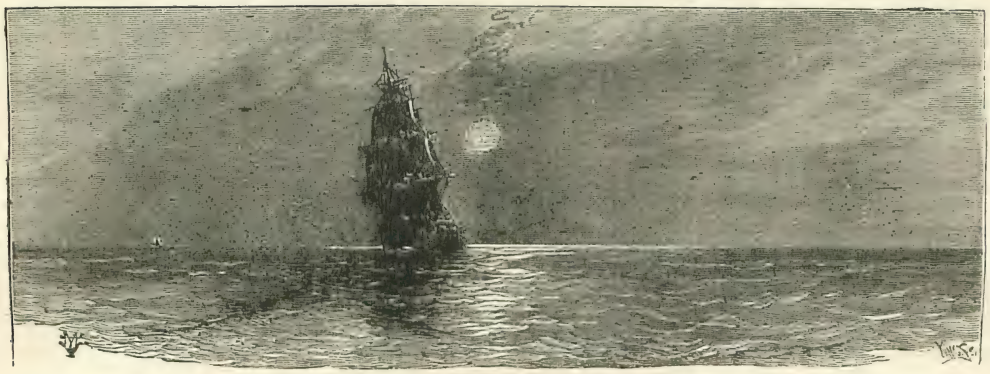
"Of course you will be able. You are hard-working and clever, George, and with this opening now before you, you are sure to do well. Then, think of our happiness when you return and win our case, and we are all rich and prosperous together." And Janet's pale cheek flushed and her eyes grew bright as she thought of the future that was in store for them.

"God bless you for these words, dear Janet," cried George, grasping her eagerly by the hand. "They give me hope and confidence in myself. I will go, dear, and if work and energy can do it, I shall soon be a rich man. Meanwhile, you must be true to your trust; as true as you have been to-day. Let no money offers dazzle you, no sufferings or poverty weaken your resolution, and we shall be happy together yet. Before long I may be able to return with money in my hands to fight and win your lawsuit. To do this will be the one thought, the one object of my life."

"Then, God speed you, George, and may you prosper as you deserve to do. Meta and I will miss you sorely. But the hope of your return and the thought of our pleasant life to come, will keep us bright and happy."

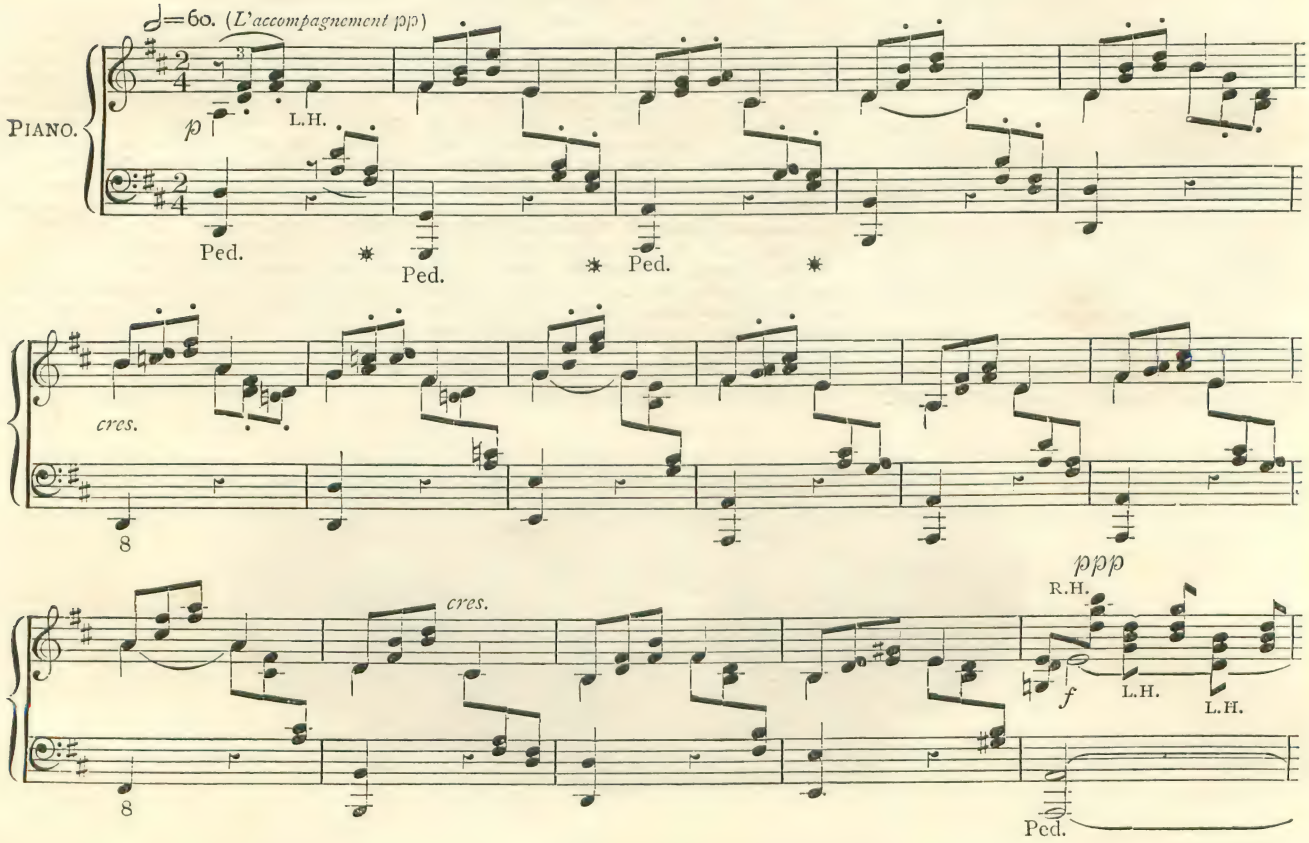
"And that same hope will encourage me, and make me work as no man ever worked before. But good-bye for the present, dear sisters. I must be off at once and make arrangements for my departure. I shall write to my friend in New York to-night, and accept the post he offers me. Then I must write to Mr. Berwick, and tell him you refuse the five hundred pounds. He will be disappointed, I am sure, for he seemed most anxious about it. But good-night, I have no time to spare." And kissing Meta tenderly, he shook Janet warmly by the hand, took up his hat, and hurried from the room.

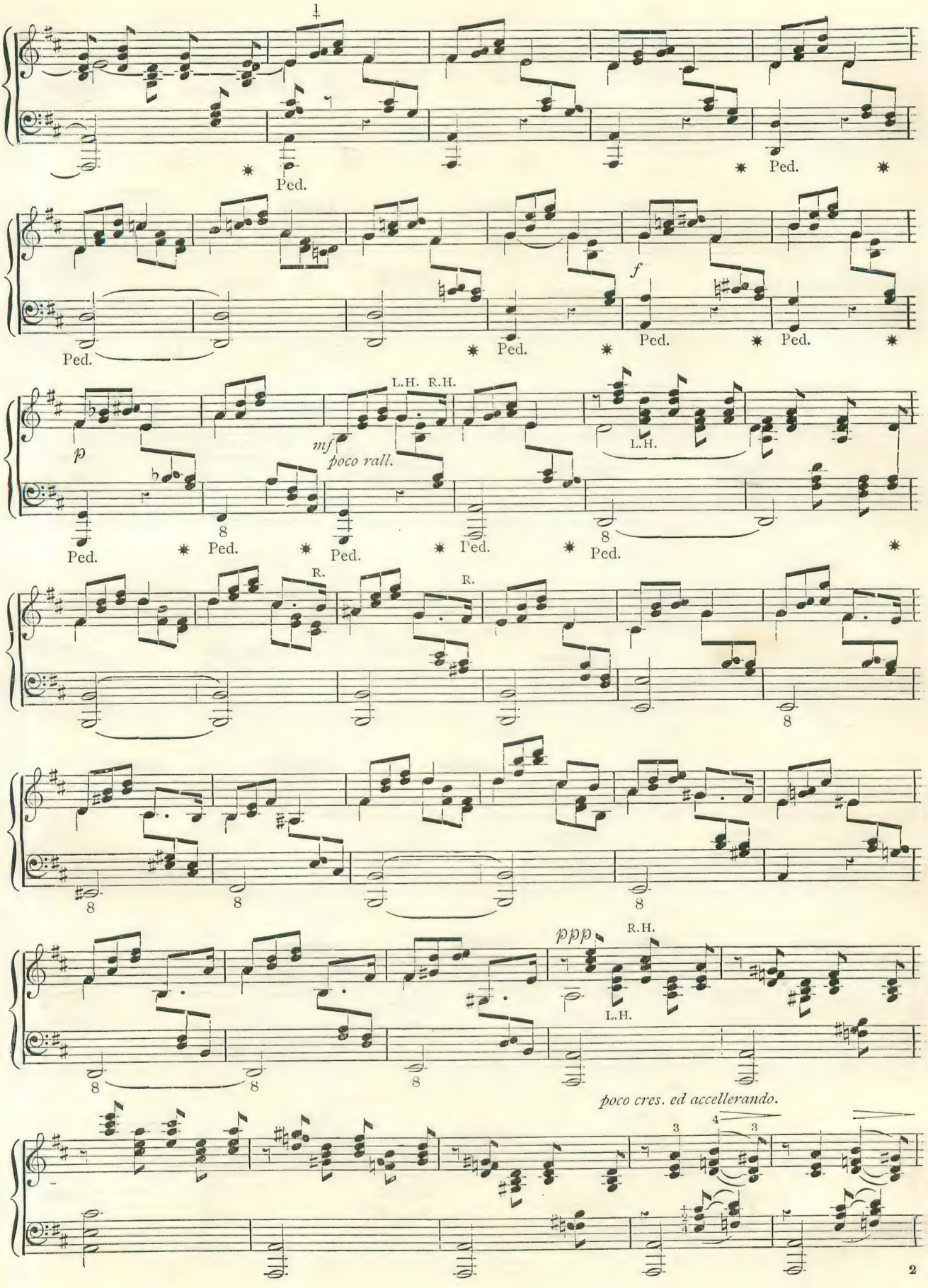
(To be continued.)



EVENING.

By GORDON SAUNDERS, Mus.D.

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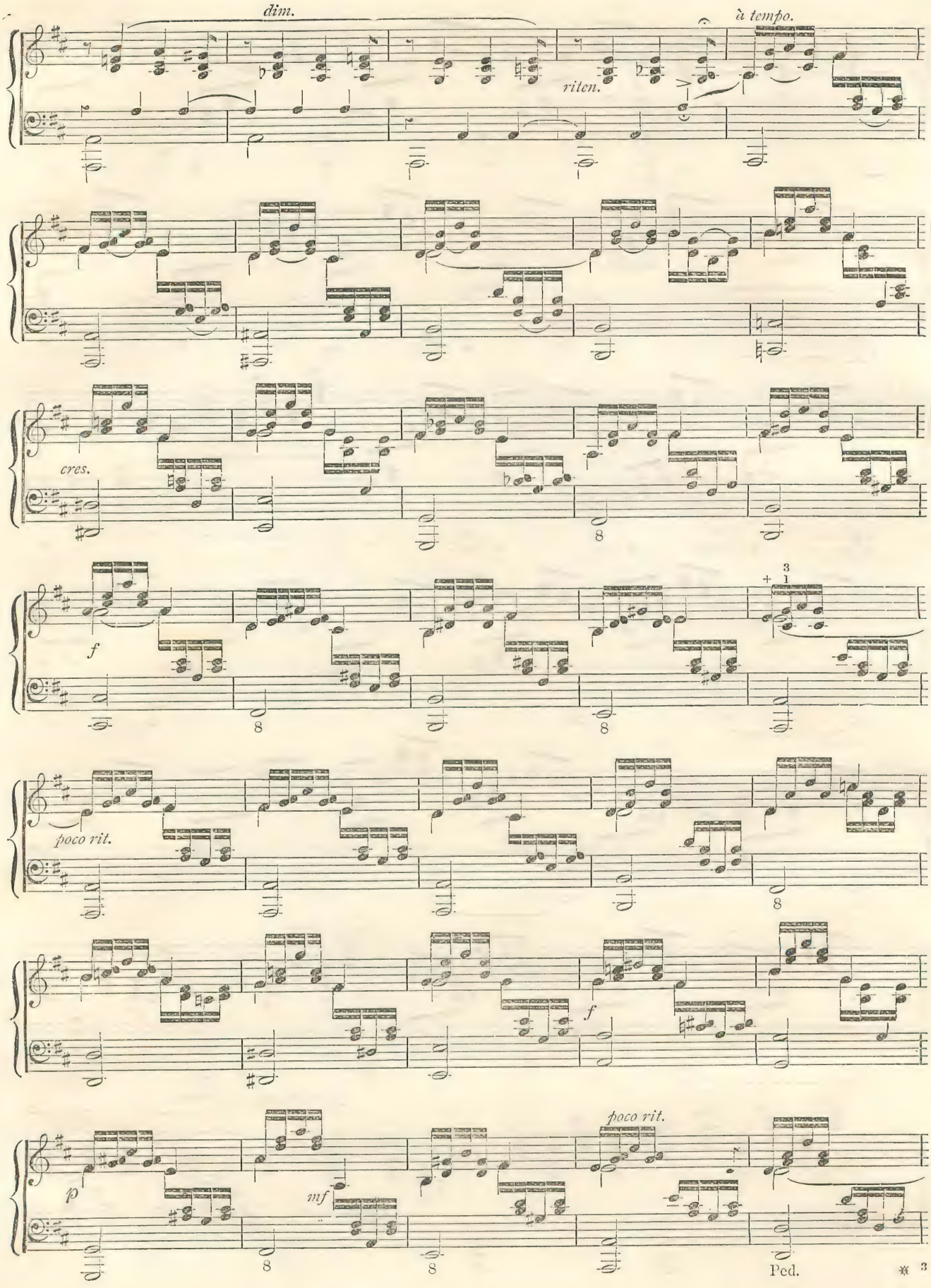
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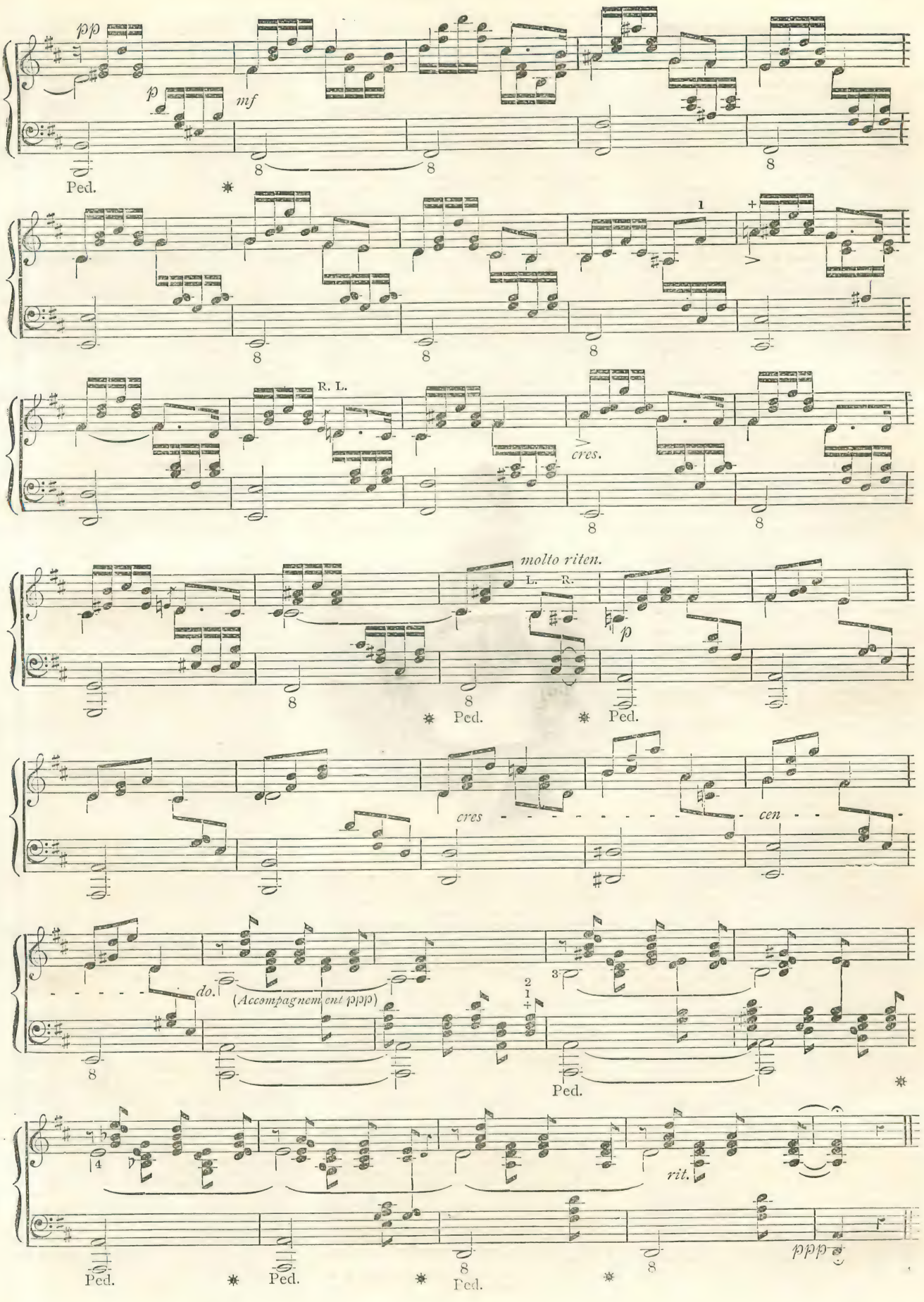
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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

NELL GLEN.—You must learn to spell before you look for admission into any hospital as a nurse. Twelve mistakes, and one of them such as we could not repeat, in a few lines on one side of a sheet of note-paper, constrain us to give you this advice. There is no law, civil or scriptural, to prevent a marriage between cousins; but if your parents strongly object to it in your case, their wishes should not be lightly set aside, even if you be of mature age.

PRESSING ON.—The 21st of April, 1858, was a Wednesday. You should consult the head directors of the Band of Hope Society as to your desire to establish a branch in your village, and offer your assistance in any way they may indicate.

FORGET-ME-NOT.—At twenty-one you would be eligible for a situation in the Children's Hospital, Great Ormond-street. Apply to the lady superintendent for all particulars. Meantime, you had better study a little manual on "Sick Nursing at Home" (170, Strand, W.C.). You will have to show a doctor's certificate of good health, we believe.

NANCY.—If you consult our Answers to Correspondents under "Educational" you will find very numerous replies to similar questions. You should begin by learning to spell the name of your intended professional title. It is "doctor," not "docter." There is a Zenana and Medical Mission Home and Training School for Ladies at 58, St. George's-road, S.W. Apply to the hon. secretary, Dr. G. Griffith.

MAUD RUBY.—"The Lady's Mile" is another name for Rotten-row, in Hyde Park. You do not mention your age, and as you have procured the "Guide to Female Employment in Government Offices," you have got all the information that we can give you. Apply to the secretary, at the office of the Civil Service. We shall be very glad to hear that you have passed your examination, and are pleased to hear that we have helped you.

PEARL.—Perhaps the Improvement Society, of which the president is the Rev. G. V. Collison, Vicarage, Clodock, near Abergavenny, Wales, might suit you if a member of the Church of England. Write to the hon. secretary, Miss Knapp, Ivy-place, Hampstead-road, Handsworth. It is not necessary to join all the classes. Entrance fee, 1s.; annual subscription, 1s. Prizes given. Write for rules.

ONE WHO WISHES TO KNOW.—We see no harm in your sending a card to your minister and asking his prayers. The examination of the College of Preceptors would be the best under the circumstances you mention.

MAB.—"T double-o k" (took) would be right. You should not say "t o o k," naming every letter separately.

GERALDINE must write direct to the publishers of the magazine.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A LEARNER.—The Sea of Tiberias, the Lake of Gennesareth, and the Sea of Galilee are all names applied to the Waters. It is from thirteen to fifteen miles in length, and from six to seven in breath, and it is sunk in a hole, as it were, being 700 feet below the level of the Mediterranean. The Jordan issues from the southern extremity, winds through a course of about 200 miles, and falls into the Dead Sea, which is a salt-water lake of 42 miles in length, and sunk to a depth of 1,292 feet below the Mediterranean. You ought to study a good map of the Holy Land, and read some descriptive work on its characteristics.

NORA.—The verses have no merit, and express very mistaken opinions. The girl described as praying for death, and who had her spoken wish granted by being struck by lightning, was in no fit state to die. Her desire for death was only to escape from a special sorrow and to be with her dead lover, not "having a desire to depart and be with Christ, which is far better." But, persecuted as St. Paul was, and having only the holy desire to be "with Christ," he dared not pray for death. It is a great matter of doubt where the girl went whose prayer was answered in so terrible a way.

CHRISTIANNA.—We are sorry for your trouble—one which is very widespread at present. Better to try the North-West Territory, British America, and take up free grants of land. But before taking any decisive action, write to the Central Emigration Office in Dorset-street, and obtain all information. You might perhaps obtain an assisted passage. There is a small "Guide to Emigration" published by Stock, in Oxford-street, W., price sixpence. Get that, by all means.

IOLANTHE.—Your theme has been so well described already in the famous poem on the "Burial of Sir John Moore," commencing, "Not a drum was heard," etc., that we wonder you attempted to write upon it. Your verses need a good deal of correction, quite apart from the question of "poetry." Count the syllables, and make each corresponding line match in length and in the syllable on which the beat falls.

LILY.—The bridesmaids stand either at the back or the side of the bride, the chief bridesmaid the closest to her, as she takes charge of the bride's gloves and bouquet when she requires to free her hands during the service.

A REIGNING BELLE (?).—Apples and oranges are eaten with both the knife and fork, and neither of them need be peeled, as the inside can be cut out and eaten from the pieces with the knife and fork. Many people, however, prefer to peel them first.

DAFFODIL.—"Oh, what a tangled web we weave!" is from Scott's "Marmion," canto vi.

LITTLE MISS MUFFIT'S question has, we think, been answered. LL.A. means Lady Licentiate of the University of St. Andrew's. Khiva seems generally pronounced "Ki-va" in England, but the right method is, we believe, "Kee-va."

NIL DESPERANDUM must learn to spell before she makes a mark in the world by writing stories. You can give a *nom de plume* as well as your own name. A long tale should be all sent in at once. Your writing needs improvement.

ELDER SISTER.—Glycerine, oatmeal and water, and oil are all used to smoothe and heal the skin.

ANNIE DOWNTON is, we think, very wise in her ideas. If she had given her address we could have helped her, perhaps; and if she likes to write again will try to do so still.

E. T. P.—We should think you were misinformed. There is a very charming biography of Longfellow just issued, which does not mention any such sad change. At any rate, we cannot see how it would justly affect his poetry written in early life, which would still be enjoyable and beautiful.

E. J. B. (Jersey).—We are much obliged for your composition, which is thoughtful and interesting, but in too much of the "composition" style for our columns.

G. O. P.—Your teeth need stopping, or else you have caught cold in the jaw. Better go to a dentist and have an opinion. Not being "clairvoyant," we could not form any opinion ourselves.

INQUIRER.—The names Urim and Thummim signify respectively "light" and "perfection." Opinions are various respecting the mysterious breastplate of the Jewish high priest. Some think that the words refer to the twelve precious stones which were set in the plate, representing the twelve tribes of Israel; others, that they only implied the divine virtue and power given to the breastplate in its consecration, and denote the clearness and perfection of the oracular answers obtained from God in this His own appointed way, by His servant the high priest.

BIG YOUTH.—Your dimensions constitute no barrier to your playing with a doll if it affords you recreation to do so, nor is your age too prodigious either for so harmless a diversion. Consult a veterinary surgeon about your cat, and remember that she will be apt to lick off any ointment or wash applied to her, and so might poison herself.

DELPHINE.—The wife of an incumbent should return all visits made to her on her husband's account, and should be friendly, though not necessarily intimate, with all his congregation, giving no offence to any.

GLENNIE WOOD.—We should imagine that, as the diet cure has already so much relieved you, combined with the wise directions of "Medicus," you had better persevere faithfully in it. It is not likely you have any real disease of the heart, but as you grow stronger all your organs will prosper, too, so be patient and persevering. The verses are pretty and full of feeling, but are incorrect in many lines, and would not bear printing.

OLD TIMOTHEUS.—*Revenons à nos moutons* is a phrase taken from an old French comedy of the fifteenth century. A clothier gives evidence against a shepherd who has stolen some sheep, and is continually running away from the subject to relate a tale against his lawyer. The judge from time to time brings him back to the point under discussion by calling out, "Well, what about the sheep? Let us return to our sheep." Your writing is childish, and so is the feeble attempt at what you mean for wit, but which is merely pertness.

TROUBLESOME KATHLEEN.—Grace Darling was born in 1815, and died in 1842. She was the daughter of the Outer Fern Lighthouse-keeper, and endeared herself to her country by her heroism on September 5th, 1835, when, with her father, she ventured out in a frail "cobble" during a tremendous storm, which no one else would brave, to rescue (and successfully) several passengers from the wreck of the "Forfarshire." You might perhaps obtain our Christmas Number from some out-of-the-way little newsvendor's shop. It is not to be had at our publishing office.

GOWER.—Florence Nightingale was born, May, 1820; Edmund Yates in July, 1831.

AN ELDER SISTER'S lines do much credit to her warm and affectionate heart, but they cannot be called anything but badly-rhymed prose.

E. Y. G. must consult a homœopathic doctor. We could not give any opinion on the value of medicines.

ISABELLA N. (Newcastle).—There is a Woman's Printing Society, 21B, Great College-street, Westminster, S.W.; also the Women's Protection and Provident League, 36, Great Queen-street, Lincoln's-Inn, W.C.—hon. secretary, Mrs. Paterson. The latter has a registry for work and workers. You might write, enclosing stamp, to both, telling them what you have told us.

H. S. T., MAY, and J. C. EVEREST.—If "H. S. T.'s" cat be very old and have a running sore that she cannot heal, it would be merciful, as well as wise and prudent, to get some humane chemist to put him out of his lingering sufferings. He will only get worse. "May" seems to have a very disgusting cat. She ought to communicate the loathsome facts to some veterinary surgeon or else a chemist. If not quickly cured, we give her the same advice as to "H. S. T." "J. C. Everest" had better induce a chemist to undertake the painful duty in reference to superfluous kittens and puppies.

DEDIE complains that she is told in "Unpopular Girls" "what she is not to talk of, but not what to talk of." She will find an article that may assist her in this matter in vol. ii., page 675—"The Art of Conversing Agreeably." We feel much for you. It must be very painful to you that your father has a great dislike to the female sex, though he kindly makes an exception to yourself, his only daughter. This will necessitate great circumspection on your part, as you act as mistress of the house, and entertain men only. There being no lady chaperon, you must be more than usually reserved, and maintain your self-respect. It is always easy to ask a man what the news is—anything about the storms, the forthcoming meetings, exhibitions, and so forth. Make your guests talk, and you can make comments.

ONE OF THREE.—Go to bed at nine o'clock and get up at seven. Be much in a garden, and work in it, if you have one; if not, two short walks are preferable to one long one. Attend to your diet, and be careful about your digestion. This is the best advice we can give to a girl of seventeen suffering from weak nerves.

A SUBSCRIBER TO THE G. O. P.—The heir of the property of an unmarried woman is her father if she leave no will.

EVELYN.—"Only a Girl-Wife" commenced at page 7, vol. vii., and "Courtleroy" at page 193, vol. vii.

SCHOOLGIRL OF THIRTEEN.—Give to your rabbits moistened bran, lettuce, cabbage, parsley, dandelion, carrots, and such-like vegetables, giving them a slight shake to remove some of the rain lodged between any leaves; thus the animals will not require to drink. All such food should be fresh. Your writing might prove a good foundation for a graceful, well-sloped, and more delicate running hand by-and-by.

CARROTS.—Were you to marry as a minor without your parents' consent, your marriage would be null and void if they chose to assert their legal authority over you, and you would be irretrievably disgraced and dismissed from society. Apart from such disastrous results to yourself, where would be your gratitude to those who nursed and provided for you during the years of utter helplessness? How unnatural you would be if you rebelled against their wishes. See Colossians iii. 20 and 1st Timothy v. 5. How do you propose to "requite your parents"? Of course, while dutifully and patiently conforming to their wishes and superior judgment, you may respectfully endeavour to obtain their consent.

VIVIAN MEREDITH.—We see no objection to your loving your friend (a friend is one of life's best blessings), nor do we see why you should quarrel with your mother. Why should you think your opinion an infallible one? Gentleness and obedience are such valuable qualities, that you will do well to learn both now when the opportunity offers. You are not too old to be a loving, patient daughter, apt to learn, and to rule your own spirit.

JOCKA.—Many thanks for the box of flowers.

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MY BROTHER'S FRIEND.

By EGLANTON THORNE, Author of "The Old Worcester Jug," etc.

CHAPTER XVII.

MY BROTHER LEAVES ME.

How long I remained unconscious I know not. When I awoke the grey light of early morning was about me, and I was lying on a rude couch beneath the low rafters of one of the châlets which surrounded the hotel. Bending over me was a lady whose appearance puzzled me. It was familiar, but I could not at once identify it. Presently I recognised her as the wife of the English clergyman who was staying in the pension. With that recognition the terrible event of the night flashed upon my mind.

"Where am I?" I cried, striving to rise, only to find that my exhausted frame refused to respond to my will; "oh, tell me about the fire and Edmund—where is Edmund?"

"Your brother is safe, and close at hand. You must not trouble about him. He is uninjured and only suffering from the effects of the shock, and the sudden exposure to the night air."

Only suffering from these! Alas, I knew well that their consequences to my poor brother could not be slight. But what a relief it was that my worst dread was not realised.

"Thank God, he is saved," I murmured.

"'YOU WOULD HAVE THOUGHT HE WAS A FIREMAN TO SEE HOW HE VENTURED AMIDST THE FLAMES.'"

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"Ah, indeed! we have all great cause to thank God. It was an awful fire. Those wooden houses burn so rapidly that the fire had taken complete hold of some of the lower rooms and the staircase ere it was discovered. And now the place is an utter wreck."

"Was everyone saved?" I asked.

"Yes, everyone, and, with the exception of one or two, they have escaped unhurt. It was a most merciful deliverance."

"It is all a confusion to me," I said. "I remember nothing save that I made my way to my brother's room and could not find him. How was I saved?"

"By Mr. Dugdale. He found you insensible by the bedside. He struggled through fearful smoke and flames to reach you. It was feared that you both would perish. Oh, do not cry. We had better not speak of the fire. You cannot bear it now."

"It does me good to cry," I sobbed, "only tell me one thing. Did Mr. Dugdale escape unhurt?"

"Not unhurt. His hands and arms are badly burnt, and he sprained his wrist in swinging himself down from a balcony. But, oh! he showed himself such a brave, heroic man. You would have thought he was a fireman to see how he ventured amidst the flames."

I asked no more questions, but lay still for some time, quietly weeping. It was no surprise to me to learn that I owed my life to Ralph Dugdale. I had felt sure, before I heard it, that he and no other had rescued me and Edmund.

Some time later I learned how our escape had been effected. I had observed, without reflecting on the reason, that all the bedrooms in the pension had, in addition to the doors opening on to the corridor, doors communicating with each other. By this means, had the doors been open, one could have passed through the rooms from one end of the long, narrow house to the other. My room, as has been said, adjoined Edmund's on one side, and Ralph's room was on the other side of my brother's, but separated by two apartments from that of his friend. As soon as he was roused by the alarm of fire Ralph forced his way through these rooms, intent on saving me and Edmund. He found Edmund in his weakness already overpowered by the suffocating fumes, for the fire had broken out immediately below our rooms, and was there raging its fiercest. He said that he thumped vigorously on the partition dividing my room from Edmund's and believed that he heard me respond, ere he seized Edmund, and half-carrying, half-dragging him, bore him through the rooms to a little balcony at the end of the corridor, beneath which, and only a few feet lower, lay a sloping grassy bank, so that it was easy to clamber down. Leaving Edmund, who was roused by the rush of cold air, to the care of the persons who were gathered about the balcony helping women and children to escape by means of it from the burning house, Ralph hurried back in search of me.

By the time he had reached my room and had forced open the door it was full of smoke, and flames were rising from the floor. It was hardly safe to enter; but screening his face and chest as best he could, he did venture in, only, however, to search for me in vain. The people outside, who had seen me enter my brother's room, shouted to him to seek me there, but amidst the confused din of human voices and the crackling and roaring of the fire he could not distinguish their words. As he staggered back aghast, the thought struck him that I might have tried to get to my brother. He groped his way through the smoke to my brother's bedside, and there came upon me lying insensible. To bear me, unconscious as I was, through that choking atmosphere to the freer air beyond, was no slight undertaking, but the strong, undaunted will accomplished it. Certain it was that no one else could have done for me what he did. Had he not found me, there would have been no awaking for me in this world.

With a rush of gratitude that was full of pain, I realised that I owed my life to Ralph Dugdale's heroism. Sweet, sweet did life seem to me as lying with my face towards the low windows of the châlet I watched the sun rise above the mountains and gild their stainless summits with his golden rays. I was experiencing the feeling my brother had expressed only on the previous day. Never does life look so fair to us as when we emerge from some dark valley of the shadow of death to enter upon a fresh, sunlit space of time.

I felt very weak and shaken from the effects of my adventure, and it was long ere I lost the breathless, choking sensation caused by the fumes I had inhaled. But a German doctor, who had been staying in the pension, came and prescribed for me, and, ere evening fell, I was well enough to rise and go to my brother, who was in the inner room of the châlet. With the thought of getting up I found myself confronted with a serious though somewhat absurd difficulty. I had absolutely nothing to put on save my dressing-gown and slippers. All my clothing, and, indeed, everything that Edmund and I had with us, had perished in the flames, for as the hotel could boast no hose nor any apparatus for extinguishing a fire, it had been found impossible to check the flames, and they had simply raged till they could no longer find fuel.

A grand and memorable sight was that fire for those whose circumstances permitted them to enjoy its wild magnificence. Such have since described to me the wonderful effect of its savage lurid glow, seen against a background of snow mountains.

Happily, many persons whose rooms were remote from the spot where the fire broke out had been able to rescue their luggage, and several ladies came to my aid when they heard of my destitute condition, and out of their abundance provided for my needs, so that I was soon able to appear decorously clothed, though in a somewhat odd assortment of garments.

I could make light of my misfortunes; our losses were trifles, indeed, when compared with our great deliverance; but far more deplorable was Edmund's condition. I found him suffering from utter prostration of strength; his voice sunk to a whisper, his appearance ghastly in its pallor. Yet he could smile on me and whisper how very, very thankful he was; he did not mind his own sufferings since I appeared so little the worse for my alarm and danger. "And Ralph too, dear, old fellow," he whispered; "they tell me he showed himself a true hero, and I can well believe it."

"Why, yes, he saved my life—but for him——" A shudder ended my broken words.

"He saved both our lives," said my brother. "Ah, Dottie, what a debt is that! But yours is the greater gain, and you only can repay him. My chance of doing anything for him is past."

A thrill of fear passed through me as I perceived my brother's meaning.

"Do not say so," I pleaded; "you will rally again. This is only the effect of the shock."

But he shook his head.

Not till the next day did I see Ralph Dugdale. In truth, I shrank from seeing him. How could I express my gratitude to the man who had saved my life? The weight of that gratitude oppressed me.

Perhaps it was well that I came upon him suddenly. I had gone forth to take a look at the ruins of the hotel, when, as wandering round the blackened heap, I turned to the side where hung a remnant of the balcony by which our escape had been made, I saw before me Ralph Dugdale. He was very pale, his hands and arms were bandaged, his right hand rested in a sling, he wore a loose coat which had certainly not been made for him. All this I noted at a glance; the next moment he saw me, and a glad smile lit up his face. Very bright was his look, yet there was something unusually tender and emotional in his glance as our eyes met.

"You are better? You begin to feel yourself again?" he questioned me eagerly, ere I could say a word.

"I am all right, thank you," I answered, quickly; "but oh, Mr. Dugdale, I am so sorry to see how you have suffered! I—I—Oh, I do not know how to say what I ought—what, indeed, I truly feel."

"Pray do not try to say it. Surely we can understand each other without words."

"But I must tell you that I can never forget how you risked your life for my sake."

"Nonsense, don't exaggerate the risk! For whatever I did, have I not more than my reward in seeing you safe and sound? Do you think I would not gladly lay down my life to save yours?"

How could I reply to this vehement speech, coming warm from the heart in one of those rare moments when emotion will utter itself, in spite of every consideration that *might enforce silence*?

Happily Ralph did not leave me much time to feel embarrassment. With a change of manner he asked me quietly what I thought of Edmund. There could be but a sad answer to this question. Ralph's face grew grave and sad

as we paced to and fro, talking of my brother. He tried to comfort me; but he could hold out but faint hope. One thing we decided. It was impossible that Edmund should remain in his present rough and comfortless quarters. Even at the risk of further exhausting him, we must remove him to some more habitable region, where he could have the comforts his condition rendered indispensable. Ralph advised our proceeding, as we had intended, to Grindelwald, and I felt that the advice was good. Already a general exodus from the vicinity had begun. Most of those who had escaped unscathed from the fire had departed on the previous day; others were now preparing to start down the mountain. Ralph proposed to get one of these travellers to engage us a carriage at Lauterbrunnen for the next day. He had already written to his sister, informing her of what had happened, and that we might arrive at Grindelwald at any hour. He felt sure that she would make the best arrangements she could for our reception; and I, knowing Grace as I did, could have no doubt of that.

What a comfort it was to me to have Ralph Dugdale to help me in the management of Edmund's removal! Though his hands were useless, his thoughtfulness, kindness, tact, and the ease with which he made people do exactly what he wished them to do, rendered him an invaluable ally.

We went down the mountain on the following day, treading the same path that we had ascended with glad zest at the beginning of the season. It was a bright day, and the scenery was no less lovely than it had been then; but now it wore the beauty of autumn, and in my heart it was autumn too, not an autumn of ripe fruitage, but an autumn of falling leaves, fading flowers, dead hopes.

Edmund's bearers carried him very carefully and steadily, yet he was sorely exhausted when we reached Lauterbrunnen. We were fain to stay the night there, and did not start to drive up the valley to Grindelwald till about noon the next day. Weary though he was, Edmund enjoyed that drive. Every turn of the road which ascends by the side of the impetuous, foaming torrent revealed new beauties. The foliage clothing the mountain slopes was gay with the most brilliant hues of autumn, cascades of no mean force came dashing down beside the road, fairy rills crossed it on their way to the river. We passed over quaint, covered wooden bridges, the river now on this side of the carriage and now on that; presently snow-crested summits rose before our view; the Wetterhorn stood forth in grand magnificence, then its companion peaks were discerned, till, as we made the last gradual ascent, the whole of the lovely vale of Grindelwald lay before us.

We drove at once to the hotel at which the Dugdales were staying. Grace had been watching for us, and was at the door to receive us. Very loving was her greeting to me, almost too tenderly sympathetic I felt that it was, for it showed me too plainly what she sorrowfully believed.

A large and very comfortable room had been secured for Edmund. He was pleased to see that his window looked up the vale and commanded a fine view of the Wetterhorn and the higher glacier.

"I am glad the beauty is so near," he said, "for I cannot go in search of it."

So, with gentle satisfaction, he took possession of his room, never to leave it in life.

Yet I was not without visitings of hope. There was a return of strength, but the Swiss doctor whom we had called in did not encourage him to make any exertion, and Edmund himself evinced no desire to go beyond his room, but was content to rest on his couch by the window, and gaze on the beautiful world outside. I could not help remarking that he never now spoke of his recovery. The hopefulness which he had manifested in the earlier stages of his illness was gone. But whatever were his anticipations, they were met with serene, calm resignation.

"Dorothy," he said to me one day, "do you think Mabel would come if we asked her?"

"Come!—come here do you mean?" I faltered. "Oh, Edmund, dear, why do you ask? Do you wish her to come?"

"I think you must know, Dottie, why I ask," he said, giving me a tender, pitiful glance, as though he would fain have spared me the pain he knew his words must give. "Yes, I should be very glad to see Mabel again if she would come; but not—not if it would cause her much trouble."

I wrote to Mabel at once. I had written to her every day since we came to Grindelwald. Her letters had expressed much concern at what I had told her about Edmund; but she did not suggest coming to him. Would she come now, I wondered, as I sent off the letter.

She did not come. Little Percy appeared to be sickening with some childish ailment, and she could not leave him. A mother's first duty was to her child, she wrote. It grieved her to refuse to come to dear Edmund, but she could not believe that he was so ill as I imagined. She knew that my affection was apt to make me over-anxious. She still hoped to see him again in England, and she thought we should do well to start on our homeward journey as soon as possible. Had I thought of Torquay as a desirable place to winter in?

The letter angered me. I was indignant with Mabel for attaching so little importance to my words. I would not believe that there was much the matter with her little boy. To myself I accused her of heartless indifference to Edmund. My feelings towards her did not soften as I saw the shadow fall on Edmund's face when I told him that she could not come.

"Then I shall not see her," he said.

"She hopes to see you again in England," I replied.

"That will not be, I think," he replied, quite calmly. And I was silent, for my heart told me that he spoke truly.

"How could Mabel?" I was saying to myself.

Edmund must have divined my thoughts, for, after a moment, he said to me, very earnestly, "Do not blame her, Dorothy; she does not know. And, Dorothy, do not, I pray you, let this make any further breach between you. Remember that, when I am gone, you and Mabel will be the only ones remaining of the home-circle at Burford in the dear old days—the dear, happy, old days."

I was silent, for I could not speak. Of late Edmund had often spoken of our old life at Burford. He loved to recall our childish days with their quaint incidents and the various scrapes into which he had led me.

"You and she have memories in common which no other can share," he went on to say. "I can remember how proud and fond you were of 'my sister Mabel,' when you were a little thing."

"I am proud and fond of her still," I said, half crying; "I should love her as much as ever if——But she has changed; she does not care for me as she did."

"Don't say you should love her," Edmund reproved me gently; "true love does not change with the changes of others. Do you remember Mrs. Browning's poem on the words, 'Loved Once'?

"'Love strikes one hour—Love! Those
never loved
Who dream that they loved *once*.'"

"I am afraid mine is not the best sort of love," I sighed; "anyhow, love and sorrow seem to be intertwined for me. Those whom I love most are taken from me."

"I suppose love and sorrow must always in a measure combine," said Edmund, musingly. "The King of Love was crowned with a crown of thorns. But, Dottie, you must not speak as if my going would leave you desolate. You have Ralph, you know."

A hot flush mounted to my forehead. Edmund waited for me to speak, watching me keenly. Why did I not tell him the truth? Surely when the last parting was so near, I might have broken through womanly reserve and confided to him my heart's secret. It seemed to me afterwards that it would have been easy to tell him then, yet something withheld me. Edmund was far from guessing the truth. Men do not learn such things by intuition as women do. He had not the least glimmer of a notion that I could care for anyone save Ralph Dugdale.

"You will not tell me," he said, presently, and his tone had a plaintive sound that went to my heart, "though it would be such a comfort to me to know that it would be as I hope."

Then words rushed to my lips—rash, impulsive words, as mine too often were. What did it matter what my future was, I thought.

"Dear Edmund," I said, tremulously, "I will try, I will try to do as you wish."

And even then he did not understand. Such a glad smile welcomed my words, and he clasped my hand as if in gratitude.

It was strange that just then there should come a tap at the door, followed by the appearance of Ralph Dugdale.

"*Come, old friend,*" said Edmund, motioning Ralph to a seat on the other side of his couch.

Ralph sat down beside him, and Edmund took his hand also, and brought our hands together across the couch. As he held them in his wasted ones, he said, "My two best friends," the glad light still shining in his eyes. I doubt not that Ralph perceived the significance of Edmund's action, but if he looked for signs of such comprehension from me he received none. As quickly as I could, I drew my hand away.

There came days of chill rain and storm. Edmund's strength declined rapidly. Mr. and Mrs. Dugdale started for a warmer latitude, but Grace and her brother remained with us. I knew that they would not leave me. I was thankful for Grace's presence, and glad, too, for Edmund's sake, that Ralph was there. The mean jealousy I had once experienced did not revive, I am thankful to say. It was plain that to Grace Edmund was a friend, but no more. And his manner to her never showed that she was better loved than I. He liked to talk to her, for her Christian faith was bright and clear, and she helped him to look forward, without doubting, to the higher, fuller life that awaited him—the rest that he believed meant service, not inactivity, in which the powers, denied full development here, should be perfected, and the work for God, broken off below, find a grander completion. I do not think there could ever have been much hope in Edmund's love, and now, as the flame of the bodily life waxed dim, earthly desires had no power to ruffle the heavenly calm that fell upon his spirit.

The storms and rains subsided. There came a day of calm, autumnal beauty, of bright sunshine, though the air was crisp with the touch of frost. Few English visitors had dared to risk the chances of the late autumn, and we had the hotel almost to ourselves. I can never forget the deep quietude that seemed to reign all about us that day. Within the house and without there was hardly a sound to be heard. Nature seemed to be resting after her fierce conflicts.

Towards evening we were all in Edmund's room. He seemed rather better that day, and once more was able to leave his bed and rest, supported by pillows, on the couch near the window. We sat so that all could see the beautiful scene from the window. The mountains on each side the vale had appeared that morning in a fresh covering of snow. Dazzlingly white shone the summit and higher slopes of the Wetterhorn; the glacier had lost its dingy hue; the russet and gold and sombre greens of the foliage at the foot of the mountain looked the richer in contrast to the snowy mass above. We watched till slowly the colours faded, the shadows lengthened across the vale, and the hollows darkened beneath the overhanging rocks. As we gazed, almost imperceptibly the faintest tone of colour warmed the whiteness of the Wetterhorn. Presently a golden beam fell athwart the snowy slope. It broadened and deepened in its intensity till the whole vast snowfield shone as with golden fire. "The afterglow," someone murmured, and then for a few moments none of us spoke as we watched the glowing vision fade as swiftly as it had come. It was not the first time I had seen the wonder of the afterglow, but this, I thought, was the finest manifestation of its loveliness that had been granted me. I rejoiced that Edmund saw it. And he rejoiced. His voice it was that broke the stillness.

"I am glad I have seen this before I go," he said. Then in low, fervent tones he added, with a reverent upward glance, "I thank God for the beauty of His world."

"And it is but the shadow of the divine beauty," said Grace, in tones that vibrated with emotion; "you will pass out of the shadow into the perfect light. 'Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty.'"

Edmund smiled, such a happy, radiant smile. "His people reflect that beauty here," he said, looking at her. "As we strive after goodness He gives us of His beauty. May the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us."

"Amen," said Ralph Dugdale. With that our little party broke up. I sat alone with my brother for some hours. He was inclined to talk, and he talked brightly, going back again to our childish days, and dwelling on them with pleasure. About ten o'clock Ralph and Grace came in. It had been arranged that Ralph should watch beside him tonight, as I had sat up during the previous one. But now I felt reluctant to leave my brother, and would fain have stayed had Edmund been willing, but he was not.

"No, you must go to bed, Dottie," he said; "you look worn out. What good could you do by staying? I shall sleep soundly, I know. Come, kiss me and say good-night."

As I bent over him he drew me close and kissed me many times. Did he know that the parting was so near?

"Grace too," he said, his eyes raised pleadingly to hers. And Grace also gave him a sister's kiss.

I did not go to bed, though Ralph soon brought me the news that Edmund was sleeping peacefully. After a while I lay down, dressed as I was, on the outside of the bed, and I must have slept, for it seemed as if but a short time had passed when Ralph summoned me, but already the day was dawning. "You had better come," was all he said, and without a minute's delay I followed him.

Edmund no longer slept. He was sitting up in bed, propped by pillows; his hands were moving restlessly over the coverlid, and he was speaking rapidly. His voice had an unusual sound, but his eyes were clear and bright.

"Why does not Dottie come?" I heard him say.

"I am here, Edmund, here," I said, laying my hand on his. But he heeded neither touch nor word. I saw with pain that he was looking beyond me, unconscious of my presence.

"There is my father," he said, more quietly, his gaze fixed apparently on the window; "he is coming from the tan-yard across the garden. And there is Dottie at last—Dottie and Grace, standing beneath the trees; the trees are all white with blossom. Yes, Salome, I hear you. Dottie!"

My old pet name came with a faltering sound. Did he know me at the last? I hoped so. His head sank a little on one side, his lips moved; I fancied I caught the words, "The King in His beauty." A few moments of awful stillness, broken only by short, panting breaths, and then Ralph's hand gently trying to draw me away told me that I was brotherless.

CHAPTER XVIII.

I VISIT THE OLD HOUSE AT WEYLEA, BUT MISS THE WONTED WELCOME.

Is there a sadder sight in this world of mingling light and shadow than to see a young life, full of splendid promise, cut off in its unfolding by the stroke of death?

What a fruitless end it seems to make to the toils and triumphs of that brief life, to all the hopes that shone about it.

I felt this keenly in the first dark hours of my bereavement, as I dwelt on the memories of my brother's life, the rare abilities he had early displayed, my father's pride and pleasure in his clever son, the hopes that had been built upon his future, a future he was never to know. My heart was wrung with pain to think that the hope and love and pride were thus frustrated.

I know not what I should have done in those dark, sad days but for Grace's supporting presence. She helped me more by her loving sympathy, so unobtrusive, yet so true, than by the few consolations she whispered. I could not yet rejoice in my brother's great, eternal gain. The selfish element in my love asserted itself powerfully. My heart cried out for my brother. I could not bear to think that he had vanished from me utterly, that I must travel the rest of my life's journey without him, never more hearing the sound of the voice I loved, or clasping the hand which had been ever ready to help me since the days when my first tottering steps were made with its aid. And all this Grace understood perfectly.

We quitted Grindelwald, Grace, Ralph, and I, as soon as we had seen the mortal remains of my brother laid in the little churchyard. A fair, peaceful "God's Acre" it is, lying above the village in the midst of the green valley, and close beneath some of the grandest of mountains. I have visited it more than once since that time of sorrow, but, thank God, I have never really associated the thought of Edmund with that grave at Grindelwald. He was so bright and glad of spirit, such fulness of life and hope was his, that I could not connect him with the gloom of the grave. Even in my bitterest grief I felt that death was for Edmund a new birth into a higher life, and that the form we laid in the earth was but the mere shell

or husk which had enshrined the spirit I loved. There came a time, though not till after years had passed, when I could rejoice to believe that my brother was living a life rich in strength, in intelligence, in unutterable joy, a life infinitely grander, yet not so far removed from my own, since to each Christ was near.

But for a while no light penetrated my gloom. A season of dark depression fell on me, in part the effect of physical causes, but wholly miserable and benumbing. For a few days I was really ill at Interlaken, and I hoped that death would take me too, but Grace's skilful nursing soon brought me back to a measure of health, though I continued weak and nervous. How good and kind Grace and Ralph were to me in those days! He was especially thoughtful for my comfort, guiding and counselling me with a sort of tender authoritativeness, which I was too weak and stupid to resist, though it hurt me. The fancy crossed my mind that already he regarded me as belonging to him, and was only waiting till my bereavement was less recent to assert his claim.

It was Ralph who proposed that I should go to the South of France with Mrs. Dugdale, who suffered from asthma, and had been ordered to winter abroad. The idea was rather agreeable to me, and I consented willingly when I saw that by so doing I should liberate Grace, who would otherwise have felt obliged to accompany her mother, though she longed to return to Beechwood, where she felt that her presence was necessary to the right working during the winter of the various clubs, mothers' meetings, and other organisations that she had started in the village. Grace thanked me for taking her place as gratefully as if the arrangement involved a sacrifice on my part. But in truth it was with somewhat of relief that I bade good-bye to her and Ralph in Paris, and started with Mrs. Dugdale on our journey south. The quiet time, the pause for reflection ere taking up again the active duties of life, seemed just what I needed.

Mrs. Dugdale was very kind to me, and the peaceful days we spent together beside the blue waters of the Mediterranean were soothing to my weary, sorrowing heart. It was from their mother that Grace and Ralph had inherited their temperamental cheerfulfulness. She appeared almost invariably bright and hopeful of spirit. She was a good talker, and I loved to listen to her reminiscences of bygone days, and the people she had known. Nor less did I love to hear her talk about her children, and tell stories of their early days.

Cheerful as she was, I knew that it was a trial to her to remain away so long from her home and her dear ones. She counted me as another daughter, she used to say, and if she had not had me with her she could not have borne her exile.

Mrs. Dugdale had letters from home almost every day, and she imparted to me the news they brought. I used to listen rather eagerly as I grew stronger, and time softened the first poignancy of my grief, for by degrees old interests awakened, old cravings renewed themselves in my heart. But there was never any reference to persons whom I knew and cared about, and as Mrs. Lyell did not write to me for several weeks, I knew nothing of what affected her.

At last one day in February, Mrs. Dugdale received a letter that pleased her very much. She clapped her hands with as real delight as if she had been a schoolgirl going home for the holidays as she said, "Joy! joy! Dorothy. They all agree that I may go home. The worst part of the winter, the fogs and damps, which are so bad for me, are past, and even the doctor thinks that I may venture with impunity. Now how soon can we start for home?"

I hastened to consult a book of time-tables.

"Of course you will come with me to Beechwood?" Mrs. Dugdale added. She said it with a quiet air of decision, as if no other arrangement were possible. My heart leapt within me at the thought, but I hesitated—I had meant to go to Mabel as soon as I arrived in England. Edmund's words had not been lost upon me. I would try to love Mabel freely and fully, without exacting and weighing the love she gave me in return. I felt that his memory must be a fresh bond to bind me to my sister. And I would no longer refuse to stay at The Towers. I would try to forgive Howard Steinthorpe, as Edmund had urged me. "I should not have felt so bitterly towards him," my brother had said but a day or two before he had passed away. "If he wronged us he injured himself more than he injured us. I used to think it well-nigh impossible, Dottie, to love one's enemy, but now I see that, beneath all that is hateful, there is still the brother, who has a right to our love, and only by loving can we conquer the evil. Love will teach us to judge him rightly, and keep us from being misled by mists of doubt and prejudice."

"Yes," he had added, with a serene, bright look I can never forget, "I thank God I can truly say that with all my heart I forgive Howard Steinthorpe any wrong he has done me, any hardness and selfishness he has shown in his dealings with me."

Ah! how I treasured the memory of all that Edmund had said in those last precious hours! Every word had its weight with me now; every wish I desired to fulfil.

But there seemed no reason why I should not stay at least for a few days at Beechwood ere I went to Burford. Mrs. Dugdale, indeed, would not hear of my doing otherwise. She declared that Grace and Ralph would be grievously disappointed if she returned without me, so I yielded to her wish. I half-longed and half-dreaded to find myself once more in the neighbourhood of Weylea. Of course I could not be so near without going to see Mrs. Lyell, and perhaps—my heart beat quickly at the thought—I should see Leonard Glynne. Did I wish to see him? I hardly knew.

February was not over when we arrived at Beechwood. We were in time for those few mild, bright days, giving a brief foretaste of spring, which are the special endowment of this month.

Very warm was the welcome I received at Beechwood Hall. Ralph's looks and words betrayed a quiet intensity of delight of which I could not be unconscious. If his mother were not jealous of the attentions he bestowed on me, as though I, and not she, had been the loved invalid, compelled to winter abroad, she might well have been.

And was I not glad to see him? Yes, indeed. It was soothing to me in my sadness, for the sight of him brought my loss freshly to mind, to feel that he cared so much for me. He was dear to me because he had been such a *true*, warm friend to my brother. If only he were content to be my friend!

No later than the following afternoon I set out to walk to Weylea. I was anxious to get to Mrs. Lyell's, for I had heard from Grace that she had been ill. An engagement in the village prevented Grace from accompanying me. I did not regret her absence, and I was not sorry that Ralph's duties—he was preparing for the Bar—had taken him to London this day, for still less did I desire his company. I was glad to be alone and free to muse as I would.

It was a pleasant day for such a walk. There was the softness of spring in the fresh, sweet air, and as I passed down the avenue I saw snowdrops lifting their delicate white and green blossoms above the brown moss and dank leaves as they grew in fairy circles about the silvery trunks of the beeches. All leafless were the trees which bordered the road, but the grey-green, lichen-covered trunks had a beauty of their own, and it was beautiful to look up and trace the delicate ramifications of the upper branches against a sky of pale blue. Golden crocuses were blooming on some of the graves in the churchyard. On Arthur West's grave lay a wreath wrought with pale primulas and maidenhair fern.

I was half-glad, half-tremulous as I took my way along the familiar road. When I approached Weylea I was conscious of a nervousness that made my breath come short and fast, and my heart throb painfully. How unchanged everything was in that quiet country place! It was as if life had stood still here whilst so much had been happening with me. Surely the goods which the little shops displayed were the very same that met my eye when last I looked in the windows. Familiar was the pattern of the print marked "very cheap," and the striped shirting pronounced "a bargain." There was the stout, red-faced proprietor of the Stag's Head lolling as usual at the door of his tavern. Ah! and there was Stubbs, Mrs. Lyell's decrepit old gardener, coming with feeble steps from the bar entrance, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand. To the right, not a hundred yards from the road, stood the house in which Leonard Glynne lodged. But I would not glance in that direction. What was it to me whether he was here or there?

I reached the road in which Mrs. Lyell's house stood. As I approached it I saw that the villa on the other side

of the way looked deserted. The blinds were all lowered, the gate securely fastened. The Carsdales doubtless were from home.

I glanced eagerly at Mrs. Lyell's house as I pushed back the heavy iron gate. The place had a dreary, forsaken look. The trees were bare; there were no flowers to be seen, save a few crocuses and snowdrops in the border beside the door; a green, slimy growth covered the surface of the pond, and the house stood apparently lifeless, the shutters of the sitting-room windows closed, the blinds of the casements above closely drawn. My heart sank low within me as I noted these signs, and asked myself what they could betoken. But I saw one thing that somewhat reassured me as I walked along the path to the door, the mark of a horse's hoofs on the soft gravel.

I rang the bell, half-wondering if there were anyone within to obey the summons. The peal seemed to clang drearily through the empty house, but presently I heard the sound of steps, and the door was opened to me by Sarah. She wore her bonnet and cloak. My appearance seemed to cause her great surprise.

"Why, it's never you, Miss Carmichael!" she exclaimed. "Dear me! we thought you were in foreign parts."

"I came back yesterday," I said, hurriedly. "Do tell me how Mrs. Lyell is. It quite frightens me to find the house shut up thus."

"Oh, you need not be alarmed, miss. My mistress is better, though she has been sadly. She has gone this morning to Hastings with Mrs. Carsdale and her daughter. They persuaded her that the change would do her good, and I trust it will. I am going down by an evening train. I stayed for a few hours to help cook, because there were so many things to put away and arrange. Clara has gone for a holiday.

"Dear me," I said, feeling bewildered; "how strange it is to come here and find Mrs. Lyell gone. I can hardly believe it."

"Yes, miss, it does seem strange; Mrs. Lyell so seldom leaves home. It is hard work to persuade her, but Miss Carsdale succeeded. Such a nice young lady, Miss Carsdale is. You did not know her, I think, miss. So kind she has been to my mistress, coming in almost every day to see her; and really, I believe that she would do anything for Mrs. Lyell."

"How long will Mrs. Lyell be at Hastings?" I inquired, rather breathlessly.

"Oh, a month, I believe, miss. Mr. Glynne is going down on Saturday. But pray come in, miss; you look so tired."

In truth I felt quite faint. The pleasurable excitement with which I had hastened to Weylea had received an unexpected and painful check.

"I am sorry I can't ask you into the parlours, Miss Carmichael," said Sarah, as I stepped into the hall, "but we have done up the windows with brown paper, and locked the doors. If you would not mind coming into our room."

It was all the same to me where I went, so I followed Sarah to the little sitting-room which adjoined the kitchen.

"Cook will be happy to make you a cup of tea, miss, if you would like it," said Sarah in her smooth tones. But I declined the tea; I had no wish to make my visit any longer than it need be.

"Are you staying in London, miss, if I may make so bold as to ask?" Sarah inquired.

"No, I am staying for a few days at Beechwood," I replied.

"Oh, indeed, miss; at Mr. Dugdale's, I suppose? I remember that you went there the summer you were here. Ah, and I remember that Mr. Dugdale came here once or twice. Such a nice-spoken gentleman I thought him, and my mistress liked him very much."

Why should I colour when Sarah said this in her quiet, insinuating manner? There was no reason for it, but colour I did, and I saw that Sarah marked my change of hue. I grew uneasy as I felt her narrow, cunning eyes studying me.

"Ah, a great deal has happened since that summer, miss," she went on. "You've known sad trouble since then, and your looks show it. To think that your poor brother should be taken so quickly! And so bright and merry as he seemed, though there was always a consumptive look, to my eyes. You must take care of yourself, now, miss; you look far from strong."

To have Sarah thus commenting on my trials and my appearance was more than I could bear. I rose hastily, and said that I must be going, as I had a long walk before me.

"Had you not better rest a little longer?" suggested Sarah. "You are not keeping me, you know, miss; there is plenty of time before the train starts. Shall I take any message from you to my mistress? She will be very sorry to have missed you."

"Oh, yes; pray give Mrs. Lyell my best love, and say what a disappointment it was to me not to find her at home. I shall hope to see her when next I come to London, though when that will be I cannot tell. I go to my sister's at Burford early in next week."

"Very well, miss; I will be sure to tell my mistress all that you have said," replied Sarah, demurely. Then she added, looking up in my face with a peculiar smile, "I suppose you have heard of the engagement?"

"No; what—what engagement?" I faltered.

"Miss Carsdale's, miss. She is engaged to be married to Mr. Glynne."

I felt myself turn white as I heard it. I had expected to hear this sooner or later, yet what a painful shock the news gave me. For a few moments I had a stunned, stupefied sensation, then I became aware that Sarah was watching me with a sort of suppressed smile. I divined that she had a malicious satisfaction in detecting my suffering. That roused me. I pulled myself together, and said with forced gaiety, "Indeed! I am glad to hear it. I hope they will be very happy."

"Mr. Leonard is very pleased, and so is my mistress," said Sarah, with an unpleasant smile. "Well, miss, I suppose we shall hear one of these days that you are thinking of getting married?"

"Oh, I don't know about that," I responded, carelessly, laughing, as it seemed to me, quite merrily and naturally. Then, waiting to hear no more, I bade Sarah good-afternoon, and hastened away from the house.

(To be continued.)

THE PENNY BANK.

(STAY-AT-HOME GIRLS.)

ONE of the most difficult problems which presented itself to our friends, the Mayhews and their fellow-workers, was to find out in what way they could do anything to permanently help their poor neighbours, and not merely afford them temporary relief, at the risk of diminishing independence or self-reliance.

As they well knew, indiscriminate money-giving has long ago been denounced, and has been proved to do far more harm than good; and even gifts of food or clothing, if entirely free, seem generally to morally injure the recipients. Indeed, they too often come to look upon these gifts as the price paid for attending services, or for allowing donors the honour of visiting them, and this Jeannette and her sisters were most anxious to avoid. But at the same time, the dire poverty into which many of the people were always thrown during the winter, when work was slack, made it absolutely necessary that some means of relieving them should be devised.

The girls were still undecided what fresh efforts they could make, when the time for re-opening their classes for the next winter should come; when, on one of Mr. Morton's now frequent visits he told them he was going on a visit to some friends, who, he understood, conducted a very flourishing penny bank. It seemed to him, he added, that if practicable this scheme might, to some extent, solve the difficulty, by inducing the people themselves to make some sort of provision for the winter, and if Jeannette thought the idea worth trying, he would visit his friend's bank as a deputation from Dereham, and report upon what he saw.

The offer was accepted with acclamation, and it was decided that on Mr. Morton's return a committee meeting should be called to hear his report, and consider what steps should be taken.

The account of the proceedings was as follows:—

"The bank was open on Saturday evenings, from six to seven o'clock. At one end of the little mission room in which it was held was a

long table, on which were spread out cash-book and ledger, pens, ink, blotting paper, ruler, and two money-boxes with slits in the lids. There were three chairs ranged behind the table, so, in order to look business-like, and impress everyone with my importance as a deputation, I drew up another chair, and laying on the table my largest note-book and the longest quill pen I could find, sat down to watch the proceedings.

"These were very simple, for as the children knew all the routine, they made no fuss or disturbance. Each child, as he or she came up, handed his bank-book and money to the first of the three ladies behind the table, who entered the amount in the little book, and passed both on to the next assistant, who looked to see that the entry was correct, then put down the sum in the cash-book, with the number of the bank-book and initials of the depositor, dropped the money into the boxes, keeping silver and copper apart, and handed the depositor's book to the third lady, who entered the amount to the child's name in the ledger. By this time the depositor had reached the other end of the table, and thus received his book back again.

"As soon as seven o'clock struck the doors were shut, and before the assistants left the room the ledger and cash-book were called over, and the money balanced.

"The calling over was managed in this way: the last assistant, who had been keeping the ledger, exchanged it for the cash-book, from which she read out each depositor's number; the lady who had now taken the ledger turned up the same number in her book, and read out the name and amount, thus checking all that had been received. The importance of this watchfulness was shown by the fact that a mistake was soon detected; in the hurry of the busiest part of the evening the keeper of the ledger had put down the two-pence brought by one depositor in the wrong column, and so credited him with two shillings. This was soon rectified, and as in the meantime the third assistant had counted the money, the cash-book was then added up, and happily was found to agree with the amount taken. The lady clerks assured me, however, that if they were even a halfpenny wrong, they never left the room till the mistake was discovered and rectified.

"I was instructed to observe particularly what sort of people the depositors were. A large proportion of them were children, either banking on their own account or sent by their parents. The first was a thin, anxious-looking child about eight years old, who came in, dragging after her a very fat little brother of about two. She drew out a whole sheaf of books, and with a memory which filled me with envy, put down a different sum of money for each one, and without even pausing to take breath, rattled through the whole list.

"'Please, miss,' she began, 'there's tuppence for me and tuppence for 'Arry and a penny for Georgie and sixpence for Willie Whitmore, and fourpence for Janey, and a penny for Mary Cook, and tuppence for Jim; and please, miss, Mrs. Cook says as she's very sorry she can't spare anything this week, but she'll try and make it up next week. Georgie, you carry the bags,' and quite breathless the child dragged her fat brother up to the other end of the table, where she returned each book, as she received it, into its own neat little bag.

"The next depositor was a very red-headed and red-cheeked little girl. She began the usual speech: 'Please, miss,' putting down two books on the table as she spoke, 'there's tuppence for Tommy and fourpence for me, 'cos I didn't spend nothing on sweets; and, oh, please miss, mother says,' but here she was stopped by an irresistible giggle and a poke to a young friend who had accompanied her—'please will you give me a book for the new baby; mother couldn't send it last week, 'cos he hadn't got no name.'

"'That is right,' replied the lady at the table, 'what is his name?'

"The child became suddenly very solemn at this question, which was not to be wondered at, considering how much she had to remember. 'Please, miss, it's Lewis Philip Wolseley Richards, I've got it wrote down on a piece of paper; and father says he shall begin well, so he's given 'im sixpence to start with.' This enormous sum was entered, and young Lewis P. W. Richards started in life with a banking account of his own.

"The next person who interested me was a tall, lanky-looking boy, who entered very sheepishly, and stood twirling his cap near the end of the table; but he was soon accosted by one of the ladies, who put three whole sovereigns into his hand, saying as she did so, 'I keep your old bank-book, you know, Saunders; the Post-office will give you a new one. I advise you still to keep to one time for paying your money in, so that you do not forget it.' This youth had begun by paying in one penny a week, but when he went to work he put more away, till now he always deposited a shilling a week, and so was being transferred to the Post-office Savings Bank.

"Then a woman came to draw out five shillings, explaining that her son had heard of a good situation he could get if he had only a good coat to go in, so she was going to buy him one, and he was to pay it back at so much a week.

"A great many other depositors interested me, but it would be impossible to tell you about all. I was specially struck by the gratitude they expressed when they came to draw out money; apparently they looked upon it as a present from the ladies, and not at all as though it was their own money; and my friends tell me that it really is so, and that they get more gratitude for this effort than for any of their other work, although it involves less trouble and less expense than almost any other.

"I asked particularly about the cost; but they tell me it is very small indeed. They give the same interest (two-and-a-half per cent.) as the Post-office, but while very few of the accounts are large enough to receive interest, the accumulation of them at the Post-office brings in a good deal, which helps to pay the rent of the room, and cost of lighting and warming.

"In short, if you ask my opinion, I should say by all means start a bank at once, so that the people may have a chance of saving something before the cold weather begins again."

On receiving this report, Jeannette Mayhew and her friends had a long consultation as to the advisability of starting a bank, and the best way of conducting it. The first question was soon settled affirmatively, and another difficulty, the choice of a suitable locality, was also easily disposed of, as Jeannette had made inquiries beforehand, and found that a room could be placed at their disposal in the Coffee Palace, which was situated in the busiest part of their little town.

The next matter to consider was whether the bank should be in connection with the Post-office or not. They found that there would be a little more freedom if not connected—for instance, the amount each depositor might have in need not be confined to £5, and the rules need not be submitted to the Post-office authorities; but on the other hand it would be a great saving of trouble to be able to pay all the money straight into the Post-office, instead of having to find investments for it, and they found that when paid in, in the names of trustees of a penny bank, the Post-office will take any sum, however large, although the deposits for private individuals are restricted. The authorities also offer all kinds of facilities for the starting of these banks, and of course are able to give most valuable advice and information; so that it was soon decided to join the Post-office Bank.

The next step was to find helpers on whom they could depend to be present and take the money. Elsie and Nannie arranged to be there alternately, and they found two other ladies who would attend regularly, whilst Ronald and Mr. Morton undertook that either one or other would always be present to keep order; and these, with one or two other friends who gave their names as willing to be called upon in an emergency, were considered a sufficient staff to begin with.

These ladies and gentlemen together formed the committee of management, with Jeannette as secretary and general adviser.

Their first duty, a room being already taken for them, was to draw up the rules, which they managed easily by simply adopting those the Post-office advised. They were sent to them ready printed as follows, the blanks being left for them to fill up the details:

"I. Deposits of one penny will be received at——every——from——till—— o'clock.

"II. The money received will be invested in the Post-office Savings Bank, on behalf of the above-named Penny Bank in the following names, being those of the trustees of the said penny bank——"

Here the names were inserted of the three best known gentlemen in the town whom they could induce to undertake the office; the names of any thoroughly respectable householders would do, but they were anxious to begin with a little flourish, and to inspire the people with confidence; and they found it quite easy to get gentlemen to accept the position when they understood how very little work it would entail.

Then followed rules stipulating that depositors must give a week's notice before withdrawing any money; and that, although the first bank-book is given to each depositor free of charge, if it is lost, twopence will be charged for a second one. It was found that there was no difficulty about enforcing this latter regulation; the depositors generally thought that otherwise they would forfeit all their money.

Other rules stated that women and children might deposit and withdraw money in their own names; that strict secrecy would be observed respecting all deposits; and that interest would be allowed at the rate of two-and-a-half per cent. And finally one other rule stated that:

"No person will be allowed to have in this penny bank, at one time, more than £5 in all. So soon as the amount paid by any depositor reaches £1 he will be assisted to open a separate account in his own name, at the Post-office Savings Bank, and he will thus be able, if he wish it, to make his subsequent payments direct to the Post-office. As, however, no deposit less than one shilling can be received at the Post-office, he may continue to pay into the penny bank as before."

This rule the Post-office does not allow to be altered—at least, the £5 limit for each depositor. It was thought that when the slips for penny stamps were introduced it would do away with the necessity for the permission to continue paying into the penny bank, but it was not found so. Although some who are very anxious to save, and those who already had an account with the Savings Bank, use them, as a rule the thriftless and children do not.

The trustees having seen and approved of these rules, Jeannette sent a copy of them to the Postmaster General, together with a form (supplied by the Post-office) signed by the

trustees, applying for permission to deposit the funds at the penny bank, at the Post-office.

These rules had been sent, together with a courteous letter of advice in reply to a letter Jeannette wrote to the Controller, Savings Bank Department, London, E.C., asking for information how to set about starting the proposed bank; and how on applying again the depositors' books were sent her free of charge, on condition that they were issued gratuitously to the depositors. The account-books were also sent at a very low charge.

All these arrangements having been made, Jeannette and her committee had some leaflets printed, headed by a bright little picture, and with a few simple words of advice on saving printed underneath, together with a short statement about the opening of the bank, and the names of the trustees. They had these distributed as widely as possible, and in addition Jeannette wrote to the superintendents of all the Sunday-schools in the town, asking them to announce the commencement of the penny bank, and to urge the children to become depositors.

And as a final effort to start well, a public meeting was held in the largest schoolroom they could get, to which all the children of the neighbourhood were invited, together with their parents and friends. The meeting was made as lively as possible, the speeches on the subject of the evening being interspersed amongst popular songs and recitations. Then after the last speech, a very telling one, which evidently impressed the audience, the bank was declared opened; and pointing to a table at which some ladies and gentlemen had quietly seated themselves, the speaker invited all who had a penny in their pockets to come up at once and enroll themselves as depositors.

A good many responded to the appeal, and so the bank was started.

From that time forward it continued to prosper, although there were, of course, difficulties to be overcome, chief amongst which were the habits of reckless extravagance amongst the poor, as well as their improvidence and thriftlessness. The trustees were utterly aghast when Jeannette first told them of the large sums poor children spend on sweets, and, in fact, refused to believe that she was not exaggerating, till, on personal inquiry amongst the children themselves, they found that numbers of those who were half starved and half naked still contrived to spend one or two shillings a week, or even more, on sweets; and they were then willing to believe what has been stated lately by several well-known philanthropists, that the enormous consumption of sweets amongst the children of the poor is becoming a most serious hindrance to improvement in their condition, and inevitably leads on to that most serious hindrance of all, intemperance. When once they were convinced of this fact, the trustees were most anxious to do all in their power to help on the bank, in order that some, at least, of the pence which would otherwise have gone to the sweet shop and the public house might be saved towards providing warm clothing for the cold weather.

One other difficulty they encountered that they had not expected. This was that although the Post-office authorities would take in any sum of money, however large, they would not receive more than one shilling in copper, and forty shillings in silver. Happily several of the tradespeople in the neighbourhood were willing to come to the rescue, and offered to exchange a certain amount of silver and copper each week.

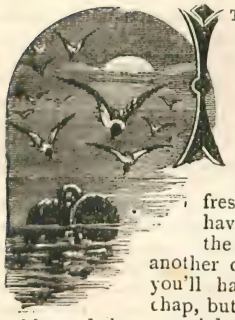
In this way each difficulty as it occurred was overcome, though sometimes not without a good deal of patience, and no little trouble; but when winter came those who had worked hard to make the bank successful felt more than repaid, when, as often happened, one of their poor people would say, "Oh, miss, if it hadn't been for the bank, I should never have had this warm shawl for Christmas," or, "I've brought the children, miss, for you to see how nice and comfortable they look in their frocks we've been saving up for."

INSIDE PASSENGERS; OR, THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF LUKE AND BELINDA.

By A LONDON PHYSICIAN.

CHAPTER XII.

DOWN THE RED LANE.



"It's getting late," said Luke, hooking his lamp off again, and putting his bag down. "I think after all we'll sleep here to-night, and make an early start, then we shall feel fresher, especially as we have no beds engaged at the next hotel. There's another cave opposite, where you'll have more room, old chap, but you can't cross over without being certainly blown up. Those vocal cords won't stand even a feather's weight. You might swing yourself over by the rope, but it would be hazardous. You have no idea what one of his coughs are like till you hear it. I get terribly shaken myself."

"I'll keep guard across the entrance here, Luke. You and Miss Courteney may feel quite safe."

The three then sat down and spent a very merry and pleasant evening. Sutton was an immense acquisition, and he and Luke kept on telling each other the most absurd hospital stories that kept Belinda in roars of laughter. When these were exhausted they discussed the wonders around them, and had one or two wordy discussions on the structure and movements of the vocal cords, and other abstruse objects, from which Belinda picked up two or three very interesting facts. For instance, she learned that the front ends of the cords were immovably fixed, all the motion and stretching taking place at the other end, where each was attached to the top of a triangular cartilage that could be turned and tilted about by muscles. She also learned that the front of the air shaft where the cords were fixed was hollowed out like a vault corresponding to what is known as the Adam's apple, outside in the front of the neck, which, by the way, Sutton declared ought to be called Eve's apple, for two reasons. First of all, she ate it, and, secondly, her daughters when they faint generally feel "a ball" in the throat at this very spot. She also learned one or two interesting facts about sound. Not only that they were air waves, but that they waved from sixteen waves a second, each 64 feet long, to 58,000 in a second, each one-third of an inch long; that octaves always consisted of waves twice as rapid and half as long as the fundamental note. Just as she was dropping off to sleep she heard of a man who had his whole larynx taken out and an artificial one with a vibrating metal tongue, instead of two vocal cords, substituted; and though he could articulate beautifully, he always sounded as if he were intoning. Then followed an awful story about a man who lost his tongue, in the midst of which Belinda finally succumbed, and fell into the arms of Morpheus.

Next morning the three rose early, having breathed instinctively in the orthodox manner during sleep.

Luke removed the brass caps, and fed each in turn, having great trouble with Belinda, who would keep laughing so immoderately each time he tried to put the pill in her mouth, that one was lost in her dress.

When the meal was over, Sutton ascended the rope, followed by Luke.

Belinda, carefully instructed, passed a noose under her arms, and was drawn up in double quick time by the united efforts of the surgeons above.

"I am glad to be up here again; it looks quite like home," said Belinda. "There's our dear little cave up the side there."

"Yes," said Luke; "you stay here with Sutton. You've nothing to fear now, for nothing can hurt you in any way. Those automatic respirators are the keys to our whole tour; we dare not leave here without them. As it is we can go anywhere."

"And everywhere," said Sutton. "I'm game for anything."

"Well, don't tumble down the larynx again," said Luke; "we've seen that."

Leaving his sister and Sutton, who had gone more towards the centre, where the wall of the epiglottis rose far above their heads, removing all fear of tumbling over, Luke walked to the side, climbed up the wall of the pharynx with his hook, and soon reached the parcels, and then let them down on to the back of the tongue. He hardly anticipated the result. Whether the part they fell on was peculiarly sensitive, so that the shock could be felt, slight though it could have been; or whether it was a mere coincidence: Luke was about climbing down, when he saw one of the walls move towards the middle line, the tongue arch upwards, closing the mouth, the soft palate rise, closing the posterior nares, and the epiglottis close down like a trap-door, and Belinda and Sutton shoot over the edge, with both the unlucky packages, down the yawning abyss behind.

"What a blessing they are prepared for this," said Luke. "If I did not know where they had gone to it would be awful. As it is it's bad enough. But they cannot be hurt, that's one thing. The difficulty will be to find them down there. And they went down head first!"

This last thought was the worst. Luke scrambled down from his perch, ran across the tongue, slid down the still closed epiglottis, and shot like an arrow, but with his feet first, into the mouth of the gulf behind. He did not fall far, however, for he soon found himself, small though he was, firmly grasped by two red walls (here perfectly smooth, and no longer covered with the "live velvet" of the

"'AND THEY WENT DOWN HEAD FIRST.'"

pharynx) and being quickly and steadily passed downwards.

"I suppose," he said to himself, "this is the peristaltic action of the œsophagus I've so often read about, but it's rather curious to feel it. I'll explain it all to Belinda when I get down."

Proceeding downwards about half a mile, Luke suddenly felt his feet become free, and a moment afterwards found himself sliding down the sloping side of a vast cavern, with great rapidity. This side being honeycombed with small holes, Luke jolted over them a great deal more than was pleasant, and was very glad when he found himself seated on the floor at the bottom, with no bones broken. Stiff and a little sore, but uninjured, and his tough covering all untorn, he looked round the vast cavern with his opera glass, anxiously seeking for any traces of the lost pair. No light could be seen anywhere; and Luke began to get seriously alarmed.

"Sut—ton, Be—lin—dah," he shouted, still too tired to rise. But no reply came.

"Sut—ton!" he began again, still louder, "Bel—lind—— Oh! what's that?" said poor Luke, as he suddenly found himself knocked forward from behind by a violent blow, which sent him sprawling on his face on the floor, and his glass flying out of his hand.

Before he had time to recover himself he felt another heavy body come bumping over him, and recognised his sister's voice.

"Oh, Pill, dear, I beg your pardon. Have I killed you?"

"No," said Luke, rolling her off, "I'm only startled; why did you not say you were coming, and where on earth have you both been?"

"Beg pardon, I'm sure. Mr. Luke Courteney, I believe," said Sutton, getting up. "The fact is, we had no notion you were here. We've just come in the train, or the œsophagus I think you call it."

"Oh, that last slide was delicious, if it was not for those horrid pits," said Belinda, also getting up and shaking herself. "I am very sorry we fell on you, but you were right in our way, and we could not stop at all. Besides, we thought you were in the pharynx all the time. How did you get down so quickly?"

"That's what I want to know," said Luke, scratching the gutta percha over his hair; "I can't understand it at all. He can't have two gullets, surely; it's too ridiculous."

"I think I can explain, Luke. When Miss Courteney and myself were shot down head foremost, I became seriously alarmed in our journey down lest we should have congestion of the brain, so working myself and your sister to the side of the tube, and explaining matters to her, we managed, by vigorous efforts, to right ourselves, during which, I think, by digging my stick into one of the small pits at the side, I delayed our progress, so I suppose you passed us."

"Well, after all, old chap," said Luke, "when I come to consider that tube is about fifty yards wide, I can quite understand how I might have done so, without seeing or hearing you."

"Now we're safe and sound," said Belinda, in high glee, "I declare it's better than going down a coal mine. We kept being squeezed gently downwards all the time till we got to the top of this slope, and then didn't we just fly! Mr. Sutton tried to use your stick as an alpenstock, but the ground was too rough."

"What started the commotion, Luke?" said Sutton. "You must know."

"Well, I'm afraid it's my fault, so I mustn't grumble too much at being knocked down in consequence," said Luke.

"You, Pill?"

"Yes, Bozy; I carelessly dropped those packages instead of lowering them, and (though still it is hard to believe it) it must have started this swallowing performance."

"Now, Mr. Sutton," said Belinda, turning round with a tragic air, and with one hand (sheathed in gutta percha) stretched out towards Luke, "you see that man, an M.R.C.S. and I don't know what besides, the victim and slave of avarice. He persists in dragging up and down his uncle's mouth two packages with bits of gold stopping, that, in cold blood, he has taken out of his uncle's tooth; he shouts in a disgraceful way into his uncle's private ear (not his public one), and nearly causes his sister to find an early grave in her uncle's windpipe. Not content with this, he has now nearly destroyed two valuable lives for this vile dross. I scorn such actions, Mr. Sutton," she continued, waving her hand at Luke, "as I am sure you do too."

"But you nearly frightened me out of what senses I have left. By the bye, Bozy, that squeezing was very interesting, because now you see how men can drink standing on their heads, or horses——"

"Or donkeys," said Belinda.

"Or donkeys," continued Luke—"can drink with their heads in a trough. The water or food does not drop down our throat, but is swallowed down; by which is meant, it is squeezed forward by the successive contractions of the gullet from above downwards, which is so perfect in its action that a single drop of water can be forced along even when the stomach is higher than the mouth, and it has to go up (as it were) all the way."

"I suppose all three of us are not larger than a drop of water," said Sutton. "When I think what we once were and what we are now, I am filled with shame and with amazement."

"Why?" said Belinda.

"With shame, Miss Courteney, because I was the cause of all our misfortunes by my thoughtless curiosity at the bazaar; with amazement, that so much beauty and so much learning can be stowed away in such a little compass. I shall find a new meaning now in those touching lines—

"'Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand.'"

"Do stop talking such nonsense, 'mole,'" said Luke. "Don't you see how Belinda is blushing?"

"I will—I will," said Sutton. "Let us resume our anatomico-physiological studies."

"Two of a trade don't agree, old chap; so, if you don't mind telling Belinda a thing or two about the stomach, I'll take a turn round and see if I can discover those two unlucky packages, and also find safe quarters for to-night—not a very easy thing down here."

"I shall be only too happy to tell Miss Courteney all that will interest her on this subject, Luke, but would much rather listen to a discussion from you."

"No; you tell me, Mr. Sutton; I've had so many lectures from Pill. Not but what he's done it very well, though; and I really do know a great deal now."

"I'm sure, Miss Courteney, that if you are so fortunate as to set foot again on our native shore, and—what is still more important—regain your natural size, you will be perfectly able to pass any board of examiners."

"Not until I've heard your lectures, at any rate. I am most impatient for you to begin," said Belinda, seating herself at the foot of the slope. "Sit down, Mr. Sutton; do not stand on ceremony—I mean, on that slippery floor."

"I shall be glad to do so, Miss Courteney, and I exceedingly regret I cannot offer you a chair. We are most fortunate in timing our visit here, for there is no business going on at present; if there was, we should not be here many minutes."

"First of all, Mr. Sutton, before you begin, I want you to tell me what this thump, thump is that has kept going on ever since we came here. I can feel it and hear it distinctly. It sounds like that great steam hammer at work which you can hear when you are about a mile off."

"That is the seat of your uncle's affections—his heart. It lies just behind this end of the stomach."

"Oh, I wish I could see it! I long to see how it works. This stomach is so still that I feel rather disappointed. I thought it kept all going round like a big churn."

"So it does, Miss Courteney, when there is anything to churn, but even churns rest sometimes. Just look at Luke, now. Is not the effect of that electric light weird in this huge cavern. Even now we cannot nearly see to the end of it."

"How huge is it, Mr. Sutton?"

"Well, I should say, on our scale of reckoning, it is about half a mile long by a quarter broad, and perhaps 300 yards to the roof. That is at the rate of 100 of our yards to one of Captain Goodchild's inches."

"Mr. Sutton!"

"What?"

"I'm afraid you don't know your lesson."

"Why?"

"Because you are a long time beginning."

"Well, here goes, without further preface."

(*To be continued.*)

COURTLEROY.

By ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER XLV.

"MORE THAN MY LIFE."

GEORGE HOPE did not wait for further revelations, but hurried Miss Heath away from Courtleroy without leave-takings. In his excitement he forgot even Mimica. He only felt that after such a disclosure it was no place for him. The sun had set and a clear moon arisen over the frost-bound earth as he and his companion walked quickly back to Summerlands. He offered her his arm silently, and supported her as she clung nervously to him, but neither spoke. He could not; she feared to excite him by further disclosures. They walked so rapidly that there seemed no breathing-space for words; their thoughts were scarcely controllable.

Mr. and Mrs. Prettyman were anxiously awaiting them, and came out to the hall to meet them.

"I am glad you have been to see Mimica again, but it is hard to have had you so little this last day," began Mrs. Prettyman, aggrieved.

"Come in here, madre!" cried George. "Padre, come in here."

"Very authoritative! What's the matter?" responded Mr. Prettyman, following the others into a small room inside the drawing-room.

"Goodness me, Georgie, you are ill!" exclaimed Mrs. Prettyman.

"No, I am not; but I am astonished, perplexed, alarmed. Miss Heath has just told

Mr. Le Roy that I am the son of her brother and of Lady Margaret, his false love."

Miss Heath sat down and covered her face with her hands, suddenly realising what she had done. Mrs. Prettyman looked at her, with a "Milly, what does he mean?" while her husband asked much the same question of George. He recapitulated breathlessly what he had so lately heard, standing between his foster-parents, and looking first at one then at the other. He was naturally much excited, and took no heed of Miss Heath's suppressed groans.

"This is romance!" exclaimed Mr. Prettyman when he paused.

"Never mind what it is," said his wife. "If it is really true, there is no one to claim you, Georgie. You are just as much our son as ever." She put her arm round George, and he kissed her. "But, Milly, what does it all mean?" she added.

Miss Heath was unable to reply. The efforts she had made, and the subsequent hasty walk, had prostrated her. She now sat motionless in her chair, her eyes fixed on George.

"Milly! Milly! She has a fit," cried Mrs. Prettyman. "Bring wine. Go for a doctor."

"No, no," murmured Miss Heath, still gazing at George, who suddenly perceived that she was not herself, and aided his madre in unfastening her bonnet-strings and supporting her.

Mr. Prettyman brought wine, which he insisted on her swallowing, and she gradually revived.

"Let me carry her upstairs," whispered George.

"No; I will go through with it," she gasped.

"What does it matter, Milly?" asked Mrs. Prettyman. "You can tell us how it happened some other time. It don't signify to us, so long as there is no one alive to claim our boy."

"Oh, Louisa! You will hate me when you know all."

"We will decide that when you have told us. You had better lie down on this couch and put off further disclosures," said Mr. Prettyman.

But Miss Heath, with a great mental effort, recovered herself. She asked them to sit down, and took up the thread of her story where she had left it at Courtleroy, addressing George particularly.

"Your mother, Lady Margaret, was dying when I reached her, but she was quite sensible, and able to assure me that the short period of her married life had been the happiest she had ever known. She made me promise not to tell Lady Helena—or, indeed, anyone—her history. She said her darling husband would take care of you, and that her only regret in marrying him was that she had deceived Reginald Le Roy. She died in my brother's arms, with you, an infant, at her side. She had everything she needed.

"I was obliged to return to Mrs. Le Roy with this secret on my mind. I managed to see my brother most days, and to go to the funeral. She was buried in Highgate Cemetery, where you will find her grave well tended, and marked with a white cross, on which is inscribed, 'To MARGARET.'

"The landlady took care of you until your broken-hearted father took you with him to Ireland, where his regiment was ordered.

"I am afraid I may have been cold, and even upbraided him, when he told me his story; for when he left London he did not write to me for three or four years, and I lost sight of him. His intercourse with Lady Margaret had been secret, and carried on while I was with her, which greatly offended my sense of honesty. But they were deeply in love, and she was not happy. Besides, her engagement with Mr. Le Roy was forced upon her. They were married at Gloucester, where I obtained the certificate.

"About nineteen years ago I received a letter from your father telling me that he was ordered abroad and obliged to leave you in the charge of your Irish foster-mother."

"Another mother!" broke in Mrs. Prettyman. "But you only know me, Georgie!"

"Only you, dear madre," returned George.

"Only you, indeed!" ejaculated Milly Heath, and continued: "My brother gave me the address of the Malones, with whom you must have lived about three or four years. He asked me to look after you if anything happened to him. I wrote to Mrs. Malone, through the good landlady at Highgate. I mean, the answers to my letters were directed to her care, for I was afraid of receiving them direct."

"Even more timid and secretive than I thought you," put in Mr. Prettyman, almost sarcastically.

"I was not so by nature, but circumstances teach one, and I had so many people to please," replied Milly, humbly. "Still, I feel you will despise me. My brother paid regularly for a year or more, and then all remittances ceased. I never was assured of his death, though I believed he must be dead, because the occasional letters he wrote to me ceased also. Of course, I paid the Malones, but being now the responsible person, I was in constant anxiety as to what was to become of you, my only brother's only son—and—Margaret's."

Here Miss Heath paused.

"You maintained him out of your small salary, Milly?" said Mrs. Prettyman. "That was very generous of you. But how queer it was that he should have been brought to us—and how very fortunate! But how did you find it all out?"

"My dear Lou, what an innocent you are," cried her husband. "Didn't we scour London for a son and heir, and didn't he drop from the skies—or, rather, from Ireland—at the right moment?"

"But how was Milly to know?" asked still-unsuspicious Mrs. Prettyman.

"Dearest madre, it was a lucky day for me when Miss Heath bethought her that I should do as well as another to be adopted," put in George.

"And a lucky day for us, Georgie. But I don't quite understand how it happened, Milly," said the madre.

"I—I—knew you and Mr. Prettyman would be good to him," replied Miss Heath, nearly breaking down. "You were seeking a child far and near. I wrote to Biddy Malone and told her to bring him. You know the rest. I was alone in the world, but for him and you. I could not confide in Mrs. Le Roy, or I should have been dismissed. Then came Mimica, and the secret was riveted still more firmly. Since I have left Courtleroy I have often wanted to tell it, on your account—my—my nephew, but I had not the courage. To-day, when you told me what might separate you and Mimica for ever, the strength came to me, I know not how. At all events, it is out, and everyone must know it—even Lady Helena."

"Let her be spared till Carew is better and I am off," said George. "Enough that I know my origin. You have had much to bear on my account."

He did not know well how to receive Miss Heath's communication. While making excuses for her, his straightforward nature condemned her. He almost wished he had remained the unknown to the end, rather than to find himself the offspring of deceit, and an interloper where he was assuredly not wanted. He felt a keen pity for Le Roy, who had undergone the brunt, not only of the deception, but the clearing up, and would have given much to atone to him for the conduct of his mother.

Mr. Prettyman broke a temporary silence by a matter-of-fact statement.

"My dear boy, you still belong to us exclusively. Had it not been for Miss Heath's not unpardonable dilemma, you would, perhaps, have been eventually presented to Lady Helena and the rest as a rough Irishman, the perfect master of the shillelagh and prize fighting you promised to be when introduced to us. Now you have some pretensions to being a gentleman, and your aristocratic friends needn't be ashamed of you."

"I may never see them again. It is impossible to say how long I may be absent, or what may be the chances of war. Never having known my real parents, I looked on you as father, mother, benefactors—everything. I love and thank you from my heart. I also thank Miss Heath for giving me to you, and for her previous goodness to me and my parents. I understand now all your secret kindness to me, Miss Heath, and the strange interest I have felt you showed for me, even though I did not understand it. When you see Mimica, tell her——"

"I shall never see her again," interrupted Miss Heath. "To-morrow I shall go with you to London, and then I shall seek some situation where I can hide myself from everyone."

"Indeed you will do no such thing, shall she, Joe?" broke in Mrs. Prettyman.

"She must please herself," replied Joe, drily.

"I cannot face any of them again," said Miss Heath. "The burden of secrecy is gone, but the shame remains. Mr. Le Roy has driven me from his house, Lady Helena would crush me by a look, for didn't I eat of their bread and receive their money all the while I was deceiving them?"

"My poor aunt! All this for me!" said George, drawing near Miss Heath.

"Penal servitude would have been preferable," added Mr. Prettyman, while his Lou began to cry.

"I—I—have no more to tell," murmured Miss Heath, and went off into a low, hysterical sobbing.

"Take her upstairs, Lou," whispered Mr. Prettyman, and left the room.

George and Mrs. Prettyman supported her to her room with some difficulty, and shortly afterwards the two gentlemen were seated alone at their long-delayed dinner, while the kind-hearted Lou tried to comfort her old friend and schoolfellow.

Mr. Prettyman and George discussed the strange events of the day calmly, when relieved from female excitement. The former assured George that Miss Heath should be looked after, whether she continued to live with him and his wife or not; and undertook himself to communicate with Sir Joshua Carew the facts connected with her disclosures. He promised to wait until he could ascertain the state of Captain Carew's health. George told him under promise of secrecy that he had left Barbara Leste with him that morning.

"Perhaps I can also give Miss Marmont the message which Milly Heath declined to deliver," said Mr. Prettyman. "Well done, my boy, I'm glad to see the light in your eyes again. A woman put it out, a woman rekindles it. What plagues and blessings they are."

"Yes; but madre is an unmitigated blessing," laughed George. "If you see Mimi, ask her to tell Mr. Le Roy, should she have the opportunity, that had I known the disclosure Miss Heath was going to make, I would not have been a party to it. Also that I will never intrude upon him again without

a summons from him. He has been hardly used throughout. But he now has Mimica, and she will console him."

The following morning they were astir early. It was soon apparent that Miss Heath could not accompany them to town. She was unable to leave her bed. The excitement of the previous day had quite prostrated her. George went to her room to take leave of her, and was much struck by her haggard appearance. It is easier to keep than to disclose a long pent-up secret. He made her promise to write to him, and by his warmth of manner comforted her.

"I am glad to know who I am," he said gaily. "You have taken a burden from my life."

And so, first embracing her affectionately, he left her.

He had a different leave-taking with his devoted madre. She had done everything that human ingenuity could devise to prepare a suitable kit, helped by Ada, now her maid, and still devoted, as were all the servants, to George.

Sampson was to accompany him and Mr. Prettyman to London, where they were to sleep a night, before proceeding to Portsmouth. The Prettymans were noted for never parting with a servant, and their less constant friends were wont to say that their domestics ruled them; so George was always greeted with joy, and parted from with grief, by the friends of his childhood. Tears and lamentations followed him as he bade goodbye, first individually then collectively, to the household; but when his madre clung to him as if she would not let him go, he fairly broke down, and had no words to tell her how he loved her.

"You won't change me for—for—Lady Margaret," she sobbed.

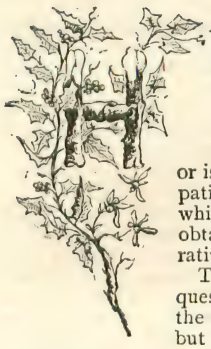
"You are ever my dearest, dear madre," he replied, as he gave her the last, more than filial kiss.

For many a year the scene of that leave-taking was graven on his memory. As they drove off, he saw her at the top of the great flight of steps, weeping, surrounded by the household, many of whom were weeping also; and he asked himself, "Who am I to have gained this wealth of love?"

(*To be continued.*)

ENGRAVING ON WOOD.

By RICHARD TAYLOR.



ENGRAVING said all that is necessary in explanation of the art of engraving to put the reader in possession of its chief features, the question arises—Is it, or is it not, a suitable occupation for girls; and one in which they may expect to obtain permanent remunerative employment?

To the first part of the question—the suitability of the art itself—there can be but one answer. Its chief qualifications are good sight, artistic perception, and patient industry; and these are not the exclusive attributes of the male sex.

In some respects, indeed, it would seem peculiarly fitted to be an employment for girls. It can be practised in any room and anywhere—at home or when on a visit to a friend in the country, a steady table and a good light only being essential. The tools will pack into a good-sized pocket, and can be put out of sight in a moment or two should circumstances make it desirable. No noise to disturb a sick member of the family; no dirt or litter to make the practitioner or her room unpresentable at any moment; no daily visits to the City at inconvenient hours and in unfavourable weather.

The mere mention of these advantages would induce anyone who knows of the urgent inquiries that are made after suitable occupations for girls to assume that such a business could not exist long without in a short time being almost monopolised by them; and yet so far is this from being the case that, in spite of the efforts made at various times by institutions and State-aided schools to teach the art to girls, very, very few indeed have ever followed it as a profession.

The Government, even, years ago interested itself in the matter, and established a school at South Kensington, with this as its avowed object; and Mr. John Thompson, one of the best engravers of the time, was appointed to conduct it. Classes were formed, lectures delivered, and the usual routine of a professorship properly gone through; but after diligent inquiry I have not been able to learn that the endeavour, earnest and praiseworthy though it was, added one single practitioner to the art.

The chief reason for this is, perhaps, the time it takes to learn—being too difficult to take up and practise as a source of income for a few years only. Most girls who come to the business young enough to learn it look forward to possibilities arising which may make it unnecessary for them to follow any profession whatever as a means of livelihood. To this circumstance is probably, or at least partially, due the failure of many to reach even a paying standard of excellence, the lack of earnestness and steady application consequent on such expectations being fatal to success. Nor is it a business that can be successfully commenced late in life—I mean much after maturity. Few men who have come to it after that period have reached more than very ordinary skill, so that it could not be turned to after the time of vacillation in a girl's life is over; and how many are there who will quietly determine to give up nine hours out of every day for four or five consecutive years—say between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one—to acquire, not proficiency in the art, but skill enough to execute subordinate parts? Yet boys do this; and girls can be qualified to compete against them only on the same conditions. No parent expects his son to learn a business well enough to get his living by it in less time than I have named. In fact, the usual term of apprenticeship in this—indeed, most others—is much longer. Yet when they place their daughters to a difficult business, such as engraving, they are surprised that so much time should be required. They first declare their girls are equal in ability to their sons, and the business as well suited to them (which I for one am prepared to admit), and then appear to argue in the whimsical way attributed to the Irishman, who on hearing a demagogue ask, "Is not one man as good as another?" replied, "Of course he is, and a great deal better." They expect their girls to succeed as well as their sons with half the practice, and under conditions which, in the latter case, they would consider most unfavourable. They do not value their girls' time and attention enough, and allow both to be frittered away in conventional formalities and trivial employments, utterly inconsistent with purposeful work; then expect results which they would consider ridiculous to require from their sons. They affirm the equality but assume the superiority of a sex in a way contrary to that in which it is usually maintained. They court cruel disappointment for a girl, and are surprised that she is disheartened when she encounters it. They expect pressing need and earnest endeavour to take the place of time-taking qualification, and after a year or two of imperfect training and desultory practice will permit her to apply at an engraver's office for employment, when a little consideration would tell them how hopeless must be the endeavour and how unkind to permit it to be made. There are few engravers who, when such an applicant calls upon them, will undertake the painful duty of telling her that inexperience causes her to overrate her power. She is too frequently sent away with misleading compliments and excuses, and it is not until continued failure forces it upon her does she realise the true state of the case. Even then the ambiguously qualified phrases she has received, and the hopeful tone of the various suggestions for improvement, may leave her in doubt, and she is quite as likely to think it is her sex that is against her, and not her lack of skill. Such, however, by the way, would not be the case. As a competent engraver she would stand exactly the same chance of obtaining employment as a man. The field she would find as open to her as to him. No partiality or prejudice would stand in her way. Skill, combined with the usual business qualifications, promptness, and punctuality are the only factors of success in it. Moreover, the payment would be the same in the one case as in the other. Time and skill regulate the cost of work almost entirely. A block—say five by seven inches—might be highly paid for at £2 and poorly paid for at £20, and in neither case would the question of sex enter as an element of the charge, for to those who required the blocks it would be immaterial whether they were spontaneously produced by an intelligent machine or laboriously worked out by a man or a woman. Some people work slower than others, and if she were one of these she would have to sell her work—though it took more time—at the same price as the quick ones accept for theirs; but that, of course, would be its fair market value.

Another reason why so few girls become engravers may be the difficulty of obtaining proper instruction and practice. There is no place in England within my knowledge where one could obtain the same advantages in this respect as a youth, no office being open to them. In Sweden, the business being mainly in the hands of the ladies, I am told that it is not unusual to see young men and girls working side by side; but this is not the custom here, nor is it one likely to be adopted, I think.

For an engraver to set apart a room for female pupils would reduce the difficulty; but still, a youth would have the advantage of working with those who were greatly his superiors in skill, seeing their work, and hearing their opinions about it.

I reluctantly confess I have no faith in

its being effectually taught in "schools" or classes, or in a "limited number of lessons." It has been tried now for so many years and under such varying circumstances, and I have not yet met with a single individual who has attained by such means skill enough to earn a livelihood, though I have met many who would give much to get back the time they have fruitlessly wasted in the attempt.

Many ladies have followed, and do still practise, the art, and some have prominently distinguished themselves; but they, in the majority of cases, have been related to engravers or had opportunities of working with them.

I do not say it is impossible to be taught by lessons or classes, or that failure is a necessary consequence of the system itself; for everyone who has had to instruct optional pupils knows how hard it is to induce them to go through the drudgery by which alone success is attainable. An apprentice in an engraver's office is compelled to do that which his instructor tells him, whether he likes it or not; and perhaps the failure before alluded to should be attributed to the pupils having been allowed too much of their own way; being permitted to do landscapes and other pictorial work that would conceal their deficiencies from themselves, before they were able to engrave a diagram of a few straight lines correctly.

A teacher of a class must please his pupils if he wishes to retain them, and therefore cannot insist, with the requisite firmness, on the course of training which experience dictates as the right one. He may wish to do his duty, but be compelled by circumstances to neglect it; he may see girls wasting their time in exercises that must lead to naught, and know that all attempts of his to set them in the right way, if it be a less pleasant one than that they are inclined to, will simply drive them to a less conscientious instructor. Perhaps he is not wholly to blame for this. When a teacher of music desires his pupils to daily practise tiresome exercises, he is supported in his request by public opinion, it being an accepted axiom that skill cannot be obtained without some distasteful work. But it is not so with the teacher of engraving; he has no public opinion to appeal to in support of his authority. The friends of a pupil, knowing nothing of the thing to be aimed at, may rather undermine what little is attached to him as a teacher by praising everything his pupil does that looks like a picture, and in recognising no merit in less attractive work. And what more natural than that she should prefer their ignorant and therefore injudicious commendations to his irksome requirements and qualified praises? Moreover, there is a habit of assuming that girls take to the study of this, and, indeed, most arts, simply as an amusement, and from mere good nature a teacher will allow difficulties to be shirked that under a different belief he would require to be faced.

Again, the kind of teacher available in most cases is against successful results. It is too precarious an occupation for any competent engraver to take to, even if he admits its utility; consequently it has fallen into the hands of those who, in the majority of cases, having failed to acquire sufficient skill in the art to practise it, consider themselves properly qualified to teach it. Frequently they are content to take small sums for their "lessons," under the belief, perhaps, the pupil will be able to receive any number without fear of acquiring sufficient skill to detect the imposition; in other cases a high price is demanded, to gain as much as possible while they have the chance. In neither case, therefore, can the remuneration demanded be taken as a test of ability.

Unless it be that the system of class teaching is unsuited to the purpose in view, it is hard to say the probable cause of the failure of the Government attempt to impart a practical knowledge of the art to ladies; many of those suggested above apply to private teachers only. Mr. John Thompson was well known to be a first-rate engraver, and on this account, as well as from the post he held, his utterances and methods would be listened to with respect and followed without question. It was a matter of indifference to him, pecuniarily, whether he made his teaching pleasing to his pupils or not; his duty was to set them in the right path and leave them to follow it as they pleased. The place, the hours of study, and the cost of instruction would all be arranged in favour of the student. Of course, the materials for practice would have to be purchased by her, and would certainly form a serious item in the cost of her education—particularly in those days when there was no photography on wood, and only transfers or drawings (more or less expensive) were available for practice; now, the resources open would reduce it considerably, but it would still be a heavy charge.

There is a certain disheartening effect, too, in the practice, under such a system of instruction, which could not but have a very depressing influence on a nervous or anxious pupil. To see a block she had expended much time and pains upon thrown behind the fire or put out of the way as useless as soon as completed, then to purchase another, and in due time to see that follow its predecessor, and so on, month after month and year after year, and in this way be incessantly reminded of the fact that the block with its drawing before she touched it was more valuable than after a week or two's labour.

In an engraver's office this monotony of failure is varied by trifling successes. The pupil, after a few months' teaching, is able to assist in "clearing" and cutting unimportant parts of blocks—diagrams and other simple commercial work—and not only gets practice without cost, but, knowing his work to be of use, makes greater progress than when employed on that which he does for exercise only. In fact, the most efficacious method of stimulating the flagging attention of a youth is to find him some insignificant part to do on a commissioned block, and the effect is sometimes surprising—one day's call on his attention and energy in this way being worth all the progress made in the one or two previous months.

In classes the pupils would be too equal one with another in skill; there is the proper rivalry created by this, of course, but not the stimulating effect consequent on knowing that the majority of those who are watching them and urging them on to pass the others are greatly their superiors; neither is there the educational result from the constant sight of good work about.

The art, having no independent existence, is not like that of drawing or painting, where even the slightest knowledge is an advantage and a possible source of pleasure to the student or her friends. If the acquired skill be not sufficient to enable the student to produce work worth printing, the time given to the study is absolutely wasted; neither does the practice before that point is reached help to form an intelligent critic or an appreciative observer of the best work of others, as it does in the arts before mentioned. The first exercises given to the student of engraving are directed exclusively to the acquirement of manipulative power, and this is the aim for years.

The higher qualities of engraving are more artistic than technical, and the manipulative dexterity acquired by the preliminary practice is only a means to an end; and this end the student, in the early stages, is not, by his practice, necessarily able to perceive.

(*To be continued.*)

JANET'S TRUST.

CHAPTER III.

SOME ten days later George Moore sailed for New York. He struggled hard to preserve a cheerful demeanour to the last, but almost broke down when reminding Janet of her promise of writing to him frequently.

"I shall always be thinking of you—always longing to know what you are doing," he said, in a broken voice. "Oh, Janet, Janet, do not forget your friend, but write to me when you can."

"Yes, dear, I will. And I will tell you everything that goes on, every little thing that happens, you may be quite sure."

"God bless you for those words, Janet, dear;" and with one long look of love, one clasp of the hand, he sprang from her side and was gone.

And now came a time of dreary loneliness for the two girls. Meta fretted and moped from morning till night, complaining incessantly of their hard fate.

But Janet bore her troubles bravely, and did all she could to be cheerful, working more closely than ever, that she might be able to keep her promise and send Meta to school.

And as time went on, and George Moore's letters came to comfort and cheer them, the sisters grew more reconciled to their loneliness, and began to talk of the bright days before them, when their friend should return, to fight and win their lawsuit.

But suddenly a most unexpected trial came upon them, and they found themselves reduced to a state of extreme poverty.

The ill-paid, monotonous work, at which Meta had been wont to grumble, ceased to come in, and the sisters found themselves without any means of earning their daily bread. They were terrified at this unforeseen affliction, and knew not what to do or where to turn.

The lady whose work had been promised to Janet some weeks before, had not been heard of again. The little money they had in hand was well nigh spent, and when that should be finished a miserable fate lay before them. Then, if work did not come in they must take their choice between starvation and the workhouse.

Janet's nights were passed in sleepless agony; her days in making anxious inquiries for work at every shop or place of business that she knew of.

But all her efforts were in vain, and each evening brought her home, tired and weary, without hope of assistance from any quarter. She grew pale and thin, and seemed like the ghost of her former self as she paced up and down the room, wondering what would become of them, and what they should do.

Then little Meta fell ill, and Janet was almost beside herself with grief.

She nursed her with tender care, and at last the child grew better. But the illness had been costly, and their small store of money was exhausted.

And then, in her hour of need, Janet was assailed by a strong temptation.

At this critical moment, when even the smallest sum of money would have been of infinite value, Mr. Berwick came forward once more, and repeated his offer of five hundred pounds for the box of deeds.

"Take it, Janet. Oh, take the money," cried Meta with feverish anxiety. "Surely my father would not wish us to starve?"

"No, darling, surely not. God forbid that we should. And I think, Meta—oh, I feel certain—yes, I will accept—I must accept this money. I will write this instant to Mr. Berwick and tell him so. My little sister must have what is necessary to make her well—change of air—good food. Oh, father, father, do not be angry. I cannot keep your trust. Alas, alas! the temptation to give it up is too strong—too strong." And bowing her head, Janet wept aloud.

Then, taking ink and paper, she sat down with a sigh to write her letter to Mr. Berwick; but a strange feeling of terror came over her, her hand trembled violently, and she could not collect her thoughts or guide her pen.

"I will do it to-morrow, Meta—I cannot—cannot do it now," she cried with a sob, and pushing away the paper, she flung herself upon the bed.

For many hours Janet tossed about from side to side in feverish excitement; then by degrees she grew calmer and at last fell asleep.

And as she slept the figure of her dead father rose distinctly before her. His face was sad, and he gazed at his child with such reproachful eyes that she was filled with sorrow and remorse.

"I thought you loved me, Janet, and believed you strong," she heard him say, "but I find you are but a weak girl after all. I told you to keep those deeds, and yet you who professed to love and obey me, are ready and willing to give them up for a few paltry hundreds. Oh, my child, can you not resist this temptation and keep my trust?"

"Yes, father, yes," cried Janet, and she awoke with a start.

And this dream gave the girl fresh strength and filled her with hope. It changed all her intentions, and made her resolve to keep the deeds and suffer any privations rather than give them up. She thanked God upon her knees that she had not been able to answer Mr. Berwick's letter the night before, for then indeed her remorse would have been useless, as he would surely have kept her to her written words.

"Meta," she said at breakfast, "I have changed my mind again, dear. I cannot accept the money for the deeds after all. I cannot betray my father's trust."

"Oh, Janet, how cruel you are," cried Meta, whilst tears of disappointment sprang to her eyes. "Just when I thought we were going to be so comfortable. You really are extremely foolish. Are we to starve, because you have such odd notions about father's trust? Oh, it is too bad. It is too bad."

"Meta, I cannot discuss the matter with you when you talk like that," said Janet sadly. "I have strong reasons for not taking this money, much as I—as we want it. But oh, dearest, I cannot disobey my father—because he is dead."

"But I say it would not be disobeying him. If father only knew——"

"Hush, Meta, say no more; my mind is made up. I must not yield to you in this—I must not, indeed."

"Oh, if I were only the eldest. If I——"

"But you are not, dearest; or, perhaps, if you were, you would think differently. A sense of responsibility makes a great difference in one's feelings and actions. Do not scold me any more, Meta, but wish me good luck, for I am going out now to make one more effort to get work. God is good; He may send me help to-day."

Then tying on her shabby bonnet, Janet kissed her sister, and hurried away.

But Meta sat on at the table, an angry look upon her little white face.

"Janet is absurd," she cried at last. "As if anyone could possibly think it wrong to take money for those old deeds, if we could get it. I, for one, think it would be quite right; and if my father were here, he would say so too, I am quite sure. Heigho! how tiresome it is to have such an obedient sister."

Very slowly Meta rose from her seat, washed up the cups and plates that had been used at breakfast, put the half-loaf that was left into the cupboard, and then, taking a little money-box from the shelf, began to count the few coppers it contained.

"Ten pennies and half a loaf between us and the workhouse," she cried. "And yet Janet will not take that five hundred pounds. Oh, she is mad. But I know what I shall do. The deeds are as much mine as hers, although I am the youngest; so I have just as much right to give them up—and I will. I will take them out of that old box, make them up in a parcel, and take them to Mr. Berwick at once. I'll get the money, run home as fast as I can with it, and when it is all done we shall be so snug. Janet will be angry at first, of course; but the sight of the money will soon calm her, I am sure. So now, you old fusty papers, I'll just have a peep at what you are like; then off we go to Mr. Berwick's at once. He lives in a grand house in Portland Place, so he is certain to have the five hundred pounds ready the very moment I appear."

Then, full of delight at her wonderful plan, Meta flung the little money-box aside, and, bounding across the floor, dragged the tin case containing the deeds into the middle of the room.

"Now we shall see what you are like, anyway," she cried, with a laugh, as she pulled out a bundle of grimy-looking papers tied together with red tape. "What extraordinary looking old things. I am sure no person could make head or tail of you. And just think of any man in his senses offering five hundred pounds for you—and being refused too. Ah, these look more lively—letters, I believe." And, tossing the large parcel aside, she turned her attention to a packet of yellow, well-thumbed letters.

"Not a word about property here," she remarked presently, in a disappointed tone; "and I don't see a single name I know. What fun if old Mr. Berwick is making a mistake after all. Won't he be sold if, after paying us five hundred pounds, he finds there is no property to be found anywhere—or——"

Here a sharp knock at the door brought Meta's examination of the deeds to a speedy conclusion, and she started to her feet in surprise.

Before she had time to speak or push the papers into the box, a tall, elegantly dressed lady entered the room.

"Does Janet Grey the dressmaker live here?" she asked, looking in astonishment at the little girl and the scattered documents.

"Yes, ma'am, she does," cried Meta running to get a chair for the visitor. "But she is out at present."

"Dear me—what a pity. Will she be long? I wanted so much to see her," said the lady. "I have some work to be done, and I want to know if she can do it."

"Work. Oh, ma'am, she will be so glad to do it for you," cried Meta, flushing with pleasure.

"Well, I am glad to hear that. My maid, Sarah Bunch, tells me she is very clever, and I am anxious to get her to work for me. My grandchildren are staying with me at present, and they want to get up some tableaux for Christmas. They are to have Cinderella, Beauty and the Beast, and other fairy scenes, and I want her to work with Bunch and make the dresses. But she must come to my house to do them under my own inspection. Will she be willing to do that, do you think?"

"Willing? Oh, ma'am, poor Janet will be overjoyed. She has had nothing to do for weeks. I have been ill and we have spent all our money. Tenpence and half a loaf of bread is all we have left to keep us from starvation."

"I had no idea you were so poor."

"Yes, we are poor. And yet we ought to have plenty of money," and Meta drew herself up proudly. "But Janet is silly and will not take it. She would rather let us starve when no work comes in—but—I——"

"You are Janet's sister I suppose," said the lady, looking earnestly at the child's excited face. "But you must explain this matter to me. I do not understand the girl refusing to take money if it is really her own. She must have some reason for not taking it—if she has a right to it, as you say."

"Yes, indeed, she has a perfect right to it. But Janet is so obstinate. She has taken it into her head that because father told her not to part with these old papers, that that meant she was to keep them for ever; and now, when a gentleman offers us five hundred pounds for them and we want some money so badly, she thinks she must obey him and refuse to give them up."

"This is a strange story, my dear. But why does this gentleman want the papers? They must be valuable indeed if he offers you so much money for them."

"Yes, that is just it. They are valuable. In some way, if we were rich and could go to law, Janet and I could show by these papers that some property belonged to us and——"

"Then, dear, you may be sure your father meant you to keep them until you could do so. Janet is right to obey him. You must not part with them on any account."

"But what use are they to us? We shall never be able to prove that the property is ours."

"Perhaps not. And yet you cannot tell what may happen."

"But without money we can do nothing; and we are almost beggars."

"I must see what I can do for you. My son, Mr. James Walters, is a solicitor, and I shall ask him what he thinks. He may examine these papers, and if he finds that your case is a good one, he will, I am sure, help you to get possession of your property."

"Oh, madam, that would be good of him."

"Well, you know, of course, I cannot promise for him, but I shall do what I can. Meanwhile you must be good and industrious and work as well as you can. Everything connected with law is very slow, so that even if my son thought your case a good one, it might be a long time before it could be settled, either for or against you. And now I must go. Tell your sister to come to my house to-morrow morning at half-past eight. She shall have three shillings a day, and she can dine and take her tea in the work-room."

"Oh, madam, you are so good—so good," cried Meta, seizing the lady's hand and kissing it vehemently. "I will tell Janet, and I know she will go nearly mad with joy."

"Poor girl! you must have had a hard struggle," said Mrs. Walters, deeply touched by the child's emotion. "I regret extremely

that I did not find you out before. My maid spoke to me about you a long time ago, but I was out of town and very much occupied."

"Janet and I have longed so much for your work, for Sarah told us you paid so well. But when it did not come and we saw the house shut up, we were afraid we should never get any of it to do; and, oh, we have been so miserable. But now we shall be happy again, and we shall not have to go to that dreadful workhouse." AndMeta shivered at the thought of the fate that had seemed so surely theirs.

"No, indeed, I hope you'll never require to go there, dear. If Janet is as clever as Sarah tells me she is, I will get plenty of work for her. And now, good-bye. I shall tell my son about your case, and see what he thinks of it. Tell Janet to be punctual. I like punctuality above all things. Bunch will look after her. But would you like to come and help us with the work?"

"I—oh—madam—how kind of you! I can work so neatly," cried Meta, joyfully. "I would just love to go—to get away from this wretched room."

"Very well. Then I shall expect you both. But remember you must work hard. I would not encourage you to be idle for the world."

"I shall work as well and as fast as ever I can. And, oh, I don't know how to thank you, Mrs. Walters. God must have sent you to help us just when we were in such dreadful want."

"My dear child, God did send me, I feel sure. He is pleased with Janet for her loving obedience to her dead father, and the brave way in which she has kept the trust confided to her care. He has sent me to help her as a reward for her goodness."

"Yes, yes," cried Meta, tearfully. "And I have been so naughty and so tiresome. I have tried to make her take the money, and made her unhappy. I do not deserve that you should be so kind to me—or that God should be good to me."

"My dear little girl," said Mrs. Walters, laying her hand gently on the child's head, "you have been severely tried, and you are very young, and so God is merciful to you. He loves little children so dearly that He will surely forgive your crossness and ill-temper. But you must now begin to work and try to atone for your past. You must be gentle, industrious, and uncomplaining in the future."

"Yes, indeed I will," cried Meta, earnestly.

"That is right, dear, and now I must really go. Good-bye." And, with a kind smile, Mrs. Walters passed down the narrow stair, and drove away in her carriage.

"Is it possible? Or am I dreaming?" said Meta, looking about the room. "Has Mrs. Walters really been here with a promise of work? Yes, she has, for there lies her card. How kind she looked—how beautifully she talked to me. Oh, dear, how I wish Janet would come home to hear the news! Poor Janet, how she worked and toiled; and, oh, what a selfish girl I have been. But, there, I'll turn over a new leaf and be as good—as good—well as good as my loving little sister. Yes, I'll work hard—just as hard as Janet, and we'll earn plenty of money, for I don't believe in either deeds or property. But if Janet doesn't want to take the five hundred pounds she shan't—so there!" And picking up the documents and letters she tossed them into the box, and shut down the lid with a bang.

"And now, since Janie has not come home," she said, smiling, "I know what I'll do to give her a surprise. I'll go off and spend every farthing of our large fortune—of our ten pennies. Oh, we'll have such a feast to-night. Janet shall have a piece of meat, and a nice cup of tea, and I shall have some muffins, for I do like muffins nicely toasted and buttered. What fun. I'll beg a little coal from our landlady, and I shall make a fine blazing fire. Won't poor Janet get a shock when she sees it! She'll think I've gone mad to be so extravagant. But when she hears my news, oh, it will be delightful to see her face."

Then Meta put on her hat and jacket, took the pennies out of the money-box, and ran quickly down the stairs.

She darted in and out of several shops in the neighbourhood, and at last hurried home in great trepidation lest Janet should have returned before she had completed all her arrangements.

But there was no sign of Janet, and having obtained a scuttleful of coal from the landlady, Meta toiled up the stairs again, full of joy at the pleasant surprise she was preparing for her sister.

"That is a splendid chop," she said, gaily, as she laid her most important purchase on a plate; "it will do dear Janet good, and strengthen her for her work to-morrow."

She then proceeded to lay her fire, and when it began to blaze, she put on a kettle of water, and kneeling on the floor prepared to toast her muffins and broil the chop.

And when all was ready, and the room looked nice and comfortable, Meta began to long for Janet to return.

"Why is she so late, I wonder?" she asked herself over and over again. "It is getting quite dark. Oh, why does she not come home?" And climbing on a chair at the high window, she looked anxiously up and down the street. "I never knew her to be so late. I never knew her stay out so long." And she turned again to the fire.

But presently the sound of slow, weary footsteps was heard upon the stairs, and, starting up, Meta ran to the door.

"Oh, Janet, how white and ill you look!" she cried, forgetting her good news at the sight of her sister's pale, sad face.

"My poor little Meta," said Janet, slowly, "we must prepare for the worst, dear—there is no work to be had." And she sank down exhausted on the nearest chair.

"Oh, yes, dearest, but there is," cried Meta, flinging herself upon her knees and putting her arms round her sister's waist. "I have good news for you, Janet. God has sent us help, and we are going to be happy once more. Mrs. Walters has been here; we are both to go to her house to-morrow to work. We are to dine there and——"

"What! Oh, Meta is this true?" cried Janet, starting to her feet. "Is it possible?"

"Yes, darling, indeed it is."

"My God, my God, I thank Thee!" said Janet softly, and then with a sigh she fell fainting to the ground.

(To be concluded.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

LADY ARABELLA.—We know of no better institution near you than the Polytechnic classes in Regent-street. Make inquiries there.

GAI DIX SEPT.—It would be a matter of arrangement between you and the mistress under whom you will be placed. You could learn the grammar of Italian, but you would need lessons in the pronunciation.

MAUDE FRANCES writes to tell us that there is a Moravian school at Herrnhut. Address the principal, Herr Stephan, Herrnhut, Saxony. It is never a good thing in religion to be under the control of feeling too much; there should be a vital principle of love within us, leading to a rule of life and service, to which we should be true under all circumstances.

ELFLEDA could learn shorthand, no doubt, without a master, if she be sufficiently clever and persevering. The small manuals are so cheap, and the needful notebook also, that that at least will not stand in her way.

NELL'S composition is very fair indeed; her spelling is also good, but we do not consider that it shows any signs of genius.

GLADYS (Haverfordwest).—Erasmus lectured at Cambridge on Greek, and became Lady Margaret's professor of divinity there.

NELLIE PURT, and Others.—Full mention was made of all these examinations, and how to pass them, in the "Work for All" series of articles, commencing on page 25, vol. v. The education of boys has always been a matter of importance, but that of girls has only been recently considered, so most of such companies and schools are new foundations for girls only. All the old foundations were for boys.

EDA STOREY.—Apply for the prospectus of the College of Preceptors, and address the secretary, 42, Queen-square, Bloomsbury, W.C. The fee is 10s., and half-yearly pupils' examinations are held. The certificates granted are recognised as guarantees of a good and general education. There is a Governesses' and Artists' Institute at 8, Rue Neuve Fortin, Paris, under Miss Leigh's direction. Do not venture to seek employment abroad without first writing to consult her, and acting under her direction. It is a risky thing to seek employment abroad. Your writing needs greater care.

MUSIC.

ECCLESIA.—Old music is very valueless. "Ecclesia" must take it to a secondhand bookseller, who also buys music, and see what she can get. She will find all the ancient Latin names in an ancient geography atlas.

AUTUMNAL LEAVES.—We were much interested in your letter to us, and we should strongly advise you to take up your music again, and, whether you have lessons or not, do the best you can with your knowledge; it will be a fresh interest in your life, and not at all a waste of time. To make your fingers more supple, you might rub them well with olive oil and wear greased gloves at night. Sacred music, from oratorios and cantatas, sonatas, and other pieces of the kind, will be best to try first.

WHITE VIOLET'S waltz is worth finishing, because writing music is good exercise for students; but though fairly well written, it is full of faults.

MURIEL HEN.—From what you say of your small proficiency in pianoforte playing, we think that most of the works of Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and Handel would be beyond your powers. Do not attempt what you cannot accomplish, or you will become discouraged. You can gain proficiency by practising some pretty exercises.

QUEEN BESS.—At fourteen years of age you have no business to try your voice. When you grow older, bigger, and stronger, your voice will improve also. Bronze, if real, must be carefully washed with a sponge and soap and water and then rinsed with beer, which must not be wiped off, but the article must be dried by the fire or sun. Articles that are only bronzed must not be washed, but must only be dusted with a feather brush, as the sponging would take off all the bronze. Rub the rust with a little sweet oil and leave it for twenty-four hours; then rub with a little unslaked lime.

MISCELLANEOUS.

D. VON FLAMBOUGH.—The sparks emanate from the great amount of electricity in the cat's fur. If you comb your own hair on a frosty night in the dark you may see sparks, and the hair will fly out straight on end with a crackling sound like the burning of small dry sticks.

ANXIOUS ONE.—We do not give advice to enable girls to enter such a position of danger and temptation. Consult your clergyman or minister of your chapel.

MIKADO.—See our article, "Bright Eyes and Teeth Like Pearls," page 390, vol. i. You write very well.

HOPEFUL.—For the benefit of dressmakers and milliners there is the Provident and Benevolent Institution, 32, Sackville-street, W., for members within twelve miles of the General Post Office. This society grants, in illness and in pensions, from £25 to £30. As you do not give your address we cannot tell whether you be eligible or not.

JULIET (South Africa).—You should learn your lessons in the evening which are to be said the next morning.

MARGERY DAW.—The lines show taste, but are not poetry.

SNOWDROP.—We should not advise you to marry at eighteen, as you are far too young. Wait four years, until you be twenty-two, and then, if you like the same man, marry him; but do not marry without love, nor to please your friends, on any account; you could not expect either happiness or God's blessing in so doing.

LANCELOT CAIRNFORTH.—The quotation—

"Oh, many a shaft at random sent
Finds mark the archer little meant,"

is from Scott's "Lord of the Isles," canto v., stanza 18.

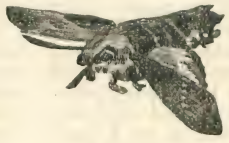
A WHITE LILY OF POLAND.—We think the verses did much credit to your knowledge of the English language, but otherwise they were not good poetry.

GENDARME.—You ought to look for apartments at the coast, so that your father should have no more than the voyage across. Folkestone is expensive, but you might find what you want at Dover. Living is cheap, and there is a good fish market. The air is bracing, and not suitable to some invalids, but is good for those suffering from chronic dyspepsia, or nervous relaxation. As the shingly beach shelves very suddenly, machine bathing is not safe; but there are free bathing places and baths. There is much in the way of entertainment—concert halls, libraries, skating rink, gardens, bands, and regattas, etc. Lodging-houses and apartments are moderate and plentiful. Writing feeble and unformed.

L. T. (Clapham).—The verses give some promise of better ones hereafter, though the first verse is very defective. You cannot divide a double word thus—

. . . . "the birds are warbling
Out their song," etc.,

so as to begin a new line with one-half of the compound word.



TOPSY. — You should boil the mussel-shells in vinegar and water to clean them. It will be sufficiently long when they are clean. How could it be healthy to be always crying? It is said, "Laugh, and grow fat." The reverse probably holds good, "Cry, and grow lean."

H. C. I. writes, "Kindly tell me something stout people can take in order to get rid of some of their corpulation." Alas! poor little girl, we grieve for your distress, but advise you to leave your "corpulation" alone, and let no one else meddle with it either. Do not starve yourself, nor exhaust your strength with over-exercise. Live temperately, eat wholesome food, and do not mind the silly jokes of thoughtless people.

IMOGEN (South Africa).—Your kind letter deserves our best thanks. We congratulate you on your happiness, and wish you may continue to prosper. It is by no means a matter of good breeding or "form" whether you dine early or late, and if there be any fashion about it, it is more usual, and certainly more reasonable, to dine early, in the heat of the day, when obliged to be at home in hot climates, than to dine in the evening, when the day is cooler and invites you to go out. We are glad you have derived benefit from our paper.

F. B. ELLISON.—We are gratified by your expression of feeling as regards the spiritual work carried on by means of this paper. We do not know to what kind of rich people you refer. The rules and etiquette which obtain in the highest circles of society constrain them to be polite and considerate to persons of every condition of life; "upstarts" and *nouveau riche* may be otherwise. The poor in this country are more favoured, thought of, and provided for by those in better circumstances than in any other country in the world, and societies to meet every description of case are liberally subscribed to. No true "lady" ever treats a poor person with contempt, even were she otherwise than religious. But you must remember that it was for our redemption our blessed Lord "humbled Himself to become a servant," and, therefore, to associate with them, as well as with the proud and wealthy Pharisees. God has given to every one their place. He is not "a God of confusion." "Honour to whom honour."

ROCK ROSE, PYRAMIDAL ORCHIS, AND FRAGRANT ORCHIS.

FLO. — You are only very short-sighted. A good optician would select glasses for you to wear out-of-doors only for safety's sake. You should tell your friends that they must bow to you first, or come up to speak to you, as you see no one across the road.

DAMASK.—Use a hair-wash of camphor and borax—one ounce of each in a quart of boiling water, and keep it in a bottle for use. Use a little lemon-juice for recent freckles.

THIRTY-TWO.—Whenever you get information of that sort you ought to inquire all particulars of the person who gives it, as we should also like to know where the G. O. P. can be bound for nothing if purchased in monthly parts.

ELSA FISCHER.—You had better leave off using soap and try oatmeal-water to wash your face; it will heal and soothe the irritable skin. Either boil a handful of oatmeal in a quart of water, or pour boiling water on the oatmeal, and keep it on the dressing-table for use when needed.

A. T. F.—We do not know about the public convenience, but, like the young tradesman, we object to the stamps being firmly fixed to the postal notes, and prefer them apart. The habit of fastening stamps to letters is, as we repeat, unnecessary and foolish.

LILY.—Burnt alum will sometimes heal sore mouths very quickly. A very little of the powder should be applied with the fingers. A wash of borax and water is likewise good, and also a few drops of tincture of myrrh in water.

TWENTY-ONE.—Styes on the eyelids are usually a sign that the general health conditions are being in some way interfered with. You had better consult a doctor. Impure air and bad or insufficient nutriment will produce them.

TROUTIE'S poetry is lacking in everything, even the way of right sentiments, as her ideas are morbid and unhealthy. The lines have no pretence to be called poetry. We regret we cannot advise her about a publisher. Such questions have to be sought out by the writers themselves.

M. G. (Preston).—We received your letter, and are sorry to hear of your little daughter's illness. The good influence of the competition on the general culture of the mind will be immense.

EMILIE.—It entirely depends on your relations with the young gentleman. If he intends matrimony, and you like him, and the match be considered suitable and the selection wise, there is nothing to object to in his giving you presents; but before you receive them, you should honestly consider the end in view.

PRUDENCE does not mention love in asking our advice on matrimony—only money and position. What about love, and on which side does God's blessing and favour seem to be promised? "Prudence" is very young, and probably does not know what love means. She had better "bide a wee."

IDA, BEE, LEE.—The planting of yew trees in churchyards was for the decoration of the churches with a substitute for palms and olive branches on festivals. In the "Liber Festivalis," published and printed by Caxton, A.D. 1483, there is the following passage:—"But for reason that we have non olyve that berith greene leef algate, therefore we take ewe instead of palme and olyve, and beren aboute in procession, and so is this day called 'Palme Sondaye.'" So on Palm Sunday and Easter churches were in ancient times decorated with branches of the yew and other evergreens. In Kent the people call yews "palm trees." They live for several hundred years. We have not published the stories you name in separate form.

POLLY PERKINS.—The correct rendering of the phrase you quote is "to see far in a millstone." It is taken from Heywood's "Proverbs," 1576 A.D.

ADA.—The word "bumptious" is a correct one, and will be found in any good dictionary. It means presuming, conceited, audacious, and self-sufficient. You spell and express yourself well, but your writing is not sufficiently regular. You should try to write a copperplate business hand if you wish to be an accountant or enter any house of business.

NELL GLEN.—We do not wonder your father and mother make objections to your thinking of matrimony, when your education is so backward that you cannot fill one side of half a sheet of note paper without making twelve mistakes, and in such common words as "wrote," "always," and "although." Think yourself a baby would be good advice for you.

JESSIE.—There is no such word as "semt."

PRIMROSE.—You had better give your kid gloves to a cleaner, who will make them look far better than you could for a couple of pence.

WICKED DOLLY.—Your mother is right, and, over and above that fact, obedience to her wishes is your duty. Preparing for the ordinance at her desire is the first step to be taken towards being good. We suppose your brother is only a little schoolboy, deficient in taste and judgment as yet. To call it "babyish" to appreciate the highest form of literary composition is to expose his own ignorance. Shakespeare was not "*only* a woman or a girl," nor were Milton, Byron, Keats, Tennyson, and others who wrote poetry. Their genius might well be envied by the young lad who ridiculed your reading Longfellow's charming poems. Never mind; by the time he has cut his wisdom teeth he may know better what he is talking about.

BUNCH.—Easter Monday in 1878 fell on April 22nd.

ONE WHO WOULD (?).—Perhaps you might like to join the Odd Minutes Society. The needlework done is for the benefit of the poor of the East of London. No subscription is required from workers, and any little articles are acceptable. Address Miss Janette Powell, Luctons, Buckhurst-hill, Essex. You might also join the Christian Progress Scripture Reading and Prayer Union. Address the Rev. Ernest Boys, Beverley, Sidcup, Kent. You will thus improve yourself and help others.

MISS FIFTEEN.—Such things are to be obtained through advertisements.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. VII.—No. 348. AUGUST 28, 1886. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

SUMMER.

By MARY EUGENIA.

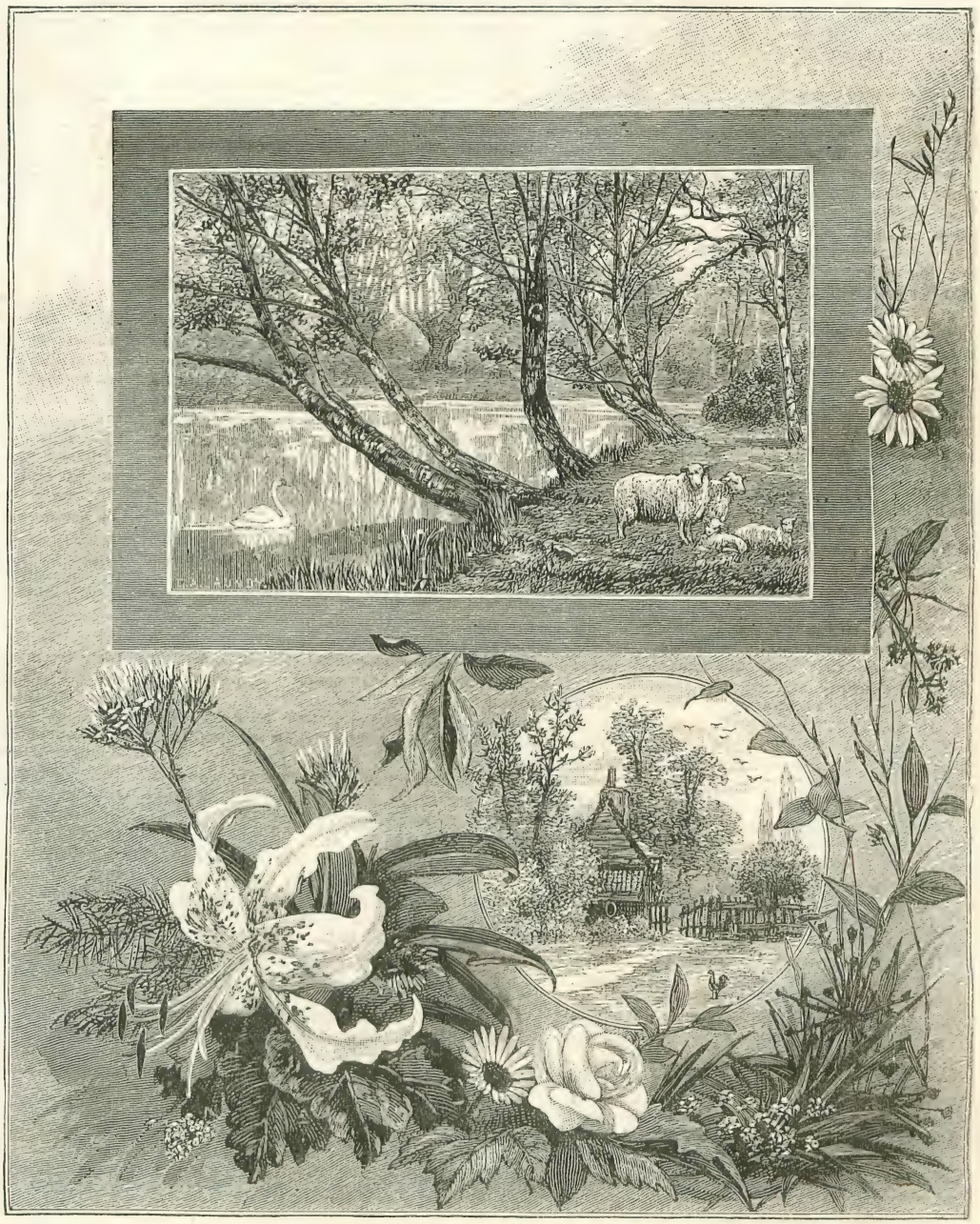
How beautiful is summer when
the bee is on the wing,
And on the clustering hazel
boughs the linnets sit and
sing;
Bright gladsome days of sun-
shine, the weary heart to
cheer,
And chase the shades of sadness
from the anxious brow of
care.

How beautiful at morning on
some eminence to stand,
And gaze with grateful feelings
on our fair and happy land,
In calm and peace reposing
beneath His gracious eye
Who watches o'er His Israel from
His dwelling-place on high.

How beautiful the fields in their
jewelled robe of green,
And the cool and shady lanes
where the sun is seldom
seen;
Where at eve we love to wander
and breathe the scented air,
Perfumed with sweetest odour
from the honeysuckle there.

How beautiful the billows that
toss their foam on high,
And the placid lake reposing be-
neath a cloudless sky,
The sparkling silver fountain in
the cool delicious shade,
And the lowly streamlet murmur-
ing through the green and
verdant glade.

How beautiful the happy homes
where England's sons are
reared,
But more happy still and hal-
lowed where God is loved
and feared;
Where at morning and at even-
ing is heard the voice of
prayer,
Commending every loved one to
a Father's tender care.



SUMMER.

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COURTLEROY.

By ANNE BEALE

CHAPTER XLVI.

EXCITEMENT.

GEORGE HOPE left much sickness and anxiety behind him. Miss Heath ill at Summerlands, Captain Carew at Monkton, and, worst of all, Mr. Le Roy at Courtleroy. Miss Heath's story had nearly sent the latter out of his mind. When she left him it was as much as Mimica and Mr. Sellon could do to restrain him. He gave loose to uncontrollable passion, the brunt of which fell on Miss Heath's hapless head, George, also, suffering, as is often the case, the innocent for the guilty. He did not blame the real culprits, Lady Margaret and her lover, but let his anger fall on the living rather than the dead. It was Miss Heath who had encouraged her brother to fall in love with Lady Margaret; she who had ruined his, Le Roy's, happiness, and she who had introduced the offspring of so much deceit into the very midst of the people she had injured. No epithet was too bad for her. In vain did Mimica try to reason with him, or Sellon to represent the true state of the case; he silenced them both by his passion.

"You would defend one who has been a viper in your house for years, and sting you in your tenderest part!" he cried. "Go to her, there, Mimica. Cling to her and the other boy she has introduced amongst us, and leave me for ever. I'll have none of them. Brother and nephew are alike the spawn of the serpent, but in her he is incarnate. Jesuits, Machiavels, Jezebels are weak compared to this silent, designing sycophant. Margaret! my Margaret! sacrificed to such a plotter—dying in poverty, breathing her last far from all who loved her: while I would have given my life, my whole to save her. Let me out! Let me go."

"Dear uncle, it is so late!" pleaded Mimica, laying her hand on his arm, as he made for the door.

"Are you afraid of the wild ducks' pond? Why did you rescue me for this hour? Leave me," he cried.

"Never, uncle. I am too sorry for you to leave you."

"Sorry! All the world is against me. All I have loved and trusted have forsaken me."

"Not all, sir. Not all, master," came from the doorway, and the valet came in.

"Listening—eavesdropping. You and Miss Heath are akin," burst forth from Le Roy. "You are an accomplice—you let her in. You brought her here—you know the shameful story."

"Indeed I *do not*, sir," said Barber, retreating, and speaking in an aggrieved way. "I've been as true to you as the needle to the pole—as—as the power of music on the lacerated heart."

"Truer than I, for he has known you longer," urged Mimica, inwardly blessing the sentimental valet.

The half-insane, wholly beside-himself Le Roy felt himself suddenly surrounded. Barber faced him, Mimica's hand was on his arm, Sellon was behind, ready to hold him back. He looked wildly from one to the other, then, suddenly calming, said ironically—

"Who will tell this tale to Lady Helena? Will you, Mimica? The fault is hers. I should like to see how she receives the news. Will you go to her with me to-morrow?"

"Captain Carew is seriously ill, uncle. The ball has been put off. We could scarcely go to-morrow."

"Why not? She might be warned into receiving Miss Leste as daughter-in-law. She might save her son. Proud, worldly, ambitious woman! She told me that Margaret loved me, and that maiden modesty prevented her showing it. All because I was Le Roy of Courtleroy, and, oh! so rich. What will she say to her new nephew, I wonder? Nephew! Margaret's son! Incredible. And he wants you, Mimica. They have made a nice hash of it amongst them. Those worthy Prettymans—odious name!—and Miss Heath have managed it famously, even bringing the spawn to our doors."

"Uncle! I cannot stand by and hear George Hope called spawn. He is my friend."

Mimica spoke these few words haughtily, and Le Roy looked at her. Her eyes seemed to glow in the darkness like scintillating stars.

"Pardon, Mimica, if you love the boy," he whispered, scornfully, bending over her. "But you have chosen me."

"He is still my friend—and, my equal," she replied. "You are my natural protector, and I belong to you."

"Barber was right. He is my only friend," half shouted Le Roy.

"Then, perhaps, sir, you will come with me and dress for dinner. There will be time for an interlude," said the astute valet, who, after all, knew his master best.

"An anti-climax," muttered Sellon, who had been watching an opportunity to speak. "It appears to me that it ought to be cause of general rejoicing that the Lady Margaret was decently married at all, and did not destroy herself, as was suspected; but, on the contrary, gave birth to a heir who is likely to live in the annals of his country, and to be an honour to any family, whether gentle or simple. Excuse me, Mr. Le Roy, but we have had enough heroics, and Miss Heath's hysteria should be a lesson to us. I am not given to that disease, but I should have thought myself the likelier subject of the two."

These commonplaces arrested Le Roy. He quailed beneath them, but took no notice of them.

"I will come to you, Barber, as soon as I have spoken to Miss Marmont. Show Mr. Sellon his room," he said, quietly.

Barber made a movement to Sellon, as if to say, "You had better come," and they left the library.

Outside the valet added that he would wait about, if the lawyer would seek his apartment alone, for he was not sure of his master.

"He is subject to hallucinations whenever Lady Margaret is on the tapis, and nothing but music restores him to his equilibrium," he said.

Mimica trembled when she found herself alone with her uncle, but he reassured her.

"Mr. Sellon is right. There is something to be thankful for," he began. "We will end this subject, Mimica, so as never to recur to it again. "You knew nothing of this secret—nothing of Captain Hope's history."

"Absolutely nothing, uncle."

"You are still willing to give him up for me?"

"I am still willing."

"Yet I think you love him."

"I have always loved him."

"You once said to me you knew not what it was to 'be in love.' Do you know now?"

"I can scarcely tell. But nothing shall interfere with my love and duty to you. I hope to keep my promise. May I say one other word?"

"As many as you like. I am calm now."

"George Hope is not answerable for his birth or his adoption. Miss Heath has been the victim of circumstances—both are more to be pitied than blamed."

"You are a bold girl, Mimica. Is that all?"

"I think so. But you are ill, uncle!"

"I certainly am not well. I hate scenes, and have been betrayed into one. I think I shall leave the country before it is made public. Will you come with me?"

"Our work is not done, uncle. You have a promise to keep, as well as I. We cannot leave Courtleroy half restored; we must wait till the restoration is complete. Individual grievances must yield to general ones, and I am willing to forget mine if you will forget yours."

"I was beginning to forget them, thanks to you, Mimica; but now they are fresh as ever again. I always suspected and disliked Miss Heath, now I——"

"Poor Miss Heath!" interrupted Mimica. "After all, you haven't seen as much of her as I have, uncle."

"Poor Mimica, rather! You have had a life of it, between her, Searle, and the rest of 'em. Let us wash our hands of the brood and begin life anew."

"All right, uncle. There is the half-hour bell. Punctuality is the Courtleroy grace," said Mimica, with an attempt at gaiety.

She perceived that her uncle was still excited, and when he rose she put her hand within his arm and went with him into the hall. The slight action annoyed him, and he let her hand drop and dashed across the hall to the staircase. Barber issued from behind the screen and followed at a sufficient distance to avoid suspicion of undue watchfulness.

"Poor uncle!" sighed Mimica, as she also went wearily to her room.

Arrived there, she gave vent to her feelings. They were varied. For was it not for her that George Hope had borne her uncle's contumely, and for both that Miss Heath had told his story? His story! She could but rejoice that he—her friend, her hero, her lover—was assured of a name and a parentage, even though they might interfere with her relations with him. Thoughts of him gradually overmastered all others, and she grieved to think that they had parted, perhaps for years, without even a good-bye, and in the excitement of disclosures so unexpected that he must have forgotten her in their importance. He would not forget her for long, however—of that she was assured; and at the moment all his love and manifold acts of devotion rose before her. Such disparity of years as existed vanished in the retrospect, and she thought of him only as of the brave, chivalrous friend whom she had always loved. No wonder that she groaned in spirit at the prospect of an indefinite separation without the consolation of letters, diary, or any of the old associations!

"If we do our duty, all will come right at last," she thought, remembering her uncle and their late conversation. "My pleasures and comforts increase. May God give me a thankful instead of a complaining heart."

She dressed hurriedly, and at the sound of the inevitable bell, joined her uncle and Mr. Sellon. They went through the formality of dinner, talking of indifferent subjects, but it was apparent that Mr. Le Roy was irritable and excited. Nothing pleased him, and when the meal was ended he withdrew to his music-room. But no sooner had he shut the door

"SHE ROSE AND STOOD BEFORE THE PORTRAIT WITH EYES UPTURNED AND HANDS CLASPED."

See "Courtleroy," p. 755.

than it was opened again. Mimica, who was on the watch, heard the sound. She rushed down the corridor and met him with Lady Margaret's portrait in his hand. He threw it down violently with a "Burn it," "drown it," and returned to the schoolroom. Mimica picked up the fair image of one who had caused so much trouble, and bore it to her room. She placed it against a chair back and knelt down opposite it. What a sweet face it was! George's was like it, only his was truer, firmer, more earnest. It seemed difficult to believe that she was his mother. Mimica bent her head before it. She prayed that George might be kept steadfast to the right, and that she might, herself, strive to atone in some sort for the injury done her uncle With her strong sense of right and justice, and real craving to act aright, she forgot self, as usual, and remembered only those more to be pitied than herself. She had youth, health, a clear conscience, the love of the poor, work to do, and her "mission" still to accomplish; she would not fret over imaginary ills, or indulge in false sentiment; she would labour and wait. She rose and stood before the portrait with eyes upturned and hands clasped.

"Poor, sad mother of my dearest friend," she murmured, "you shall be with me always to remind me of him and duty."

So saying, she cast a muslin coverlet over the fair face, and went to discuss the events of the day with Mr. Sellon. He was inclined to think the *éclaircissement* would eventually tend to cure her uncle, affirming that certainty was more endurable than doubt, and that a man's pride must rise when he found that his imaginary angel had forsaken him for an ordinary mortal of a lower sphere.

Sellon's caustic commonsense had always a happy effect on Mimica, and before they separated she was herself again.

Le Roy did not reappear, but Barber came with an anxious face to announce that his master declined his assistance, and actually retired for the night without the aid of his faithful valet.

"The first time during the thirty years I have waited on him that I have not wished him good-night, and said 'Anything else, sir?' It is portentous."

"What a relief to both," laughed Mimica.

"Not at all, ma'am," returned Barber, offended.

He was reassured the following morning, for Le Roy breakfasted alone in the schoolroom, and he waited on him.

"He has recovered his tone, ma'am," was Barber's report.

Fortunately for all parties, Mr. Leste called early, and was admitted to Le Roy's sanctum. Sellon was obliged to leave, and Mimica went to Summerlands to inquire for Miss Heath. She did not think it wise to relinquish her intercourse with the Prettymans, and feeling a feverish craving to know more of George's history, she started for the fountain head. She was aware that George must have left, and was not surprised to find Mrs. Prettyman in floods of tears.

"How kind of you to come," began that lady. "Georgie is gone, and perhaps I shall never see him again. And Milly Heath is in an awful state. We have sent for the doctor. Will you go up and see her, my dear, and try to comfort her? What do you think of it all, *Mimica*? It wasn't right of Milly, though I'm sure I'm very glad she did it. If she hadn't we should never have known Georgie, and I feel that I couldn't have lived without him; though I mean no disrespect to my husband; only a child is so different from a man, you know, and there's nobody in the world to compare with Georgie."

"You have been so good to him, dear Mrs. Prettyman. But it is a strange story. I will go to Miss Heath if you please," replied Mimica.

She found Miss Heath very ill. The unusual excitement had nearly killed her.

"What can you think of me?" she murmured.

"That you must have borne a weight of suspense ever since I have known you, that accounts for everything," returned Mimica, bending over her. "Dear Miss Heath, tell me the rest of the story."

She sat up and related what more there was to tell.

"I knew Mr. Prettyman and Louisa would do better for him than I could," she sobbed, when she concluded her narrative. "Still, I was wrong, and ought to have refused Margaret to conceal the facts. And after all, I broke my promise—for your sake and his, Mimica. I dread Lady Helena even more than Mr. Le Roy. If only I could have gone to London!"

"You can go as soon as you are better, and meanwhile you need see no one but Mrs. Prettyman and me," soothed Mimica. "I understand it all now, dear; and am sure the disclosure was right."

"But your uncle will hate me—curse me—and his mother was always kind. Their money supplied ——"

"Our needs at Courtleroy," put in Mimica. "We should have starved sometimes but for your salary."

This suggestion seemed to comfort the patient.

"I could not bear that you and he should be separated through my fault. You are all I have, Mimica; you have been to me as a daughter," she said, meekly.

"Dear friend, I owe everything to you," said Mimica.

"You had better go. Your uncle will be angry," said Miss Heath, with her usual nervous manner; and Mimica embraced her, and obeyed, just as she used to do in the old days.

She found the doctor with Mrs. Prettyman. He had just come from Monkton, and gave a somewhat improved report of Captain Carew. Mimica speculated on the how and when the revelation of her connection with George would be revealed to Lady Helena. She waited until the doctor had seen Miss Heath, and heard from Mrs. Prettyman that he considered her in a critical state. He was afraid of brain fever. Promising to return soon, she hurried home.

CHAPTER XLVII.

CONFRONTING LADY HELENA.

While Courtleroy and Summerlands were the scenes of all this excitement, their neighbours, Monkton and the vicarage, were not in their customary quietude. George Hope left those whom he was so soon compelled to acknowledge as near relatives, in fear of the result of the interview between Captain Carew and Barbara. They feared with reason, for Barbara was a woman not easily handled. When she found herself seated face to face with the friends of her childhood and youth, she trembled slightly, but soon recovered her usual calm dignity. She knew that he had not treated her well, but she had no intention to let him suppose that she had felt his inconstancy. But she was shocked with his appearance. She had not met him since their encounter at Courtleroy, when she refused the offer of his mother's carriage, and he was much altered. It may be as well to preface their interview by the information that he had more than once given her to understand that he was attached to her, and waited only promotion to declare himself in due form.

"This is kind of you, Barbara," he said, as he held her hand.

"Lady Helena asked me to come about some parish business, and George Hope brought me to you. I do not quite understand why I am here," she replied, kindly, yet with her usual determination.

"I have been longing so much to see you, that I hope mesmeric power has been at work between us, as it used to be. You know I always appeared when you were thinking of me. You once said so; perhaps you come because I have been thinking only of you."

"We were children then: we are wiser now."

"Let us be children of an older growth, Barbara."

These sentences were spoken low, and her voice faltered, but she soon gained self-possession. She saw that he was in an excited state, and she must be calm.

"I am afraid you are very suffering. What can I do for you?" she asked, and she thought her voice sounded harsh.

"That is what you used to say to the poor people, Barbara," he replied, with a smile. "I see you now at old Jane Simms's pillow, only you looked then to me like a ministering angel. And I hear her reply as if it were yesterday, 'Dear heart! your kind voice and handsome face is better than medicine. But you may read me a chapter or a psalm!' Do you remember how you read, or rather shouted the chapter—for she was as deaf as a post—and how we went off to the vicarage for your mother's wonderful cough mixture and some broth; and how I carried the jug and spilt half the broth; and how you reproved me for a careless loon, and how we laughed till we cried? Do you remember, Barbara?"

"Yes; I remember."

"I was a good lad then, Barbara, and not ashamed of being called a 'molly' because I looked after the poor, and was tied to your apron-string. Neither was I ashamed of all our choral practices, and village concerts, and Sunday-school classes, and treats; nor of our delicious 'field days,' when we all went cowsliping, or violeting, or nutting, and came home with trailing wreaths of old man's beard, or wild roses, or hawthorn, according to the seasons. Those were happy days, Barbara, when we were all brothers and sisters, and loved one another as such."

"Yes—childhood is happy—and innocent."

"We were not always children, Barbra. How sweet the old name sounds. We thought ourselves grown-up when we had our Christmas dances and games and forfeits. Do you remember, Barbara, how you were always the belle, and how the young beaux disputed for your hand at the Monkton dances? and how you scolded me when I was jealous, yet never failed to give me the last dance? Oh, Barbra! Do you remember? I have lived through it all during my illness, till I have forgotten all else, and am a boy again. This only is reality—my soldier life a dream. If only you could forget the *last half* of your life, and return to the green pastures and flowery hedgerows, and golden cornfields of our youth, how happy we might be!"

"Pray, pray, do not talk thus. I cannot bear it."

"I am not delirious, Barbra. I am quieter already for what I have said. Let me finish while I have you near me. You are so distant usually, so unlike your old self, that you freeze the words on my tongue, when I try to speak them. Mother thinks me dying; perhaps I am; but I believe you could cure me. I will not cast the blame on her. I have been fickle, inconstant, unworthy of your friendship; I have been led astray by foolish fashion and the gilt gingerbread of society; I have thought it fine to flirt with fashionable girls, and to do in times of peace what my compeers do; but in times of war, fever, wounds, in a long sickness; oh! Barbra,

dearest of friends, then I have thought and dreamed only of you. I know what you would say. 'Mimica Marmont is no fashionable girl, no practised coquette, yet you would have married her if she would have had you.' I think not—at least, I did not realise the consequence of what I was urged to do. But I will not blame my mother. Miss Marmont is beautiful, fascinating without consciousness of fascination, a possible heiress, perfection in her way; yet I did not love her. True, she rejected me with a scorn I deserved, for she knew my previous history, and was not worldling enough to understand how easily old loves supplant the new. She piqued and angered me; but it was your coldness and haughty pride that piqued and angered me most. Your words, when we parted after the gathering of hop-pickers, stung me, and I was assured you did not care for me. Oh, Barbara! I wonder if you ever really loved me! You never said you did in so many words, but I used to fancy you did up to that time when I came home on leave and found you changed. You remember, Barbra?"

"Yes, I remember."

"I know you thought me altered. So I was. The world had changed me: ambition, fast and foolish women, military life, had turned me from the right road. I tried to ignore or forget our past. As you know, we rarely met. You avoided me; I accepted what seemed to me your decision. I was annoyed but not strong-minded enough to ask for an explanation. So we grew estranged, and I made the acquaintance of your friend, Mimica, and estranged you from her. She gave me no encouragement by word or deed. All this time I loved you, Barbra. I thought you superior to all others. And now I come to you in Horace's name as well as my own, to ask you to give me back the old, old love of our early days, and to believe in me once more."

"Our early days! They seem so long ago. Horace was with us then—and my sisters, and we were all so young. Now I feel so very, very old."

Barbara spoke dreamily. Her head was turned from Montague so that he did not see her, and he thought the words cold.

He sighed heavily, and she looked hastily round. He was very pale, and his wan face spoke for him.

"What if he is really dying!" she thought, and a sudden shudder went through her. He perceived and misinterpreted it.

"It is as I feared. The old love is dead," he groaned.

"True love never dies. It may be crushed, but still it lives," she said.

"Mine has been smothered by weeds, but they are gone, and the plant is strong as ever. Oh, believe it, cruel, dear Barbra," he pleaded.

She saw that excitement was overpowering him, and to calm him said hastily—

"I believe it. I trust you again as when we were children. We will start afresh from there. But you are ill, and Lady Helena will be angry, and I shall be the cause. What is the matter? Monty, tell me what ails you?"

"I am—only—faint," he gasped.

She was about to ring the bell, but he stayed her.

"You—only you," he murmured.

She grew calm instantly. She bathed his forehead with eau de Cologne, gave him water, and restored him with the remedies she saw were at hand.

He smiled as she bent over him, and repeated her words, "We will start afresh from there. So be it."

It was now her turn to be agitated, for she scarcely knew what she had said, or what her words might involve.

"I am better; I am happy; are you happy, Barbra?" he breathed, as she stood gazing at him.

"Yes, Monty, as when we were children. Let me call Lady Helena."

"As you like. She cannot part us now."

He held out his hand. She took it, and, overcome by feeling and the past scene, exclaimed—

"Forgive my coldness, my pride, my years of restraint. Let us thank God that we are friends once more."

"More than friends, whether I live or die," he said. "Perhaps you had better let my mother come."

And so she left him. Lady Helena was in the hall, and saw her agitation.

"You have not excited him, I hope, Barbara?" she said. "Do you think he will die?"

"I hope not—I think not, Lady Helena."

"What did he say to you? What carriage is that coming up the drive? The Courtleroy brougham? Probably Mr. Le Roy come to inquire, or rather Miss Marmont, as he never comes. Will you go back to Monty, or call the nurse, or do something while I receive her?"

Barbara went in search of the nurse, for a trained one had been some time in attendance, while Lady Helena returned to her morning room.

"Mr. Le Roy; Mr. Leste," announced the footman shortly after, and those gentlemen were instantly followed by Sir Joshua, delighted and surprised at a visit from Le Roy.

"Come at last. Better late than never," he cried, interrupting Lady Helena's more stately greeting.

"What a wonderful fellow you are, Leste! You first drag him to church, and then bring him on here."

Le Roy, meanwhile, stood at his stateliest, and looked about him. His features were set, and he had an unusually resolved air. No one save himself knew what had brought him to Monkton, for he had asked Mr. Leste to accompany him while Mimica was still at Summerlands, giving no reason. It will be remembered that the vicar called and was admitted just as she was leaving Courtleroy.

"How your trees have grown! The plantation has become a wood," remarked Le Roy, frigidly.

"Ah! we don't stand still. Even down here we advance somehow; don't we, Leste?" returned Sir Joshua. "Progress is the watchword of the age. Between you and me I'm sick of it. I've just seen that fine young fellow, Hope, at the station, progressing it, I suppose, by going off to Africa again. Why can't he stop at home with his padre and madre, as he calls 'em?"

"Ah! I saw him yesterday. He and Miss Heath honoured me with a call which should have been made, I think, on you, Lady Helena," said Le Roy.

He was opposite her ladyship, while the other gentlemen had seats between them. All were near the fire.

"He was here in the morning to see my son," replied Lady Helena. "I am so sorry Monty is not well enough to see you, Mr. Le Roy."

"It does not signify, Lady Helena; I came on business which concerns you, perhaps, more than him. Miss Heath informed me yesterday that Mr. Hope is your nephew." This was said with premeditated abruptness.

"My nephew! How absurd! She is out of her mind!"

"So I thought; but she affirms, apparently with truth, that he, Mr. George Hope, is the son of her brother and your—sister—Lady Margaret——"

As Le Roy pronounced this, he sat, rigid as a statue, his face pale, the nostrils moving fiercely. Lady Helena looked indignant denial, and Sir Joshua exclaimed, "Bless my soul! what does it mean?"

"That she who was to have been mine preferred another, married him, and died giving birth to a son; that son, the young officer who has just left Summerlands. I have come to tell you this, Lady Helena, because I believe I owe my misery to you, and that your pride and ambition wrecked my life. You knew she did not love me."

Le Roy spoke as if he were acting a part, and had learnt his *rôle* by heart. He never flinched, and his cold grey eyes were riveted on Lady Helena. She, also, appeared transfixed for a few moments, then rose, and with indignant face and speech addressed Le Roy.

"My nephew! That foundling the son of Margaret! Miss Heath's brother her husband! Can you credit such absurdity, Reginald Le Roy?"

"I credit marriage certificates. I believe in Miss Heath's veracity. I know that your sister, Lady Margaret, disappeared when the marriage you forced upon her should have taken place. And I know, Lady Helena Carew, that I have passed two-and-twenty years of self-imposed misery, because I fancied myself the cause of her possible suicide. Certainty is endurable. I now know she was happy for a brief space, and rests peacefully, and I hope to blot out the past. I come to lay it at your feet, who were its creator. Beware how you lay the foundation of another's life-long torture."

"It is all a lie; a fiction. I believe none of it," cried Lady Helena. "What could Miss Heath have said? What did she know of Margaret?"

"I must refer you to her for details. The romance is strange, but completed as far as we are concerned. Margaret is dead!—Margaret is dead! Her son and your son yet live. Let us make no other holocausts."

There was a slight inflection of Le Roy's hard voice, but no change of feature or position. He still looked at Lady Helena, who was aflame with passion, and could not restrain herself. She did not believe his half-told tale. The certainty that comforted him made her indignant. Suicide, even, would be better than a misalliance.

"What can it all mean? Say something pious, Leste. It is like bull-baiting," whispered Sir Joshua, aside; then, as if inspired, added aloud, "I'm sure there's nothing to be ashamed of, if he is our nephew, Lady Helena. He's a splendid young fellow, and Miss Heath's a most respectable person, and I daresay her brother was all right. As Le Roy says, I'd rather think of poor Margaret decently married than—why—than nobody knows where. It's quite a relief to my mind."

"Fool!" half shouted, half hissed Lady Helena.

Le Roy rose, bowed, and prepared to leave. Sir Joshua shrugged his shoulders, and, with his usual good humour, pressed him to remain. Mr. Leste wondered what he could say to make peace. They were all standing, when a servant entered hastily, and said Captain Carew was worse, and the nurse wished for Lady Helena's presence.

"Remember Margaret," ejaculated Le Roy, with cold severity, as she passed before him and walked statelily from the room, followed by her husband.

"I will remain. I may be of use," said the vicar.

"And I will go, for my work is done," said Le Roy. "Take heed to your own daughter, Mr. Leste."

So saying he left the room, went through the hall and stepped into his brougham, which he had given orders should not be put up. Mr. Leste saw him off, and stood a few minutes under the priory-like porch, wondering at the late scene and the strange man who had originated it.

(*To be continued.*)

JANET'S TRUST.

CHAPTER IV.

THE next morning Janet was very ill, and could not go to Mrs. Walters. The long days of wearing anxiety, the sleepless nights, and want of food had done their work, and now, when an opportunity of earning money presented itself, the poor girl was unable to grasp it, and lay helpless and suffering on her bed.

And so Meta's dreams of happiness vanished, and she sat by Janet's side in speechless despair, for she knew not what to do or how to procure the smallest comfort for her fever-stricken sister.

Every penny of their savings was now spent, she remembered with terror; and she wept bitterly as she thought of what might have been had Janet only kept well for a few weeks longer.

The people with whom they lodged troubled themselves very little about the girls on the fourth floor, and Meta trembled lest she and her sister should die of starvation in their lonely room at the top of the house; for the wild ravings of the poor patient terrified her, and she did not dare to leave her for an instant to beg for assistance from anyone.

But Meta was not quite so destitute of friends as she imagined, and before long her worst fears were set at rest for ever.

Mrs. Walters had taken a fancy to the girl, and felt interested in her and in her strange story. So, when morning came and the little dressmakers did not appear, she sent her maid to find out what had prevented them from keeping their appointment.

And when Sarah returned with the sad account of Janet's illness and Meta's despair, the kindhearted lady hurried off to the sick-room, and from that hour the girls had everything they required.

"You can repay me when you come into your property, dear child," she would say, with a smile, when Janet remonstrated with her for her generosity. "My son has examined your old deeds, and he declares you are almost sure to succeed. So certain is he of this that he is going to take all the risk upon himself and proceed with the lawsuit. When you are rich, then you can pay me if you will."

"What!" cried Janet, "have you dared to sell my father's papers? Oh, Mrs. Walters, forgive me for speaking so hotly to you who have been so good, but I could not bear to give up those deeds to Mr. Berwick, and——"

"My dear child, of course not. Mr. Berwick is a rogue, and would rob you if he could; but the law will be too strong for him. My son is a clever solicitor, and knows exactly what is right to do. He has taken the deeds, and is doing his best to win this property for you and Meta."

"He is very good," said Janet, "and I do not know how to thank you both for your great kindness." But, notwithstanding her words of gratitude, there was a ring of disappointment in her voice as she spoke. "Is a stranger to do this for us, after all?" she thought. "And is George, who loves us, to have laboured in vain?"

"I thought you would have been overjoyed to hear all this," said Mrs. Walters, surprised at the girl's manner. "You say we are good, Janet, but I cannot help thinking you would rather tell me that we should have minded our own affairs. I am sorry——"

"Oh, Mrs. Walters, pray do not be vexed with me, or think me ungrateful, for I am not," cried Janet, eagerly. "Of course I am more than happy to think of getting this money, more than grateful to you and your son for the trouble you have taken." And the tears streamed down the girl's pale cheeks.

And thus Janet received the news that Mr. Walters had taken their case in hand, and that she and Meta were in a fair way of becoming the possessors of a very considerable sum of money.

For some days she was bewildered by the prospect, and did not know whether she was glad or sorry. She could not but think of George, and the disappointment he would feel at finding his work done, and the great lawsuit won without him. For her own part, she would much rather struggle on as they had done before, till he could come home and give them the necessary help. To take such a favour from one she loved would be a pleasure, but to accept it from a stranger was incurring an obligation she could never repay; so Janet did not rejoice at the thoughts of this coming fortune, won for her by Mr. Walters.

But then, when she saw her little sister's delight, and heard her happy talk about the future, she blamed herself for her indifference, and tried to feel glad too.

After this Mr. Walters went frequently to the girls' lodgings. He told them how the lawsuit progressed, and promised that all would soon be settled in their favour. He and his mother were kindness itself, and did all they could to make the little dressmakers give up their shabby room, and remove to a more comfortable home at once. They offered to lend them money, sent them presents, and finally invited them to stay at their own house.

All this Janet refused politely, but firmly. She would accept nothing from her friends that she could possibly help, and declined to leave her humble lodgings till the property was really her own.

"When I get the money, I will spend it with pleasure," she said smiling, "but until then I shall stay where I am and earn my own bread. Think how terrible it would be if we accepted your kindly offer, spent your money, and then lost the lawsuit."

"There is no fear of that," replied Mr. Walters. "We are sure to win."

"So much the better. But it is easier to go up than than to go down," answered Janet. "So until I am in possession of my fortune I shall remain Janet Grey the dressmaker."

"You are certainly very obstinate, my dear," said Mrs. Walters.

"No, not obstinate," replied the girl, smiling, "only determined to do what I believe to be right."

And so they were obliged to leave her to follow her own will; and as good, well-paid work began to come in, she was able to do so without the wearing anxiety of former days.

And even Meta was not to be tempted from her sewing. She was extremely fond of a pretty dress and a bright ribbon; hated work, and could not understand her sister's spirit of independence. But she had learned within the last year to respect and reverence Janet, to believe in all she said and did. So, without a murmur, she, too, refused Mrs. Walters' gifts and invitations, and settled down peacefully to wait and work till their cause should be won, and the property become their own.

And at last, after many months, their patience was rewarded. The case was decided in their favour, and Mr. Walters wrote to tell them that they had inherited twenty thousand pounds.

When Meta read this announcement she could not contain her joy, and, flinging her work aside, danced merrily up and down the room.

But Janet did not move or speak. A slight flush tinged her pale cheeks, and a faint sigh escaped her lips; then laying the letter on the table, she continued her dressmaking as though nothing had happened.

"Are you not glad to hear of our good fortune, that you sit *there like a statue?*" cried Meta, with flaming cheeks. "Oh, my darling, look up and tell me you are happy." And she flung her arms round her sister's neck.

"No, little one, not quite happy," she answered simply. "Money is not everything, dear—and George is not here to share our good fortune. I would rather have waited till he came back to win the lawsuit for us. I was quite content to go on with my dressmaking for some time longer."

"Well, that is great nonsense," said Meta, impatiently. "George has not written for several months now, so I daresay he has forgotten all about us. Mrs. Walters says boys always do forget their friends when they go abroad. So I don't see why we should live here in poverty till he chooses to turn up again."

"Mrs. Walters knows nothing about George," cried Janet, blushing hotly. "And I say he will never forget his friends."

"Still, he has not written to us for a long time, Janet. That does not look as if he cared much for us."

"No, he has not written," answered Janet, sadly; "but I am sure there is some good reason for his silence."

"Well, dear, I hope so. But even if he is not here I think you might look brighter. However, I tell you this—I am not going to do another stitch of dressmaking. From this hour I decline to sit and mope any more. Put that thing away, Janet, and make yourself look like a lady."

"I must finish this, dear," Janet answered with a sigh; "and I am quite happy at my work."

"I could not sit still for anything," cried Meta; "so I shall run out and take a walk. I must tell the good news to someone, or I shall go mad." And seizing her hat she ran out of the room.

But if Janet were content to sit on at her dressmaking, as though nothing had happened, Mrs. Walters was determined she should do nothing of the kind. Young ladies with twenty thousand pounds could not be allowed to live in a dingy back street; so before the girls had *fully realised that* the money was indeed their own, a pretty apartment was taken for them in the West-end, and they were whirled off to it in Mrs. Walters's carriage.

But as they went away, Janet locked the door of the little room in which she had suffered so much, and paying the landlady a year's rent in advance, put the key in her pocket.

"What a funny thing to do!" said Meta, laughing. "Surely you never intend to come back here to live, Janet?"

"No, dear, I think not."

"Then what is the use of *keeping* the room?"

"I cannot tell you now, dear. Perhaps you may know some day."

"For my part, I am only too glad to get

out of the stuffy little place. But you have such funny notions."

"Yes, dear, very funny." And Janet sighed as she took her seat beside Meta in the carriage.

When the sisters reached their new abode Mrs. Walters was in the hall to welcome them, and as they passed up the stairs her son came forward with a smile and offered his arm to Janet.

"I cannot tell you how pleased I am to get you out of that wretched lodging, Miss Grey," he said, kindly. "It was very uncomfortable, and I am sure it was not healthy."

"No, I suppose not," Janet replied; "and yet I was sorry to leave it."

"Come in here, Meta, and see your own room," said Mrs. Walters; and as she and the little girl passed on together Janet was left alone with the man to whom she owed so much.

"It is strange you should be sorry to leave it," he said, "for you must have suffered a great deal there."

"Yes," she murmured, "I did suffer, most terribly."

"But those sufferings are over, Miss Grey, My mother and I hope to see you very happy here."

"Oh, how good your mother and you have been to us!" said Janet, in a low voice. "How can we ever repay you, or show you how truly grateful we are?" And she raised her beautiful eyes to his face.

"You can easily repay us for any little kindness we may have shown you, Miss Grey," he answered, quickly. "Be happy here, and——"

"I am quite sure we shall be; that is, if—But believe me, I am truly grateful for all your goodness. You shall always be my best, my most trusted friend." And, smiling brightly, she held out her hand.

"Your friend, Janet?" he said, taking the offered hand and holding it tightly clasped within his own. "Only your friend? May I not hope to become something more—something nearer and dearer? For, dearest, I love you, and would win you for my wife."

"Oh, Mr. Walters, do not say so! Pray do not think of such a thing!" And the tears rushed into the girl's eyes. "I—I——"

"You do not know me well enough," he cried. "You have not learned to love me yet; but in time, I hope——"

"Janet, Janet! Come and look at our rooms. They are simply lovely," called Meta; and, running to her sister, she dragged her off to visit all the various parts of their little domain.

From this day Mrs. Walters and her son devoted themselves more than ever to the two girls, and did all they could to make them happy.

The young solicitor and Janet had many business affairs to arrange, and so they were thrown pretty constantly together; but as he never alluded to his wish to make her his wife, she took it for granted that he had ceased to care for her, and became quite at ease in his presence.

But in this she was mistaken. James Walters loved her, and was determined to win her if he could. Time would do everything, he told himself; and so he was content to wait.

Thus the weeks and months flew past, and by degrees the sisters grew accustomed to their new life, and the wonderful change in their position.

For some time after the winning of the great lawsuit, Meta lived in a whirl of excitement, rushing about here and there in search of amusement and variety. But suddenly she remembered how uneducated she was, and settled down with a governess to work hard at her studies. This kind of life suited her exactly, and being perfectly happy and well cared for, she bloomed into a handsome, healthy girl.

But the change in fortune and occupation had not the same happy effect on Janet. She went to many places of amusement with Mrs. Walters and her son, returned the visits of those who were kind enough to call upon her; but yet she had a sad, preoccupied manner that puzzled and astonished her friends.

Then, again, after several months of patient waiting and watching, Mr. Walters pressed her to become his wife; and again Janet refused politely, but firmly.

"And yet you do not—you cannot dislike me," he cried. "You are always glad to see me—you seem ready to talk to me, and——"

"Yes, I am glad to see you, for I like you very much," said Janet, gravely; "you have been kind to me, and I am grateful; but gratitude is not love; and so I can never marry you.'

"But I am rich, Janet, and——"

"Rich!" she cried, scornfully. "Do you imagine love can be bought? I would not marry you if you were ten times as rich, unless I loved you—and that I could never do."

"Never?" he asked, sadly.

"Never," was the firm reply. "Never."

Then the young man pressed her no more, but raising her hand to his lips, kissed it respectfully, and hurried from the room.

When Mrs. Walters heard the story of her son's refusal, she went to Janet, and upbraided her for her heartless conduct. Then, finding that the girl's mind was quite made up, that neither remonstrances nor persuasions had the slightest effect upon her, she left her in anger and indignation. And from that hour a coolness sprang up between them, separating them almost completely, and causing much pain to both.

And so, notwithstanding the good fortune that had come upon her, Janet was not happy. Many things had happened to annoy and vex her, but her one real sorrow was her keen anxiety about George Moore.

For two long years she had not had a letter from him, and she grieved bitterly over this apparent neglect on the part of her dear old friend.

And by degrees Meta came to guess why Janet was so indifferent to all that went on around her; why her cheek was so pale and her voice so low; and she grew angry with George Moore, and declared openly that he was wicked and forgetful.

But before long she was forced to change her mind, and return to her former good opinion of their absent friend.

One morning, about ten months after their removal to their new home, Meta sat waiting for Janet to come into breakfast. She looked flushed and excited, and when her sister at last appeared, she ran to greet her with affectionate haste.

"Good morning, dear," said Janet, returning the girl's loving kiss, and then she seated herself languidly by the fire.

Two letters lay at her place at the table, and picking them up with careless indifference, she opened one, glanced over its contents, then, with an impatient exclamation, flung it into the fire.

"Poor James!" said Meta; "you are very hard upon him."

Janet gave a scornful little laugh, and turned with a sigh to look at the second letter.

"Oh!" she cried, with a gasp. Then tearing open the envelope, cast her eyes quickly over the paper. "Meta, dear Meta, this is what I have been longing for. He is coming home, dear—he is coming home."

And, trembling with joy and emotion, Janet clasped her sister in her arms.

"Darling Janet, I am so glad!" exclaimed Meta; but she did not ask who was coming home, for she knew very well without being told. Only George Moore's return could bring such a look of happiness to her sister's face.

"He is coming! Dear George is coming!" she cried. "He has been away on business in a wild part of South America, many, many miles from a post, and although he has written he fears we may not have received his letters. Poor fellow! how hard he has worked! And, oh, Meta, he has not had a letter from us for ever so long, and he does not know we are rich. And now he is on his way home. Oh!" and the sweet face grew crimson. "He is so proud; he has got an appointment worth two hundred a year. Oh, dear!" and Janet laughed merrily; "isn't he rich, Meta?"

"Very," answered Meta, tossing her dainty head; and then she laughed, and Janet laughed again, and they both sat down gaily to breakfast.

"I guessed who the letter was from," said Meta, helping herself to buttered toast, "and I was wild with excitement till you came in. I am so glad George has not forgotten us."

"I never believed he had," said Janet, gravely. "I knew he was too true for that. But, now, Meta, how shall we ever tell him about our money? He thinks we are as poor as ever."

"Write, and break the dreadful news to him gently," answered Meta, laughing.

"I cannot do that, for I should not know where to send my letter. He is on his way home now, and will arrive in London by to-morrow night. The first place he will go to will be our old lodgings."

"Well, he will hear all about us there, and how Miss Janet loved the little room so well that she kept it on for a year, paying the rent in advance, that she might go there and think."

"Hush, Meta!" cried Janet, blushing. "Do not talk like that."

"Well, but you did, you know. And then Mrs. Partlet will expatiate on our fortunes, and tell him what grand young ladies we are."

"But that is just what I do not want, Meta," said Janet, in a low voice. "George went away to work for us; he is coming back to offer us money—and—a home, for which he has struggled long and hard. Think, then, how disappointed he will be if he hears from that vulgar old woman that we have grown rich in his absence and do not require his help."

"He won't mind, I am sure," answered Meta, decidedly. "He'll be delighted to find that we are rich; and I think he would be very selfish if he were not. So don't trouble your head about that, dear."

"A very wise little speech, Meta," said Janet, smiling. "But now listen, dear, for I have a plan in my head. I am most anxious that George should hear this news from no one but myself, and so I——"

"You are going to write a letter and leave it with Mary at our old lodgings, to give to him the instant he appears? That would do capitally."

"No, that is not my idea at all. My plan is to go to the lodgings, and meet him in our old room as if nothing had happened since he went away. Then by degrees I can tell him the news."

"What fun!" cried Meta, clapping her hands in delight. "But won't he be surprised to see us so nicely dressed?"

"Oh, but we shall take off these dresses, and put on our old ones again."

"No, Janet. I could not do that," said Meta solemnly. "It makes me shiver even to think of those horrible garments we used to wear. I would not put one of them on, not for a hundred Georges. You may do

than it was opened again. Mimica, who was on the watch, heard the sound. She rushed down the corridor and met him with Lady Margaret's portrait in his hand. He threw it down violently with a "Burn it," "drown it," and returned to the schoolroom. Mimica picked up the fair image of one who had caused so much trouble, and bore it to her room. She placed it against a chair back and knelt down opposite it. What a sweet face it was! George's was like it, only his was truer, firmer, more earnest. It seemed difficult to believe that she was his mother. Mimica bent her head before it. She prayed that George might be kept steadfast to the right, and that she might, herself, strive to atone in some sort for the injury done her uncle With her strong sense of right and justice, and real craving to act aright, she forgot self, as usual, and remembered only those more to be pitied than herself. She had youth, health, a clear conscience, the love of the poor, work to do, and her "mission" still to accomplish; she would not fret over imaginary ills, or indulge in false sentiment; she would labour and wait. She rose and stood before the portrait with eyes upturned and hands clasped.

"Poor, sad mother of my dearest friend," she murmured, "you shall be with me always to remind me of him and duty."

So saying, she cast a muslin coverlet over the fair face, and went to discuss the events of the day with Mr. Sellon. He was inclined to think the *éclaircissement* would eventually tend to cure her uncle, affirming that certainty was more endurable than doubt, and that a man's pride must rise when he found that his imaginary angel had forsaken him for an ordinary mortal of a lower sphere.

Sellon's caustic commonsense had always a happy effect on Mimica, and before they separated she was herself again.

Le Roy did not reappear, but Barber came with an anxious face to announce that his master declined his assistance, and actually retired for the night without the aid of his faithful valet.

"The first time during the thirty years I have waited on him that I have not wished him good-night, and said 'Anything else, sir?' It is portentous."

"What a relief to both," laughed Mimica.

"Not at all, ma'am," returned Barber, offended.

He was reassured the following morning, for Le Roy breakfasted alone in the schoolroom, and he waited on him.

"He has recovered his tone, ma'am," was Barber's report.

Fortunately for all parties, Mr. Leste called early, and was admitted to Le Roy's sanctum. Sellon was obliged to leave, and Mimica went to Summerlands to inquire for Miss Heath. She did not think it wise to relinquish her intercourse with the Prettymans, and feeling a feverish craving to know more of George's history, she started for the fountain head. She was aware that George must have left, and was not surprised to find Mrs. Prettyman in floods of tears.

"How kind of you to come," began that lady. "Georgie is gone, and perhaps I shall never see him again. And Milly Heath is in an awful state. We have sent for the doctor. Will you go up and see her, my dear, and try to comfort her? What do you think of it all, Mimica? It wasn't right of Milly, though I'm sure I'm very glad she did it. If she hadn't we should never have known Georgie, and I feel that I couldn't have lived without him; though I mean no disrespect to my husband, only a child is so different from a man, you know, and there's nobody in the world to compare with Georgie."

"You have been so good to him, dear Mrs. Prettyman. But it is a strange story. I will go to Miss Heath if you please," replied Mimica.

She found Miss Heath very ill. The unusual excitement had nearly killed her.

"What can you think of me?" she murmured.

"That you must have borne a weight of suspense ever since I have known you, that accounts for everything," returned Mimica, bending over her. "Dear Miss Heath, tell me the rest of the story."

She sat up and related what more there was to tell.

"I knew Mr. Prettyman and Louisa would do better for him than I could," she sobbed, when she concluded her narrative. "Still, I was wrong, and ought to have refused Margaret to conceal the facts. And after all, I broke my promise—for your sake and his, Mimica. I dread Lady Helena even more than Mr. Le Roy. If only I could have gone to London!"

"You can go as soon as you are better, and meanwhile you need see no one but Mrs. Prettyman and me," soothed Mimica. "I understand it all now, dear; and am sure the disclosure was right."

"But your uncle will hate me—curse me—and his mother was always kind. Their money supplied——"

"Our needs at Courtleroy," put in Mimica. "We should have starved sometimes but for your salary."

This suggestion seemed to comfort the patient.

"I could not bear that you and he should be separated through my fault. You are all I have, Mimica; you have been to me as a daughter," she said, meekly.

"Dear friend, I owe everything to you," said Mimica.

"You had better go. Your uncle will be angry," said Miss Heath, with her usual nervous manner; and Mimica embraced her, and obeyed, just as she used to do in the old days.

She found the doctor with Mrs. Prettyman. He had just come from Monkton, and gave a somewhat improved report of Captain Carew. Mimica speculated on the how and when the revelation of her connection with George would be revealed to Lady Helena. She waited until the doctor had seen Miss Heath, and heard from Mrs. Prettyman that he considered her in a critical state. He was afraid of brain fever. Promising to return soon, she hurried home.

CHAPTER XLVII.

CONFRONTING LADY HELENA.

WHILE Courtleroy and Summerlands were the scenes of all this excitement, their neighbours, Monkton and the vicarage, were not in their customary quietude. George Hope left those whom he was so soon compelled to acknowledge as near relatives, in fear of the result of the interview between Captain Carew and Barbara. They feared with reason, for Barbara was a woman not easily handled. When she found herself seated face to face with the friends of her childhood and youth, she trembled slightly, but soon recovered her usual calm dignity. She knew that he had not treated her well, but she had no intention to let him suppose that she had felt his inconstancy. But she was shocked with his appearance. She had not met him since their encounter at Courtleroy, when she refused the offer of his mother's carriage, and he was much altered. It may be as well to preface their interview by the information that he had more than once given her to understand that he was attached to her, and waited only promotion to declare himself in due form.

"This is kind of you, Barbara," he said, as he held her hand.

"Lady Helena asked me to come about some parish business, and George Hope brought me to you. I do not quite understand why I am here," she replied, kindly, yet with her usual determination.

"I have been longing so much to see you, that I hope mesmeric power has been at work between us, as it used to be. You know I always appeared when you were thinking of me. You once said so; perhaps you come because I have been thinking only of you."

"We were children then: we are wiser now."

"Let us be children of an older growth, Barbara."

These sentences were spoken low, and her voice faltered, but she soon gained self-possession. She saw that he was in an excited state, and she must be calm.

"I am afraid you are very suffering. What can I do for you?" she asked, and she thought her voice sounded harsh.

"That is what you used to say to the poor people, Barbara," he replied, with a smile. "I see you now at old Jane Simms's pillow, only you looked then to me like a ministering angel. And I hear her reply as if it were yesterday, 'Dear heart! your kind voice and handsome face is better than medicine. But you may read me a chapter or a psalm!' Do you remember how you read, or rather shouted the chapter—for she was as deaf as a post—and how we went off to the vicarage for your mother's wonderful cough mixture and some broth; and how I carried the jug and spilt half the broth; and how you reproved me for a careless loon, and how we laughed till we cried? Do you remember, Barbara?"

"Yes; I remember."

"I was a good lad then, Barbara, and not ashamed of being called a 'molly' because I looked after the poor, and was tied to your apron-string. Neither was I ashamed of all our choral practices, and village concerts, and Sunday-school classes, and treats; nor of our delicious 'field days,' when we all went cowsliping, or violeting, or nutting, and came home with trailing wreaths of old man's beard, or wild roses, or hawthorn, according to the seasons. Those were happy days, Barbara, when we were all brothers and sisters, and loved one another as such."

"Yes—childhood is happy—and innocent."

"We were not always children, Barbra. How sweet the old name sounds. We thought ourselves grown-up when we had our Christmas dances and games and forfeits. Do you remember, Barbara, how you were always the belle, and how the young beaux disputed for your hand at the Monkton dances? and how you scolded me when I was jealous, yet never failed to give me the last dance? Oh, Barbra! Do you remember? I have lived through it all during my illness, till I have forgotten all else, and am a boy again. This only is reality—my soldier life a dream. If only you could forget the last half of your life, and return to the green pastures and flowery hedgerows, and golden cornfields of our youth, how happy we might be!"

"Pray, pray, do not talk thus. I cannot bear it."

"I am not delirious, Barbra. I am quieter already for what I have said. Let me finish while I have you near me. You are so distant usually, so unlike your old self, that you freeze the words on my tongue, when I try to speak them. Mother thinks me dying; perhaps I am; but I believe you could cure me. I will not cast the blame on her. I have been fickle, inconstant, unworthy of your friendship; I have been led astray by foolish fashion and the gilt gingerbread of society; I have thought it fine to flirt with fashionable girls, and to do in times of peace what my compeers do; but in times of war, fever, wounds, in a long sickness; oh! Barbra,

dearest of friends, then I have thought and dreamed only of you. I know what you would say. 'Mimica Marmont is no fashionable girl, no practised coquette, yet you would have married her if she would have had you.' I think not—at least, I did not realise the consequence of what I was urged to do. But I will not blame my mother. Miss Marmont is beautiful, fascinating without consciousness of fascination, a possible heiress, perfection in her way; yet I did not love her. True, she rejected me with a scorn I deserved, for she knew my previous history, and was not worldling enough to understand how easily old loves supplant the new. She piqued and angered me; but it was your coldness and haughty pride that piqued and angered me most. Your words, when we parted after the gathering of hop-pickers, stung me, and I was assured you did not care for me. Oh, Barbara! I wonder if you ever really loved me! You never said you did in so many words, but I used to fancy you did up to that time when I came home on leave and found you changed. You remember, Barbra?"

"Yes, I remember."

"I know you thought me altered. So I was. The world had changed me: ambition, fast and foolish women, military life, had turned me from the right road. I tried to ignore or forget our past. As you know, we rarely met. You avoided me; I accepted what seemed to me your decision. I was annoyed but not strong-minded enough to ask for an explanation. So we grew estranged, and I made the acquaintance of your friend, Mimica, and estranged you from her. She gave me no encouragement by word or deed. All this time I loved you, Barbra. I thought you superior to all others. And now I come to you in Horace's name as well as my own, to ask you to give me back the old, old love of our early days, and to believe in me once more."

"Our early days! They seem so long ago. Horace was with us then—and my sisters, and we were all so young. Now I feel so very, very old."

Barbara spoke dreamily. Her head was turned from Montague so that he did not see her, and he thought the words cold.

He sighed heavily, and she looked hastily round. He was very pale, and his wan face spoke for him.

"What if he is really dying!" she thought, and a sudden shudder went through her. He perceived and misinterpreted it.

"It is as I feared. The old love is dead," he groaned.

"True love never dies. It may be crushed, but still it lives," she said.

"Mine has been smothered by weeds, but they are gone, and the plant is strong as ever. Oh, believe it, cruel, dear Barbra," he pleaded.

She saw that excitement was overpowering him, and to calm him said hastily—

"I believe it. I trust you again as when we were children. We will start afresh from there. But you are ill, and Lady Helena will be angry, and I shall be the cause. What is the matter? Monty, tell me what ails you?"

"I am—only—faint," he gasped.

She was about to ring the bell, but he stayed her.

"You—only you," he murmured.

She grew calm instantly. She bathed his forehead with eau de Cologne, gave him water, and restored him with the remedies she saw were at hand.

He smiled as she bent over him, and repeated her words, "We will start afresh from there. So be it."

It was now her turn to be agitated, for she scarcely knew what she had said, or what her words might involve.

"I am better; I am happy; are you happy, Barbra?" he breathed, as she stood gazing at him.

"Yes, Monty, as when we were children. Let me call Lady Helena."

"As you like. She cannot part us now."

He held out his hand. She took it, and, overcome by feeling and the past scene, exclaimed—

"Forgive my coldness, my pride, my years of restraint. Let us thank God that we are friends once more."

"More than friends, whether I live or die," he said. "Perhaps you had better let my mother come."

And so she left him. Lady Helena was in the hall, and saw her agitation.

"You have not excited him, I hope, Barbara?" she said. "Do you think he will die?"

"I hope not—I think not, Lady Helena."

"What did he say to you? What carriage is that coming up the drive? The Courtleroy brougham? Probably Mr. Le Roy come to inquire, or rather Miss Marmont, as he never comes. Will you go back to Monty, or call the nurse, or do something while I receive her?"

Barbara went in search of the nurse, for a trained one had been some time in attendance, while Lady Helena returned to her morning room.

"Mr. Le Roy; Mr. Leste," announced the footman shortly after, and those gentlemen were instantly followed by Sir Joshua, delighted and surprised at a visit from Le Roy.

"Come at last. Better late than never," he cried, interrupting Lady Helena's more stately greeting.

"What a wonderful fellow you are, Leste! You first drag him to church, and then bring him on here."

Le Roy, meanwhile, stood at his stateliest, and looked about him. His features were set, and he had an unusually resolved air. No one save himself knew what had brought him to Monkton, for he had asked Mr. Leste to accompany him while Mimica was still at Summerlands, giving no reason. It will be remembered that the vicar called and was admitted just as she was leaving Courtleroy.

"How your trees have grown! The plantation has become a wood," remarked Le Roy, frigidly.

"Ah! we don't stand still. Even down here we advance somehow; don't we, Leste?" returned Sir Joshua. "Progress is the watchword of the age. Between you and me I'm sick of it. I've just seen that fine young fellow, Hope, at the station, progressing it, I suppose, by going off to Africa again. Why can't he stop at home with his padre and madre, as he calls 'em?"

"Ah! I saw him yesterday. He and Miss Heath honoured me with a call which should have been made, I think, on you, Lady Helena," said Le Roy.

He was opposite her ladyship, while the other gentlemen had seats between them. All were near the fire.

"He was here in the morning to see my son," replied Lady Helena. "I am so sorry Monty is not well enough to see you, Mr. Le Roy."

"It does not signify, Lady Helena; I came on business which concerns you, perhaps, more than him. Miss Heath informed me yesterday that Mr. Hope is your nephew." This was said with premeditated abruptness.

"My nephew! How absurd! She is out of her mind!"

"So I thought; but she affirms, apparently with truth, that he, Mr. George Hope, is the son of her brother and your—sister—Lady Margaret——"

As Le Roy pronounced this, he sat, rigid as a statue, his face pale, the nostrils moving fiercely. Lady Helena looked indignant denial, and Sir Joshua exclaimed, "Bless my soul! what does it mean?"

"That she who was to have been mine preferred another, married him, and died giving birth to a son; that son, the young officer who has just left Summerlands. I have come to tell you this, Lady Helena, because I believe I owe my misery to you, and that your pride and ambition wrecked my life. You knew she did not love me."

Le Roy spoke as if he were acting a part, and had learnt his *rôle* by heart. He never flinched, and his cold grey eyes were riveted on Lady Helena. She, also, appeared transfixed for a few moments, then rose, and with indignant face and speech addressed Le Roy.

"My nephew! That foundling the son of Margaret! Miss Heath's brother her husband! Can you credit such absurdity, Reginald Le Roy?"

"I credit marriage certificates. I believe in Miss Heath's veracity. I know that your sister, Lady Margaret, disappeared when the marriage you forced upon her should have taken place. And I know, Lady Helena Carew, that I have passed two-and-twenty years of self-imposed misery, because I fancied myself the cause of her possible suicide. Certainty is endurable. I now know she was happy for a brief space, and rests peacefully, and I hope to blot out the past. I come to lay it at your feet, who were its creator. Beware how you lay the foundation of another's life-long torture."

"It is all a lie; a fiction. I believe none of it," cried Lady Helena. "What could Miss Heath have said? What did she know of Margaret?"

"I must refer you to her for details. The romance is strange, but completed as far as we are concerned. Margaret is dead!—Margaret is dead! Her son and your son yet live. Let us make no other holocausts."

There was a slight inflection of Le Roy's hard voice, but no change of feature or position. He still looked at Lady Helena, who was aflame with passion, and could not restrain herself. She did not believe his half-told tale. The certainty that comforted him made her indignant. Suicide, even, would be better than a misalliance.

"What can it all mean? Say something pious, Leste. It is like bull-baiting," whispered Sir Joshua, aside; then, as if inspired, added aloud, "I'm sure there's nothing to be ashamed of, if he is our nephew, Lady Helena. He's a splendid young fellow, and Miss Heath's a most respectable person, and I daresay her brother was all right. As Le Roy says, I'd rather think of poor Margaret decently married than—why—than nobody knows where. It's quite a relief to my mind."

"Fool!" half shouted, half hissed Lady Helena.

Le Roy rose, bowed, and prepared to leave. Sir Joshua shrugged his shoulders, and, with his usual good humour, pressed him to remain. Mr. Leste wondered what he could say to make peace. They were all standing, when a servant entered hastily, and said Captain Carew was worse, and the nurse wished for Lady Helena's presence.

"Remember Margaret," ejaculated Le Roy, with cold severity, as she passed before him and walked statelily from the room, followed by her husband.

"I will remain. I may be of use," said the vicar.

"And I will go, for my work is done," said Le Roy. "Take heed to your own daughter, Mr. Leste."

So saying he left the room, went through the hall and stepped into his brougham, which he had given orders should not be put up. Mr. Leste saw him off, and stood a few minutes under the priory-like porch, wondering at the late scene and the strange man who had originated it.

(*To be continued.*)

JANET'S TRUST.

CHAPTER IV.

THE next morning Janet was very ill, and could not go to Mrs. Walters. The long days of wearing anxiety, the sleepless nights, and want of food had done their work, and now, when an opportunity of earning money presented itself, the poor girl was unable to grasp it, and lay helpless and suffering on her bed.

And so Meta's dreams of happiness vanished, and she sat by Janet's side in speechless despair, for she knew not what to do or how to procure the smallest comfort for her fever-stricken sister.

Every penny of their savings was now spent, she remembered with terror; and she wept bitterly as she thought of what might have been had Janet only kept well for a few weeks longer.

The people with whom they lodged troubled themselves very little about the girls on the fourth floor, and Meta trembled lest she and her sister should die of starvation in their lonely room at the top of the house; for the wild ravings of the poor patient terrified her, and she did not dare to leave her for an instant to beg for assistance from anyone.

But Meta was not quite so destitute of friends as she imagined, and before long her worst fears were set at rest for ever.

Mrs. Walters had taken a fancy to the girl, and felt interested in her and in her strange story. So, when morning came and the little dressmakers did not appear, she sent her maid to find out what had prevented them from keeping their appointment.

And when Sarah returned with the sad account of Janet's illness and Meta's despair, the kindhearted lady hurried off to the sick-room, and from that hour the girls had everything they required.

"You can repay me when you come into your property, dear child," she would say, with a smile, when Janet remonstrated with her for her generosity. "My son has examined your old deeds, and he declares you are almost sure to succeed. So certain is he of this that he is going to take all the risk upon himself and proceed with the lawsuit. When you are rich, then you can pay me if you will."

"What!" cried Janet, "have you dared to sell my father's papers? Oh, Mrs. Walters, forgive me for speaking so hotly to you who have been so good, but I could not bear to give up those deeds to Mr. Berwick, and——"

"My dear child, of course not. Mr. Berwick is a rogue, and would rob you if he could; but the law will be too strong for him. My son is a clever solicitor, and knows exactly what is right to do. He has taken the deeds, and is doing his best to win this property for you and Meta."

"He is very good," said Janet, "and I do not know how to thank you both for your great kindness." But, notwithstanding her words of gratitude, there was a ring of disappointment in her voice as she spoke. "Is a stranger to do this for us, after all?" she thought. "And is George, who loves us, to have laboured in vain?"

"I thought you would have been overjoyed to hear all this," said Mrs. Walters, surprised at the girl's manner. "You say we are good, Janet, but I cannot help thinking you would rather tell me that we should have minded our own affairs. I am sorry——"

"Oh, Mrs. Walters, pray do not be vexed with me, or think me ungrateful, for I am not," cried Janet, eagerly. "Of course I am more than happy to think of getting this money, more than grateful to you and your son for the trouble you have taken." And the tears streamed down the girl's pale cheeks.

And thus Janet received the news that Mr. Walters had taken their case in hand, and that she and Meta were in a fair way of becoming the possessors of a very considerable sum of money.

For some days she was bewildered by the prospect, and did not know whether she was glad or sorry. She could not but think of George, and the disappointment he would feel at finding his work done, and the great lawsuit won without him. For her own part, she would much rather struggle on as they had done before, till he could come home and give them the necessary help. To take such a favour from one she loved would be a pleasure, but to accept it from a stranger was incurring an obligation she could never repay; so Janet did not rejoice at the thoughts of this coming fortune, won for her by Mr. Walters.

But then, when she saw her little sister's delight, and heard her happy talk about the future, she blamed herself for her indifference, and tried to feel glad too.

After this Mr. Walters went frequently to the girls' lodgings. He told them how the lawsuit progressed, and promised that all would soon be settled in their favour. He and his mother were kindness itself, and did all they could to make the little dressmakers give up their shabby room, and remove to a more comfortable home at once. They offered to lend them money, sent them presents, and finally invited them to stay at their own house.

All this Janet refused politely, but firmly. She would accept nothing from her friends that she could possibly help, and declined to leave her humble lodgings till the property was really her own.

"When I get the money, I will spend it with pleasure," she said smiling, "but until then I shall stay where I am and earn my own bread. Think how terrible it would be if we accepted your kindly offer, spent your money, and then lost the lawsuit."

"There is no fear of that," replied Mr. Walters. "We are sure to win."

"So much the better. But it is easier to go up than than to go down," answered Janet. "So until I am in possession of my fortune I shall remain Janet Grey the dressmaker."

"You are certainly very obstinate, my dear," said Mrs. Walters.

"No, not obstinate," replied the girl, smiling, "only determined to do what I believe to be right."

And so they were obliged to leave her to follow her own will; and as good, well-paid work began to come in, she was able to do so without the wearing anxiety of former days.

And even Meta was not to be tempted from her sewing. She was extremely fond of a pretty dress and a bright ribbon; hated work, and could not understand her sister's spirit of independence. But she had learned within the last year to respect and reverence Janet, to believe in all she said and did. So, without a murmur, she, too, refused Mrs. Walters' gifts and invitations, and settled down peacefully to wait and work till their cause should be won, and the property become their own.

And at last, after many months, their patience was rewarded. The case was decided in their favour, and Mr. Walters wrote to tell them that they had inherited twenty thousand pounds.

When Meta read this announcement she could not contain her joy, and, flinging her work aside, danced merrily up and down the room.

But Janet did not move or speak. A slight flush tinged her pale cheeks, and a faint sigh escaped her lips; then laying the letter on the table, she continued her dressmaking as though nothing had happened.

"Are you not glad to hear of our good fortune, that you sit there like a statue?" cried Meta, with flaming cheeks. "Oh, my darling, look up and tell me you are happy." And she flung her arms round her sister's neck.

"No, little one, not quite happy," she answered simply. "Money is not everything, dear—and George is not here to share our good fortune. I would rather have waited till he came back to win the lawsuit for us. I was quite content to go on with my dressmaking for some time longer."

"Well, that is great nonsense," said Meta, impatiently. "George has not written for several months now, so I daresay he has forgotten all about us. Mrs. Walters says boys always do forget their friends when they go abroad. So I don't see why we should live here in poverty till he chooses to turn up again."

"Mrs. Walters knows nothing about George," cried Janet, blushing hotly. "And I say he will never forget his friends."

"Still, he has not written to us for a long time, Janet. That does not look as if he cared much for us."

"No, he has not written," answered Janet, sadly; "but I am sure there is some good reason for his silence."

"Well, dear, I hope so. But even if he is not here I think you might look brighter. However, I tell you this—I am not going to do another stitch of dressmaking. From this hour I decline to sit and mope any more. Put that thing away, Janet, and make yourself look like a lady."

"I must finish this, dear," Janet answered with a sigh; "and I am quite happy at my work."

"I could not sit still for anything," cried Meta; "so I shall run out and take a walk. I must tell the good news to someone, or I shall go mad." And seizing her hat she ran out of the room.

But if Janet were content to sit on at her dressmaking, as though nothing had happened, Mrs. Walters was determined she should do nothing of the kind. Young ladies with twenty thousand pounds could not be allowed to live in a dingy back street; so before the girls had fully realised that the money was indeed their own, a pretty apartment was taken for them in the West-end, and they were whirled off to it in Mrs. Walters's carriage.

But as they went away, Janet locked the door of the little room in which she had suffered so much, and paying the landlady a year's rent in advance, put the key in her pocket.

"What a funny thing to do!" said Meta, laughing. "Surely you never intend to come back here to live, Janet?"

"No, dear, I think not."

"Then what is the use of keeping the room?"

"I cannot tell you now, dear. Perhaps you may know some day."

"For my part, I am only too glad to get

out of the stuffy little place. But you have such funny notions."

"Yes, dear, very funny." And Janet sighed as she took her seat beside Meta in the carriage.

When the sisters reached their new abode Mrs. Walters was in the hall to welcome them, and as they passed up the stairs her son came forward with a smile and offered his arm to Janet.

"I cannot tell you how pleased I am to get you out of that wretched lodging, Miss Grey," he said, kindly. "It was very uncomfortable, and I am sure it was not healthy."

"No, I suppose not," Janet replied; "and yet I was sorry to leave it."

"Come in here, Meta, and see your own room," said Mrs. Walters; and as she and the little girl passed on together Janet was left alone with the man to whom she owed so much.

"It is strange you should be sorry to leave it," he said, "for you must have suffered a great deal there."

"Yes," she murmured, "I did suffer, most terribly."

"But those sufferings are over, Miss Grey, My mother and I hope to see you very happy here."

"Oh, how good your mother and you have been to us!" said Janet, in a low voice. "How can we ever repay you, or show you how truly grateful we are?" And she raised her beautiful eyes to his face.

"You can easily repay us for any little kindness we may have shown you, Miss Grey," he answered, quickly. "Be happy here, and——"

"I am quite sure we shall be; that is, if—But believe me, I am truly grateful for all your goodness. You shall always be my best, my most trusted friend." And, smiling brightly, she held out her hand.

"Your friend, Janet?" he said, taking the offered hand and holding it tightly clasped within his own. "Only your friend? May I not hope to become something more—something nearer and dearer? For, dearest, I love you, and would win you for my wife."

"Oh, Mr. Walters, do not say so! Pray do not think of such a thing!" And the tears rushed into the girl's eyes. "I—I——"

"You do not know me well enough," he cried. "You have not learned to love me yet; but in time, I hope——"

"Janet, Janet! Come and look at our rooms. They are simply lovely," called Meta; and, running to her sister, she dragged her off to visit all the various parts of their little domain.

From this day Mrs. Walters and her son devoted themselves more than ever to the two girls, and did all they could to make them happy.

The young solicitor and Janet had many business affairs to arrange, and so they were thrown pretty constantly together; but as he never alluded to his wish to make her his wife, she took it for granted that he had ceased to care for her, and became quite at ease in his presence.

But in this she was mistaken. James Walters loved her, and was determined to win her if he could. Time would do everything, he told himself; and so he was content to wait.

Thus the weeks and months flew past, and by degrees the sisters grew accustomed to their new life, and the wonderful change in their position.

For some time after the winning of the great lawsuit, Meta lived in a whirl of excitement, rushing about here and there in search of amusement and variety. But suddenly she remembered how uneducated she was, and settled down with a governess to work hard at her studies. This kind of life suited her exactly, and being perfectly happy and well cared for, she bloomed into a handsome, healthy girl.

But the change in fortune and occupation had not the same happy effect on Janet. She went to many places of amusement with Mrs. Walters and her son, returned the visits of those who were kind enough to call upon her; but yet she had a sad, preoccupied manner that puzzled and astonished her friends.

Then, again, after several months of patient waiting and watching, Mr. Walters pressed her to become his wife; and again Janet refused politely, but firmly.

"And yet you do not—you cannot dislike me," he cried. "You are always glad to see me—you seem ready to talk to me, and——"

"Yes, I am glad to see you, for I like you very much," said Janet, gravely; "you have been kind to me, and I am grateful; but gratitude is not love; and so I can never marry you.'

"But I am rich, Janet, and——"

"Rich!" she cried, scornfully. "Do you imagine love can be bought? I would not marry you if you were ten times as rich, unless I loved you—and that I could never do."

"Never?" he asked, sadly.

"Never," was the firm reply. "Never."

Then the young man pressed her no more, but raising her hand to his lips, kissed it respectfully, and hurried from the room.

When Mrs. Walters heard the story of her son's refusal, she went to Janet, and upbraided her for her heartless conduct. Then, finding that the girl's mind was quite made up, that neither remonstrances nor persuasions had the slightest effect upon her, she left her in anger and indignation. And from that hour a coolness sprang up between them, separating them almost completely, and causing much pain to both.

And so, notwithstanding the good fortune that had come upon her, Janet was not happy. Many things had happened to annoy and vex her, but her one real sorrow was her keen anxiety about George Moore.

For two long years she had not had a letter from him, and she grieved bitterly over this apparent neglect on the part of her dear old friend.

And by degrees Meta came to guess why Janet was so indifferent to all that went on around her; why her cheek was so pale and her voice so low; and she grew angry with George Moore, and declared openly that he was wicked and forgetful.

But before long she was forced to change her mind, and return to her former good opinion of their absent friend.

One morning, about ten months after their removal to their new home, Meta sat waiting for Janet to come into breakfast. She looked flushed and excited, and when her sister at last appeared, she ran to greet her with affectionate haste.

"Good morning, dear," said Janet, returning the girl's loving kiss, and then she seated herself languidly by the fire.

Two letters lay at her place at the table, and picking them up with careless indifference, she opened one, glanced over its contents, then, with an impatient exclamation, flung it into the fire.

"Poor James!" said Meta; "you are very hard upon him."

Janet gave a scornful little laugh, and turned with a sigh to look at the second letter.

"Oh!" she cried, with a gasp. Then tearing open the envelope, cast her eyes quickly over the paper. "Meta, dear Meta, this is what I have been longing for. He is coming home, dear—he is coming home."

And, trembling with joy and emotion, Janet clasped her sister in her arms.

"Darling Janet, I am so glad!" exclaimed Meta; but she did not ask who was coming home, for she knew very well without being told. Only George Moore's return could bring such a look of happiness to her sister's face.

"He is coming! Dear George is coming!" she cried. "He has been away on business in a wild part of South America, many, many miles from a post, and although he has written he fears we may not have received his letters. Poor fellow! how hard he has worked! And, oh, Meta, he has not had a letter from us for ever so long, and he does not know we are rich. And now he is on his way home. Oh!" and the sweet face grew crimson. "He is so proud; he has got an appointment worth two hundred a year. Oh, dear!" and Janet laughed merrily; "isn't he rich, Meta?"

"Very," answered Meta, tossing her dainty head; and then she laughed, and Janet laughed again, and they both sat down gaily to breakfast.

"I guessed who the letter was from," said Meta, helping herself to buttered toast, "and I was wild with excitement till you came in. I am so glad George has not forgotten us."

"I never believed he had," said Janet, gravely. "I knew he was too true for that. But, now, Meta, how shall we ever tell *him* about our money? He thinks we are as poor as ever."

"Write, and break the dreadful news to him gently," answered Meta, laughing.

"I cannot do that, for I should not know where to send my letter. He is on his way home now, and will arrive in London by to-morrow night. The first place he will go to will be our old lodgings."

"Well, he will hear all about us there, and how Miss Janet loved the little room so well that she kept it on for a year, paying the rent in advance, that she might go there and think."

"Hush, Meta!" cried Janet, blushing. "Do not talk like that."

"Well, but you did, you know. And then Mrs. Partlet will expatiate on our fortunes, and tell him what grand young ladies we are."

"But that is just what I do not want, Meta," said Janet, in a low voice. "George went away to work for us; he is coming back to offer us money—and—a home, for which he has struggled long and hard. Think, then, how disappointed he will be if he hears from that vulgar old woman that we have grown rich in his absence and do not require his help."

"He won't mind, I am sure," answered Meta, decidedly. "He'll be delighted to find that we are rich; and I think he would be very selfish if he were not. So don't trouble your head about that, dear."

"A very wise little speech, Meta," said Janet, smiling. "But now listen, dear, for I have a plan in my head. I am most anxious that George should hear this news from no one but myself, and so I——"

"You are going to write a letter and leave it with Mary at our old lodgings, to give to him the instant he appears? That would do capitally."

"No, that is not my idea at all. My plan is to go to the lodgings, and meet him in our old room as if nothing had happened since he went away. Then by degrees I can tell him the news."

"What fun!" cried Meta, clapping her hands in delight. "But won't he be surprised to see us so nicely dressed?"

"Oh, but we shall take off these dresses, and put on our old ones again."

"No, Janet, I could not do that," said Meta solemnly. "It makes me shiver even to think of those horrible garments we used to wear. I would not put one of them on, not for a hundred Georges. You may do

what you like. I shall keep on my velvet frock."

"But that will tell in a minute."

"Not a bit of it," answered Meta, gaily. "He will never see what I have on." And she glanced at Janet with a merry little laugh.

The next afternoon the girls took a cab and drove off to their old lodgings. They climbed up the narrow staircase hand-in-hand, and entered the shabby room together.

"How did we ever live in such a place?" said Meta, with a shudder.

"How, indeed, dear?" answered Janet; "and yet I have a real affection for the old room. But come, let us set to and make it look a little more comfortable. Mrs. Partlet has given it a good sweeping, and the fire has been burning all day; still, it has a wild, neglected sort of look."

Then Janet laid aside her pretty silk dress, and putting on a well-worn alpaca, began to dust the place and make it tidy.

But although Meta would not condescend to change her dainty frock, she set to work with a will, and did all she could to make the shabby lodging look neat. She skipped about gaily, laid the cloth for tea, and filled the vases with flowers; and in a short time the room looked much as it used to do, before George Moore bade the sisters good-bye and sailed for America.

The fire burned brightly in the grate, the kettle sang merrily on the hob, and as the girls sat down to await their visitor, Janet grew nervous and excited.

She took up a piece of work, studied it for a few moments, then let it fall unheeded on her lap. She turned to the glass, smoothed her hair, arranged the ribbon at her neck, and in an absent manner pinned a gold brooch into her collar.

"That will tell in an instant, Janie," cried Meta, merrily. "We had no gold ornaments in the old days.

"So it would, of course;" and the brooch was withdrawn and tossed quickly aside.

"One would think you were afraid to meet George again," said Meta; "you are trembling all over."

"So I am, little sister, so I am;" and turning away her head, Janet murmured a short prayer.

At last a ring was heard at the door below, a quick step on the stair, and George Moore entered the room, and clasped Janet's hand within his own.

"You received my letter, dearest?" he whispered.

"Yes, George, I received it; but only yesterday morning."

And what is my answer?" he inquired, eagerly. "May I hope——"

"Hush, I cannot tell you anything just yet," she said, smiling and blushing. "By-and-by you shall have your answer; but not till you have had your tea," and leaving his side she took her seat at the table.

"And were you not glad to hear my good news, dear friends?" he questioned, gaily. "Everyone tells me I am very lucky to have got such a post so soon. And I really think I am—that is, if—but it all depends upon you, Janet." And his eyes rested anxiously upon the girl's face.

Janet blushed again, and busied herself with the cups and saucers. Then, without waiting for a reply, George smiled and looked round the room.

"And the old place is just the same," he cried, "nothing changed in the least—except—yes, except Meta, I declare. Why, you have grown tall and stately, Miss ———, quite a young lady. And, dear me, how remarkably smart you are!" And he touched her frock in astonishment. "Velvet and satin! But you are the walking advertisement for the firm, I suppose? I had no idea you could make such finery, Janet? You have improved wonderfully, indeed, since I went away."

"Yes; that is so—at least—I—George, how shall I tell you?" cried Janet, in confusion. "You will be so——"

"Why, what is the matter? Do not look so frightened, dear. There is only one thing you could tell me that would trouble me much. That is, if you had ceased to love me—if any other——" and taking her hand, he gazed into the sweet, blushing face, "had come to take your old friend's place in your heart."

"No, George; that would be impossible, but——"

"Then, dearest, you need not be afraid to tell me anything. If you love me, Janet, nothing can pain me. You know what I asked you in my letter. Will you be my wife, Janet? Will you——"

"Oh, George—yes—if you wish it—but ——"

"My dear one, do not tremble so. We shall be poor, I know—at least, till we win our great lawsuit," and he laughed pleasantly. "But still, I shall be able to provide a more comfortable home for you and Meta than this. I——"

"Yes; I am quite sure of that," cried Janet. "But tell me, George, promise me, that nothing will ever change you. That even if you are disappointed at first—it—it will make no difference——."

"What a strange question!" said George, laughing. "What can you have to tell me that is so alarming? I am beginning to feel quite frightened. But before I listen to this terrible intelligence, allow me to say—" and his voice grew grave and low—"that the dream of my life has been to marry you, Janet; that nothing on earth could change or lessen my love for you."

"You hear him, Meta? Nothing can change him; no matter what comes, he is bound——"

"Of course he is," interrupted Meta; "I never thought he would care."

"Janet, what is this mystery? Pray tell me what you mean?" And the young man looked anxiously from one sister to the other. "Meta, you do not seem to think this matter of much consequence; so tell me quickly what it is."

"Oh, nothing much," said Meta, gaily. "Only Janet thinks you are too proud to marry her unless she is quite poor."

"Then has Janet amassed a large fortune by making dresses?" he asked, smiling. "Or has she ——"

"Not exactly," answered Meta, gravely.

"But you had better tell him yourself, Janet. I am going to put on my hat and say good-bye to Mrs. Partlet. It is quite time we thought of going home." And she tripped out of the room and shut the door.

"Home!" repeated George, in astonishment. "What can the child mean?"

"George," said Janet, in a low voice, "do you remember the deeds that we were tempted to give up, before you went away?"

"Of course I do. But, oh, Janet, are they gone? Surely, surely you did not sell them after all?"

"No, dear friend. Had I done that I could never have looked you in the face again. But the lawsuit has been fought and won—for us by a friend—Meta and I are rich—now."

And she turned away her head, as though afraid to meet his eyes.

A look of surprise and disappointment flashed across George Moore's honest face; and for a few minutes he made no remark. Then, laying his hand on Janet's shoulder, he drew her gently towards him.

"So this is your terrible secret, dear girl?" he whispered, caressingly. "You thought the news would pain me, for you knew how I longed to win wealth and position for you by my own exertions. Would that I could have done so; but since this money has come to you in a right and proper manner, why should I object? I would indeed be a truly selfish fellow did I not rejoice at your good fortune. So come, dearest, do not let this money make a cloud between us. Look up and tell me that you will be mine—that whether rich or poor you will be my wife."

"Indeed, I will, George," she answered, smiling. "Indeed, I will; for I love you dearly."

"Then, my darling," he cried, "neither riches nor poverty can make any difference. We——"

"Well?" said Meta at the door. "Have you broken the terrible news to him quite gently?"

"You saucy child. Come and congratulate your future brother-in-law," exclaimed George, stretching out his hand to catch her. But she eluded his grasp, and skipped off to the other side of the room.

"I am glad it is settled at last, Mr. Moore," she said, demurely, "and that you know the worst. But I will not speak to you, or acknowledge you as one of the family, till you apologise for calling me a 'walking advertisement to the firm.' I never heard such an impertinent speech in my life." And she tossed her head and shook out her velvet skirts.

"I beg leave to apologise most humbly, Miss Meta," he answered, gravely. "I am extremely sorry, I assure you."

"Then you may kiss my hand, brother George," she said with dignity, and stood quite still whilst he approached to salute her.

"And now that you know all, George, we must bid good-bye to this little room for ever," said Janet, sighing. "I have been very happy and very miserable here; and I feel sorry to leave it."

"I understand what you mean, dearest," he replied. "But a happier life than any you have ever known lies before us now. Let us say good-bye to the old place, without sorrow or regret."

Then drawing her arm within his own, he led her away.

* * * * *

In a few days Mrs. Walters received the startling intelligence that Janet Grey was about to be married.

To her son the news was a sad blow. But he bore it like a man, and took care to show the girl that he did not feel any ill-will. He made out the settlements as carefully as if he had been her father, and gave her away when she became George Moore's wife.

After the wedding, the young couple made a trip to the Cumberland lakes, where they spent the first happy weeks of their married life.

Then they returned to London for Meta, and having said good-bye to Mrs. Walters and her son, set sail for America.

Thus Janet's troubles were scattered to the winds; and in her peaceful home in the Far West she soon forgot the cruel sufferings she had endured in the miserable London garret. But in all her days of prosperity she never ceased to thank God for the mercy He had shown her, in giving her strength to resist temptation and keep her father's trust.

[THE END.]

DRESS: IN SEASON AND IN REASON.

By A LADY DRESSMAKER.

It is to be hoped that everyone has set themselves up, by wise purchases made at the sales, to supply all their small needs of the year. Never, I think, did I see anything so cheap as the contents of the shops have been this year, and for that very reason the more care was needed to choose such articles only as were really valuable to the home dressmaker and re-maker, if I may be permitted to coin a word. My unfortunate sex has been so lectured on their passion for bargains, and their sometimes useless purchases, that I should imagine by this time we were thoroughly reformed, and able to withstand the greatest of bargains with heroic constancy. Indeed, I must bear my testimony to the wonderful cleverness with which most women and girls manage very small allowances nowadays. The great thing in spending a small amount of money is to think the question well over before sallying out to purchase anything, and recalling the various gowns in your wardrobe, to make a note of any changes or improvements that can be made in each, so as to carry you on with the smallest expense of both time and money. Many people make a list of gowns, with suggestions and ideas of what they shall want, until the next "July sales" come round. This is a very wise plan, for after reading it over the next day, you are nearly sure to cut it down to nearly a quarter of its original dimensions.

The times have changed since we used to have a dozen frocks and gowns. Now we manage with four or five, perhaps even less; and we get a great deal more wear out of them than we did. Our tailor-made gown is used where, in old days, we should have worn a silk; but, in return, we now wear silk a great deal, where formerly a cheaper fabric would have done, and as lining and trimmings rich materials are far more used. The fewer gowns we possess, the less our worries and the greater our comforts as a rule. A well-made and well-fitting serge or tweed, a handsome black silk or satin, and a thinner grenadine, with silk, is enough for the dress of an ordinary married woman. For a girl, if she go out much, or play tennis, a tennis-gown and white lace or afternoon garden-party gown must be added.

To-day in making over our gowns for the autumn campaign, we shall find great help in our revivals of them in the styles now in use. To a half-worn or shabby bodice-front we can add a velvet or lace front, made full, and long enough to cover all deficiencies. New cuffs of velvet or lace, and a lace collar, or one of velvet, new sleeves, and new panels to the skirt, may be supplied. As to black silk and

SUMMER DRESSES IN THE PARK.

satin dresses, there seems no end to the methods in which they can be turned and twisted about, and re-made with lace and velvet and jetted trimmings by good and clever managers. Perhaps this is the reason why we see so much black, and why women think nothing of giving a large price in the first instance for a good black gown.

Pins, needles, tapes, and braids should all be purchased at the sales, and mantles both for summer and winter are generally to be found at much more moderate prices than they can be purchased in the winter season, and if you make choice of a new and stylish model, you will find it quite wearable and modern-looking in three years time. Gloves, too, are a thing that ought to be found at very moderate prices during the sales. I find a pound spent carefully upon them in July will provide a little store that will nearly last me until the next July, with cleaning and careful usage.

To those of my readers who frequent the sales I must give one caution, *i.e.*, go only to good and reliable shops for any purchases you may make, for there are many kinds of sales, and some of them very bogus ones indeed, and of these it is well to beware. I should never advise anyone to buy cotton dresses, nor, in fact, any kind of summer dress materials, except when they are intended to be used as evening costumes, lace and muslin being sometimes very useful. Plain materials may be purchased, and as a rule will not look particular a few months hence, but stripes of all kinds have had so long a reign, that in all probability the autumn season will see some-

IN A GARDEN UNDER THE PINES.

thing more novel and quite different. So far as one can see at present there is not a morsel of information yet afloat on the new fashions in prospect, and few people are even thinking of changes. White waistcoats continue to be as much worn as ever by all ages and sizes. White cashmere and piqué are both employed for cloth dresses; but for silk, satin, white muslin, or thin white, silk is preferred. Large handkerchiefs may be used, or any large piece of lace like a scarf or veil. These may be pinned on to any dress front, and arranged as the wearer prefers. Velvet is used with the thinnest of materials, such as gauze and muslin, as well as with cottons of all kinds, to form the collar, waistcoat, and cuffs. So far as materials are concerned, the chenille stripes on canvas, and other woollens, gained immensely in popularity, probably because it is thought that it will look seasonable for the early autumn; but the chenille stripes wear badly, so far as I have seen, and get perfectly flat in use. Many scarlet canvases are seen with a white stripe of a few threads only; and they look well on the water, and at garden parties. In fact, I see a great feeling amongst young people for these brightly-hued dresses, which can be procured of cotton and zephyr as well. Tussore silks, with Pongee and Surah, are much used both for morning and afternoon dresses. In the former they are untrimmed; in the latter, lace and velvet form the decorations; a vest, collar and cuffs being always used, and generally of a contrasting colour, such as ruby-red, violet, dark blue, or brown. The lace should match the colour of the silk as nearly as possible.

A dress of Tussore, as a part of the permanent wardrobe, is always useful and ladylike. It keeps clean long, and can be very easily washed, while it is equally easy to match it, so that it can be altered each year at a very small expense.

One of the very useful introductions of the season have been the pretty little jackets of striped flannel, which are at once warm and sensible, stylish and elegant, for the water, tennis, and the country. They will save the wearers from many a cold, and at the seaside they will be treasures indeed, as well as in travelling. Unhappily, here in England, directly that we have found anything useful, and sensible people adopt it, foolish people begin to denounce it as vulgarized and common. It seems to me unless we women throw off the influence of fashion, when misplaced in this way, we shall never be free from the dread of doing something that other people do or do not do. It is better to try and realise that if we are not vulgar and loud ourselves, and if we cultivate all sweet and refined virtues and thoughts, we shall not naturally choose vulgar apparel or vulgar surroundings. The first thing is to follow our Lord's injunction and "Have salt in ourselves;" with good thoughts and pure lives, we shall not fear anyone's opinion—the Godly savour will be in ourselves—we shall "Judge righteous judgments," even in the small actions of life. Dress never seems to me a frivolous subject, though there is a way of treating it that is both frivolous and unworthy.

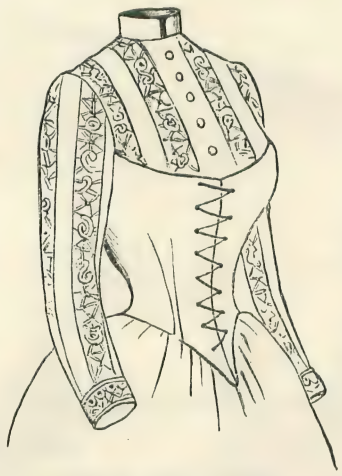
For the autumn we are promised jackets made of very coarse wool of fancy tartans, to be worn with skirts of brown wool. These jackets will be faced with velvet, the plastron, collars, and cuffs of the latter material.

The heavily-beaded transparent materials that have been so much worn, and are so pretty, have become of such a weight from being thus beaded that they now have to be lined. But many of the pieces of beaded nets are not so extravagant, and are of moderate price, and they afford very material assistance to those repairing and remaking black dresses, for they cover up worn bodices and skirts, and make the dress almost better than new.

Hats and bonnets, too, are very eccentric in shape, and tremendous as to height, and most of them have no strings. For the autumn, for travelling and the seaside, there are some very pretty coloured straw hats and bonnets being prepared that will be useful and ornamental too.

In our sketch of a garden in the country, under the shadow of the pine trees, we have tried to show the majority of the dresses we have talked about, *i.e.*, the small hair stripes, and how they are made into dresses, and the long flowing lines that the drapery now assumes. Most of the bodices are coat-shaped, or pointed both in front and at the back; and it will be seen that there is a return to fashion of the rather deep flounce at the edge of the skirt. Nearly all summer dresses are trimmed with lace or embroidery.

In the "Summer Dresses in the Park" the shapes of several hats are shown. As a rule, the edges are lined with velvet, and where ribbon is used they have two colours in the bow, such as red and blue, brown and primrose, or something green and coral-pink. However, the bows should be of the colours of the costume in any case; and though the description looks "loud" and gay in many cases, the hats are not so at all. A striped underskirt is very popular, as it has been for some time past, but the stripes are narrower,



BODICE WITH GUIMPE.

and, for the summer, generally mixed with white. Black jetted bonnets may be worn with any coloured dress, and the use of the ready-jetted foundations makes it easy for the home milliner to construct them, for they need no lining generally, no strings, and very little trimming besides a bow of velvet ribbon or lace quilting, or a jetted flower or pair of wings. The latter are put on standing upright on either side of the full lace or ribbon in front, like a fence, to hold it up. If carefully selected they will be a good investment—though the price is high, they wear so well.

So far as colour is concerned we have a few passing indications of what may be in favour later on. As is often said, this has been a decidedly "white year," and everyone has apparently indulged their taste for white in consequence of the extreme heat of July. So in the house, and out of it, white has been constantly seen. Besides this, other pale tints prevail, pink in all shades being the most liked, and the names used for them being *crévette*, salmon, and a wild rose hue. Lilac in all tints is becoming more and more used after its long eclipse, and we seem to have dropped the distinction between lilac and mauve, and now lilac, the old name, only is used. It seems likely that later on, during the autumn and winter, we shall use these hues in darker shades—*i.e.*, red violets, and colours like the sloe and the blackberry.

There are a great many green shades of various kinds, which might be called salad greens, as they are more like lettuce and endive in colour than anything else. But there is also a very pretty low-toned grey-green, which is like that of the weeping willow. This green, I daresay, will become more popular as time goes on.

Hair-stripes are very much liked in nearly every material, and especially in tweeds, where they are the newest and most stylish thing; the favourite colour being a very dark navy-blue, with a hair-line of white.

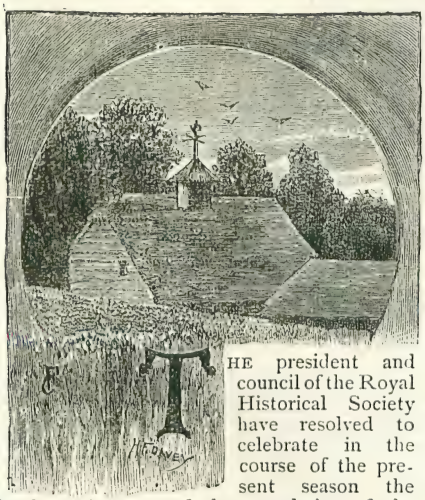
The "catagon" bag or "twist," as it is sometimes called, appears to be winning its way to much popularity, and I think people are beginning to get tired of the high style of hair-dressing, and find it trying to the features, especially when they are slightly sharpened by fatigue or a trifling indisposition. The hair is parted for making a "catagon" across the head, from the top of one ear to the top of the other; then the front hair is curled or frizzed, or else the whole of the hair is combed back smoothly to the nape of the neck, where it is tied with ribbon, and the ends of the hair are secured with another ribbon, which is turned up underneath, and tied in a large bow, leaving the hair in a kind of bag at the neck. The hair may be also plaited in a tail, and turned up and tied; or, even if the hair be short, tied at the nape of the neck, and again at the ends of the hair, and not turned up at all. Ribbon of the colour of the dress is generally used, or else black velvet ribbon, about an inch in width. Very little hair is now frizzed in front, and the heavy masses of curls or frizzes are not seen on young ladies in the best society, only a few very light much-be-frizzed fluffy hairs that look like an attempt at rivalling the aureola represented by the old painters round the heads of the saints, so fine and slight is the amount of hair used.

The paper pattern of the month is a bodice with a guimpe or under bodice, the over-bodice laced in front. This bodice consists of nine pieces—between the guimpe and the over-bodice; the latter consists of four pieces, a front, back, and two side pieces; the former of upper and lower sleeve, front, back and collar. The pattern can be obtained, price 1s., of "The Lady Dressmaker," care of Mr. H. G. Davis, 73, Ludgate Hill, E.C., enclosing postal note for the amount. "The Lady Dressmaker" begs to say that only one medium size is prepared for sale, of 36 inches bust measure, no turnings are allowed for, and no other patterns are prepared save those distinctly advertised for sale. She also hopes that great care will be taken to give addresses correctly and clearly; adding the county in all cases. Patterns are forwarded with as little delay as possible, and it is strongly advised that postal notes, not stamps, should be sent.

The following is the list of patterns already issued:—April, braided loose-fronted jacket; May, velvet bodice; June, Swiss belt and full bodice; July, mantle; August, Norfolk jacket; September, housemaid's, or plain skirt; October, combination garment (under-linen); November, double-breasted out-of-door jacket; December, Zouave jacket and bodice; January, Princess under-dress (under-linen); February, polonaise with waterfall back; March, spring dress-bodice; April, divided skirt and Bernhardt mantle, with sling sleeves; May, bodice with yoke, and Early English bodice; June, dressing jacket and child's princess-frock, and Normandy bonnet; July, under-bodice to be used in place of stays, and child's bodice and petticoat combined; August, Princess of Wales' jacket and waistcoat for tailor-made gown; September, bodice with guimpe, laced in front.

DOMESDAY BOOK.

By EMMA BREWER.



THE president and council of the Royal Historical Society have resolved to celebrate in the course of the present season the 800th anniversary of the completion of the Great Survey of England, which is known as Domesday Book, and they have sent out an invitation to most of our learned societies, archæological and architectural, to join with them in this effort to do honour to a work of such national importance. The Society of Antiquaries and the Institute of British Architects have readily responded to the invitation, and so have some of our most learned antiquaries and historians."

Such was the announcement in the *Times*, which one morning in April met the eyes of its readers and sent their thoughts back to the England of 800 years ago.

What is this Domesday Book, the anniversary of which the learned and the scientific so readily agree to celebrate?

What is this Domesday Book of which all of us have heard and only few have seen or possess any intimate knowledge concerning it?

It is the first known statistical document of Modern Europe, and was the first survey of the kind which had been made since the days of the elder Roman Empire.

It is the Great Survey of England taken 800 years ago, and is the picture of the nation as it then was.

It is our great authority for the various classes of men, from the Thegn downwards.

It gives us the map and picture of England at the exact turning-point in its history. It is among records and archives what the Kohinoor is among diamonds.

Such are the answers given by three men,* all of whom are celebrated for their knowledge of Domesday Book.

The variety of subjects upon which it gives information is marvellous. We find in it matter of great importance concerning our ancient institutions and tenures of land.

We learn from it also how, after the desolation of the Norman Conquest, many members of the great Saxon families found an asylum in the cloister, some as monks and others as rulers of the monasteries.

It points out, too, how the monasteries became the residence of men of letters as well as the sole depositories of all that could be preserved of the history of the country.

It sets before us the state and condition of England in the time of William so clearly that we can see it with our eyes, and realise it as though we were living in 1086. We see the exact amount of land, waste and water, that the kingdom contained. We know by name all the owners of estates and every tenant on them, together with the value of their income.

It goes into particulars, too, as to the occupations and trades of every individual in the kingdom, be they men or women, and the marvel of it all is that the mass of information it contains was collected and written probably within a year, if the Saxon chronicles from which we quote are correct.

"The king," say they, "held a great council to inquire into the state of the nation in the 19th year of his reign, the immediate consequence of which was the compiling of the Great Survey called Domesday Book, which was finished the next year."

To those who have seen the Domesday Book it seems the more astonishing that the work could have been done in the time, for it is written with a pen on parchment in a regular and careful manner, and takes note of the minutest detail, as the following passage, copied from the book, will show you:—"The Canons of Saint Paul's have at the Bishopsgate 10 Cottagers, with 9 acres, who pay yearly 18 shillings and 6 pence. In the time of King Edward they held it, and had the same." When William called his council together it is said that "the King had mickle thought and very deep speech with his Witan,"* and that the main subject of his mickle thought and deep speech was "about the land and how it was set and by what men."

The great work which was the result of this consultation is so rich in material for the making of history, and is so reliable in every line, that it is the envy of other countries, who have nothing to be compared with it.

It has been asserted that Domesday Book contains within it the essence of all earlier and all later English history; that it is not only our best guide to the geography of its own time, but that from it we can glean the widely different fate which befell the various districts of England in the days of the Conquest.

The survey being drawn up immediately after a great revolution, shows us clearly the exact amount of change wrought by that revolution. It shows us our England with a foreign king—an England in which all the best estates and high offices were held by foreigners.

It is easy to imagine how our forefathers, crushed and distressed as they were, would rebel against the narrow spying out of their homes and their affairs.

In some places the inquiries led to open rebellion, and not a few lives were lost.

The national chronicles place the picture before us in a very graphic manner.

"He sent over all England into ilk shire his men, and let them find out how many hundred hides were in the shire, or what the king himself had of land or cattle, or what rights he ought to have in twelve months, of the shire.

"Eke he let write how mickle of land his archbishops had, and his bishops and his abbots and his earls, and what or how mickle ilk man had that landholder was in England, and cattle, and how mickle fee it were worth.

"So very narrowly he let spear it out, that there was not a single hide, nor a yard of land, nor so much as—it is shame to tell and it thought him no shame to do—an ox nor a cow nor a swine was left that was *not set down* in his Writ."

Many have been the reasons assigned for the survey, and there is no doubt that, among others, that of ascertaining whether the Danegeld, a tax which had been laid on when Canute of Denmark was threatening invasion, was faithfully and fairly paid.

The payment or non-payment of this tax is a matter which crops up in every page of the survey, and Freeman, in his History of the Norman Conquest, seems to think that "the real and immediate cause of taking the survey was to secure its full and fair assessment."

But of course the survey had other uses and other purposes. First and foremost, William desired to know the full value of the kingdom he had fought for and won. He wanted to know its strength and its power of resistance, and he specially desired to know how he could increase his power and his income; and the plan of the survey was so beautifully thought out, that he could at a glance find answers to any questions that suggested themselves to his curious mind.

Beside all this he evidently meant it to be a register of appeal should any disputes arise concerning the titles to property, and we know that appeals to the decision of this survey did occur at a very early period.

The name by which this wonderful book is known is as curious as its contents. One or two reasons are given by ancient historians for it, all of which seem reasonable.

1. The returns or reports of the commissioners were all sent into Winchester, and were methodised in a chamber called the "Domus Dei" chamber. If these two words were spoken in Italian the pronunciation would be very like to that of Domesday, or at all events the step between the two was so small as to account for the word domesday.

2. The authority of the book has never been permitted to be called in question, and when once a doubt has been set at rest by an appeal to it, the decision is as fixed as a sentence pronounced at Domesday; there can be no appeal against it, hence it is called Domesday Book.

3. From a Saxon point of view it was the great judicial record of the age, and received therefore its name, as Dr. Cobham Brewer thinks, from Dom Bocs, which are Saxon equivalents of Judicium.

All who could, should see this grim and venerable book, which has its dwelling in a room at the Record Office, with a few companions of high worth, such as the Magna Charta. To those who desire the real knowledge hidden within its pages, there is a translation of it both in the Record Office and in the British Museum. The book is full of curious facts, interesting, not only to the learned, but to every class of people.

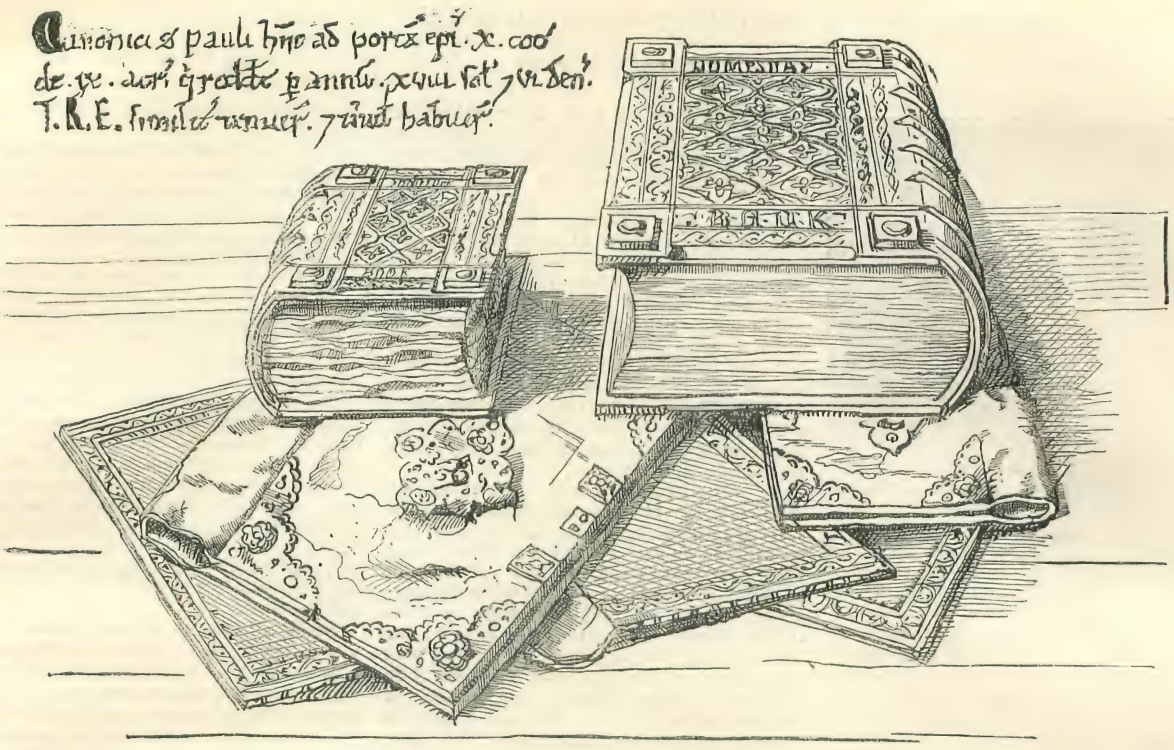
To those who live near New Cross would come the fact that Hatcham (spelt Hacheham) was a manor in Camberwell at the time of the Conquest. Those living in Beddington would be interested in seeing that Wallington (spelt Waleton) was, in 1085, in the Ville of Beddington. Those living in Streatham would see that Balham (spelt Belgeham) belonged to Streatham 800 years ago.

A curious fact to those living in Mitcham would be that Witford, the name of a lane between Upper and Lower Mitcham, was, in the time of the Conqueror, a hamlet of Mitcham.

Again, Haggerston (spelt Hergotestane) is mentioned in Domesday as being in the

* Ellis, Ewald, and Freeman.

* Saxon, from *witan*—to know.



parish of Shoreditch, Middlesex; and (Litestone) Lisson Green in the parish of Paddington.

It has been supposed that a person having no book whatever except that of Domesday would by study get a perfectly clear picture of the state of England and its people as they were before and after the Conquest. Under the dry legal surface there is much of pathos to be seen, and on this point I cannot do better than give you Freeman's* idea of what the Domesday Book contrives to show us about our forefathers.

"Never," he says, "was there a dry legal record so full of human interest of every kind as the great survey of England.

"Every human relation, every position of life, every circumstance which would call forth joy or sorrow, the wail of the depressed, the overbearing greed of the intruder, the domestic detail of courtship, marriage, dowry, inheritance, bequest, and burial, all are there.

"In its pages, among all the dryness of legal formulæ, we can hear the cry of the poor under the rod of a grasping neighbour or a heartless official.

"Above all, stamping his presence on every page of the survey which he ordered, we see the master of the work.

"His coming into the land is the great epoch from which the date of all that is done is reckoned."

If any are interested in this book they cannot do better than read Sir John Ellis's "Introduction to Domesday," and "Freeman's History of the Norman Conquest," both being most helpful in the understanding of this marvellous book.

* "Freeman s History of the Norman Conquest."

MY BROTHER'S FRIEND.

By EGLANTON THORNE, Author of "The Old Worcester Jug," etc.

CHAPTER XIX.

A WOEFUL MISTAKE.

More dreary and forsaken than before looked the garden to my eyes as I took my way to the gate. The brightness of the day had passed, the sun had sunk out of sight, a grey mist hid the distances; there was a chill dampness in the air. A wave of bitter feeling passed over me as, pausing at the gate, I looked back at the house. "It is all over," I said to myself. "I shall spend no more happy hours here." Then with a shiver I turned away.

I had reached the corner where the narrower road joined the main road, when I saw a number of gentlemen coming up the hill from the station. A train from London had just come in. I glanced at them carelessly, when suddenly my heart gave a wild plunge, and I felt myself trembling from head to foot, for there, on the other side, separated from me only by the breadth of the road, was Leonard Glynne. He was walking rather wearedly, it seemed to me, with his eyes bent on the ground. For a moment I actually stood still. Some spell seemed to hold me motionless with my eyes fixed on him. Then came a sudden shock of thankfulness that he had not looked up, had not seen me, and, swiftly as my feet could carry me, I hurried in the opposite direction.

I did not pause till I was a long way on the road to Beechwood. Then, as my excitement faded, I found myself tremulous, strengthless, and was fain to stand still, leaning for support against a gate. As I hurried along the image of Leonard had accompanied me. Now again his face rose before me, somewhat changed from what I remembered it. Was my fancy deceiving me, or had he indeed looked so grave and sad? Of course it was a delusion, for Sarah had said that he was very pleased at his engagement, and how could he help being joyful if he had won so fair and bright a girl? Yet it was strange how his countenance had stamped itself on my mind with a sad, downcast look, till I could almost persuade myself that he had looked just so when I saw him across the road.

Well, he was nothing to me now. I felt a sort of fierce disdain of myself for being so agitated at seeing him. He had never really cared for me. The eloquent glances, half-spoken words, tender insinuations, which still dwelt in my memory, had had no such significance as I had imagined. Doubtless they had only expressed the gallantry which young men of fashion like to display in their intercourse with ladies, and I, in my rusticity, had not known how to meet them. I would think of him no more. So I resolved, but as I continued

my walk I could think of no one else. I was slowly climbing the long hill to Beechwood, when I heard the sound of wheels behind me. The Dugdales' brougham was coming up, and I saw that it held both Ralph and his father. As soon as Ralph caught sight of me he sprang out and came to my side.

"I am glad we have overtaken you," he said, and he looked very glad. "Have you been far?"

"Only to Weylea and back," I answered.

"Only!" he repeated. "A good six miles. You look tired; had you not better get into the carriage?"

I declined, and he did not urge my doing so. Instead, he bade the coachman drive on without him, and continued to walk by my side.

"You have been to see your friend Mrs. Lyell, I suppose?" he remarked.

"Yes, but my hope was disappointed. I found the place looking quite deserted, Mrs. Lyell being away from home."

"What a pity! Then you have had your long walk for nothing. No wonder you look weary. I wish I had known of your intention; I do not like your taking such long walks alone."

He spoke with the air of one who had a right to watch over my actions. I felt myself flush as he spoke. I suppose he observed my change of countenance, for after a moment he said, very gently, "Forgive me if I seem presumptuous. You do not know that there was an understanding between me and your brother that I would take care of you when he could no longer do so. I do not forget that it depends on you whether I may have the happiness of guarding you as I would."

There was a pause, a stillness, broken at last by the slight crack of the coachman's whip as he flourished it. The horses started forward as they heard the sound, and the brougham passed out of sight beneath the trees. No one was to be seen on the quiet road; we were alone. In the silence I seemed to hear the beating of my own heart, as well as my quick, nervous breathing. Ralph's words had carried me back to the sad but hallowed days we had spent in Edmund's sick-room. I remembered what my dear brother had hoped and desired for me and Ralph; how glad he had been in the belief that it was given to me to reward Ralph for his wonderful, self-sacrificing friendship. I recalled the promise I had given to my brother. Vividly came back to me that hour when, as we sat beside his couch, my brother had, in visible act as well as in thought, united me to Ralph, pronouncing us his "two best friends."

Ralph, too, must have been thinking of that hour, for when he spoke it was to say in tones that vibrated with feeling, "Our common love for Edmund would draw us together, Dorothy, it seems to me, if nothing else did. If I had had a brother I could not have loved him more than I loved your brother. The hopes and fears, the hours of anxiety and sorrow on his account, which we have shared, must surely have wrought for us a deeper mutual comprehension and communion of feeling than exists between most friends."

How true were his words! I did not need to be reminded of the sacred, unutterable memories we had in common. Well did I know that no other friend could be to me what Ralph was. How much I owed to him; how much Edmund had owed to him! Their friendship dated from the beginning of Edmund's college course, and it had ever been marked by signal proofs of Ralph's disinterested affection. Ralph had done all that friend or brother could do to prolong the life of his friend. And to crown all, had he not saved our lives at the risk of his own? All this was in my mind as I said tremulously, "Oh, I feel that as much as you do. Can I forget a single hour of those days, or any of your many acts of kindness to me and my brother? If I could forget what I owe you, I should be guilty of ingratitude."

"Pray do not talk of gratitude," said Ralph, hastily, as if the word stung him; "that is not a thing to be named between us. I do not want gratitude, and I cannot be satisfied with mere friendship. My heart craves the greatest gift you can give—yourself. Your brother knew—I could not hide from him my heart—he knew that my happiness was bound up in you. Dorothy, my love is not a thing of yesterday. I believe I have loved you ever since the hour when I found you crying by yourself on your sister's wedding day. Do you remember?"

Did I remember? Ah, with what thrills of pain the past, with its dead joys and sorrows, hopes and fears, renewed itself within me at this question. Surely it was fate that thus confronted me! What could keep me now from fulfilling the promise I had given to my brother? I had thought of that promise before today, wondering, with some uneasiness, how far I was bound by it. "I will try to do as you wish," I had said. But now the shadowy hope that had haunted me and made it hard to give that promise, had vanished—Leonard Glynne belonged to another. Whatever happened, I must conquer the lingering love that caused the pain with which I had heard of his engagement. Should I not strangle that love with one effort if I gave myself to Ralph Dugdale? It seemed to me that I should, yet I hesitated.

We had come within sight of Beechwood Hall, and were passing up the long line of trees to the house when Ralph spoke. At his words I stood still involuntarily. The thoughts I have described all passed through my mind in a few seconds. I remember that I had paused at the foot of a grand old tree, one of the oldest in the park, and I stood looking down at the ivy sprays that interlaced themselves about its roots, and the tiny buds of snowdrops that here and there pierced the leafy moss that filled the spaces between. I waited, hesitating, doubting, till Ralph spoke again.

"Have you nothing to say to me, Dorothy?" he asked, anxiously. "Have I startled you, frightened you, by speaking too soon?"

Then I looked up, and as I met his earnest, tender glance, words wholly unpremeditated rushed to my lips.

"Oh, you do not know me," I cried; "I am unworthy of your love. I am full of faults. I should not make you happy."

"If you do not no one else ever will," he replied, gravely. Then with a smile he added, very tenderly, "Dorothy, my child, do you mean to tell me, who have loved you and watched you so long, that I do not know you? What are your faults to me? They cannot appal me, for I love you the better for them, if that may be."

"Oh, do you really mean what you said just now?" I asked, almost passionately. "Should I indeed make you happy if I gave myself to you?"

"Can you ask it?" he said, his sincere, earnest eyes searching mine. "Have I not told you the very truth of my heart?"

"Then it shall be so," I said, hurriedly. "I want you to be happy. I desire your happiness above everything." And I put my hand into his.

"My love," Ralph murmured, pressing my hand tenderly between his own; and then raising it to his lips, "you make me happier than words can express." But the next moment his eyes sought mine with an anxious questioning look. "You are happy yourself—tell me that?"

"I shall be happy if you are happy," I said, in tones that would falter. "It is what dear Edmund wished, that I should make you happy. In your happiness I shall find my own."

The words satisfied him, for his heart gave them a large and full interpretation.

"Yes," he said, in low tones, that breathed a deep content, "it is all come about just as he wished. I can believe that he rejoices in our joy."

My heart smote me as I heard him say so. Was it, after all, just as Edmund had wished? Would he, seeing past and present with "larger, other eyes than ours," approve of the bond I had sealed? But I strove against the doubt as it rose.

We walked on in silence, Ralph holding my hand in his. He, I believe, was kept silent by the force of deep, overwhelming emotion. As we came within range of the windows he dropped my hand, and said, more lightly, as he glanced at me, "There was a deep shadow on your face when we overtook you, my Dorothy. I wanted to ask you what it was that was so troubling you. Shall I ask now?"

A sudden confusion and trembling seized me. I felt myself turn both hot and cold.

"Don't ask, please," I besought him; "it was so foolish I could not tell you."

"Then I will only ask you if the shadow is gone?" he said, with a smile.

"Yes, yes," I said, hurriedly, believing that I spoke the truth; "it is gone, quite gone."

We were at the door. The butler, crossing the hall, had seen our approach, and now threw wide the door, and stood awaiting our entrance, with his usual

air of bland solemnity. Without giving Ralph another word or glance, I went to my room. On the way I met Mrs. West's maid, and learned that her mistress had gone into the village. I was glad; it would be good, I thought, to be alone for awhile.

Yet when I sat down and tried to reflect upon what I had done, thought was too painful, my loneliness pressed sorely upon me, till in sudden desperation I rose and began to make my toilette in a more leisurely and careful way than usual, finding it a relief to concentrate my attention on the arrangement of my short, stubborn locks, and in adjusting to the best advantage, amidst the crape folds in the front of my gown, a lovely white camelia Ralph had given me. When I had given the last touches to my attire, I went down to the drawing-room. There I found Mrs. Dugdale entertaining some cousins who had come from Richmond to see her, and were to stay the night at Beechwood. They were ladies of mature age, clever and cultivated, who had travelled a great deal, and who enjoyed talking of their adventures. I was soon engaged in listening to the younger one, who gave me a thrilling account of some of her mountaineering exploits. I needed to take but the slightest share in the conversation, if such it could be called, and this suited me. After awhile Ralph entered the room, and, stationing himself behind my chair, also became a listener to Miss Julia Shuttleworth's brilliant and amusing talk. Thus passed the half-hour before dinner. Grace did not come in till we had taken our places at the table. She had come from a sick bed, and the sad scene she had quitted seemed to abide with her, making her unusually quiet during the course of that evening. Ralph, too, was quieter than usual, but I knew that his quietness was the outcome of deep satisfaction. What happiness shone in his eyes, gladdened his voice, and gave an indefinable charm to all he said and did! Surely I should have been glad to see how happy I had made him. But no, his evident joyousness only awakened self-reproach within me. I shrank from the tender glances that sought mine, pretended not to hear the words whose deepest meaning was for my ear alone, and trembled whenever some gentle authoritativeness in Ralph's bearing towards me reminded me of the right I had given him.

But outwardly I was brighter that evening than I had been for many months. Mrs. Dugdale and I were comparing our experience of Mentone with that of the Miss Shuttleworths, and recalling for their benefit every incident of our sojourn there which was likely to interest them. I think both Grace and Ralph were surprised to hear how I talked and laughed. We had music. The Miss Shuttleworths were excellent musicians, and one of them played the harp with sweet expressiveness and delicacy of touch. Ah, cheerful as I seemed, when the pathetic, plaintive notes of that instrument vibrated through the room, I could have cried out with anguish. The music gave utterance to my heart's baffled, hopeless yearnings, my young despair of life, with its cruel disappointments and heart-sickening griefs.

It was all I could do to maintain self-control, but biting my lip and forcing back my tears, I bent studiously over some photographs till the music ceased, and no one saw how it had moved me.

"Go, weep for those whose hearts have bled,
What time their eyes were dry.
'Whom sadder can I say?' she said."

Ah, truly, those are not our saddest hours in which our tears flow freely.

The Miss Shuttleworths' presence prevented Ralph from telling his parents of our engagement. I was glad; I hoped that no one would know that night. When her guests retired, Mrs. Dugdale went upstairs with them, and I followed almost immediately, pleading a headache when Ralph attempted to detain me. As I quitted the room, I felt his eyes following me with a wondering, troubled gaze.

A bright fire was burning in my room. As I closed the door I felt like one who casts off a torturing disguise. I threw myself on the soft rug before the fire, and leaned my head on a low chair which stood by the hearth. "Oh," I murmured to myself, "what shall I do? How can I go on living? Oh, Edmund, Edmund! if only I could have died when you did!"

And then tears came to my relief, a hot, plenteous rain of tears. How many minutes passed I knew not, but it seemed as if I had lain there a long time, sobbing and weeping, when there came a tap at the door.

I started up in consternation. It was Grace's knock, and Grace's voice now asked for admission.

What should I do? I longed to refuse her entrance, but what excuse had I for so treating such a friend? Thus thinking, I made a futile attempt to wipe away the traces of my tears, and then unlocked the door.

"Dorothy, dear, I am so sorry to hear you have a headache," said Grace, coming in. Then she paused in sudden dismay at my appearance. "Why, you have been crying. Is it, then, so very bad? Oh, I wish I had known!"

For answer I burst into another flood of tears. Grace made me rest in the easy chair; she gave me some drops of sal volatile; she cooled my head with eau de Cologne, but for a while it seemed as if I could never stop crying. Gradually, however, my emotion spent itself, my sobs ceased from very exhaustion, and I lay back in the chair with closed eyes and throbbing brows. A long silence ensued. At first I was glad of the stillness, then it grew painful, and I longed for Grace to speak.

I looked up at last. Grace was standing beside me, watching me intently. There was a troubled look on her face.

"You are better?" she said, as she saw my eyes open.

"Yes."

"It was more than the headache made you cry," she said, in the tone of one who states a fact.

"Yes," I said again, feeling compelled to utter the truth, and quailing inwardly as I met her steady, penetrating gaze.

Another pause. It seemed to me that there was something merciless in the searching gaze Grace continued to bend on me, yet even then I knew that it was but such mercilessness as the surgeon shows when he freely probes the wound that he may extract from it all its lingering poison.

"Dorothy," she said, presently, speaking in calm, quiet tones, "Ralph has told me that you are engaged to him. I came to tell you that I was glad, but now—now—I do not know that I am glad."

I was silent. There seemed nothing that I could say.

"I had my doubts before," she went on. "I have known for some time—how could I help knowing?—that Ralph loved you, but I never could think that you responded to his love. Dorothy, I used to think that you cared for someone else?"

"Grace, how can you? I will not have you say such things," I cried, pride and indignation sending the hot blood surging to my brows; but undaunted, she turned on me the same steady gaze.

"Is it not true?" she asked, quietly.

"You have no right to ask such a question," I replied, hotly. "No, it is not true—at least, no one but your brother has ever sought my love."

"Which is not quite the same thing," she said, gently. Then suddenly she knelt down beside me, clasping my hands in hers, and looking up at me with earnest, pleading eyes.

"Forgive me, Dorothy, if I seem cruel, if my words appear unjustifiable," she said. "If I say the thing I should not, believe me, it is for the sake of your happiness and that of my brother, who is dear to me as your brother was to you, that I am thus open."

"Surely you need not fear for his happiness," I said, falteringly. "There can be no doubt that I have made him happy."

"No, no, not unless you are happy yourself," said Grace, with quick, decided utterance. "An unhappy woman can never make others happy, least of all can she make him happy whose happiness is bound up in hers. But perhaps I am mistaken. Dorothy, answer me but this one question—can you look forward with joy to your future as Ralph's wife?"

I was silent. It was impossible to frame an evasive reply whilst those truth-speaking, truth-reading eyes were fixed on me.

"Then it is as I feared," she said, presently, and now her tones were tremulous with emotion. "Oh, Dorothy, listen to me. You will make a woeful mistake if you marry Ralph, unless you love him with all your heart, and feel that no other man is anything to you beside him. Esteem, friendship, admiration of his good qualities, is not enough to ensure the happiness of two lives. Dorothy, I know; I am not talking like a romantic school-girl. For ten happy weeks I

knew the joy of sacred, blessed union with one of the best and noblest of men, and out of my experience I say this to you, only love can make such union the perfect, holy thing it should be. The bond is too close, it will gall, it will torture, unless it be cemented by love in its highest and purest form. Oh, listen to me; it is not too late to repair your mistake. Ralph has told no one but me. It would be kinder to make him suffer now, sharp though his suffering must be, than to cause him life-long suffering."

Her words touched me keenly. I knew that she spoke truth. I almost yielded to her persuasions; I was on the point of confessing to her the secret of my heart, when something rose within me to resist this impulse. Whether it was pride, or obstinacy, or merely a sort of moral inertia, which preferred all should be as it was rather than endure any more wearying mental conflicts, I know not, but something prompted me to rise, shake off Grace's clinging clasp, and move to the other side of the room.

"I think it is for Ralph and me to decide what is best for us," I said, coldly and proudly. "If he is satisfied with the prospect before him, I do not see why you should distress yourself, nor do I know what right you have to catechise me and counsel me as you have."

"I have no right," said Grace, humbly and sadly, "yet I could not choose but warn you. Forgive me, dear, if I have spoken amiss, but do think of what I have said, and seek guidance ere you take so momentous a step — guidance from your own true woman's heart, above all, the guidance which God never fails to give those who earnestly seek His direction."

She waited a few moments, but I made no reply. Then she wished me good-night and left me.

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

Alarmed at a Sound.

In the North of India there is a city the inhabitants of which used to believe that a certain giant, whom they called Ghantta-Karna, infested one of the adjacent heights. The real fact was this: A thief, as he was running away with a bell he had stolen, was overcome and devoured by a tiger, and the bell, falling from his hand, having been picked up by some monkeys, every now and then they used to ring it. Now, the people of the town finding that a man had been killed there, and at the same time hearing the bell, used to declare that the giant Ghantta-Karna, being enraged, was devouring a man and ringing his bell, so that the city was abandoned by all the principal inhabitants.

At length, however, a certain poor woman, having considered the subject, discovered that the bell was rung by the monkeys. She accordingly went to the rajah, and said—

"If, divine sir, I may expect a very great reward, I will engage to silence this Ghantta-Karna."

The rajah was exceedingly pleased, and gave her some money. So having displayed her consequence to the priesthood of the country, to the leaders of the army, and to all the rest of the people, she provided such fruits as she conceived the monkeys were fond of, and went into the wood, where, strewing them about, they presently quitted the bell and attached themselves to the fruit.

The poor woman in the meantime took away the bell and repaired to the city, where she became an object of adoration to its inhabitants.

And from this everyone may see how foolish it is to be alarmed at a mere sound when the cause of that sound is unknown. - *From the Sanskrit.*

Death for a Joke.*

Danton and Robespierre, like other leaders, had their follower-in-chief. Danton, with his virtuous resistance to the reign of blood, had for his chief follower and zealous partisan Camille Desmoulins. Desmoulins was a man of considerable ability, a clever writer, and thoroughly of like mind with Danton in the longing to stem the blood-flowing river of those dreadful times. But his own life was doomed first to fall a sacrifice. And to expiate a joke!

Robespierre's congenial prime associate was the handsome and intensely cruel young St. Just, shallow, self-opinionated, vain, and with a tongue as ready for speech as the luckless Camille's was stammering. Well would it have been for Camille Desmoulins if his tongue had stuttered hopelessly the day he uttered the fatal exclamation, at the expense of the remorseless and vain fanatic which sealed his doom. St. Just was always puffed up with his sense of self-importance, and showed this so plainly in his demeanour that Camille said "he carried his head like the Holy Sacrament," alluding to the elevation of the Host.

The very descriptive sneer being repeated to St. Just by some one of the amiable tale-bearers with which the world always abounds, "And I," said he, "and I will make him carry his head like St. Denis"—alluding to the legend of that saint having walked from Paris to his grave carrying his head under his arm.

And St. Just quickly kept his word to the spirit, if not to the letter.

* From Lord Brougham's "Statesmen of the Time of George III." Third Series, page 89.

The author of "Candalaria" writes to us as follows: "Amongst your Varieties I see a legend about whistling women. If you are saying anything more about that you might mention the following incident: A Mexican old gentleman said to me once when he heard me whistle on board a vessel running up the Mexican coast, 'Do you know what they say in our country, madame? They say, when a woman whistles, the mother of God weeps.'"

Answer to Double Acrostic (p. 711).

1. EccentriC
2. RaleigH
3. CapuA (*a*)
4. KanT
5. MinotauR (*b*)
6. A I (*c*)
7. NigellA (*d*)
8. NeophroN (*e*)

Erckmann Chatrian

(*a*) Chief city of Campania in Italy, where Hannibal wintered after his victory over the Romans at Cannæ, and his soldiers became enervated by the soft climate and luxurious living.

(*b*) It is fabled that the Minotaur was shut up in the famous labyrinth, wrought by Dædalus in Crete, and always devoured the young men and maidens, who were sent as tribute by the Athenians to King Minos. But Theseus attacked and slew him; and then, aided by the clue given to him by Ariadne, the king's daughter, escaped from the windings of the labyrinth.

(*c*) See the 8th chapter of the Book of Joshua.

(*d*) The flower called "Love in a mist."

(*e*) The Egyptian vulture, familiarly known as "Pharaoh's chicken," from its being so frequently represented on the Egyptian hieroglyphic monuments.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WORK.

Economical.—Thin gum-water and a little ink in it will renew the look of your black chip bonnet wonderfully if brushed over with it.

Hope and An Anxious One should take their work to shops where such is sold and obtain trade orders. That plan will be found more satisfactory than sending it to any depository for poor ladies' work with paintbrush or needle. The terms on which work is received are not usually very advantageous, and the sale is slow. The rules also of some institutions are otherwise than agreeable, inquiries into the private circumstances of the worker's family being sometimes instituted.

Ella Wright.—There is a school where classes are held to teach cutting-out on tailors' principles, as well as in every description of needlework. It is the London Institute for the Advancement of Plain Needlework, 40, Upper Berkeley-street, W. Address the principal. Dressmaking on tailor system and making-up is taught at 45, Baker-street, W.

A. W.—There is a home at Leamington for young dressmakers, milliners, and shop women at Stanhope House, 14, Regent-street. Address the lady superintendent.

A. E. S.—Irish crochet is done like any other; except with regard to its exquisite fineness and neatness, it is not more difficult.

Lilly.—To purl is to put the thread before the needle in knitting. We cannot find "lads-love" in the common names of English field flowers.

Polly and Jenny.—When the work directions are very long we prefer not to take up our space with them, as the small manuals are now to be obtained so cheaply.

ART.

S. P. P. is thanked for sending the following recipe for painting a made-up fan:—Open it to its full width, and when you have fastened the two outside ribs very firmly with thread to a slender little stick, the fan cannot close until you release it. The ribs will come almost parallel with the stick, and the satin or silk is stretched tightly.

Weary One.—The Artists' General Benevolent Institution is to be heard of at 24, Old Bond-street, W. Write to the secretary, F. Lambe Price, Esq. They have an orphan fund. The Messrs. Simpson, 100, St. Martin's-lane, W.C., employ many ladies in decorative work, including china and glass painting. It might be worth while to see them on the subject of work orders and the sale of anything already finished.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SHIELA.—We have ceased to repeat our answers to questions about the complexion. See what "Medicus" says about your complaint. Your letter is clearly expressed, and writing fairly good.

STEPHANIE.—See our articles, upwards of twenty, on good breeding, etiquette, and duties in various positions and circumstances in life, in all the volumes of the G. O. P. We will only refer you to vol. v., pages 38, 262, 363, and 474.

JIM CROW.—We never heard of such an indication of consumption as the expectoration of black hairs. You should consult a doctor. Of course conversion is essential. This means that you have given your heart to God. Going through a mere round of formal duties, church-going and so forth, however desirable, is certainly not sufficient. "Faith that worketh by love," a "living faith" evidenced by turning to God and bringing forth the "fruits of the Spirit" (of which a long list is given). You may "give all your goods to feed the poor," and your "body to be burned" (as a sacrifice), and yet "not have charity," which is the love of God—a love that expands into love of man for God's sake. "Except ye be converted, and become as little children," etc. "When thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren." St. Peter had believed and confessed Christ already, yet conversion had not taken place.

M. E. D.—Your husband must show his manuscript to a publisher, getting an introduction, if possible. Someone accustomed to writing for the press should look over it, and divide it into paragraphs, and give a few practical hints.

SHAMROCK.—We have read your well-written letter with much interest, and you have our best wishes and sympathy.

UNE PETITE ECOSSAISE.—You were wrong in your *nom de plume;* Ecosse is the name of the country. "Undine" is the name of a tale by the Baron de la Motte Fouqué.

GRAMPIAN had better advertise in one of the London papers, such as the *Warehouseman and Draper*, for what she requires.

DORA'S poem contains some elements of promise, which she will do well to encourage. By constant writing and study she may do something better eventually.

ATWIN must wait until she be older, and can study the rules of poetry.

ADMIN BRYA.—There is no sequel that we know of to the "Wide, Wide World."

AN HUMBLE CHRISTIAN SERVANT has our best thanks for her kind recognition of our work.

LITTLE MOTHER'S query about sunburn has been recently answered in an article by "Medicus," at page 595, vol. vii. 10 p.m. is quite too late for a boy of ten to go to bed. 8.30 or 9 would be more suitable for his age.

HOME.—The fashionable colours for the spring are greys and browns. Fine fingering would be suitable for the knitting of men's socks.

CHRIETINE inquires "which would be the best offer of marriage to accept, botanist or wheelwright?" How could either name of a trade be an offer of marriage? You do not know how to write English. You mean to say which trade would bring in more money? Or, "Shall I marry a botanist or a wheelwright?" You forget that, desirable as it is to make a prudent marriage as to pecuniary circumstances, you do not marry a trade, but a man. Which man has won your heart? and is he worthy of it himself? That is the question.

BIJOU.—You write with much true poetic feeling, and many of the verses run exceedingly well. The sentiments expressed are excellent, too. But if you had any idea of having a poem introduced into our amateur page, you should have conformed to our rule, and had it certified.

SNOWDROP G.—You should write to a stationer or print-seller at Oxford (Shrimpton or Wyatt) for one of the little sixpenny sheets of the arms and colours of all the colleges.

AT THE SEASIDE.

MARGERY.—We have answered your question about the unpardonable sin some dozens of times. You do not read our answers to correspondents, or you would not write now as you do. See St. Luke xi. 15-20. St. Mark iii. 22-30 inclusive. You have your answer in the thirtieth verse. "Because," the blasphemy o which our Lord alludes is that of attributing His miraculous powers to the devil, instead of the Godhead, in the person of the Holy Ghost, dwelling in the manhood of Christ. If you believe in our Saviour's Divinity, and take Him as your God and Master, you cannot be one of these blasphemers, for the sin is not one of a thought, but it is a wilful and fixed belief, and consequent rejection of Christ.

VICTOR (Melbourne).—We regret that your letters should have been unanswered, and thank you for that of February 4th. MSS. are usually laid aside by themselves for some chance half-hour of leisure, because our staff of experienced and known writers is very full, and we do not want articles. We do not recollect any MS. of yours. The few verses which sometimes appear in the amateur page are from very young girls. We should like to oblige you if we could.

ALICE EBOR.—"Our acts our angels are," is from a poem by John Fletcher, "Upon an Honest Man's Fortune." Born 1576, died 1625.

ENID.—The orbit of Venus is elliptical. The next transit will be in June, 2007.

DORA KINGSLEY.—"It is the little rift within the lute," is from Tennyson's "Idyls of the King" ("Vivien").

UNA INPACIENTE.—Under the cruel circumstances you mention, we do not see what the mother can do to protect her child, save to send him out of the country to some safe home, of which she alone knows. We do not know the Spanish law.

A COUSIN.—There is no law against the marriage of first cousins, but it is considered unwise.

VANDA, A NEW SUBSCRIBER, and A BITTER PEARL should all consult a doctor. We never heard of a pearl being bitter.

PRIMROSE.—If you have rubbed your heels by walking, you should be very careful, for you may be quite lamed by so doing. If the skin be broken you must use cold water compresses, and do your best to heal them, but if the skin be not broken, you will cure the soreness by daily rubbing with toilet soap. Put it on gently and let it dry on. If you rub your stockings inside and your feet with soap before a long walk, they will never blister.

IGNORANCE.—Poor Joan of Arc was burnt alive on May 31st, 1431. Her reported escape is only a legend, such as the return of King Arthur, the non-judicial murder of King Charles I., and the escape of Louis XVII. from the "Temple." When the chiefs and leaders of any party suffer death, and leave their followers without a guide, the fable of their escape is often believed by the enthusiastic, who seem to consider that the king can never die.

AN OLD FRIEND and FAITH.—We have answered your question respecting *Noblesse oblige* very often. Honourable feelings, generosity, truth, and good manners alone are compatible with "nobless," and are naturally expected in persons of high birth, and brought up with refined associates, feelings inherited from a long line of ancestors trained to refined habits and educated in lofty ideas of honour. Of such much is naturally expected. "To whom much is given, of him shall much be required." Nevertheless, all do not feel the extra obligations resting upon them, and many who have had but a poor education and have had none but coarse and evil associations around them are deserving of the honourable title of "Nature's nobilty." "Faith's" writing is clear and well formed.

LACRYMOUS and AN IGNORANT GIRL.—The origin of the custom of sending people on silly errands upon the first of April ("All Fools' Day") is attributed to various nations. The Hindus play tricks on their friends during the Huli Festival, held on the first of March. The ancient Jews believed that the dove was sent out from the ark on the first of the month corresponding to our April, and perpetrated the memory of the Flood by punishing those who forgot that date by sending them on useless journeys, as useless as that of the first flight of the dove. Other authorities hold that the practice originated from the sending of our Saviour from Annas to Caiaphas, and from Pilate to Herod, as the scene of His trial was always performed (as a "Miracle Play") by the old Italian monks during the month of Aprilis. The word "all" is a corruption of "auld" or "old," the right term being "Old Fool's Day," but the feast of "Old Fool's Day" differs from the "Feast of Fools," which was held in ancient times in the month of January.

PAT.—The omission of the prefix "Miss" upon your visiting card is an American notion, inadmissible in our higher classes of English society.

A MERIONETHSHIRE LASS.—The 15th of August, 1865, was a Tuesday. Pleat your skirt so as to make all the stripes of one colour uppermost.

C. V.—A question of religion is different to all others. If required to change your faith and become a Roman Catholic, or anything else, you are right in resisting her authority. Be gentle, respectful, and firm. Try to consult her wishes and pleasure in every other way. If in much difficulty, appeal to your uncles and aunts, and to your own clergyman, for advice and help.

DAFFODIL.—To remove grease stains, lay the article flatly stretched out upon an ironing blanket, and put a piece of blotting paper over the marks. Iron the blotting paper quickly with a hot iron, and change the blotting paper constantly. Remove the iron and the paper, and rub the place briskly with tissue paper. If a stain be too deep to be so removed, dip a rag in benzine; rub well with this, and then hang out the jacket in the air until the smell has passed off.

PEARL.—To clean pearls wash them in soap-suds, and while wet lay them in the sunshine to dry. This process must be repeated several times.

ROSE.—The order of the descent of the sovereigns of Great Britain is given as commencing thus:—Robert, King of England, died, A.D. 837; Ethelwulf, 857; Ethelbald, 860; Ethelbert, 866; Ethelred I., 871; Alfred the Great, 901; Edward I., 925; and then Athelstan in 940.

BROWN-EYED KITTEN.—William Harrison Ainsworth was born February 4th, 1805, and died at Reigate January 3rd, 1882. It is said that much may be done to ameliorate or cure rheumatism by means of diet. Meat is injurious, fish and fowl are preferable, and all that creates acidity in the system should be avoided. A milk diet, puddings, and such-like food are the best. Besides this, a sandy or gravel soil should be selected for a residence, flannel or woollen materials should be worn, and much friction of the affected parts with hartshorn and oil or turpentine and oil.

RUB-A-DUB.—Soup will do no harm. As skin troubles may be due to such a variety of causes, we can only recommend you to obtain advice from a medical man, who can judge of your case from a personal interview and replies to his questions.

HEATHER.—The Plains of Dura, mentioned in Daniel iii., were in the Province of Babylon, where Nebuchadnezzar caused the golden image to be set up. The present name of these extensive plains is Dowair, lying to the south-east of the ancient capital of the province, and here M. Oppert says he discovered the pedestal of a colossal statue. We do not undertake to tell characters from handwriting.

GEOFFREY W. O.—Boatswains, carpenters, and gunners in the Royal Navy are warrant officers—that means, that they are not commissioned officers, but hold their appointments by royal warrant. If a man in the same pew with you have no prayer-book, you may lend him one; but supposing you to be a girl, you should not share it with him.

USEFUL MAIDIE should consult a doctor.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

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BETWEEN SCHOOL AND MARRIAGE.

By the Author of "How to be Happy Though Married."

This time in a girl's life corresponds to that in a man's which is passed in a university, or in learning the work of his profession. Too many girls look on it as a *mauvais quart d'heure*, which may be dawdled through in an irresponsible way until they have a house of their own. Marriage represents a home, a position; sometimes even less than that—a trousseau, or a wedding tour. So they hasten through the years of adolescence as well as may be in order to reach the end of a wearisome task.

And yet if the girl is mother to the woman—that is to say, if the woman will be what the girl now is, this time, which is essentially one for settling habits, cannot be anything less than the most important in life. If the girl spend it in thoughtless idleness and discontented trifling, the result will be seen in the character of the woman. It is well for any of us when our work is cut out for us, so to speak, and we have not to look about for a profitable way of passing the time; but this last is the miserable condition of many girls belonging to daughter-full houses in easy circumstances. What can they do between school and marriage?

When the financial resources of her father are slender, a girl is quite right to seek for some employment by which she may earn her own living, and perhaps help her brothers and sisters; but when this is not the case, let no feeling of quixotic restlessness induce her to rashly leave home. It may be her plain duty to remain at home, and she may be independent and pay her way quite as much as one who earns and pays current coin. She can pay her way by filling in the little spaces in home life as only a dear daughter can, by lifting the weight of care from her mother, and by slipping in a soft word or a smile where it is like oil on the troubled waters of a father's spirit. What better remuneration can a father have for his ex-

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A HOMELY LASSIE.

penditure upon his daughters than their laughter, good humour, and sympathy? "The laughter of girls," says De Quincey, "is, and ever was, among the delightful sounds of earth," and most fathers will agree with me that their grief-dispelling wiles are far better than gold and silver.

Those girls soon slide into uselessness, and drift aimlessly through their golden girlhood, who have no system in the ordering of their lives. We ought not to be chained to our system, but we should arrange our time so as to improve every precious moment, and find facility in the performance of our respective duties. Especially valuable are the hours between ten o'clock and one. These should be occupied with study, music (if you really have a taste for it), or the learning of some useful art by which you could earn your living if required to do so. Would anybody be worse, and would not everybody be much better, if girls of all ranks were taught to do something so well that they could earn money if necessary? Habits of attention, method, and dispatch, acquired in the study of any fine handicraft or art, lay a better basis for the character of a noble house-mother than the idle sauntering of common girl existence. The daughters of wealthy families need not rush into the labour market simply because they have the power to do so. Because they can engrave they need not be engravers, any more than they need become servants because they can dust a room or cook a potato.

Usefulness of any kind may be kept in store, as well as used as current coin. There is such a thing as adult education, and we may learn from everybody and everything until the day of our death, so that nothing is more ridiculous than to speak of a girl's education being "finished" when she leaves school. She need not keep up the routine of school work, but she may at least try to keep what she has learnt with much difficulty and drudgery. "It is less pain to learn in youth than to be ignorant in age;" and, indeed, it is only the first steps to the Temple of Wisdom that are the painful ones. Every girl ought to "make the most of herself," and gain accurate and general information on the subjects that interest intelligent people. Why should she give up study at eighteen, just at a time when, having got beyond the rudiments, the work of teaching herself would after some time become so enjoyable that it would in many cases be continued even after marriage? When books are looked upon by a girl on leaving school as instruments of mental torture, she is stopping her education just when she has reached its most interesting phase.

But mind and body are co-partners, and while cultivating the one a girl must not injure the other. In after life she will require all the health and vigour of body she can obtain from riding, swimming, tennis, rowing, and the gymnastic exercises which have now been made to suit girls. These games, if practised in moderation, and in suitable clothes without lung-compressing corsage, will give a firm hand, a trained eye, a clear complexion, and the light-heartedness which comes of a body unclogged in its machinery. They will confirm health and perfect beauty.

Girls who have been well brought up dress with simplicity; they are occupied, but not preoccupied, with dress. Two young men, the other day, were heard commenting, *sotto voce*, upon a girl who was attracting attention. "Yes; very pretty," said one, "but entirely spoilt by that terrible hat trimmed with giblets!" The head-covering thus alluded to was decorated with an arrangement of a bird's head, feathered neck, and claws. It is a great help to papa's pocket when daughters make their own dresses and hats—as it is, too, when they undertake the elementary teaching of younger brothers and sisters.

"What can I do to help mother?" This should be a question with all girls. In a large and well-ordered home, the daughters supervise different departments. One becomes responsible for the arrangement of the kitchen and dining-room, and sees that the table is properly furnished with viands and the economy of everything downstairs administered wisely. Another takes charge of the drawing-room or bedrooms. The next week, perhaps, they change employments; and in this way their mother has time to read, to go out, to receive friends, and to take a well-earned holiday.

We agree with Mrs. Warren in thinking that there is no household work such that a girl should deem it beneath her position to know how to do it. To scrub floors, scour saucepans, blacklead and clean grates, to black boots, to clean plate, to wash and iron—all these things may be done in a right or a wrong way, and it is only by learning how they ought to be done that a woman can teach others. Whether her destiny lies in the old country or in the colonies, her knowledge of home matters will be the greatest of blessings to herself and to others. Every day a young lady should do a little bit of household work thoroughly, so as to be a pattern of perfection to the servants, who are only too ready to be satisfied with half-done work or "That'll do."

Daughter (home from school): "Now, father, are you satisfied? Just look at my testimonial. Political economy, satisfactory; fine art and music, very good; logic, excellent!"

Father: "Very much so, my dear, especially as regards your future. If your husband should understand anything of housekeeping, cooking, mending, and the use of a sewing-machine, your married life will indeed be happy."

All girls cannot marry moneyed men, nor can they be sure, in the uncertain conditions of modern life, but that men who are rich to-day may be poor and struggling in a short year or two; and, surely, these men have a right to expect that the women they place at the head of the homes they have, in many cases, toiled hard to make shall be able to teach servants to carry out their plans, or, if need be, to throw themselves into the breach, and, unassisted, carry on the household machinery without a jar.

Nor is this incompatible with culture and accomplishments. Writing of university life for women in *Cassell's Family Magazine*, a scholar of Newnham College says: "Nowhere have I heard it more consistently and reverently asserted that a woman's true sphere is the home. Most of the ladies rather pride themselves on their domestic accomplishments. Among my own contemporaries were some whose nimble fingers could wield the needle as well as the pen, and produce with equal ease a copy of Latin verses or a fashionable bonnet. Others could send up a dinner not to be despised by the most fastidious of College Fellows."

As soon as a girl comprehends what duty really means, and attempts to do it, she first tries to do her work at home, and then looks out for work abroad. She does her best to relieve the indigent, to teach the ignorant, and to bring joy to the sad. There are benevolent societies established in every district to carry out these benevolent enterprises, and the directors are very glad to receive offers of help, and willingly give work to those who will undertake it.

But all work and no play will make Jill, as well as Jack, dull and dispirited. There are "between-times" when serious work does not call for us, or when we are weary of it, and for health's sake must indulge in recreation and light employment. Because a life of pleasure is a life of pain, that is no reason why we should have no pleasure in our lives. Is not happiness indeed a duty as well as self-denial? A girl could not have a better guide on the subject of amusement than Mr. Ruskin, who says: "Never seek for amusement, but be always ready to be amused. The least thing has play in it—the slightest word wit, when your hands are busy and your heart is free. But if you make the aim of your life amusement, the day will come when all the agonies of a pantomime will not bring you an honest laugh."

We have heard of an Eastern custom which enjoined that on the day of her marriage the bride should sit all the afternoon with her face to the wall. If any one spoke she was not to answer. This was supposed to typify her grief at leaving the state of single blessedness. An English girl may not feel this poignant grief at getting married, but if she can make her girlhood happy by putting it to a good account, she will be able to wait in dignified tranquillity until the right man comes to claim her, instead of throwing herself away upon the first worthless person who desires to marry and make a woman miserable.

When Mr. Wilberforce, years ago, was a candidate for Hull, his sister, an amiable and witty young lady, offered a new dress to each of the wives of those freemen who voted for her brother. When saluted with "Miss Wilberforce for ever!" she pleasantly observed, "I thank you, gentlemen, but I cannot agree with you, for really I do not wish to be *Miss* Wilberforce for ever."

We do not blame Miss Wilberforce or any other young lady for not wishing to be a "Miss" for ever, but she ought not to disturb herself if other girls have been preferred before her, and she remain unsought in marriage. As to what she can do to make herself more attractive, it depends on the kind of man she wishes to attract. If, however, she desire a good, worthy husband, she had better use no art, but simply be her own natural self. Let her cultivate the powers of her mind, engage in good, and useful work, both within and without the home, study to acquire practical knowledge of domestic affairs, and trust that, if it is most expedient for her, God, the best Maker of marriages, will send a husband worthy of her choice.

COURTLEROY.

By ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

A MYSTERY TO HIMSELF.

WHEN Mimica returned to Courtleroy she was told that her uncle had driven out, whither Barber did not know. She awaited his return with impatience, not knowing what to think of this unexpected drive, and fearing she knew not what. But had he not taken Mr. Leste with him, and, under all circumstances, would he not be safe with that good man? she thought. Still, the rapid events of the previous day had shaken her nerves, and Miss Heath's state, and the communications that morning, had not tended to strengthen them. She failed to realise the facts of George Hope's history, and wandered from room to room, seeking occupation and feeling unable to settle down to anything. This was unusual for Mimica, whose monotonous life brought such regular associations that, dull as they sometimes seemed, they filled it.

Le Roy arrived at last, and she hastened to the door to meet him. A sudden thaw had just set in, and the weather looked as grim and grey as he did.

He shivered as he went to the hall-fire, and stood before it warming himself.

"Come here, Mimica," he said, moving the screen so that it encompassed the fire.

"You look so cold, uncle. Let me ring for some soup," she replied.

"No, I will wait for 'afternoon tea.' I am going in for fashionable life again. Sit down and listen. You look scared, Mimica. How do I look?"

"Scared, also, uncle. But how are you, really?"

"Better than I have been for years, Mimica. I am revenged. I have told Lady Helena. She does not believe in her new connection, and will not like it when she is convinced. I should not like to be Miss Heath under her scourge. Have you seen that secretive and cautious woman? You have been to Summerlands. What have you heard? Tell me all. I am better prepared than I was yesterday."

Mimica told him, as gently as she could, what more there was to tell. It was simply what Miss Heath had communicated to George and recapitulated to her. He was quiet and composed during the relation, sitting with his hand shading his face.

"Buried at Highgate. We will go together and see her grave, Mimica," he said at intervals. "Sorry for me! With reason. Had she confided in me I would have helped her and she would have saved me. But suicide! It is awful, and that was what I feared. I went out of my mind, and but for Barber, and afterwards for you, Mimica, should——"

He shuddered, and she laid her hand on his arm.

"Forget it, uncle. We will begin again."

"You will not leave me, Mimica?"

"No."

He removed his hand from before his face, and she saw that it was wet with tears. Her eyes were also moist.

"Poor uncle. Dear uncle!" she murmured, sympathetically

"I have not shed a tear since that fatal day, Mimica. I could not weep at my mother's funeral. The relief is wonderful already. The tension has been awful. That is insanity. 'Sorry for me!' Dear, tender heart."

Mimica took his hand in silence, and so they sat awhile, the light of the short December day dying out during the interval. She thought his hand was cold, and chafing it tenderly, aroused him.

"'Let the dead past bury its dead,'" he quoted, and got up quietly. "Now for the 'afternoon tea,' Mimica."

"In the library, uncle?"

"No; here. It is more cheerful."

Was this Reginald Le Roy? Yes. The spectre that had haunted him all these years had suddenly disappeared, and his brain was clear again. It is often so with delusions. Remove some trifling impediment, and the mind recovers as by a miracle. Is it the brain—the heart—or the mind? Who shall say? So-called hysteria, silent melancholy, cerebral fancies — whence do they arise? how do they disappear? No physician can tell—neither can the patient. Le Roy was cured by the knowledge that his lost love slept the last sleep in Highgate Cemetery, and had not taken her own life in preference to sharing his. People have gone mad for an idea. The asylums are full of melancholy maniacs who have been made such by some delusion either religious, or, like Le Roy's, caused by the freaks of love or the disgrace of friends. Where is the remedy for all this? It lies in individual responsibility and straightforwardness.

Money is the root of all evil, and secretiveness grows out of it. But for greed first and secrecy after, this history would have been different. As it is, the clearing up of one mystery has changed the course of life and thought of many of those concerned in it.

As to Le Roy, he remained more a mystery to himself and others than he was before. Barber confided to Mimica his perplexity concerning him, with a face longer and more lugubrious than ever.

"He is surely going out of his mind, now, Miss Marmont," he said. "He has been actually whistling—a species of music he has always disapproved of, and that I have never permitted in the house. Says he to me, 'Barber, I hope I may not be quite so troublesome to you in future as I have been,' and when I replies to him, 'Trouble has been a pleasure to me, sir,' he puts his hand on my shoulder and says, 'You have been a faithful friend, Barber.' I consider these premonitory symptoms, ma'am. Last night he was naturally excited, after Miss Heath's visit; to-day he is unnaturally excited. I never saw him so before. I hope he mayn't prove too much for us."

Mimica hoped so also, for her book-lore and slight knowledge of abnormal events had not prepared her for so remarkable a change. During the remainder of that day Le Roy was in buoyant spirits and talked incessantly, so that she had no time for reflection. He did not refer to George Hope, but told her cheerfully that they must inquire for the invalids on the morrow.

"Our small neighbourhood is alive, for once," he said, with a laugh which Mimica feared might be a "premonitory symptom." "Loquacity and silence have it all their own way at Summerlands, violent indignation rules at Monkton, astonishment pervades the vicarage, and—what shall I say?—unusual contentment overshadows Courtleroy."

"Long may it last," said Mimica, who was afraid of every word she uttered.

"You and Barber look at me as if I were some peep-show," he remarked, later on. "I hope I may reward your curiosity."

"Indeed, uncle!" "I am sure, sir!" replied the offending parties, and he laughed again.

The following morning Barber approached Mimica cautiously, and in a whisper confided to her further fears.

"He is sleeping like an infant, ma'am. He has slept all night. I have not once heard him walking up and down the room as usual. I hope it isn't softening of the brain."

"I hope not indeed, Barber," replied puzzled Mimica. "But I think I have heard or read that it is best to let people sleep under such circumstances."

She was wise, and "Tired nature's sweet restorer" took possession of Le Roy, who, to the terror of his two slaves, did not ring till nearly midday. He appeared at luncheon, however, "clothed and in his right mind." Even Barber could perceive no suspicious cranny in his conduct.

"Perhaps you will go and inquire for Miss Heath, and I will send and ask for Captain Carew," he said to Mimica.

"I could do both, uncle, if you wish," she replied.

"Yes. I should like to know the result of the indignation meeting," he added, calmly. "You must have the carriage, for it is raining."

She drove to Monkton first, and learnt that Captain Carew was rather better, but that Lady Helena had just gone out. She was leaving her card, when Sir Joshua bustled up, and begged her to come in. She acceded, and he took her to the morning room, the scene of the previous day's fracas.

"I'm so thankful you've come, Miss Marmont," he began. "I suppose Le Roy told you what a row we had yesterday. Lady Helena has been in a towering rage ever since, though it did good and cleared the air all the same. Never heard such a romantic story, though I'm sorry for poor little Margaret. She wasn't in love with Reginald, that's the truth, and what's the good of forcing people? But he was awfully severe on her ladyship, and read her a fine homily—all in Monty's favour. He's the better for it, and I trust young Hope isn't the worse. He'll do honour to us all, as Monty said when he heard the tale. And now I'll let you into a secret, Miss Marmont. But no, somebody else shall tell you. She won't like to be superseded."

Sir Joshua went off like a whirlwind, and was shortly afterwards succeeded by Barbara Leste.

"Barbara!" exclaimed Mimica, in unfeigned surprise, as she advanced slowly.

In another moment the pair were closely embraced, and Barbara was venting her restrained feelings in Mimica's arms.

"Forgive me all my jealousy and unkindness. I now know how good you have been to me. Monty has told me all."

"I am glad! I am thankful! Then all is as it should be between you," exclaimed Mimica.

They sat down, side by side, hand in hand, on the nearest couch. Barbara was very pale, and her stately head drooped a little, but her voice and manner were assured as usual while she told her friend her love-tale. Mimica's face and frame quivered with excitement as she listened. She could rejoice with her friend.

"I have been proud and unkind, Mimica,

but I am humbled," she said. "We had an interview yesterday, and Monty told me all that passed between you and him, and what a loyal friend you had been to me. Even then it was not till he nearly fainted that my heart really softened. We then agreed to forget some years of our life, and to begin again from our early days. When we had made friends I intended to leave, and went for Lady Helena. Your uncle arrived at the moment, and she requested me to remain. I went back to Monty, and found him very ill. The nurse was with him, and we both tried to relieve him from what seemed hysterical affection of the breath. She said the heart was diseased. She sent off for the doctor, and called Lady Helena. Fortunately, he was relieved when she and Sir Joshua came in. He was holding my hand, and when I tried to release it he resisted. He did not see, as I did, that his mother's face was distorted with anger, and that she could not speak for it; but he said as distinctly as he could, for his cough began, "Father, mother, if you wish me to recover, or failing recovery, to die happily, you will consent to my marrying Barbara Leste. I have always loved her." I did not dare to look at Lady Helena, but Sir Joshua cried out, "With all my heart, my boy. I'm sure your mother will say the same." But she did not speak, for she could not. She just laid her hand on our hands and pressed them. "Go, Barbara, I am better already," said Monty, and I left the room. Father was in the morning room, and seeing that I was crying, asked what it was about. I told him, and he said that some good was coming out of much evil. Then he related to me what had just happened, which accounted for Lady Helena's furious countenance, and, probably, for her concession. "But you must not consider yourself engaged," he said, and I certainly did not.

"However, in about half an hour Lady Helena joined us. She looked subdued, and the horrible expression had left her face. Still, it must have cost her something to say what she did. 'You will give your consent to Monty's marrying Barbara, Mr. Leste.' 'Not if yours is forced from you by circumstances, Lady Helena,' replied papa, and I never honoured him so much before. 'What do you say, Barbara?' she asked. 'Exactly what my father says,' I answered. I fear my pride is not crushed, Mimica. 'You will leave her with me for a few days. I know what an excellent nurse she is,' said Lady Helena. 'Certainly, if she can be of service,' returned papa. And so I remained here last night. The doctor came and assured us there was no fresh cause of alarm, but that Monty was better than yesterday. Before we went to bed last night, darling Mimica, I was finally engaged to Monty, at Lady Helena's particular desire. I have no doubt that I owe this to your uncle's visit, and to the sad fate of George Hope's parents. I pity poor Miss Heath the most, for she must have suffered martyrdom all these years."

"Dearest Barbara, your whole face is changed. You look as you did when I first saw you with Captain Carew in the vicarage schoolroom. Can this be love?"

Mimica said this reflectively, and Barbara coloured.

"We have been friends so long, Mimica—only separated," she replied, more coldly than before.

It seemed like a reproach, and Mimica cast her arms round her friend, and declared this was one of the happiest days of her life. She had, indeed, no happiness apart from that of others, and always rejoiced with those who rejoiced.

Sir Joshua bustled in, and she offered her congratulations impulsively. He almost shook her hand off.

"I always wanted Barbra for a daughter, so it's all right," he said; "at least, it will be if Monty gets well. He wants to see you, Miss Marmont. He says he's a hundred pounds better this morning. He's one of those who won't lie in bed, you know. Like me; if I was dying I should be up and about. Can't bear being kept in one room, you know. He's in the library. Barbra, take Miss Marmont to him, if she don't mind. I'll come, too, in a few minutes."

Mimica did mind, but she went.

"I am in for all the secrets of the confessional," she thought.

Captain Carew did not, however, confess. He gave Mimica's hand a grateful pressure, and asked if George Hope had delivered to her a message from him. She replied in the negative, and stayed its repetition by a glance and congratulations. He saw that she understood him.

"And Hope has left before I knew of our relationship," he said. "I wonder what my brother will think of it! He comes down to-morrow."

"That matters little!" returned Mimica. coldly. "The tables are turned."

"Yes. Hope will win all the laurels," he added, with a sigh.

"But you have won our rose—our Barbra," she said, enthusiastically, and the trio became natural as lovers and friends should be.

(*To be continued.*)

HOW TO CHOOSE A PIANOFORTE, AND KEEP IT IN ORDER.

THIRD LETTER.

"Ladies who love their piano may care to spend a minute or two in learning how it came to be the splendid triumph of human ingenuity, the precious addition to the happiness of existence, which they now find it to be. '*I have had my share of trouble*,' we heard a lady say the other day; 'but my piano has kept me happy,' and all ladies who have had the virtue to subdue this noble instrument to their will, can say something of the solace and joy they daily derive from it."—"*Atlantic Monthly*," *Boston*.

"A piano in its time plays many parts, and figures in a variety of scenes. Like the more delicate and sympathetic kinds of human beings, it is naught unless it is valued; but, being valued, it is a treasure beyond price."—"*Atlantic Monthly*," *Boston*.

E brougnt the career of the birth and training of the pianoforte, in our last letter, very nearly to our own times, and taking up the clue which led from the seventeenth century to our own, it may be well to glance at the work done in foreign countries towards perfecting the piano, each country carrying on its line of work so as to produce an instrument of a different character. If you refer to the introduction of pianos and inventions by Silbermann, in Germany, from the reading of a journal of Italian inventions, by two friends capable of appreciating a great idea, and energetic in carrying it out, you will find that in Germany the idea was by no means suffered to lie idle. A great Augsburg maker of musical instruments, M. Stein, so great was his love of improvement in art and perfection in work, devoted the greater part of his active life to the perfecting of the young invention. His work was carried on by his son-in-law, for Nanette, his daughter, married the pianist Streicher, a friend of Schiller. She inherited her father's inventions, and carried his business to found a school of Viennese art, which has continued to this day in the fine pianos by MM. Streicher, her descendants. This firm is one of the oldest in Europe, being founded in 1732, and their instruments are renowned throughout Germany, especially for an exquisite lightness of touch which has contributed to the special character of the Viennese school of pianists.

It may interest you to know that Beethoven composed his famous sonata (op. 106) for one of M. Streicher's instruments, and the firm have proved themselves worthy of their old renown in the great Exhibitions, where you will find a gold medal awarded in each case to the old firm of Streicher, of Vienna.

Then, in France, Sebastian Erard bore away the honours. He was left a young lad of sixteen, the eldest of the four fatherless children of an Alsatian upholsterer; but he had studied and worked so hard that he was quite equal to the responsibility. He had an intense love of *first-rate work*, and had distinguished himself so much in the exact sciences, that when he sought work in Paris he was at once given an appointment by an eminent harpsichord maker, where he became so distinguished for finished and exact work, as well as for a genius for invention, that the Duchesse de Villeroi gave him a workshop in her château, where he made the first pianoforte constructed in France. According to M. Fetis, it was like the English and German instruments which had been imported into France by that time. Erard thus established himself in the Rue de Bourbon, Paris, but the jealousy of the Parisian musical instrument makers was too bitterly aroused against him for him to enjoy the fruits of his labour, and they succeeded in seizing his workshops. The king, however, Louis XVI., interfered, and protected him until his own power was gone, and then Erard fled to England before the Reign of Terror, and founded here the great London house, which has remained, although its master returned with other refugees when quiet was restored to poor France, and re-established his factory in Paris. His instruments are still eminent for brilliancy of tone and delicacy of touch, but they are like very lovely flowers, which do not endure much handling, and cannot be said to be like some of Broadwood's pianos, fine and true after forty years' wear. This is confirmed by a great critic writing on the durability of some of the finest instruments.

The great factories of Pleyel and Wolff and Herz followed closely in Erard's track with fine and well-constructed instruments. Pleyel introducing into France a new cottage action, invented by the founder of the English house of Wornum, and patented in 1822, and which was so generally admired and copied abroad that at last it was known in England as the French action; and in France and Germany Wornum's principle universally prevails, and Mr. Wornum's pianos have borne

decisive testimony to the care and skill of their construction. Meanwhile Clementi and Collard founded, in 1800, another of the great houses which have sustained the honour of English work. We have already mentioned Kirkman, established in 1740, and the great firm of John Broadwood and Sons, still flourishing, like the oaks of the old country, where it rose, sustaining an army of workers, and the old reputation for honour and fair dealing, and simple uprightness, which should characterise the merchant princes of England. I met with a foreign paper in which there were a few lines so characteristic of this grand old house and its sons, that I venture to quote it. It is from the Vienna *Presse*:—

"Among the English, the firm of Broadwood stands first; next, but at some remove, come Hopkinson and Collard. *A strange gentleman* obligingly opens for us the 'Broadwood Grands,' with a strong hand draws out the mechanism, and gives us an explanation of every detail of the construction. His personality has something fascinating by its peculiar blending of intelligence and kindliness. The bright brown eye, the youthful and elastic bearing, contrast finely with the grey hair and furrowed brow. So, thought my neighbour, might a prime minister look. In fact it is the piano manufacturer, Henry Broadwood. Who does not at once couple with this name the representative of an imposing manufacturing and business industry? The nation is proud of the achievements of his firm; it may well be proud of men like Henry Broadwood. The man whose property as long ago as the first London Exhibition amounted to over two million pounds, sits at six o'clock in the morning at work on his pianos. As great a gentleman as any other, he is yet proud to be a working man. In his factory—it is like a little town—he knows every journeyman, every corner, and every arrangement. With a liberality without example, Mr. Broadwood becomes the guide and explainer to foreign manufacturers in his gigantic institution; so far is he from all littleness of even the smallest mystery or boast. And zealous as we found him to instruct others, he was quite as much so to observe and learn himself." — *Vienna Presse.*

In corroboration of this, a lady whom I know, told me, when going over the factory with one of the chief clerks, who had been upwards of fifty years in a position of great trust in the house, he, in answer to her question, said, "Yes, ma'am, Mr. Broadwood took those foreign gentlemen *all* over the place himself and showed them *all* his plans. I saw them taking notes, and wished he were not quite so generous, but he went on, like the gentleman he is, and explained everything to them; all his new plans and inventions," he said, with a sigh.

Reading over the official report of awards in the 1862 Exhibition, I find Messrs. Hopkinson's name also mentioned honourably, for the report runs:—

"Messrs. Broadwood and Sons stand, without controversy, at the head of the pianoforte makers who exhibit on the present occasion. The Jury award them a medal for excellence in every kind of piano—power and quality of tone, precision of mechanism, and solidity. . . . The Jury cannot speak too highly of Messrs. Broadwood's instruments, either in quality of tone or in perfection of manufacture. The iron work especially (Mr. H. F. Broadwood's special concert-grand's iron framing . . . was invented by him in 1847, and has been used by his firm ever since) deserves commendation, not only for the mechanical excellence of its design, but the accuracy and finish of its workmanship. The instruments are altogether such as well sustain the mechanical pre-eminence of our own country. To Messrs. Hopkinson the Jury award a medal for excellence of tone and the invention of a pedal for producing the harmonic bar.

"Other medals were awarded to MM. Herz, Pleyel, Wolff and Co., in France; Bechstein and Schiedmayer, in the Zollverein; Streicher, in Austria; and Steinway, in the United States.

"These are the makers which the Jury wish to distinguish by placing them at the head of the list.—Official Report of Jurors' Awards, 1862."

Speaking of international exhibitions and their results in the examination and report upon modern instruments and their progressive inventions, I turn to the official reports of the 1867 Paris International Exhibition; for the best way I can take of enabling you to judge of the relative excellence of modern pianofortes, is to discover what the best judges have decided when the finest instruments of the various makers are examined by them. You may fairly place much more reliance on their reports than on that of a single critic like myself, who am, of course, liable to fail in judgment or in experience—although I have had some Continental researches on this subject which were very interesting at the time and from their results afterwards.

I refer you to the quotations from the official announcements of the awards given in Paris, and it is rather interesting to find the virtue of going to the original records so immediately rewarded by the discovery of a singular misquotation in the advertisements of one of the great firms mentioned. The official report is as follows (I copied it from the original paper): "Paris, 1867. International Exhibition. Gold medals of Class 10." And this reminds me of the saying of one of our greatest ecclesiastical lawyers, who used always, when a quotation was made to him, or in the law papers he had to examine, to say, "Verify, verify!" And to this very awkward habit his opponents owed some of their most dismal experiences. Well, the Report runs: "Gold Medals of Class 10 [as I said before]—1. Broadwood, London. 2. Steinway, New

A GOSSIP.

York. 3. Chickering, Boston. 4. Streicher, Vienna. 5. P. H. Herz, Paris."

In the advertisements of the firm to which I have alluded, the order is greatly reversed (very much to their advantage and the misleading of those who know no better); and also with the further addition "that the medal given to *them* was a *grand* gold medal," whereas, in the French official paper it is a gold medal—"medaille d'or"—simply; and it seems to me better that you who read advertisements with simple, trusting eyes should know something of the real truth of things. I am sorry to be obliged to notice a very similar case in the records of a certain modern London firm, for I read there that "Messrs. ——— call attention to the fact that the Brevet, conferring the Legion of Honour on the senior member of the firm, distinctly records its having been bestowed on him as an exhibitor. This was the highest honour accorded to any British pianoforte manufacturer." Was this gentleman aware of the existence of the original papers, issued by authority of the French Government, in which "The French Government cautioned the public that the Legion of Honour decoration has nothing to do with the exhibition awards, and must not be used for trade purposes"?—French Embassy Official Paper, April 17, 1867. "Also, that the prizes obtained from the Académie Nationale have no connection with the exhibition awards."

All this suggests an unpleasant possibility of sharp practice and unfair dealing which makes the quiet honour and unadvertising dignity of some of our great English firms very refreshing. I find, on referring again to the original French papers, I have very much understated the case, for, according to the *Moniteur* of May 19, June 12, and July 9, 1867 (I quote the original French):

"De tous les exposans entrés ou restés en lice, le célèbre Broadwood doit occuper la première place dans cet examen. C'est une gloire industrielle et artistique par ces tendances qui date de loin en Angleterre, au plutôt dans les deux mondes . . . et il est évident que les Anglais ont eu une bonne chance en étant autorisés à exposer leurs produits qui leur ont valu la première medaille d'or." "Of all the exhibitors who entered or remained in the lists, the celebrated Broadwood must hold the first place in this competition. His is an industrial renown, artistic in all its tendencies, which dates from old times in England, or rather in both worlds . . . and it is evident that the English have had a good opportunity in being authorised to exhibit their productions, which have brought them the first gold medal."

You will see further that, according to the *Moniteur*, the French official paper, to Messrs. Broadwood was unanimously awarded the first and at that date the *only* gold medal, for the Emperor was afterwards persuaded to add four *gold* medals of less value, which were given as stated. See also *Musical World* of Saturday, June 15, 1867.

Then, to do justice to that other great firm of Hopkinson and Sons, which in the 1862 London International Exhibition is the only one which was mentioned with special honour after the name of Broadwood, it is only justice to them to mention also that at the Paris International Exhibition of 1855 they were awarded one of the only three gold medals given, the others being Messrs. Erard, of London, and Messrs. Herz, of Paris; and that at the Paris Exhibition in 1872 they carried off the only gold medal given to any British maker; and now I can with a clear conscience return to the foreign criticisms on our English pianos. The *Indépendance Belge* of August 6, 1867, translated by the *Musical World* of August 24, 1867, says of them: "We have said that the reputation of the French manufacturers of pianofortes sustains itself in the lofty position which it had formerly achieved. Its rival in England has done still more. It has raised itself this year far above the height assigned to it in anterior exhibitions. The celebrity of the house of Broadwood is of ancient date. From a long period it has held the first rank in England, but upon the Continent its instruments did not enjoy a renown of superiority so well established. They were lauded indeed for the solidarity of their mechanism, and for their grand and powerful tone; but in general French pianos were more highly praised for the quality of their sound, and certain performers gave preference, above all, to their greater delicacy of touch, which admitted, they said, further power to realise the lights and shades of execution. The instruments of the house of Broadwood have preserved their ancient qualities, and have acquired new. To solidarity of feature and grandeur of tone they unite the distinction of timbre, roundness, softness, delicacy and excellence of the mechanism which enable the executant to realise all kinds of effects, and respond to his intentions. We have no hesitation in declaring that the magnificent pianos of Broadwood are superior to all that have been shown in the Exhibition of 1867. Be it said without offence to the American instruments, of which we have recently spoken, and which are not without high claims to pre-eminence.

To quote also from the *Indépendance Belge* of the 6th August, 1867. "Ils n'ont pas (les pianos à queue de MM. Chickering et Steinway), le moëlleux, la delicatesse, la distinction des pianos Français et Anglais."—M. Fetis. They do not possess the sweetness, delicacy and distinguished character of the French and English pianos, but *The Journal des Débats* says, "It is evident that MM. Chickering and Steinway have both profited by the improvements and the perfection attained for so many years by the great firms of Erard, Pleyel and Wolff, and Broadwood of London, and I am told they also own this themselves with frankness which does them credit." But at the same time the impartial observer would say, why should they have made such a remarkable mistake in quoting the order of merit in the official awards?

I observed in one of the books issued by the New York and Boston makers, the opinion of a very great French musical critic was mentioned with a respect which he certainly deserved, and therefore it may be interesting to read what he has written on the subject, on the very delightful principle of verifying quotations alluded to above.

In the *Gazette Musicale* of Paris, August 1st, 1857, M. Fetis père writes: "The long-standing of the factory of MM. Broadwood, and their immense property, justly the reward of such prodigious work, have given them power to accumulate stores of materials out of all proportion greater than those possible to other firms. The woods they employ in the manufacture of their instruments have therefore a long seasoning, which exempts them from the operation of atmospheric influences. These woods, exposed in the open air for years to all changes of temperature, are afterwards submitted to dry heat, and then to steam. Then, taken to the workshops, they are combined with the grain of one wood crossing the grain of another, so that without attaining proportions too great or heavy, the woodwork of these frames acquires a strength proof against any trial. It follows thence that the instruments of MM. Broadwood maintain their original perfection under the most differing climates—even the Polar ice or in the heat of the tropics, at Calcutta or in New York, at Lima or in Hobart Town, in Australia or in England."

Omitting the praise with which M. Fetis mentions the admirable and silvery quality of the highest notes which, he says, "I have only found in the pianos which have issued from their factory," and mentioning the mathematical curves of the steel plate, and the repetition action invented by Mr. Southwell, he says, "Thus is completed the English mechanism, carried to all desirable pitch of perfection.

"The sonorous qualities of these four instruments, although of differing characteristics, are most magnificent, majestic, and penetrating. Power, roundness of tone, and sweetness are combined; the diversities which exist in their characteristics have been calculated for; made to answer to the differing tastes of musicians. Throughout their whole scale there is a perfect evenness of tone, such a rare and precious quality. With respect to the touch and its mechanism, it answers to all demands, whether of strength, of lightness, or of delicacy. Although I took endless trouble in trying to discover some imperfection, I own I was unable to find any. I could only realise the immense progress MM. Broadwood had made in the manufacture of their instruments, which is the more honourable to them, that the universal reputation of their pianos, so great and long established, might have allowed them to slacken in their efforts to improve, if they had not been, like all men of greatest worth, persuaded that perfection is never more than relative, and that in art 'Le mieux n'est pas l'ennemi du bien.'

"In conclusion, I must testify that in my opinion, and according to my best knowledge on the subject of piano manufacture, those of MM. Broadwood have attained the highest possible eminence."—M. Fetis père.

I would not omit to mention, with regard to this exhibition, that further medals were given to MM. Collard and Collard, for fine quality of tone; M. Wornum, for novelty of invention; Mr. Kirkman, for beauty of tone and general excellence of construction; Messrs. Chappell, for effective mechanical arrangements and cheapness; M. Brinsmead, for improvements in the action and general excellence; Messrs. Cadby, for excellence of workmanship; Messrs. Challen, for good action and tone. Also

Honourable mention of Mr. Eavestaff, for good workmanship; Mr. Hampton, for invention; Mr. Glassborrow, for equal tension; Messrs. N. Allison, for goodness and cheapness; Mr. Henry Thompson, for invention; Messrs. Greener and Sandilands, for novelty of invention: further, of Messrs. Holderness, Ruall, Harrison, Ruest, Oetzmann and Plumb, and Pohlmann and Son, descendants of one of the earliest makers of this instrument in England, for excellence of tone and workmanship.

Therefore I have endeavoured to help your choice by giving you the best opinions of the most unbiassed minds, and the most critical and celebrated judges, on the piano question. I have not mentioned one from our greatest singer, Madame Clara Novello, who, before leaving England for her Italian home, said she had gone over Europe seeking as she went the most perfect pianoforte for her future companion—we were in Italy, and opened the piano, to see the name—so dear to the hearts of musicians—of Broadwood on the inside. How much difference the name makes, in a cheque, in a letter, or in a piano!

I have spoken of the arrival of a piano. I remember an anecdote of the arrival of a piano under very peculiar circumstances, related by H. F. Chorley. He alludes to it in his Autobiography, but I cannot find the authority of my fuller account, though it may have come through an old and mutual friend of ours, of his, and of Mendelssohn's. He was, he said, lying ill at Leipsic on October 18, 1840. He had taken that long journey, though in failing health, to fulfil his duty as

musical critic for the *Athenæum;* had got worse on his way, and worse, and on October the 18th, when he should have been preparing for the grand concert, was lying restless in all the fulness of wretchedness in his little room high up in the crowded hotel. Mendelssohn had looked for him, inquired for him, and heard he was a prisoner, unable to move or to come, and quite miserable. There were new compositions by Mendelssohn, and a new duet with Moscheles, to be done in the evening. Lying helpless and quite hopeless, he was roused by a strange bustle below, the noise of heavy feet, a bumping of something heavier than feet coming up the stairs, then a knocking at the door, and strange voices, and in came, bumped and thumped, a concert Fleigel (or grand piano), by Brütkopf and Hartel; in came, laughing and energetic as ever, Mendelssohn, followed by Moscheles.

"Now," they said, "you shall have an evening's music, and have all the new compositions, and the new duet, in spite of everything."

What an evening they had! While the room was so small that, unless at the piano, one of the friends had to abide perched upon the bed beside the poor invalid. And do you wonder that Mendelssohn was loved, and that Moscheles left a princely income to go and work with his friend at Leipsic for £120 a year?

(*To be concluded.*)

THE POSITION OF BODY AT WORK OR STUDYING.

By MEDICUS.

WHILE doing my annual summer tour this year through England, in my own travelling carriage, going here, there, and everywhere, out of beaten tracks and visiting all kinds of little villages, towns, and hamlets, I was pleasantly surprised to find—not THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER on so many tables, for that I had fully expected—but that so many ladies of all ages read our periodical.

This fact gives me heart, and *it* teaches me also that I need not constantly imagine myself writing for young girls only.

The present paper, I feel sure, will possess a good deal of interest for all. I shall endeavour to cover as much ground as possible, and be as concise and practical as I can in my remarks.

The enemies to health that the constitutions of our working girls have to contend against are very many.

There is, to begin with, fatigue. This they have to bear up against as best they may. The worst of it is that the back is not always fitted for the burden, and that quite as much hard labour, quite as much running about and unremitting exertion is expected from the weakly lassie as from her who is robust and strong. The weakly, too, are usually most full of nerve; they will not give in. This may or may not make matters worse. Their will and determination may enable them to tide over a tiresome time, but if that tiresome time be of too long duration, health may fail and never come again.

The practical question in this case comes to be, what is best to be done? Well, girls themselves, who have to run about all day in shops, cannot expect much actual rest during their hours of employment; they must take that rest whenever they can find it. And it is best taken out of doors, not by sitting down, but by quiet walks in the open air. You see, I wish you working girls to harden yourself to your work, and if after a tiresome day you are not painfully fatigued, you will freshen yourselves up and strengthen both nerves and blood more in one hour out of doors than in three sitting in a chair, in a probably not over well-ventilated room.

To shop-mistresses—and shop-masters, if they happen to see this—I would say, would it not be kind, think you, to provide small light chairs or seats of some sort, that your young employées might rest a little at times, just, you know, when nothing is doing? Girls always standing may impress buyers with an idea that your business is large, but, on the other hand, I do not believe that an over-tired feet-weary or limb-weary girl can push business half so briskly as one who is fresh, and therefore happy. This is a hint which I believe is worthy of some consideration.

Can medicine, I mean tonics, do any good to the over-worked? Very seldom, I believe. Though, if pale and bloodless looking, a fortnight's course of tonics, about once in two months, may be beneficial. In such cases the new tonic syrup, now so largely used in medical practice, is, perhaps, the best thing; I refer to Fellows's syrup of the phosphates. The dose is a teaspoonful after breakfast and dinner, and it is most pleasant to take.

In addition to this tonic, brace your system by a cold sponge bath every morning, after a quick wash with hot water and a mild transparent soap. Go early to bed if at all delicate, and be most careful to have your room sweet and neat and well ventilated.

But your health will, to no inconsiderable extent, depend upon the position of your body while at work. If you are very young, more than actual health will depend upon this, namely, a good figure, and a healthy complexion.

In youth the bones are green—I, of course, speak figuratively—and the body will take the position to some extent that it is most often in.

Nothing, I think, detracts more from the elegance and grace of a young girl's figure than a semi-bent neck, high or rolled shoulders, or arched back.

But not the bones alone suffer, but the internal organs. If you constantly lean forward while at work, you press upon these, the stomach and liver will assuredly suffer, and, to some extent also heart and lungs. What is the consequence? Indigestion in some form or other is sure to follow; and what will follow that? Why, any ailment to which a girl is constitutionally subject! But I will simply tell you some of the numerous symptoms of this indigestion, which is caused by stooping habits.

I will put them in the form of a case, or two cases. Two young girls, then—let us call them Annie and Bertha—have not been born into the world with silver spoons in their mouths. Their parents are not over well-to-do, so they bravely determine to go out into the world and work. Both are fairly well educated, but so are thousands and thousands besides, so after trying in vain for something good and easy, they have to lower their ambition, so that three months afterwards we find Annie behind a counter, and Bertha a nursery-governess at the West End. Not high positions, certainly; but if we only do our duty, work of any kind is something to be the reverse of ashamed of. Annie has some home-work also, and of an evening she may be seen bending—though she could easily sit erect—over the sewing machine.

So the time flies on and a year passes. Now, when they both went out into the world both were rich in complexion, clear in eye, and cheerful in disposition, because healthy and happy.

Bertha is still so, and sighs and wonders to see her dear sister "fading away," as she poetically phrases it.

But how does Annie herself feel? Well, if Medicus was to question her, it would be some little time before he got the truth or half the truth out of her. Very likely she would hardly confess to being ill at all, and if he did get her to admit that she was neither so well nor so happy as she once was, she would still be unable to inform him when the first deviation from the straight paths of health took place. She supposes, and naturally enough, that such a state of being and feeling as hers are is inseparable from a life of hard worrying work.

Yes, though she does bend forward a deal when working, sewing, or even reading, she has become naturally careless of position of body; and if pressed to give a reason for it, she will say she feels tired and languid, her back often aches, and it is really a trouble to sit erect.

I wish I could get Annie to believe, even now, that it is in a great measure her stooping habits that are causing the languor, and backache, and weariness. But things go on and get worse, and a month or two afterwards Annie confesses now that she really is not well, and perhaps some of her symptoms are among these that follow:—

1. No heart to work, but must plod wearily on.
2. Little appetite in the morning; perhaps the appetite at all times capricious.
3. Feeling of fulness or uneasiness at times in the pit of stomach.
4. Heartburn or acidity.
5. Palpitation on any sudden excitement, or without any apparent cause.
6. Backaches and weary pains about limbs.
7. Occasional headache, and hot, tired feeling about the eyes.
8. Perspiration easily brought on.
9. Bad sleep, restlessness, or troubled, tiring dreams, and a feeling of unrefreshedness in the morning.
10. Low spirits, nervous, hysterical feelings, and general depression of mind or body.

Now, I need not pursue Annie's case further, but my experience tells me that it is not an uncommon one, and due more often than

anyone could believe to bad position of body while at work.

Let this be remedied by all who suffer so, and let them attend to digestion at the same time.

No new bread must be eaten; no pastry or cheese, no overdone meat, and no raw vegetables, even celery and salads must be avoided, and so must pickles and hot sauces, and even too much pepper.

Change in diet is essential, and so is regularity in the times of taking food.

Eat only that sort of food which you know will agree with you.

Plenty of fresh air is most essential to all who are obliged to retain an uncomfortable position of body while at work.

Now a word to school-girls. I am sure you wish to grow up straight and well-formed, for you can never be graceful nor even beautiful else. I advise you, then, from the very day you read these lines, to determine with yourself that you will both sit and walk erect, and that you will conform to the ordinary rules of health as regards fresh air, exercise, the morning cold-bath, and well-ventilated rooms.

But I must say a word about dumb-bell exercises. The best of this is that it trains all the muscles of the body alike, only it must be taken with great regularity twice a day for months and months; and it must be taken scientifically. What I mean to say is this, that a simple swaying about of the dumb-bells for a certain time every day is folly; it is madness without a method. Take lessons how to use them properly, and follow the plan out most carefully, and very great benefits will result.

Corsets should be worn, but never tight ones; they should be so made as to rest and support the back, but assuredly never to compress the chest.

Position of body is to be studied in every action.

While sewing, knitting or reading, do not stoop the back, and do not stoop the neck.

On the other hand, the eyes must not be strained. Therefore the work or the book should be held well up. But this is fatiguing. Is it not, therefore, possible to rest the arms on some support in front of you? Anything rather than that the internal organs of the body should have their actions interfered with, or that the back and neck should be encouraged to assume a premature stoop.

A word to mothers.—It is for you to take care that your girls shall assume no unhealthy positions of body at work in the house, or while studying. It is for you to respectfully remind school teachers of the fact, which I could bring a thousand cases to prove, that stooping habits are accountable for an incalculable amount of evil and ill-health.

Do you ever notice that your children "go over" their boots as it is called; in other words, wear them all to one side? This is brought about in many cases by a careless habit of holding the feet while sitting or standing. This habit must be corrected, and if there seems to be really a weakness of the ankles, this must be remedied first by boots of a peculiar construction which any intelligent bootmaker can manufacture, and secondly by giving strengthening food, wholesome exercise, and a course of Parrish's chemical food.

The dose of the latter syrup will depend upon the age. It contains the phosphorus of iron, lime, with potash and soda, and is really an excellent bone and blood tonic in many cases of debility, especially in young people. The dose is from half a teaspoonful to two teaspoonfuls in a little water twice or thrice daily after food.

SHADOWS OF THE PAST.

By ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO.

I'm sitting in a shady room,
A dainty scent pervades its gloom,
The perfume from a withered flower
Gathered—who knows in what sweet hour?
Or pressed by what fair lips which must
Have mingled long ere this with dust?
The relic of a grandsire's love
Stored with a letter and a glove!

And all about the room are spread
The handiworks of ladies dead:
A great aunt's miracles in lace,
A Dian coming from the chase
Worked by great-grandmothers of mine
While great-grandfathers sipped their wine;
And here's a valentine so torn
I think it was received in scorn.

And from the wall the pictured face
Of one, the glory of our race,
Looks down at me with earnest gaze,
As if he wondered at the ways
By which the old world rumbles on,
Though all he counted best is gone,
And that old fealty is dead
For which he bravely fought and bled.

And in yon ancient chest there hide
Charters of farms and acres wide,
Traces of what we once possessed.
Well, perchance poverty is best,
And we can still afford to keep
(Since harmless pride is always cheap)
Our boast that those lost lands were due
For packs of wolves our forbears slew.

And have they left no more behind,
These soldiers brave, those ladies kind?
Of beings vanished like a dream
How little do such relics seem!
And what of those who strayed and fell,
Records of sad defeat to swell?
Or those who only loved and prayed,
'Mid homely duties on them laid?

There seems a whisper in the air,
"We're there, and here, and everywhere!
Why need you wish that you had more
Of these poor shadows which you store,
When all the life in which you move
Is outgrowth of our life and love?
The very thoughts you call your own,
But flowers from seeds which we have sown!

"And none have left a stronger trace
Than some who lived in silent grace;
The maid who faded in her bloom
Brightened the pathway to the tomb,
With hopes from soul to soul which flow
Like streams whose sources none may know,
And he who perished at his post
Inspired the leader of a host!

"The dead are nearer than some say
(Stars shine on through the sunshine day!),
Nor must we chain the Present fast
About the ankles of the Past,
For both are living, and most move
In step to God's great march of Love.
We need not fear that any soul
Can leave but rose leaves in a bowl!"

SHADOWS OF THE PAST.

MY BROTHER'S FRIEND.

By EGLANTON THORNE, Author of "The Old Worcester Jug," etc.

CHAPTER XX.

I BECOME A GUEST AT THE TOWERS.

WOKE the next morning, after a night of broken, dream-vexed sleep, with a heavy weight of care upon my heart. Grace's words came to me — "An unhappy woman can never make others happy." Truly I had no brightness of spirit that could diffuse gladness on others. I shrank from rising and encountering the events of the day. But soon thought became too painfully insistent. To escape it I rose, and began in haste to dress.

When I was dressed, I knelt for a few moments and murmured a formal prayer, but there was no unburdening of my heart before God. Alas! my sorrows had not taught me to cast myself on the love and sympathy of the only Friend who can perfectly understand our troubles, and sustain us beneath them. In days gone by I had uttered vehement, importunate prayers, beseeching the Lord to grant me my heart's desires. I was ready to strike a bargain with Heaven, as it were. If only my brother were restored to health, if only my secretly cherished hope might blossom into the beautiful flower of which I dreamed, I would be so good; I would take up works of charity; I would try to live for others, as Grace West did. But when one hope after another died, when death had torn from me my brother, and everything seemed to be going wrong in my life, I could no longer pray freely. My heart rebelled against the will of God, and questioned the love of God.

Had I been willing to yield my will to God's, I should not have set aside Grace's warning as I did, and chosen to go on in my own way. The inner monitor, which will not be silenced, warned me that she had spoken wisely, and that I was no longer seeking to fulfil my brother's wishes, since I knew that he would have wished me to be guided by Grace's counsel. Deep within me, though unavowed, was a motive for which I might well have blushed. It was a satisfaction to my pride to think that Leonard Glynne would hear of my engagement, and understand that I had never felt for him a stronger feeling than the fleeting fancy he had shown for me.

It was not pleasant to think of meeting Grace in the breakfast-room, but when I went down she greeted me with her usual gentle affectionateness. She had no self-love that could take offence at my resentment of her outspokenness. She looked anxiously at me, that was all.

Not long after breakfast I was brought by Ralph into his parents' presence to receive their welcome as his betrothed. There was no constraint, no lack of cordiality in the welcome they gave me. They must have been aware how unworthy I was of their noble-hearted, rarely-gifted son, yet that he had chosen me was enough to secure for me their best love and confidence. "You were like a daughter to me when we were away," said Mrs. Dugdale, in her gentle, kindly manner, "and now you are indeed one of our family." How ashamed I felt as I listened to their warm, kind words. They were almost more than I could bear. I longed to confess myself the deceiver I was.

Ere the day was over I wore Ralph's betrothal ring, a circlet of solid gold, studded with pearls. My heart smote me when I looked at it, but I tried to forget Grace's words. I would be true, I vowed to myself; whatever happened I would be true to Ralph, and I would make him happy.

I had arranged to go to Mabel's on the following Tuesday. Mr. and Mrs. Dugdale tried to persuade me to prolong my stay with them, but to this I could not consent, and Ralph, who knew that it had been Edmund's wish that I should go to my sister, did not attempt to delay my going.

We had but a few days together, therefore, ere we parted, but those few days sufficed to show me that it was beyond my power to make Ralph happy. I could deceive others by assumed cheerfulness, but I could not deceive the eyes that watched me with keen-sighted love. And the new relationship into which we had entered seemed to have destroyed the old familiar friendship. I could not treat Ralph now as I had treated my brother's friend, could not talk to him freely, as I had been wont to do. I was shy, self-conscious, uneasy when with him, and he saw the change, and wondered at it. The shadow that lay on my heart cast its chill on him. I could read in his face the doubts, the questionings, the fears he would not utter. Once he asked me tenderly, anxiously, whether there were any secret trouble I was hiding from him. How I answered the question I know not, but it was in a way that quieted, if it did not satisfy him. Another day he surprised me by speaking of our early marriage, and suggesting that we should take a house, which then happened to be vacant at Beechwood—an idea so startling to me that I responded hastily, without pausing to reflect, "Oh, please do not speak of that. It cannot be for years, and—and I could not bear to live at Beechwood."

My words amazed him. He looked both pained and bewildered ere he said, "Why, Dorothy, this is news; I thought you liked this neighbourhood. I thought it would please you to be near mother and Grace, and within easy distance of your old friend, Mrs. Lyell."

"Yes, yes," I faltered, colouring deeply, "that would be nice, but I would rather live somewhere else."

"Wherever you please, dearest," he said, the troubled look still on his countenance. "There are plenty of desirable places within easy reach of town. And do not think that I wish to hurry you unduly, or to make any arrangement that you would not like."

I thanked him with a look, the deep gratitude of which must have puzzled him.

It was a relief to me when we parted on the following day. Mabel, who was highly gratified to think that I should make so excellent a match, had invited Ralph Dugdale to come to The Towers for Easter, which fell early that year. I could not truthfully echo his longing for that time to come. Yet my heart reproached me when I saw the sad, harassed look that came to Ralph's face when I bade him a somewhat cold farewell. I had become responsible for this man's happiness, and already I was making him miserable. Yet how earnestly I desired that he should be happy! No other friend was so dear to me; no other life was bound to mine by such strong chords of grateful, undying memories.

Two hours later I was alighting from the train at Burford station. Here there was no sign of change; but how different this arrival was from any I had known before! Mabel had not come to meet me, but the brougham from The Towers was in attendance, and the footman was on the platform looking out for me. In a few minutes I was driving along the old, well-known road. The low-lying meadows were half under water; the river flowed high beneath the old bridge. I shuddered as I thought of the precious life that had perished there two years ago. Two years! Was it indeed barely two years? It seemed as if ten might have passed, so much experience, such varied suffering had been compressed for me into that brief period.

Presently the ugly landmark of The Towers came in sight. I was glad when we turned from the road to drive up the gravel sweep to the house. I shrank from seeing more of Burford then. Mabel received me very quietly but affectionately. I think it cost her some effort to subdue as she did every sign of emotion. She looked very pretty and graceful in her handsome crape and cashmere, but I saw a change in her—some lines of care on her brow, some lines of discontent about her mouth, which had become more deeply graved since last I saw her.

It was characteristic of Mabel that she said as little as possible about our recent loss. Yet she doubtless felt Edmund's death more than she would show.

"You are not looking well, Dorothy,"

she said, as she helped me to remove my wraps. "But it is no wonder; you have had much to bear. It is all very sad. Poor Edmund! I cannot bear to think of his dying so far from home. If I had had the least idea he was so ill I should have come to him."

I was silent. I could not say that it was her own fault she had not known, since she had refused to believe the truth I sent her. Of course she understood my silence.

"His life should have been saved," she said; "but I suppose it was the effects of that fatal fire that caused his death."

"It hastened it, no doubt," I said; "but the physician who saw him in London has since told Ralph that he had feared the decline would be rapid, and that, in the most favourable circumstances, dear Edmund could hardly have lived through this winter."

"Then I shall never think much of Dr. Fearon's skill," pronounced Mabel, who always liked to find someone to blame for whatever distressed her; "and I think it was very wrong of him to send Edmund to Switzerland."

Mabel had had tea brought to my room for me—such a handsome, luxurious room it was, at once a bedroom and sitting-room—and as we sat by the fire, I told her all I thought she ought to know about Edmund's last days, and gave the tender, brotherly messages with which he had charged me. I gave her, too, some books he had wished her to have, and a precious lock of black hair which I had severed from his dead, cold brow.

Mabel's tears fell fast as she listened to me. The hair should be enshrined in a locket, the best that could be purchased; Howard would see to that, she said. Then, rising, she kissed me and said, tremulously, "Thank you, dear, for telling me this; but we will not talk of it more. It is too sad; if I dwelt on it I should be unfitted for my duties. I will leave you now. You will remember that we dine at seven."

And when we met at the dinner table, Mabel was calm, graceful, equable as usual. She never willingly spoke of Edmund again. Some embarrassment was visible in Howard Steinthorpe's demeanour as he greeted me; but he treated me with courtesy and kindness.

Before dinner I had found time to pay a visit to the nursery and make acquaintance with my nephew. I had expected to see a fine and bonny boy; but such a lovely child as he was I had not dreamed of seeing. Even at the risk of being charged with an aunt's partiality, I must declare that I have never seen a more beautiful child. Little Percy, with his violet eyes and golden curls, his exquisitely rounded limbs, his delicately fair complexion, had the rare, poetic charm great painters have loved to give to their holy children, their bright-winged cherubs, their pictures of infantile innocence. And his picturesque beauty was heightened by the rich velvets and rare laces in which Mabel attired his baby form, with a magnificent simplicity which was the outcome of her artistic instincts.

But who can describe the attractions of a little child? Every true woman can imagine them without aid, and if a man's imagination cannot help him in this matter, then he is to be pitied.

At the first glance I admired, I was ready to worship, my tiny nephew; but when the sweet eyes brightened with joy and the baby face smiled on me, when, as I bent with out-stretched arms and coaxing words, the toys were thrown down, and, without any shy tremors, the little fellow rose and threw himself into my arms, circling my neck with his soft arms, and pressing his rosy lips to mine, then my whole heart went out in love to the child; I was comforted; I was glad as I had not been since my brother left me.

"Say how do you do, aunt," instructed his nurse.

"Ow do, ahne," faltered the baby lips.

"Aunt Dorothy—call me Aunt Dorothy," I said.

The brave little fellow made the attempt, but had to shorten the long word.

"Ahne Dottie," he said.

How touching, yet sweet, it was to hear the pet name, which my brother only had used, come from the baby lips.

"You darling! you darling!" I cried, gathering him again into my arms and kissing him passionately. What a treasure, what a blessing I had found! I had no longer cause to dread the weeks I should pass at The Towers. It could not be an uncongenial place whilst it was brightened by so sweet a flower.

Mabel was pleased to hear how I admired her little son, and Howard Steinthorpe's face relaxed from its cold passivity as I talked enthusiastically of the child. Percy's father was very proud and fond of him, and showed his fondness in a more demonstrative fashion than Mabel, who had a dread of spoiling the child, whilst he liked nothing better than to indulge Percy's every wish and fancy.

Percy and I became fast friends in the days that followed. How he comforted me words cannot tell. It was sad to move again amidst familiar scenes, when my life was so changed. It was almost more than I could bear to look upon our old house, now occupied by Mr. Steinthorpe's manager; for under the new order of things the tannery had become a flourishing concern.

Everyone spoke of the wealth Steinthorpe was accumulating by the profits of this business and of his steam mills at New Burford. He would seek parliamentary honours, it was said, whenever there was a desirable vacancy in the county. As I went to and fro at Burford and caught such words as these, or as I talked with Salome, who loved to have me sit in her cottage and talk over bygone days and "poor dear Master Edmund," memory would often stab me. But when I went back and, as I entered the house, heard Percy's shout of welcome to "Ahne Dottie," as he leaned over the gate at the head of the stairs, when I carried him back in triumph to the nursery and there played with him to his heart's content, I forgot every irritating thought, every sad reflection.

Mabel laughed at me sometimes for spending so much time in the nursery. She used to beg me not to spoil her boy; but she never showed the least jealousy of little Percy's fondness for me. It was not Mabel's way to be jealous. She was sincerely glad that I had taken to him. Our common love for Percy certainly drew us together. Mabel would talk to me of her plans for his upbringing and education, and even confide to me her fond ambitions for his distant manhood. Sometimes she would let me bring him into the drawing-room, although she was of opinion that a child of his age should be kept in the nursery. Mabel did not lavish caresses on the child as I did; she seldom gave free expression to her love, but there was a proud, yet tender look on her face, giving a new charm to its prettiness, as she gazed on her little son, as I carried him in my arms, or guided his tiny steps amid the bewildering maze of furniture. And I cannot forget the glow of joy that lit up her face for a moment, when once, as I lifted the wee boy to look at a coloured photograph of his mother, which hung against the wall, he said, unprompted, in his sweet baby tones, "Pretty mamma!"

But, if visitors came in, nurse was at once summoned and Master Percy despatched to the nursery. No persuasions of her lady friends would induce Mabel to let him remain in the room. She would listen with an air of languid indifference to the praises bestowed on his beauty. It was not "good taste," according to Mabel's standard, to betray any parental fondness.

My actions had seldom chanced to cause Mabel satisfaction; but my engagement to Ralph Dugdale gratified her exceedingly. She could not congratulate me enough on my happy prospects. Such a good family the Dugdales were, with plenty of money too, and Ralph was so clever, so attractive, a man sure to make a name for himself. Sore as the subject was, I could hardly help smiling at the naive way in which Mabel all but expressed her astonishment that such good fortune should have fallen to me.

"I do not want him to make a better name than he has," I would say bluntly. "For me the name of Ralph Dugdale already stands for all that is good and noble. What we should most remember is that he was our brother's friend."

I often told myself in those days how good Ralph was and how proud and happy I should be that I had won the love of such a man. But I was not happy. Nor, strive as I would, could I banish utterly the thought of Leonard Glynne.

In spite of the soothing delight little Percy gave me, secret trouble preyed on me. As the spring advanced, I grew more and more restless, irritable and depressed. Sleep left me; my strength rapidly declined. Mabel saw that I was out of sorts, and tried to cheer me by talking of Ralph's approaching visit, for now Easter was close at hand.

"Come, Dorothy," she said to me

one mild but rather damp March morning, as I sat shivering over the fire with a throbbing head and generally uncomfortable sensations, which I believed to be the first symptoms of a feverish cold, "you must make haste and change your gown. I have ordered the carriage to come round immediately after luncheon to take us to Dunsted to call on Mrs. Gower."

"Who is Mrs. Gower?" I asked, wondering when I had heard the name before, with which I seemed to have a confused, half-painful remembrance, that refused to define itself.

"She is the wife of the new vicar of Dunsted, and a very charming woman. They have not been at the vicarage much more than a year, and it is their first home, so you see they are quite an interesting young couple. I met her at the Carringtons' a few weeks ago and promised to call soon, because she was expecting a visit from a young lady to whom her brother has lately become engaged."

"Oh, Mabel, please excuse me," I pleaded; "my head aches, and I feel in no mood for seeing strangers."

"Nonsense, Dorothy, you must rouse yourself. The air will do you good; it is the worst thing possible for a headache to sit over the fire. And I know you will like Mrs. Gower and this Miss ——oh, whatever is her name? I have quite forgotten it. Well, it does not matter; but she comes from London, and is very pretty and *distinguée*."

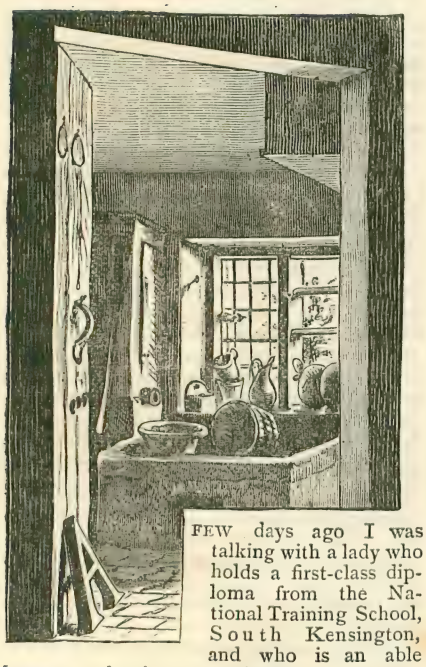
It seemed easier to go, languid and poorly as I felt, than to resist Mabel's imperious will. So I went away to dress, wondering stupidly what connection the name of Gower could have with my past, and why it should recall to me so vividly the old, quiet days at Weylea and Leonard Glynne.

(To be continued.)

DIPS INTO AN OLD COOKERY BOOK.

By RUTH LAMB.

D.P III.



FEW days ago I was talking with a lady who holds a first-class diploma from the National Training School, South Kensington, and who is an able lecturer and writer on cookery.

In the course of our conversation I mentioned the old book into which we have been dipping. She said, "I should like to have a peep into that book; most of those old recipes are first class."

"But they sound extravagant, on account of the great quantities of butter, eggs, and cream used in compounding them," I replied.

"Ah," said she, "that shows the difference between the prices of things when that book was written out, and those we pay nowadays for the same kinds of articles."

This remark set me thinking of summer prices, on market days, when I was a child, and I well remember being with my mother when she purchased fresh butter at sixpence per pound and fresh eggs at eighteen for sixpence. So, even in my day, and considerably more than a century after our old Cook Book was written, we country folk had little need to stint in the matter of eggs and butter. Even at Christmas time we once considered fresh eggs very dear at a penny each, and now we pay at least twice that price, so we need to study economy in the use of them.

According to promise, I will now give recipes for cakes of various kinds, and first instruct you "how to make a wigg." Probably the name will puzzle you as much as it did me when I first went, as a little girl, to visit my grandmother in the North Riding of Yorkshire. The old housekeeper said to me, as tea was coming in, "I've made some wiggs for you, honey; do you like them?"

I knew nothing about wiggs except those spelled with one "g," and intended to cover bald heads; but I was agreeably surprised to find that those made for my special benefit were a kind of very light teacake, made as follows. "Take 2 quarts of flower, ¼ lb. of butter, 2 eggs, or three whites, and a little barm." These are evidently to be mixed into a very light dough with milk, and allowed to rise thoroughly, as we are next told to "Hot ye milk hot! Then let it coole and put in mace carraway or coriander seeds to taste. Let them be light blown." These teacakes are baked in round tins, are thick enough to cut in three, and should be buttered very hot. The following is for a "spice cake" of superlative quality:—

"Take 3½ lbs. of flower, dryed before ye fire; 3 lb. of currens, washed and dryed; half a pound of raisons, 8 eggs and enough of new yest; half a pound of suggar; cinnemon and nutmegg as much as you think fit. Take a pint of cream, a gill of sack, a pound of butter, and *warm* these on ye fire. So knead your cake and bake it. But first give it time to rise."

"To make Chees Cakes, take a quart of crod (*curd*). Drean it very well in a seve. When ye whay is well dreaned from it, take it and work it a little; then work in half a pound of butter and a penny loaf of stale white bread grated fine; a little cinnement, mace and 7 eggs, but take from them 4 whites, before ye beat them, a quarter of a pound of shuggar and a lb. of currens. A glass of brandy. Work these all very well together. So make ye cakes" (that is, line your patty pans) "with puff paste and put your chees into them."

This last recipe is one of the daintiest that can be desired, and is well worthy of attention, as is also the following for making "A Fruite Cake":

"Take 2 lb. of fine flower, well dryed before ye fire, and 3 lb. of currens, well washt and clene pict and dryed again, and half an ounce of season which let it be cloves, sinnement and nutmeg" (the pounded spice sold in packets would answer very well, but if the recipe be exactly adhered to) "beat them fine and mix among ye flower. Then take a gill and a half of cream and a pound of butter—which warm it over ye fire till it be melted, and then lett it stand till it be new milk warm before you mix them. In ye meantime take ale and a little new yeast and 2 eggs: beat them very well together, and to your cream and butter add 2 spoonfull of brandy, and 2 spoonfull of rose water. Then take your flower and hast" —that is heat—"it up, working it well with ye hands. Sett it before ye fire half an hour to rise. Then have your currens warm before ye fire, and put them in when ye oven is hot. Let your pann or remm"—tin or rim—"be well buttered."

The writer of these recipes was well aware of the importance of having flour thoroughly dry for making pastry and cakes; and fruit not only well dried after washing it, but just warm.

Many a cake has been rendered heavy by the use of damp flour, or by putting in cold, wet currants that had neither been drained nor dried before the fire. Slow cooking was also appreciated, as in many recipes we are told to bake or boil "verrey sokenly" or gradually, to insure a satisfactory result.

Home-made wines, brewed to eat with home-made cakes and biscuits, are much less common than they used to be. But there are still country housewives who pride themselves as much upon the gooseberry, currant, and cowslip wines as a millionaire does on his cellar of old port. I know one dear old lady of the old school who has a wonderful stock of home-made wines, some of which have been above thirty years in bottle, and are excellent in flavour and possessing great strength. A small cup of her spiced elder wine made hot and taken at bed time is looked upon as a sovereign remedy for a cold in the head, and is deemed a most comforting winter draught under any circumstances.

I have no doubt Mrs. Anne Jackson's recipes for home-made wines will be found excellent, so I will give two or three.

"To Make Cowslip Wine. To every 6 quarts of water, add 3lbs. of loaf shugar, and boyle them togeather an hour, scuming them well. Then let it boyle a little and put it into an earthen pot to 3 quarts of clean pict cowslips. Then put toe it ye juce of 2 lemmons, the ringes (rinds) being put with it. When it is quite cold put on two or three spoonfulls of new yest, stirring it once or twice every day.

When it hath wrought 4 or 5 days, then squeeze out the cowslips, put the licquor into an earthen pot with a tap in it. Let it stand a fortnight close stopt and then bottele it."

"How to Make Curren Berry Wine. Take 20 quarts of curren berries; bruse them with your hands and putt to them 10 quarts of spring water and mix them well, and then lett it stand 2 days. Stir it as often as you can; then strane it through a fine seve, then putt it through a fine flannen bag. Put to every quart of wine half a pound of shuggar. Stir it well, then put it into a brandy cask or a sack runlet, putt in some brandy and lett it stand one month or two; then bottle it with a little shugar in every bottle."

I feel bound to suggest one or two amendments in the above. First, that you should crush the "curren berreys" with a wooden masher instead of your hands, unless you wish the latter to be in a sad state for some time afterwards, and quite unpresentable. Then, that the quantity of brandy should be accurately defined. My old friend puts a dessertspoonful into each bottle before she fills it with the wine, when drawing it off from the cask or large earthen jug in which it has been standing.

There are several other recipes for wine, also some wonderful things in the way of sack possets and mulled liquors. But in place of selecting from these I will furnish two of a different kind for making "Strong Mead" and "Small Mead," the daily beverage of our Anglo-Saxon ancestors in the time of the Heptarchy. But I must transpose the sentences, as in the "Cook Book" the instructions for clearing it during "boyling" come in after it is supposed to have been a year in bottle.

"To Make Strong Mead. Take a quart of honey to 3 quarts of water, and lett them boyle an hour. In the meantime when it's begun to boyle, take ye white of an egg and beat it very well with a pint more of water, and put it in. Then scum it very well; this will help to make it clear. Then if it be not very clear, put it through a clean flannin into a clean cask and clay it up very close, letting it stand half a year; then bottle it and let it stand half a year before you use it."

The "claying up" was the plastering of stiff clay round the bung to insure the perfect exclusion of air.

"To Make Small Mead. To 8 gallons of water, put 1 gallon of honey and 3lbs of loaf shuggar. Boyle and clear with whites of eggs, keeping it scuming for an hour, till it is clear, then put in it mace, cloves, cinnemon, and ginger if you think fit. Let it boil an hour longer. Take it off ye fire and infuse ye juce of 6 lemmons. When it is cooled, clear it from ye sedments into a barrel with 6 or 8 spoonful of new ale yest, and a good hand of balm and sweet bryer. When it has done working close it up in ye barrel, and after it has stood so a fortnight bottel it up with a bit of loaf shuggar in ever bottel."

Good mead is no despicable liquor, and bee keepers may make it at no appreciable cost by soaking the combs in cold water after the honey has been drained out. By thus washing the combs sufficient honey is obtained for the purpose. The liquor when boiled, with a bag of spices in it, a little lemon juice and rind, and then cleared and worked as in the above old recipes, makes excellent mead.

Does anybody know in these days a drink called "Ebulum?" I never heard of it until I made its acquaintance in the MS. pages before me. To make it: "Take 8 gallon of your best wort at ye first comeing of. Bruse one coop of barby berries, and boyle them in ye wort, and a quartoun of hops, and a quartoun of ginger" (¼lb I presume) "and a quartoun of an ounce of cloves. Bruise them and put them in a bagg together and boyle them in it. Then let it stand a moneth in barrels. Then take stones out of one pound of raisons—and 2lbs of suggar—and draw it into bottels, putting ye raisons and suggar into it."

That is to say, the raisins and sugar are to be divided, and a little quantity put at the bottom of each bottle, before the ebulum is drawn off, and corked up for use.

For the better understanding of this quaint old recipe, let me say that the coop of barby-berries is a cupful of barberries, and the "wort" is the sweet liquor made by infusing malt—the first operation in brewing beer.

Having dipped sufficiently into the old book for information about the cooking of meats, savoury and sweet, and the compounding of drinks, I will finish my work by showing how housewives in "ye olden tyme" anticipated Mr. Rimmel and his co-perfumers, and made for themselves sundry toilet accessories and table ornaments. I hardly think the young readers of THE GIRL'S OWN will be likely to test these recipes; but I have no doubt they will read them with interest and amusement.

"To Make Syrrep of Violets. Take vilots, striped and cleaned from ye whites. To every ounce of vilots, take 2 ounces of water; soe steep them upon embers, till ye water be as blew as a vilot, and ye vilots turned white. Then put in more violots into ye same water. Again ye third time. Then take, to every quart of water, 4 lb. of suggar and boyle it to a syrrop and keep it for your use. Thus you may also make syrrep of roses."

"To Candie Flowers ye Best Way. Take roases, violetts, cowslips or gilly flowers, and pick them from ye white bottoms. Then have some suggar boyled to a candie height, and put in soe many flowers as ye suggar will receive, and continually stir them with ye back of a spoon. When you see ye suggar harden on ye sides of ye skillet and on ye spoon, take them off ye fire and keep them, with stirring in ye warme skillet, till you see them part and ye suggar, as it were, sifted upon them. Then put them upon a paper while ye are warme, and rubb them gentally with your hands till all ye lumps be broken, then put them into a cullender and sift them as clean as may be, and pore them upon a clean cloth and shake them up and down, till there be hardly any suggar hanging about them. Then, if ye would have them look as tho' ye were new, then have some help, and open them with your fingers, before ye be quite cold, and if any suggar hang about them, you may wipe it of with a fine cloth. So serve."

Whether these candied flowers are to be eaten or only admired, the writer sayeth not; but she tells us how "To keep flowers all the year," and for what purpose: "Take any sort of pritty flowers you can get, and have in readeness some roasewater made very slipery by laying Gum Arabeck therein. Dip your flowers very well, and swing it out again, and stick them in a seve to dry in ye sun. Some other of them you may dust over with fine flower, and some with sifted suggar, after you have weated them. So dry them. Either of them will be very fine; but those with suggar will not keep so well as the other. They are good to set forth Banquotts and to garnish dishes and will look very fresh and have their right smell."

Glance from these simple gummed flowers to the artistic and beautiful table-decorations of to-day. One can hardly realise the rapid march onward in the way of ornament made in the last few years. Give another glance at the list of perfumes and cosmetics which are poured in upon us from day to day, and then go back a century and a half and picture a great-grandmother carefully concocting from this, the last recipe I shall give: "A Rare Sweet Water. Take Sweet Marjoram, Lavender, Rosemary, Muscovey, Thyme, Walnut leaves, Damask Roses, Pinks, of all a like quantity, enough to fill your Still. Then take of ye best Orice powder, Damask Rose powder, and Storax, of each 2 ounces. Strew one handfull or 2 of ye powder on ye horbs. Then distill them with a slow fire. Tie a little musk in a piece of lawne, and hang it in ye glass wherein it drops. When it is all drawn out take your sweet cakes" (that is, the masses of flowers) "and mix them with ye powders that are left dry, and lay among your clothes, or with sweet oyles, and burn them for perfume."

I close the book upon the rest of recipes. I trust that some of the really valuable ones will be tried by young cooks and the results as much appreciated as they have been at our own table. In any case the pictures of domestic life which may be realised from them, the quaint wording and the oddly varied spelling of the old MS., must afford some instruction and amusement.

There is a little element of superstition and mystery, too, which hangs round the yellow leaves of the book; as I was informed by the friend who enlightened me as to the meaning of "shoops." She told me, in a sort of mysterious whisper, that Mrs. Anne, the writer of the Cook Book, was believed to be identical with a certain "Old Nannie" of terrible memory who was said to have walked long after her decease. I was anxious to know where she did the walking, and was informed under the very roof where I was then abiding, though her real home, when in the flesh, had been at some distance.

"Then depend on it," said I, with a hearty laugh, "the people who once lived here had borrowed her Cook Book and never returned it. If all book borrowers—and keepers of the same—could be haunted by the rightful owners of the volumes it would be a very good thing for many of us."

My friend did not look upon the matter as a thing to laugh at; but she added that it was a very long time since old Nannie had been seen to walk, a statement which I fully believed, and so bid farewell to Mrs. Anne Jackson and her Cook Book of 1721.

[THE END.]

FLORA MACDONALD.

By LILY WATSON.

CHAPTER I.

Sweet Highland girl! a very shower
Of beauty is thy earthly dower; . . .
Thou wear'st upon thy forehead clear
The freedom of a mountaineer.
A face with gladness overspread,
Soft smiles, by human kindness bred,
And seemliness complete, that sways
Thy courtesies, about thee plays.
Wordsworth.

CRITIC who never erred on the side of flattery to women, and who never missed an opportunity of letting fly an epigram at Scotland and Scottish people, said, "The preserver of Prince Charles Edward Stuart will be mentioned in history, and if courage and fidelity be virtues, mentioned with honour."

Fortified by this opinion, which was uttered by no less a man than Dr. Johnson, we may turn with a clear conscience to trace the story of Flora MacDonald. No mere illogical enthusiast was she in the cause of a Pretender to a forfeited birthright; no feminine example of romantic and misplaced devotion! Her action was not the fruit of momentary impulse, but of brave, tender, compassionate helpfulness, such as any girl might be proud to imitate.

The fiction of modern days has taken us more than once to the wild and misty region of the Scottish islands, with their driving showers, wonderful gleams of sunlight, dark and desolate lochs, cloudy hills, and loud resounding surge upon the shore. Passionate is the attachment of the dwellers on these rugged coasts to their native spot, and when exiled they pine in bitter home-sickness.

"From the lone shieling on the misty island,
Mountains divide us, and a world of seas,
But yet our hearts are true, our hearts are Highland,
And we in dreams behold the Hebrides."

In South Uist, one of these remote western isles, Flora was born, about the year 1722. Her father, Ronald MacDonald, of Miltoun, was a kind and leal-hearted Highland gentleman, living on his estate, beloved by his tenants, his wife, and children; but while Flora and her little brother Angus were still in the nursery, he was taken ill and died. Although the bairns were too young to realise the loss, the disappearance of their father and the despair of their young mother made an enduring impression on their minds.

After a time the widow found comfort in teaching her little ones.

"We were both too young to require much in the way of education," says Flora, "but in a knowledge of heavenly things we were early instructed."

Both the children were perfectly happy, leading the free outdoor life that is natural and delightful to their age. As years went on, Flora studied with her mother the simple matters that then formed the staple of a country girl's education. Of accomplishments she knew nothing, but she loved to chant the sweet, plaintive ditties of her native Highlands, and, taking her story-book, she would put the words to music, and sing them to her dollie in the crooning fashion of Gaelic melodies. She had but few childish companions in the wild remoteness of her home, but two humble relations, half friends, half servants, after the patriarchal Highland system, lived under the same roof. One of these was Niel MacEachan MacDonald, a boy a few years older than his cousins, to whom he was trusty playmate, tutor, and attendant. The other, Katie MacDonald, was Flora's devoted and affectionate companion.

In garden and orchard, by shore and moorland, the happy children played, until a great change took place in their fortunes. The young and beautiful widow, their mother, had been sought in marriage by more than one person, and a certain Hugh MacDonald, of Armadale, whose property was at Sleat, in Skye, had pressed his suit many times. But he was always refused, and at last the servants were ordered not to admit him to the house at Miltoun.

Some months after this, Flora and Angus were sleeping in their little beds, when flickering lights upon the water showed that a boat was nearing the shore. Mistress MacDonald had retired for the night, though it was only nine o'clock, but on being warned by the servant, whose duty it was to make all fast outside, that some one was coming, she rose at once to prepare for the untimely guest. Suddenly loud screams aroused the sleeping children; they rushed to the door and saw their mother borne down stairs by Hugh Armadale, while eight sturdy Highlanders kept the servants at bay. The faithful Niel caught Flora in his arms, but, despite his heroic efforts, two of the men seized the children and carried them off to the boat. The crew pushed at once from the shore, while Armadale, tenderly placing his half-fainting captive on a seat, whispered to her, "Now you are mine!" A strange voyage that must have been! Over the dark, mysterious waters the boat cleft its way; the lights of the invaded home grew fainter in the distance, while the shrieks of the terrified bairns were drowned by the piper playing his loudest. No rescue came; and the widow with her children were at length landed at Sleat, in the south of Skye, close to Armadale House.

It is a little startling to modern ideas to find that Mrs. MacDonald not only married Hugh Armadale, but became in course of time reconciled to her lot, and fond of her husband.

Such rough and arbitrary proceedings as the one described were not by any means unknown at that period in the Highlands, and many would have justified it by the proverb, "All's fair in love and war." In spite of this indefensible outrage, Armadale proved himself a devoted and tender husband, and the kindest of stepfathers to little Flora and Angus.

The children soon learnt to be very happy in their new home. Armadale House, like Miltoun, stood close to the shore, and was surrounded by a number of plantations. The combination of woodland and sea offered endless delight to the young people, who had a boat of their own moored to a tree, ponies in the paddock, and humble friends in hut and shieling to visit and help. Through village, garden, wood and glen they roamed with ever new enjoyment; looking forward without eagerness to the distant time when Angus should be of age, and return to manage his late father's estate in place of the tenant who now occupied Miltoun.

Flora was sent to a school in Edinburgh, but only for a short time. Then she returned to her beloved Skye; and the record of her girl-life seems to bring a fresh breath of country air and energy to the reader. Early in the morning she would rise up for long walks over hill and dale; stoutly shod and warmly clad, rain and snow mattered little to her, and she would return to breakfast with cheeks glowing like the rose. Then away she and her brother would hie in their little boat from island to island over the changing sea, or along the romantic coast. Loch Scavaig was not very far distant, and a few miles' voyage would bring them into this weird recess of the ocean, with its lonely, desolate basalt pillars, mountain background, and the "Mad Stream" hurling itself down into the sullen waters. Sir Walter Scott describes it in his "Lord of the Isles"—

"For rarely human eye has known
A scene so stern as that dread lake,
With its dark ledge of barren stone.
Seems that primeval earthquake's sway
Hath rent a strange and shattered way
Through the rude bosom of the hill.
And that each naked precipice,
Sable ravine, and dark abyss,
Tells of the outrage still."

This free roving in Nature's most glorious and majestic scenes helped to mould a constitution physically and morally strong. Social influences also were not lacking, for numerous were the scattered kindred, all named MacDonald, but distinguished, like Flora's stepfather, by the name of the property belonging to each.

The most august member of the clan was one Sir Alexander MacDonald, who had married the beautiful Lady Margaret Eglintoun, and lived at Mugstat, in Skye. Another Alexander MacDonald lived at Kingsburgh, and acted as factor of the estate of his richer kinsman and namesake. With these Kingsburgh MacDonalds and their children the family at Armadale were on terms of the warmest friendship, and Lady Margaret also would send very often for her bonnie Flora to come and stay at Mugstat. Other relatives lived at Largs, in Argyleshire, and many were the occasions when, with her little portmanteau thrown under the seat, Angus would row his sister off to the mainland to pay them lengthy visits. But all her time was not spent careering about in pleasure-seeking, for her mother had a second family of children, and tender was the love Flora lavished on the little creatures. Two of them died in babyhood, leaving three surviving, who were carefully tended by their mother, elder sister, and Katie MacDonald.

One might linger long over the picture of this delightful girlhood, so free in its innocence, so happy in its emancipation from town-bred conventionalities, so healthful in its unselfish duties and simple pleasures!

Thrice blest is the maiden who can

. . . . "wander far away
With Nature, the dear old Nurse,"

and from childhood upwards, learn the lessons she has to teach.

There were not wanting touches of the supernatural in the Highland girl's experience. She knew many a weird tale of the gift of second sight, and when the young people gathered on winter evenings at Armadale,

ghost stories and mystic legends would be recounted that caused the cheek to grow pale, until a diversion was caused by Donald Mackay, her stepfather's piper, striking up a merry tune to set lads and lasses dancing in the hall.

So the happy Flora grew to womanhood. She had an admirer in the shape of a certain Jamie MacDougal, whom she detested for his uncouth, noisy, selfish ways. But Allan Kingsburgh MacDonald, son of the factor mentioned before, early showed a preference for his cousin, which she returned. Although they were not formally betrothed, the wedding day of Allan's sister gave an opportunity for them to understand one another, and from that time Flora looked upon herself as pledged.

There was one topic that found never-ceasing discussion among the young people as well as their elders, namely, the wrongs and woes of the Stuarts, and the chance of Prince Charles Edward coming over to sustain his father's right to the Crown.

It will not be necessary to remind the student of English history that this prince was the grandson of King James II., a king who, for good reason, had been forced to abdicate in favour of William and Mary. The rights and wrongs of the question have now been set at rest long ago. But the Highlanders, seeing in Prince Charlie the descendant of their own line of monarchs, and the son of an unjustly used father, longed, with passionate loyalty, to see him recognised as heir to the throne of Great Britain. Now the most loyal of subjects to our Queen, they then detested the yoke of the Sassenach, and lads and lasses talked together of their own yellow-haired prince, the "White Rose over the Water."

At last, in January, 1744, when Flora would be about twenty-two years old, there came tidings that stirred all parts of Scotland. Prince Charlie had left Rome in disguise and by stealth, with only one attendant, but his enterprise did not find favour at the French Court, and it was not until June in the following year that the royal youth sailed with a little company of adherents from France, unknown to his father, the "old Pretender," as he was somewhat discourteously styled. It may be noted here that the word "Pretender" was not used by adherents of the House of Hanover, who wished to be civil. "Chevalier" was the term employed in designating Charles Edward.

One of the MacDonalds thus describes the Prince's appearance on board the vessel bound for Scotland.

"There entered the tent" (erected on deck) "a tall youth of a most agreeable aspect, in a plain black coat with a plain shirt, and a cambric stock fixed with a plain silver buckle, a fair round wig out of the buckle, a plain hat with a canvas string, having one end fixed to one of his coat buttons; he had black stockings, and brass buckles in his shoes. At his first appearance I felt my heart swell to my very throat."

Ah, "that tall youth of a most agreeable aspect," how he stole away the hearts of rich and poor, young and old! For the sake of bonnie Prince Charlie, songs leapt into being, Highlanders hurried to arms. In the vale of Glenfinnan, at the head of Loch Shiel, in Inverness-shire, he planted his banner, and clansmen and chieftains flocked to join the cause. Although Hugh MacDonald of Armadale was not among the number, many of the MacDonalds were warm adherents of the Prince.

A reward of thirty thousand pounds to any one who would seize Charles Edward, dead or alive, was proclaimed by the Commander-in-Chief, Sir John Cope, as he hastily mustered his forces at Stirling. But not a Highlander would have been treacherous enough to earn the money, and clan after clan rallied round the Prince as he marched towards Edinburgh. The capital fell into his hands without bloodshed, and early on the 17th of September, 1745, he entered the Palace of Holyrood. Then his father was proclaimed at the High Cross of Edinburgh as James VIII., King of Scotland, England, and Ireland.

The battle of Prestonpans swelled the tide of success, and Charles rashly resolved to venture into England. At the head of about six thousand men he crossed the Border, took Carlisle, and pushed on to Derby; but the people of the towns through which he passed stared with astonishment at the wild Gaelic-speaking mountaineers, regarding them rather as an eccentric procession than as a force come in sober earnest to attempt the conquest of the kingdom. Few joined the standard, and by the time he reached Derby, on December 4th, it became evident that the enterprise was hopeless. The Duke of Cumberland, with a large army, was close at hand, and two other armies were marching up, which would number in all thirty thousand men. Nothing remained but retreat. The little Scottish band was rent by disunion among the chieftains, who agreed, nevertheless, in counselling instant withdrawal.

In deep discontent, shared by the Prince himself, the army began its homeward march. The English troops followed. An engagement took place near Falkirk, in which the Highlanders were again victorious, but in such a manner, owing to the confusion of a driving storm and darkness, as to be of little avail to the cause.

On the 16th of April, 1746, the Duke of Cumberland, with his army, faced Charles and his Highlanders on Culloden Muir, a flat place that gave immense advantage to the musketry and grapeshot cannon over the Highland claymores and scythes. In less than an hour all was over with the Jacobite cause. The victory of the English, who numbered nearly twice as many as their starving and dispirited opponents, was signal and complete; and the barbarities committed after the battle were such as to disgrace the Duke of Cumberland in the estimation even of sympathisers with the Hanoverian cause, and to bring tears to the eyes of the Prince whenever he brooded over them.

Prince Charlie escaped from the battle-field and became a wanderer with a few faithful companions among the mountain fastnesses and glens of Inverness-shire. Everywhere soldiers were seeking him, and the vast price set on his head made his situation one of utmost peril. In the hope of finding a ship among the isles to convey him to France, he left the mainland, and fled from island to island, fed and sheltered by a faithful adherent now and then, but often suffering cold and hunger, and in constant danger from vessels of war and militia who were seeking him at every point. He seems to have been of brave and cheerful temper, kind of heart. While in hiding at Glencoradale, South Uist, he and his follower, Edward Burke, were cooking some game when a little ragged boy rushed in and tried to snatch away the food. Burke boxed his ears, but the Prince said, "Nay, man, you forget that Scripture commands us to feed the hungry; you had better give the boy meat than blows." He emphasised his words by handing the child a piece of game, and added to the gift a little clothing from his own scanty wardrobe. In return the wretched lad found out a party of the Government soldiers and offered to lead them to the Prince's hiding-place, but they disbelieved his story and refused to go.

This is only one out of many adventures, which are interesting enough, but which we must pass over to reach the point where Flora MacDonald becomes involved in the Royal fugitive's history.

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

DAISY.—Respecting admission into Girton College, there is a local examination held in June and December, for which the fees are £1 and £2. An honour certificate in this admits to Tripos examinations members of Girton and Newnham colleges who have resided during a sufficient number of terms, provided the student has passed in a language and mathematics. Apply for all information to the Rev. G. F. Browne, St. Catharine's College, Cambridge.

A WELL-WISHER OF GIRLS AND THE G. O. P.—Mr. Haweis has written "Chaucer for Children," which might answer your purpose.

ALICIA VON HÖPER.—The G. O. P. is not a political paper. The promoters are law-abiding and order-loving, and teach the divine rules laid down in the New Testament (see 1st St. Peter ii. 13, 14, 17, 18, and Romans xiii..) Your friend's guardian need not fear any evil influence such as that to which you refer. Let him read the counsel given in our moral and religious articles and our answers to correspondents, and judge for himself.

BLACK CAT.—Perhaps the Essay Club, conducted by Miss Annie James, Tutshill Villa, Tutshill, near Chepstow, South Wales, might suit you. Writing a little too large.

ART.

ZENA.—You had better write direct to Miss Leigh on the subject, 44, Avenue Wagram, Paris. All her homes are not on the basis of charity, though opened out of goodwill. There is also a home for governesses in the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, Paris, where they can have the advantage of speaking French. Write to Miss Pryde, 22, Rue des Acacias, Avenue de la Grande Armée, Paris. In Rome Miss Mayor has an Art Students' Home at 38, Via degli Artisti; in Berlin, Victoria Stift, Königgratter Strasse; in Dresden, Pädagogische Verein, Johannes Strasse.

MADDY.—In water-colour painting, use Chinese white. That sold in the bottles will generally keep moist the longest time. Madder-brown and madder-lake are sold by all good artists' colourmen, and there should be no difficulty in procuring them.

P. SMITH.—To paint magic-lantern slides, use ordinary water-colours mixed with oxgall for the distances and light portions, and Canada balsam for the heavy tones and shadows.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A PATIENT LITTLE INVALID may read "Wives and Daughters," but not the other works of that author at her age. Some by Mrs. Craik would also be unobjectionable for you. Your handwriting shows some originality, and keeps its clearness all the same. Preserve the latter.

SNUFF-DOG.—That you should desire to marry your grandfather's wife's brother—your great uncle, if that wife be your real grandmother, and no relation if otherwise—is a case not provided for in the table of degrees in the Book of Common Prayer. Try to avoid using slang expressions.

VERA.—In reference to the advertisements offering remunerative home employments, the only person who gains any money is the editor or owner of the paper, not the impecunious advertiser.

MAID OF ERIN.—If your book leaves have turned brown from age, try the following treatment; its success will depend on the extent of the injury to the paper. Wash them with ether, and place each leaf between two pieces of clean white blotting-paper; then press with a hot iron, and all greasy discolourment will disappear.

VERA.—In managing servants, keep your temper and never scold. Point out errors and omissions and all wrong-doing gently, look after their comforts and interests, and endeavour to attach them to you, so as to render you affectionate as well as honest and dutiful service. Lastly, do not commend their well-doing grudgingly; encourage them by a few kind words of approval whenever there is a cause. To be always fault-finding would spoil the best servant.

TUPPER.—To procure invisible ink, write with diluted nitrate of silver. When dry it will be indistinguishable; when held over sulphate of ammonia it will turn black and remain so.

BROWN EYES.—How could you think that you could dye beads? *Glass must be stained* and fired, the special colours used being burnt in. When you dye your brown-beaded lace black, the lace will take the dye, but the beads will remain as brown as before.

AN ORPHAN.—A voyage is often very beneficial to delicate persons. Such are sometimes less affected by sea-sickness than those in good health. Your handwriting is not formed.

TRUE-BLUE MAID.—Your cat seems to act as dogs do, who, having eaten all they want for the time being, hide the bones in the ground for a future meal, only she is not so successful in her attempt.

LITTLE DORRIT inquires, "Who was Noel?" Do you mean "Father Christmas," of whose season the old French name is Noël, or have you mistaken the name for Noah?

ICI ON PARLE FRANÇAIS.—The act about which you inquire is one of adoration of the Blessed Trinity, whether a brief or a more prolonged expression of reverence. You write fairly well.

E. FILMER.—The servant should go into the reception-room to announce visitors, and hold the door wide open for them while they enter. A high-class servant does not bow. If a man, he touches his hat; if a woman, she makes a slight curtsey when passing, not when opening the hall-door. Low-class servants never curtsey.

DAFFODIL.—We do not think it likely that the roots of the vine at Hampton Court reach the river, as it is planted at quite one hundred yards distance from it. According to Milner's History of England, the popular tale of the discovery of Cœur de Lion's place of captivity by Blondel is a fiction; but, whether or not, a fine was paid for his release, and it was furthered by the pressure of European influence on the Emperor of Germany.

MOTHER OF SEVEN.—Hedgehogs are very usually kept in kitchens, and are admirable guests for keeping them free from cockroaches and crickets. They should be fed on a little bread-and-milk sop, as they cannot depend on their nocturnal huntings for small game. They are quite harmless.

L. B. MIERS.—A rector is entitled to claim the great tithes and a vicar the small ones only. The cure, or care of souls in the parish, is committed to both alike. "Clergyman" is only the generic name for men in holy orders.

DARKIE, FLORENCE CROCKER.—Several articles on girls' Christian names were given in vol. iv., pages 39, 134, 235, 355, and 381.

PRIMROSE.—Ladies are always helped before gentlemen at dinner, as well as other meals.

TALL QUEENIE.—We should think your governess would be pleased if you wrote to her during the holidays.

VIOLET.—We sympathise with you, and are sorry to hear of your "wrinkles" at nineteen; but we think you give too much attention to your face in the glass to be happy or barely contented. The wrinkles are probably caused by the sun and strong light. You must wear a veil, and bathe the face with oatmeal-water instead of soap. But do not mind your face so much; cultivate your mind and heart, and then you will be pleasant in everyone's eyes, even if plain in early youth and more deeply wrinkled still in extreme old age.

DOLLY MADGE, MADGE.—We are very much obliged by our wee correspondents' desire to send us a birthday card; but the Editor and his staff have so many birthdays, it would quite take up all Dolly and Madge's time to send them *all* cards; but we quite appreciate the little note and the good wishes, which we return, with our best thanks, to both of the little sisters.

MAY.—You may subscribe yourself "yours truly" to an inferior in position; "very truly," "sincerely," and "very sincerely," to equals and friends; "faithfully" in business transactions, or when not intimate; "affectionately," according to the feelings you entertain to the person you address. The quotation—"Oh, for the touch of a vanished hand!" is to be found in Tennyson's poem, "Break, break, break on thy cold grey stones, O sea!"

A GATHERED SHEAF has written a very nice little poem, and we much approve of the sentiments it expresses. It might be useful printed for private distribution on leaflets. But the name under which she addresses us is a misleading one. Surely she does not profess to do so from another world? We think the little "Sheaf" is still green and flourishing, and, as they would say in the first gem of the sea, "long may she wave."

F. H.—We are much obliged to you, but we prefer that you should not send the picture.

OBAN ORPHAN.—Inform your clergyman or some magistrate of your case, and ask his advice and aid. Ascertain the names of the collectors at the bank where the deposit was made. Failing in this, your last resource is to consult a lawyer of good repute to investigate the matter.

ALICE.—In walking, the foot should be planted flat on the ground. You should not walk on your heels, nor should the toes be apparently placed first on the ground, as in dancing, when they should be pointed in a special manner.

E. OBAN.—The origin of redness of the nose is to be found in a slow and imperfect digestion, a bad circulation, sudden exposure to heat when very cold, tight-lacing, or intemperance in drink; last of all, it may proceed from polypus in the nose, if accompanied by swelling, etc. You must be the best judge, from personal experience and close observation, to which of these causes your own nose owes its ruby hue. If bulbous-looking, show it at once to a doctor. Probably your trouble arises from the vice of the day, tight-lacing, which hinders the circulation and the digestion at the same time.

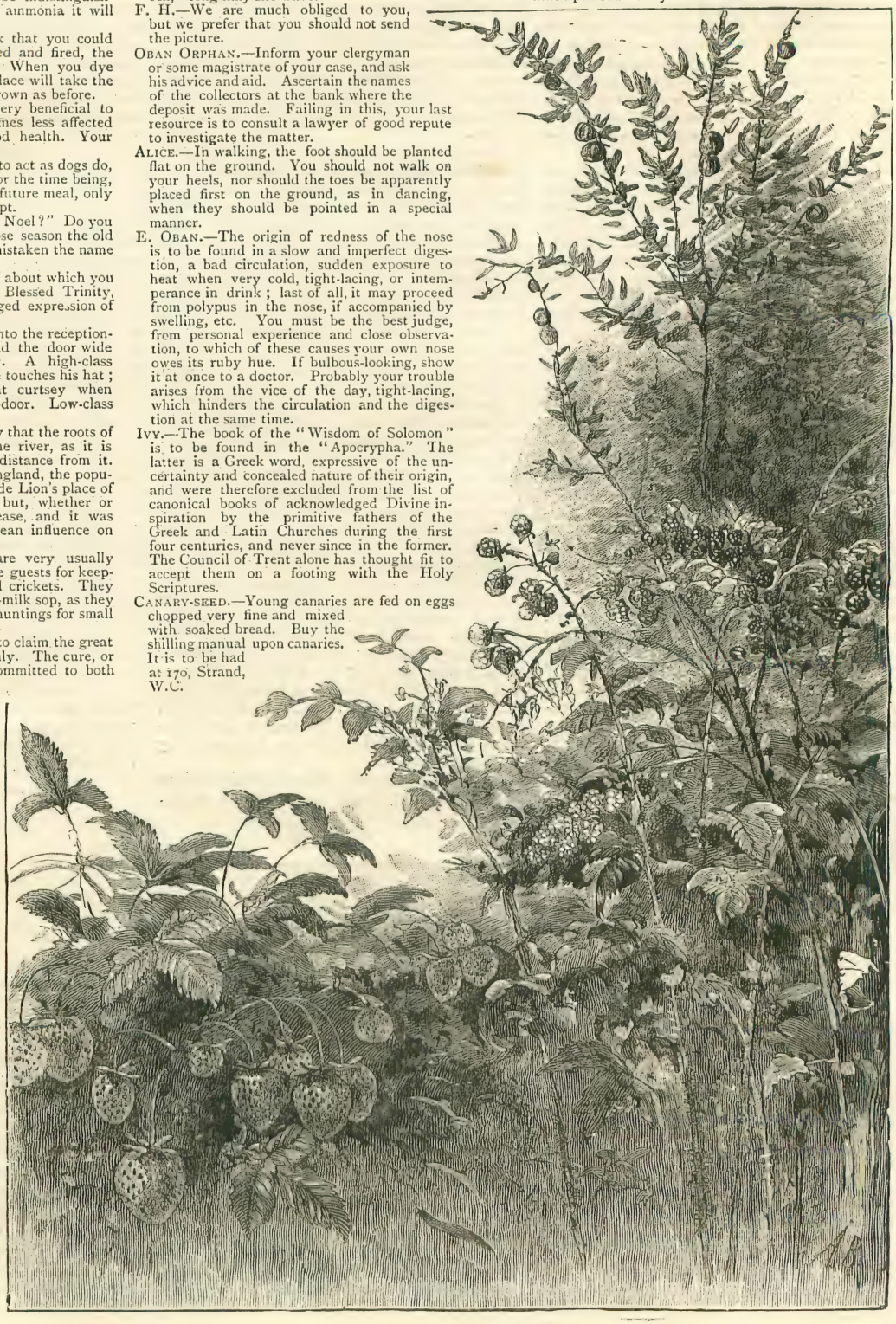
IVY.—The book of the "Wisdom of Solomon" is to be found in the "Apocrypha." The latter is a Greek word, expressive of the uncertainty and concealed nature of their origin, and were therefore excluded from the list of canonical books of acknowledged Divine inspiration by the primitive fathers of the Greek and Latin Churches during the first four centuries, and never since in the former. The Council of Trent alone has thought fit to accept them on a footing with the Holy Scriptures.

CANARY-SEED.—Young canaries are fed on eggs chopped very fine and mixed with soaked bread. Buy the shilling manual upon canaries. It is to be had at 170, Strand, W.C.

LETA and META.—How often must we repeat that to accept presents from men to whom you are not, without doubt, about to be engaged, is to lower yourself greatly, and even in the esteem of the very men who give them? Do nothing without your mother's knowledge and approbation.

M. E. D.—The term "divës" is used by Horace to describe a person of immense property, and it can also be employed to indicate one whose money is lent out at usury and who is rich in lands. The name is popularly given to the uncharitable "rich man" named in a parable of our Lord in connection with Lazarus, who was, apparently, a good and patient sufferer. The word is of Latin, not Hebrew, origin. Your handwriting is not sufficiently formed nor distinct.

AGNES T.—January 9th, 1860, was a Monday. We are much pleased with your kind letter.



THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

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COURTLEROY.

BY ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER XLIX.

THE TABLES TURNED.

WHEN Mimica reached Summerlands she found Mrs. Prettyman engaged in something very nearly approaching a quarrel with Lady Helena.

"I came on purpose to see Miss Heath," said the latter, hotly, as she entered the room, and, "Thank goodness, it is you, Mimica!" ejaculated the former.

No sooner was she seated than both disputants appealed to her. If there is one thing more disagreeable than another it is to be suddenly made party to a dissension and asked to become umpire. Lady Helena, in all the magnificence of sable, fur, and rustling silk, sat on one side of the fire; Mrs. Prettyman, in all the simplicity of capless head and light

All rights reserved.] "THEY WERE AS WELL CONTRASTED IN APPEARANCE AS IN SPEECH."

flounced merinos, on the other. They were as well contrasted in appearance as in speech: the one proudly measured, the other truthfully voluble. Mimica took a low chair between them, opposite the fire.

"I came expressly to see Miss Heath," repeated Lady Helena, turning to Mimica. "After her extraordinary revelations, it is only proper that I should confront her and discover their exact truth—or falsehood. I appeal to you, Miss Marmont. Am not I the principal person concerned in this matter, and should I not be at once admitted to her room?"

"Perhaps she is too ill to see you, Lady Helena."

"That is just what I have been saying, Mimica. She is under my care, and I cannot have her frightened to death, poor dear! Why, she might go off in a fainting-fit at any moment, and she so weak and timid; and the very sight of Lady Helena would bring on a collapse. Dr. Blenkinsop says so."

"That the sight of me would cause a collapse, Mrs. Prettyman? Dr. Blenkinsop said that?"

"He said that any excitement might be fatal; and your ladyship must know that since poor Lady Margaret was your sister, and her husband your brother-in-law, and our dear Georgie your nephew, and that she concealed this from you—I mean the marriage and the birth—for so many years, and that she would have concealed it still but for—for—I don't quite know the reason, even now, Mimica. What did she say to Mr. Le Roy?"

Mrs. Prettyman was getting into a maze, and Mimica did not choose to help her out of it by entangling herself.

"Miss Heath said that Captain Hope was the son of her brother and your sister; and that she had kept their marriage secret at Lady Margaret's request," she explained.

"My sister marry the brother of her governess, and give birth to that foundling! I do not believe it, Miss Marmont."

"Milly Heath has the certificates of marriage, birth, death and burial," said excited Mrs. Prettyman. "And I think you might be thankful, Lady Helena, that matters weren't worse. As for our Georgie, who is a lieutenant in Her Majesty's service, and has been the best of sons to us, and will have all my husband's fortune, and is sure to be Commander-in-Chief, and is reckoned the handsomest young man in the army, and was far above your son Bully Carew, as they used to call him at school, and distinguished himself more than your other son in the army—I think you might be proud of such a nephew—don't you, Mimica?"

"I daresay Lady Helena will be proud of him some day, dear Mrs. Prettyman, but the disclosure was sudden, and we were all taken by surprise, George more than anyone."

Mimica could scarcely help smiling as she glanced from one to the other of the belligerents.

"Why should I be proud of him, Miss Marmont? I am astonished at your taking their side. Miss Heath must have plotted the whole affair and encouraged her brother. She is at the bottom of it. I must insist on seeing her," cried Lady Helena, in a passion.

"This is not your ladyship's house, but mine for the present. Milly Heath is my friend and guest, and my husband, Mr. Prettyman, would not allow our Georgie's own aunt to be annoyed and perhaps killed by the very person who made her do wrong."

"What do you mean, Mrs. Prettyman?"

"That you, my lady, wanted to force your sister into marrying that proud, disagreeable Mr. Le Roy. I beg your pardon, Mimica: and that rather than do it, she went off with young Hope—who had been in the law, and was a respectable man and very handsome and agreeable—and Milly Heath kept the secret, because—well, because she was afraid to tell it, and that is the very truth." Here Ada came in, and went straight to Lady Helena.

"Miss Heath would like to see you, my lady, if your ladyship would take the trouble to go to her," she said.

"I cannot allow it. She must not be excited," cried Mrs. Prettyman; but Lady Helena hurried off with only an imperative, "Yes."

Mrs. Prettyman was about to follow, but Mimica prevented her, saying that it might be best to leave Miss Heath to tell her own tale. She turned the current of that good lady's wrath by asking about George. She had received a letter from him that morning, which she produced. It was written from Portsmouth, where he was to embark with his regiment the following day, and contained this passage: "I cannot yet realise the story of my birth, but shall with time. Give my love to my newly-found aunt, who has, indeed, suffered much for my sake, and that of my unfortunate parents. I trust she will recover. Tell Mimica that my one regret is not bidding her good-bye that eventful afternoon. She will understand me. It is all a dream, and I cannot believe in my connection with the Carews. The only reality seems what is unreal, that I am your ever devoted son."

Mimica felt how strange it was, that while she was reading this extract over and over again, his paternal and maternal relations were probably quarrelling about him in the house of his foster parents. She and Mrs. Prettyman remained for the best part of an hour together, awaiting the return of Lady Helena. Once only Mrs. Prettyman went upstairs, and listened at the door of Miss Heath's apartment; but as all was quiet within, she came back to Mimica reassured.

"What is the good of having rank and riches if you abuse them?" she asked. "I am afraid I forgot all about them, and was very rude. But I couldn't bear to hear poor Milly and darling Georgie treated as if they were dirt."

She "forgot all about them" again, when Lady Helena reappeared. Her eyes were red, her face swollen with weeping, and she could scarcely speak the words, "Kindly ring for my carriage." Mrs. Prettyman was all in a flutter, and quite ready to ask her pardon, or embrace her, or condole with her; but Mimica merely said with natural tact, "I have just seen Captain Carew, Lady Helena, and am so glad he is better."

Lady Helena attempted no reply. The carriage came round and she was at the hall door before the coachman pulled up, and in it almost before his reins were loosened.

Mrs. Prettyman and Mimica ran up to Miss Heath. They found her calm and composed.

"What did you say to her, Milly?" asked Mrs. Prettyman.

"I told her everything. Now it is all out and my burden has fallen off. Why did I carry it so long?" replied Miss Heath.

"You needn't have upset her so, poor thing," remarked kindly Mrs. Prettyman. "And I was quite rude to her ladyship, Milly, because I thought she would have upset you. How did it happen?"

"I scarcely know. She began by reproaching me, and I told her that the fault was hers, and that Margaret had sinned from fear. I scarcely know what I said, but when I told her of Margaret's death, she broke down. I acknowledged my own faults, but said that I had such confidence in your goodness, Louisa, and Mr. Prettyman's, that I had preferred trusting George to you, to breaking my promise to Margaret, and thrusting him upon her. I did not excuse myself; how could I? I have done wickedly. I have lived in deceit. I have eaten the bread of your kindness and Mr. Le Roy's servitude lawlessly; and all for fear of her. I told her so. Even had I not promised Margaret, I should have been afraid of telling her the truth. I have lived a life of fear and secrecy, partly from timidity, partly from terror. I was so lonely. I was so afraid of being cast upon the world, and having no money to help my brother. You and Mimica have been my comforts, and I often longed to tell you everything—and should, but for my promise. After all, I have broken it. Lady Helena asked me, in cruel haughtiness, why, since I had kept it so long, I had not kept it till it died with me, instead of raking up Margaret's buried name. I dared not say that it was for love of George and Mimica—and now they seem as much separated as ever."

"You have cured my uncle," said Mimica. "The fear that Lady Margaret had committed suicide rather than marry him caused his misanthropy; the knowledge that she died a natural death has relieved his mind, and he is a new man. I have promised to devote myself to him, and—and—we must leave the rest."

"Why did you promise? Why did you not take warning by me?" cried Miss Heath, excitedly.

"Nobody can take warning by anybody else," interrupted Mrs. Prettyman. "But promise or no promise, George will stick to Mimica, if she will stick to him. Isn't it pretty to think that he always called her 'My Mimi'?"

Here Mimica said a hasty farewell. She had, indeed, forgotten the flight of time, and did not reach Summerlands till six o'clock. Her uncle was nervously pacing the hall and wondering what had happened to her. He was greedy of news as any gossip, and would scarcely allow her time to prepare for dinner before he overwhelmed her with questions. She waited, however, until they were alone in the library before she answered them fully. When she told him of Captain Carew and Barbara's engagement, he said, "That was my doing," and when she described the scene between the angry ladies with some humour, he laughed and applauded Mrs. Prettyman; but when it came to the return of Lady Helena, tear-stained and, apparently, penitent, he was silent. Mimica had expected him to rejoice, but, on the contrary, his heart and conscience were touched. After an interval, he said, quietly—

"When Miss Heath is better, you must ask her to come and pay you a visit, Mimica," and made no further allusion to her two calls.

But, as the day spassed on, Mimica, Barber, and the household generally, found a great change in him. He seemed, in very deed, to have begun life anew.

In about a week Sir Joshua Carew called. He was very communicative, and did not need much questioning to tell the whole state of affairs at Monkton.

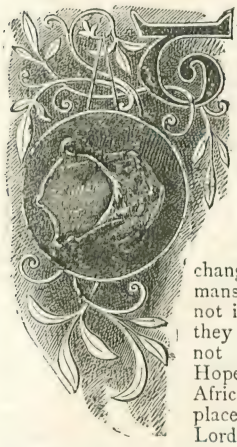
"Monty has been getting better ever since you and Lady Helena had that shindy, Le Roy," he said. "Bless my soul! your face was enough to send her into fits, let alone your speech. But I'm glad the truth is out, you know. So is she now she has calmed down a little. An awful temper while it lasts, you know; but all this was a terrible shock. Glad you take it so well, Le Roy. You see, you've got your niece to console you, and we shall soon have Barbra. Just met Prettyman at the station, returned from seeing off our bone of contention. I daresay we shall all be reconciled to him when he comes back. He's as fine a young fellow as ever wore her Majesty's uniform."

Mimica glanced at her uncle, but she saw no sign of assent in his face. He was

reconciling himself to everything but to this son of his lost Margaret. She sighed and he perceived it; but he avoided all allusion to George Hope, and had evidently no intention of fostering either her friendship or love for him. She sighed again, when Sir Joshua continued the conversation by adding that Mr. Prettyman had told him that business called him back to London, and that he and his wife would shortly leave Summerlands.

CHAPTER L.

HONOURS.



THE years pass as years will, but they never seem to alter the aspect of the London streets and squares. Mr. and Mrs. Prettyman, for instance, lived on in their square, year after year, without witnessing any great change in any of its mansions, and certainly not in their own. When they left Summerlands not long after George Hope's departure for Africa, they bade the place a final adieu, for Lord and Lady Manville returned to it, and it was not let again. We will take up the thread of their not very eventful history about three years after we dropped it in the last chapter. Over twenty have elapsed since we first made their acquaintance.

It was midnight, or more properly the small hours. Mrs. Prettyman and Miss Heath were in the library, evidently "sitting up" for somebody. Years had dealt more kindly with Lou than with her friend Milly. The one was little if at all altered, the other much aged in appearance, if not in mind. They were both in dinner dress, and unusually smart Mrs. Prettyman wore her husband's favourite blue with filigree silver ornaments; Miss Heath a black velvet of ancient date, soft lace cap and shawl, and a handsome gold maltese cross and bracelets. Even she was in a fever of excited expectation, while her friend Milly could not sit still a moment. Now she was in the hall, anon at the windows looking through the half-closed shutters, talking all the while.

"When will they come? I couldn't have believed they would have been so late. I hope nothing has happened. Suppose the horses should have taken fright in the crowd, for you may be sure half London was there. Hush! there's a carriage. Provoking, 'tis only a cab. How late those poor cabmen are kept up! I'm sure I wish things were more equal, don't you, Milly? There's the quarter! A quarter past two. Do you think anything can have happened? I'll ring and ask Sampson."

"Those sort of things always take a long time, Louisa. Besides, it is a long drive. Have a little patience," returned Miss Heath.

"Waiting up is dreadful, Milly. I'm sure I should have gone out of my mind if Joe had been like some men staying out half the night, and dining at his club, and going to the play, and perhaps coming home half intoxicated. I'm sure I can't be too thankful, can I, Milly?"

"You have been a most fortunate woman, Louisa."

"And am still, Milly. I do believe I am the very happiest woman in all London. Hark! Here they are. Yes. It is our carriage. No, it is going past. How disappointing! Yes; it is they after all."

She was in the hall in a moment, while Miss Heath actually got up and walked after her. But she was met half way by Mr. Prettyman.

"Good evening, Miss Heath. I am very glad you came to dine with Lou," said he jovially. "I thought it never would be over. Such toasts! Such laudations!"

"Such humbug, padre. I hope I may never go through the like again."

This was spoken by George Hope, who came in hand in hand with Mrs. Prettyman.

"Aunt Milly! How nice! how kind!" he added, embracing Miss Heath.

"Doesn't he look beautiful?" asked the admiring Lou.

He certainly did look beautiful, if regimentals and a breast on which shone the Victoria Cross constitute beauty. Moreover, the handsome face was become bronzed and manly through hard work in many a campaign, and the eyes seemed darker, deeper, bluer, more loving than ever, as they smiled at the rhapsodies of his devoted madre.

"What did they say? what did they do? who was there? Did the Prince come? and the Duke? Tell us all about it?" asked Mrs. Prettyman.

"The Prince and the Duke, and all sorts of grandees and celebrities were there, and they all shook hands with George, and complimented and congratulated him," replied Mr. Prettyman. "I have been at civic banquets before, but never saw so many distinguished men, military and civilian."

"And did they drink his health, and had he to make a speech? Weren't you nervous, Georgie?"

"No, madre mia. The honour was not mine, but my regiment's."

Mrs. Prettyman would not be convinced that the grand banquet from which her hero and her husband had just returned had not been given entirely in George's honour. The truth was that George had greatly distinguished himself in more than one campaign, particularly his last, and had been honourably mentioned in the despatches. Since we parted from him at Summerlands, he had been to India as well as Africa, and had won fame in both countries.

His last campaign was in Africa, where he and his regiment had encountered great hardships and difficulties. Many of his brother officers had been killed and he had been brought to the front by his personal courage, as well as by what most men would have reckoned fortunate circumstances. But he had a great pity for the savage men against whom he fought, and possessed more of the spirit of a missionary than a soldier, in spite of his dauntless bravery. However, he had been particularly and frequently named by his commanding officers, and had been promoted to the rank of captain when in India. It was now rumoured that he would soon attain his majority, having been recommended for promotion, but he was still young for this.

He would not have been singled out for mention, but for his gallant defence of his post, when left with a couple of hundred men in care of some of the sick and wounded. Savage hordes poured down upon them, and they were beaten off, &c., &c.—and so—and so—as it ever is, glory and victory were the result of death and destruction. We refer the reader to the public papers, in which the fierce encounters of the civilised and the savage tend to show the horrors of war. No one felt them more keenly than did George Hope. Yet, through them, his name and that of his regiment was marked.

It was in their honour that the banquet had been held, for they had just returned from the seat of war. It is unnecessary to give further details for the development of this story, though a much more thrilling romance might be worked out of the African campaign than out of the quiet, everyday life of English homes. Be that as *it may, Mrs. Prettyman* returned to her questions about the banquet, having a truly feminine love of great men, and considering her Georgie the greatest of them.

"I saw so many celebrated people that I am bewildered," he said. "But I also saw several acquaintances, friends of yours, Aunt Milly."

"Of mine!" exclaimed Miss Heath, waking up from a dream of the past.

"Yes. The Carews were there. Sir Joshua, the Captain, and my old enemy Bully. They all came to speak to me, and you would have thought Bully and I were brothers at least. We are cousins, and they asked me to come and see my aunt—I suppose she is really my aunt—and Mrs. Montague Carew. It seems odd to think of Barbara Leste raised to the peerage, or whatever the rank of a daughter-in-law of a Lady Helena may be. What is it, Aunt Milly?"

"Sir Joshua was as genial as ever," broke in Mr. Prettyman. "He said they had all come to London for the season, and have a house in Grosvenor Street, where he hopes we shall call upon them. He told me that the Captain and his wife had turned Court House into a sort of paradise. I suppose you have heard, George, that they rent it of Mr. Le Roy, and that Barbara still 'works the parish.'"

"Who did you see that you knew besides?" asked Mrs. Prettyman. "I want to hear about the speeches, and the toasts, and the great people, and what they said to you, Georgie."

"Mr. Le Roy was there," said George, colour mounting to his brown cheeks.

An exclamation from both ladies.

"I scarcely knew him, he is so altered. He has grown stouter, and his manner is almost kind. He even said he had followed my career with pleasure. There was no time for more."

"Where is Mimica? She did not say her uncle was coming to town when I heard last?" asked Miss Heath.

"I did not venture to ask for her. You know I have only heard of her through you since we parted."

"Le Roy seemed to know everybody," remarked Mr. Prettyman. "He was quite at ease, and I saw him talking to several of the officers, and heard them mention George."

"I suppose he must have gone on purpose to see you," mused Mrs. Prettyman. "What can have brought him to London? I have settled all about the treat, Georgie."

This sudden change of subject was due to a promise made that the "ragged" should be fed on the morrow, and elicited the warmest thanks from George, who never forgot his old friends of the "Yard." His attention was also drawn to the ornaments worn by the ladies, which had been brought by him from abroad. He thanked them for wearing them on this particular occasion, and was told that every member of the establishment had put on some one of his various gifts in honour of the banquet at the Mansion House.

They separated at last, and while they seek that sleep which excitement so often delays, we may as well relate that Miss Heath is not an inmate of the house, but only a guest for the night.

When she had cast off her "burden" at Summerlands, she resolved to leave it behind her. She only desired to quit the neighbourhood, and all who had been more or less affected by her secret, for ever. She resisted

Mimica's entreaties to stay with her; she refused to say good-bye to friends and acquaintances; she kept to her sick-room, in short, *until she felt well* enough to travel. Then she came to London. All she wanted was to be ignored if not forgotten. Mrs. Prettyman entreated her to live with her, but this she declined. She stayed with her until she secured a small lodging at Highgate, where she had lived ever since, working amongst the poor, and pouring out her thoughts by letter to her dear Mimica, and her beloved nephew. To her they owed such knowledge of one another as they obtained; for Mimica held to her promise of self devotion to her uncle and Courtleroy, while George pursued his career in the army; *and no letters* passed between them. George never forgot those memorable scenes in the library and schoolroom of Courtleroy, and respected Mimica's feelings too much to intrude upon them. He knew she was his friend, but her own words forbade him to hope for more. "You are my brother—my younger brother, whom I love as myself. Let it be as it has always been." He never forgot them.

Now and again Mimica had sent him a message through Miss Heath, but that lady had learnt her lesson of caution, and had so carefully worded her letters that no symptom of other than sisterly regard ever transpired through them. Still, during the weary years of longing for the old, old intercourse, this was better than nothing. Perhaps the happiest moment of those years had been when Mr. Le Roy met George that evening and congratulated him. What was the banquet, the honour, the success, to the chance of being welcomed by the uncle of her he loved?

(To be concluded.)

USEFUL HINTS.

RAGOUT OF CALF'S LIVER, WITH HERBS.—Carefully wash and prepare a nice fresh liver and cut it into slices. Fry some shalots, chives, tarragon, thyme, and parsley (all finely chopped) in butter. Put the liver to this and let it cook gently until about half done. Then take some breadcrumbs, two teacupfuls of stock, the same quantity of wine; pepper, salt, grated nutmeg and Jamaica pepper to taste. Add all this to the liver and herbs, and stew slowly until thoroughly done.—JUSTINE.

HERRINGS WITH POTATOES.—Boil some potatoes in their skins in water to which a little salt has been added. When sufficiently cooked peel and cut them into slices, while still hot. Have ready some onions, sliced and fried in butter or lard, dredge over them some flour, add a little water, pepper and salt to taste, and a little vinegar. When this boils put in some herrings, boned and cut into small pieces, and lastly the potatoes. Let all cook together for a short time, and when quite hot stir in a little cream. This dish should be kept as moist as possible and not allowed to cook until too stiff.—JUSTINE.

BEIGNETS OF COLD FISH.—Take a good sized piece of butter, beat it until soft, add to it some breadcrumbs, a little grated nutmeg and lemon-peel, two or three eggs, pepper, and salt, and the remains of any cold fish, from which the bones and skin should be carefully removed. Mix all well together and form into pieces the width of two fingers and the length of one; dip in egg and breadcrumbs, to which a little grated Parmesan or other cheese may be added, and bake in butter until of a light brown colour. Garnish with parsley fried in butter.—JUSTINE.

VEAL IN JELLY (Particularly to be recommended as a summer dish.)—Cut some veal into slices of about the same size as for a fricassee, and lay them in an earthenware jar with some peppercorns, cloves, and lemon-peel between the layers of meat. When the jar is full add a sufficient quantity of salt and pour over the meat some vinegar and water (two-thirds vinegar to one-third water.) Tie a bladder tightly over the jar and place it in a saucepan filled with water. Let it cook for three hours. A good proportion of bone cut rather small should be put with the meat, and the jar should not be filled too full, so as to leave room for the jelly to form. The Sauce *à la diable* should be served with this dish and a salad of lettuce and endive is a great addition to it.—JUSTINE.

SAUCE A LA DIABLE.—Take the yolks of four hard-boiled eggs, six tablespoonfuls of red wine, four tablespoonfuls of best salad oil, two teaspoonfuls of mustard, some pepper and salt, the juice of two lemons, and, if the sauce is not sufficiently acid, a little vinegar. Add also a little sugar. Mix all these ingredients carefully together until the oil is completely incorporated with them. Failing lemons, vinegar will answer the purpose.—JUSTINE.

SMALL FRICADELLES OF COLD VEAL.—Take some cold veal, carefully remove all skin and sinews, and chop it fine; then take a good lump of butter, and fry it of a light brown, with some fine breadcrumbs or powdered biscuit. Mix the meat with this and three or four eggs, of which the whites should be beaten to a slight froth; form the mixture into small rolls, and bake in butter until of a light brown colour.

WHITE HEATHER.

HAPPINESS.

BY CLARA THWAITES.

HAPPINESS to you,
Here is white heather!
Fortunate blossoms
Crowding together,
Brimful of honey,
Fragrance and beauty
And every delight
That waits upon duty.

Bare were the moorland,
Mournful its reaches—
This is the wisdom
Heather-bell teaches—
Were it not blessed
By heather, bee-haunted,
Clasped and caressed
By heather undaunted.
Sweetness and duty,
Honey and heather,
Friendship and beauty,
Mingle together.

THE BAND OF HOPE.

(STAY-AT-HOME GIRLS.)

By DORA HOPE.

No sooner had Miss Massingham returned from her long summer tour than with her usual energy she found out the one branch of work which had been overlooked in Dereham, and set about remedying the defect by starting a Band of Hope. It was all very well, she said, to try to reclaim drunkards, but prevention is always better than cure, and it would be very much easier work for everyone concerned, and would save a great deal of trouble and poverty in the world, if the children could be prevented from ever beginning the downward course.

Jeannette quite agreed with her, but thought that as she and her sisters had already as much work as they could undertake, it would be sufficient that some effort should be made to induce the children in the schools to sign the pledge, and so save themselves the additional work of managing a Band of Hope. To this, however, Miss Massingham could not agree. To induce children to sign the pledge she said was very important, but it was not the only thing needed. They are generally ready enough to sign, but if they only do so because others do, or because they do not like to refuse when asked, they are not likely to keep their pledges when they go out into the world. The only way to make them thorough abstainers on principle is to teach them the reasons for abstinence, and try to make them really understand the evils that are caused by drink; and this can only be done by a regular system of instruction.

Jeannette quite agreed to this, and promised that she and her sisters would do all they could to make the meetings known, although they could not take any active part in the actual working of the band.

Miss Massingham began the work by asking permission to use the school-room on one evening every week, and then, having obtained promises of help from two young ladies, one of whom undertook to manage the singing, and the other to keep order at the door and mark the register, she requested the superintendent of the Sunday-school to invite all the children to attend at the preliminary meeting on the following Thursday evening.

As Miss Massingham expected, very few came in response to this general invitation, but as they were just sufficiently numerous to form a small meeting, their names were enrolled as members, the object of the band was carefully explained to them, and each one was questioned in order to make sure that they really understood it; after which they were dismissed, with instructions that each one should tell his or her friends about the band, and bring them to the meeting on the following Thursday. Miss Massingham had little doubt about their doing this, as in order to make the original members take a personal interest in the success of the meeting she had persuaded each one to promise to recite a piece of poetry. It was not necessary for them all to learn anything on purpose, most of them had learnt something at school, which could be made to serve over again, with the little polishing up she promised to give each one individually at home. Two of the elder boys, however, undertook to learn a dialogue she had prepared for them, and they all became quite excited about the meeting, the more so as Miss Massingham promised a little book as a reward to each one who gave a successful recitation.

After this the meetings were held weekly, and in order to keep up the interest, their character was varied as much as possible, and the ingenuity of the teachers was constantly exercised to devise new occupations for the children, without departing from their great object in holding the meetings, namely, to impress upon the children in every way the importance of sobriety and thrift.

The evening always began with a good deal of singing. The children had generally been playing about in the street till the doors were opened, and came in too full of fun and mischief to settle down at once to a quiet meeting; and it was found that the singing, which they all liked, served to expend a little of their superfluous spirits, and made them more inclined to sit still afterwards. A good many of the songs were chosen from the "Songs and Hymns for Bands of Hope" and leaflets specially prepared for Bands of Hope, while others were selected from some of the excellent collections used in the Board Schools.

In addition to these well-known songs, of which cheap copies could be bought, the teachers were always on the watch for any suitable songs, or poems for recitation, which might appear in magazines and papers; and if cheap editions were not to be had, they were copied on large sheets of paper, and hung up where all the children could see them. In order to make this easier, Miss Massingham procured a wide strip of red baize, and fastened it to a roller both at top and bottom, like an ordinary wall map. Before each meeting this was hung up on the wall in front of the children; and all the hymns, diagrams, and notices were pinned up on it as they were required.

Every second or third week recitations were given by the children, each child received a certain number of marks for his recitation, and every now and then small prizes were given to those who had the most marks. The recitations were always either selected by the teachers, or shown to them for their approval beforehand; and when the poems were the children's own choice, the suitability of the piece was taken into consideration in adjudging the marks.

These recitations were varied by reading competitions. One or two poems, or short prose extracts, were chosen at the previous meeting, so that the children might have the opportunity of looking over them beforehand if they wished, and each competitor selected one piece which he or she read aloud. The audience were sometimes allowed to vote on the merits of the performances, but Miss Massingham reserved to herself the right of finally deciding which deserved the most marks.

In the course of the season, the children learnt a Service of Song, in order to be able to invite their parents and friends to an entertainment at the end of the quarter. It was one of the very good and suitable ones published by the Temperance Associations. These quarterly meetings afterwards came to be looked upon as very important events in the history of the Band of Hope; it was then that the prizes were given, and there was usually a short and lively address for the benefit of the elders present, in addition to the Service of Song, so that the impression made upon the parents was as great as that received by the children.

After the singing and recitations or readings, at the ordinary meetings, a short address was always given. Sometimes a lecturer would come down from London, when of course special efforts would be made to ensure a large attendance; at other times the teachers themselves would give a simple lesson on some subject connected either directly or indirectly with temperance, such as saving money, wholesome food, cleanliness, and so on. Elsie, too, indirectly rendered very valuable aid in the matter of these addresses, for at her request Mr. Morton undertook to give the children an occasional lesson on physiology or chemistry, illustrated by large coloured diagrams which she prepared under his supervision. The children were very much puzzled beforehand as to what all this had to do with temperance, till he explained and proved to them, at the very first lecture, that drink affects our sight, hearing—our whole bodies, in fact, and that therefore when one has learnt how delicately and wonderfully we are made one sees more clearly than ever the danger and folly of doing anything to injure any part of our bodies.

These lectures were of course very simple and elementary, such as the youngest child present could understand, but Miss Massingham made a great point of having as many of them as possible, for, apart from their direct bearing on the question of temperance, she held very strongly the theory that the best way to prevent evil from taking possession of the mind is to store it with good and useful thoughts, and to widen the range of ideas, which is generally so limited amongst poor people.

Jeannette had always taken a great interest in the Band of Hope, but had only heard indirect reports of its progress, so she was not sorry when Miss Massingham called one day to ask if Nannie and Elsie would take her place at the meeting for once, as she herself had an important engagement. Mr. Morton was soon to leave London, to settle in another part of England, and he was to give his last lecture to the children this evening, so there would not be much for the teachers to do.

The girls were quite willing, and Jeannette looked forward to their return in the evening, knowing that they would be sure to bring her home a full and particular account of all the proceedings. Jeannette's invalid days were almost over; true, she still spent a few hours every day on her couch, and could not undertake any work which required very violent exertion, but in other respects she was almost as active as her sisters again. Nevertheless, Nannie and Elsie still kept up the habit they had formed, during her long days of suffering, of sitting down by her couch directly they came in from a walk or a meeting, to give her a full account of everything that had taken place; and between Nannie's lively and rather highly-coloured descriptions, and Elsie's more exact and business-like reports, she contrived to get a very fair idea of everything that went on.

This time, however, Nannie came in alone, Mr. Morton and Elsie were so long packing

up the bottles and other things they had used for experiments, that she had got tired of waiting, and as Ronald and Mr. Lethbridge had happened to look in to see if the girls were there, she had come home with them.

"Mr. Lethbridge happens to look in at your meetings pretty often, doesn't he, Nannie?"

Nannie blushed, but answered, half laughing, "It is only out of consideration for Elsie; you see, I told him that papa would consent to their engagement as soon as Mr. Morton was quite settled in his new practice, and of course they like being together, and no doubt they think me rather in the way, and as he is so soon going away it is everybody's duty to make them as happy as possible."

"A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind," laughed Jeannette. "But now tell me about the meeting."

"Well, when we arrived, there was such an uproar going on inside, that no one heard our knocks, so we opened the door and went in; and the children, being left to their own devices, were behaving, as Elsie informed them, as if they had all gone out of their minds at once. Tommy Jones, the pattern boy in my Sunday-school class, had rolled up the exercise book containing his prize essay, and was giving a spirited imitation of a trumpet call through it, while that well-behaved little sister of his was accompanying him by drumming on the table with a ruler, and all the others were engaged in some such cheerful occupation."

"We had just succeeded in restoring comparative quiet, when the lady arrived who always helps Miss Massingham. She is a rather helpless creature, without the least faculty of controlling children, but she knew what ought to be done, so she requested Elsie to keep the children singing, while she marked the register and took the money."

"What money is that? Is it a Savings Bank?" asked Jeannette.

"Those who prefer to pay in there instead of going to the regular Penny Bank can do so; but they have to subscribe a certain sum every week for the privilege of being members. As these children are not very poor, they pay a penny a week, but at some of the other Bands they say the subscription is only a halfpenny. In return for this they get an illustrated temperance paper once a month, and are taken free to the annual excursion in the summer; and generally have a magic lantern entertainment two or three times in the course of the winter, to which only the members are admitted free. Others may come, but they have to pay for admission."

"It must cost Miss Massingham a good deal; we ought to have offered to help with the expenses."

"I had a presentiment that you would say that, Jeannie, so I inquired about it afterwards; but that lady, I don't know her name, says that they do not spend very much more than is covered by the children's pence; and the little extra is paid by contributions from a few outside friends. Their expenses would be much larger if they had not joined the Band of Hope Union."

"What difference does that make to their expenses?"

"They send down a lecturer occasionally, free of cost, except just travelling expenses; and the same with magic lanterns: if they do not require a man to lecture, a boy comes with the lantern, and they have only just his expenses to pay. They provide books and papers, too, at a discount; so that it is really a great advantage to join them."

"I wonder if any of their papers give hints for managing the ordinary meetings, and giving the regular addresses to the children; that seems to me the most difficult part of it."

"Oh, yes, they give a great many suggestions; I looked over some of the magazines while the singing was going on, and they give very good outline addresses, and all sorts of hints for meetings. There is an examination, too, every year, at which members of any Band in the Union may compete, and prizes and certificates are given for the best papers."

"Did you go on singing till it was time for the lecture?"

"No, as soon as they were quiet, and the money was all collected, the doors were shut, and there was a short prayer; and then a variety of entertainments according to a programme Miss Massingham had written out beforehand. First, a boy gave a recitation, and did it so remarkably badly that I could not restrain my feelings, and actually got up and gave them a lecture as to how he ought to have done it, which seemed to amuse them very much; then four little girls sang a song with a chorus about the evils of drink; and Elsie read aloud a short story which was provided for her; and before the entertainment had begun to flag at all, Mr. Morton arrived, and gave them a thrilling lecture on 'A man, and how to be one,' illustrated with the most startling pictures of weak, sickly-looking youths smoking cigars, and dissipated looking, decrepit old men with pots of beer, and experiments with bones soaked in various fluids, or burnt, to show how they become weak and yielding, or brittle with improper treatment when young. It really was a very good lecture, and I was quite sorry when it was over. But there comes Elsie. What a remarkably long time it has taken her to walk home."

Elsie came in as she spoke, and, drawing up a low chair, sat down by the side of the couch.

"Jeannie," she said, after they had sat in silence for a few minutes, "I have been thinking it is just a year since Nannie and I were grumbling that we had nothing to do, hardly more than a year since you had your accident, and how much has happened since then! Life seems so much more interesting when one has plenty to do."

"I was thinking the same thing while you were both out this evening," replied Jeannie, as she laid her hand caressingly on Elsie's. "Who would have thought a year ago that Jack would ever take such interest in the poor boys here? We have to thank Nannie for that; I think she has beguiled him into it."

"And Mr. Morton," added Nannie.

"Yes, we won't deprive him of his share of the credit, though he does want to steal Elsie away from us. I think we have all learnt some lessons during this winter, and for my part I shall never forget how much I have to thank you two for. A year ago I felt unhappy and despairing at the thought of the long months of idleness before me, and then mother reminded me one day of those brave words of Jeremy Taylor's, a greater sufferer than I was ever likely to be: 'I must bear it inevitably; and by God's grace I will bear it nobly.' And then I determined to ask you to help me to live a useful life through this winter. You have helped me most lovingly, and by the time you both go away and make new homes for yourselves I hope I shall be quite strong again, and able to carry on some of your work; and at any rate you will have taught me the lesson that the happiest girls in the world are those who think least of themselves and aim the most at making others happy."

THE END.

FLORA MACDONALD.

By LILY WATSON.

CHAPTER II.

I spake of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field,
Of hairbreadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach,
. . . And often did beguile her of her tears
When I did speak of some distressful stroke
That my youth suffered. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs;
She swore in faith 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange,
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful.—

Shakespeare.

WHEN Angus MacDonald came of age he established himself at Milton, South Uist, and Flora, who dearly loved her brother, often went to stay with him at the old home where they both were born. She had now reached womanhood, and, from the portrait that remains of her, had evidently a charming face, bright and open, full of vivacity and kindliness, framed in clustering curly hair. In later life she was described as of "middle stature, soft features, gentle manners, and elegant presence."

She and her brother were privately zealous adherents of the Prince's cause, and having been thrown into the society of one Captain O'Neil, a trusty follower of Charles Edward, she expressed to him an intense desire to see his Royal master. When, several months after this occurrence, Flora went to stay with Angus, in the summer of 1746, the two young people had but one engrossing topic of conversation, the woes and wrongs of the hunted scion of the Stuarts.

The stepfather, Hugh Armadale, was also in South Uist at this time, heading, half unwillingly, a party of militia in pursuit of the Prince. Precautions of the utmost stringency were taken. It was known Charles Edward was in hiding there or near at hand; no one was allowed to quit the island without a passport, and war vessels swarmed in the channel between Uist and Skye. How could the unfortunate adventurer hope to escape the fifteen hundred soldiers in search of him, and the frigates and cutters coasting around?

Angus had not taken part in the struggle, because he was on a different side from his stepfather. His reluctance shows the good understanding that prevailed between them, for at that time it was not unusual for father and son to meet face to face in opposing regiments.

A pathetic story is told of one of the Prince's officers who had a son with the Hanoverian troops, and who, terrified lest he should see or hear of his death, had no peace

until he managed to take him a prisoner unhurt.

But the times were too restless and disturbed for women either to be travelling or to be alone at home. Flora had anxious thoughts about Mrs. MacDonald, left at Armadale House without her husband, and wished to return to Skye at once, under the escort of MacEachan, who was near at hand. But of this Angus disapproved on account of the perils by land and sea for his cherished sister.

In a dilemma, Flora rowed herself across to the little island of Benbecula, there to consult one of her numerous relations, Mrs. MacDonald of Ormaclade. She obtained considerably more than the advice she sought; namely, the information that Prince Charlie was in hiding not far away.

Oh, what excitement and amazement filled the girl's breast! "I would love to see him," she cried.

"Then ye may just be satisfied," returned her friend, "for he is close by, and O'Neil with him. Ne'er a body kens it, save MacEachan and myself, and we take the puir creatures food at dusk."

It is not easy to describe the passion of loyalty that rose in Flora's heart. The man on whom the eyes of all Scotland were fixed, whom the young and ardent woman regarded as the rightful heir to the throne, was actually near at hand, succoured by a kinswoman of her own! She begged to be taken to his presence, and Mrs. MacDonald readily agreed.

When the sun had set, the two women, carrying a little store of provisions, went forth together. The air was still warm, but fresh with the breath of the Atlantic. A wonderful lambent twilight suffused the world; and even those who were accustomed to the summer nights of the Northern Isles could not but feel the pathos of the tender hues on sea and wold, the solemnity of the mysterious stillness that brooded over all. Strange meditations haunted Flora's mind; the infinite pitifulness of human life, the changefulness of destiny—nay, rather the stern working out of laws too strong for man to break, that had taken the crown from the Stuarts, and placed their heir in yonder miserable hut—who shall say what thoughts unspoken strove for ascendancy in the Highland maiden's breast, as she came to the shieling door?

It was almost a relief to find that only Captain O'Neil was within. He started up with pleasure to greet them. But Flora was concerned to see the alteration that a few months had produced; she would scarcely have recognised his worn, pinched face as the same she had seen hale and hearty a while ago. Then came the thought of the cause in which he suffered, and the loyal girl pitied him no longer. As they talked of the all-engrossing theme, a step was heard and Prince Charles Edward came to the threshold.

No *débutante* who curtseys to her Sovereign amid the glamour of a Court, feels more emotion than did Flora MacDonald upon the young man's entrance. Her own words shall be quoted from her "Autobiography":

"I must first describe the Prince's appearance on that never-to-be-forgotten night. Tall, slight, and even beneath the threadbare faded jacket and plaid thrown over his emaciated figure there was the grace and dignity of his noble race too striking for concealment; his manner and voice were most attractive, nor did he seem so much depressed by surrounding danger as might have been supposed."

Sir Walter Scott also testifies to this personal charm. "That Charles Edward had the advantages of a graceful presence, courtesy, and an address and manner becoming his station the author never heard disputed by any who approached his person." And one of his followers, James Maxwell, of Kirkconnell, says—

"Everybody was mightily taken with the Prince's figure and personal behaviour. There was but one voice about them. Those whom interest or prejudice made a runaway to his cause could not help acknowledging that they wished him well in all other respects, and could hardly blame him for his present undertaking."

He was a tall, fair-haired youth with well-formed, regular features, and, as Flora has said, a noble bearing. In his presence one felt, despite his wretched clothing and surroundings, that he was of lofty descent, and there were not wanting some who complained that he exacted too much ceremony from those who were his companions in warfare. If this were so in the days when his fortunes looked brighter, it might well be forgiven, for he had been trained to believe in

"That divinity that doth hedge a king,"

and in his circumstances he needed to keep his privacy somewhat sacred from intruders. But nothing except grace and dignity marked his manner to his visitors. They rose at his entrance, while Mrs. MacDonald begged permission to present a young relative, "who may be of some service to your Royal Highness."

Although this met Flora's hearty wish, she was at a loss to conceive what her kinswoman meant. She was soon enlightened by the conversation that followed, for before her arrival it had been suggested that she might be of use in conveying the fugitive back with her to Skye. There the emissaries of the Duke of Cumberland were comparatively few, but at Uist, and the smaller islands, they swarmed both by land and sea; guards were posted at every outlet, and no one was allowed to leave without a passport. Unless the Prince could get away he must infallibly be discovered sooner or later, for the area within which he was known to be hiding was small, and the spies were many. But once safe at Skye without suspicion, he might hope to baffle his enemies, and in time to take ship for France. It was therefore proposed that he should accompany Flora to Skye, disguised as her female servant.

Eager as Flora was to serve the Prince, she hesitated to consent, fearing lest she should involve those nearest and dearest to her in ruin. Charles Edward, impelled by delicacy of tact as much as by natural agitation, rose hastily and left the hut, to pace up and down outside while the plan was further discussed.

O'Neil urged that with her trusty MacEachan and himself all would be safe, but Flora expressed a wish for the companionship of one of her own sex; she shrank from the loneliness of the journey across thirty or forty miles of sea in such circumstances. Great was her consternation when the Captain, suddenly throwing off all reserve, begged her to give him the right to take care of her by accepting him as her future husband. She had, it is true, noticed his attention to her when they met on the former occasion, of which mention has been made, but she little expected so abrupt a *dénoûment*, and could only return a firm yet gentle refusal. Like a gallant soldier he tried to stifle his disappointment, which was evidently shared by good Mrs. MacDonald, but there was no opportunity for further talk of so private a character, for the Prince re-entered.

"You hesitate, madam," said he, perceiving Flora's look of confusion and distress. "That is not wonderful. But let me remind you that from your stepfather, who, I hear, is commanding a party of militia not far away, you can obtain passports for yourself, a female servant, and MacEachan. Without such a passport I cannot leave the island; the channel is covered by ships of war, my foes are pressing me close, my strength is failing, and though I would fain make a brave fight for it till the last, the end cannot be far off. I am loth to press you, but if you refuse to aid me I fear my cause is desperate."

"Will your Royal Highness grant me till to-morrow to think over the plan?" begged Flora, in great bewilderment.

"Certainly," returned the Prince; "but I ask you not to be over-anxious in the matter, for with the precautions we shall take I think my fair protectress will need to fear little danger."

Further discussion followed; then, respectfully taking leave of Charles Edward, Flora went home with Mrs. MacDonald, to bed but not to sleep. It was a more serious undertaking than at first sight appeared, for Prince Charlie dead was as valuable as Prince Charlie living, and less troublesome. "For his head," so ran the brutal terms in which the reward was offered, and suspicion once aroused on board one of the frigates in the channel might cost all the party their lives. But was it not possible easily to evade such suspicion by the proposed plan, and could she hesitate when her Prince was in danger? Flora decided that she could not, and met O'Neil the next day at an appointed place to signify her consent to the scheme.

And now her adventures were to begin in real earnest, for a party of militia in search of the Prince, with nothing in particular to do, and probably without much good temper to fall back upon, accosted her and demanded her passport.

"Passport! I have none," replied Flora.

"Then we must just tak' ye afore our officer," replied the chief in command.

Instead of being allowed to return to the hospitable home of Mrs. MacDonald, poor Flora was marched off to the cold comfort of a guard-house, where she was actually locked up all night. In the morning she was taken before the officer, and, to her great delight and their mutual surprise, she recognised her stepfather.

"What, my ain bonnie Flora, hoo cam' ye here?" he exclaimed. But he went on to say that he had been just about to send to Miltoun with orders for her immediate return to Skye. The country was so unsettled that she were best to be safe at home.

Without asking any questions, he prepared the passports she requested in the names of Flora MacDonald, MacEachan, and Betty Burke, the supposed Irish servant. He then wrote the following letter for Flora to take to her mother.

"DEAR WIFE,—I have sent your daughter from this country lest she should be any way frightened with the troops lying here. She has got one Betty Burke, an Irish girl, who, she tells me, is a good spinner. If her spinning pleases you, you may keep her till she spin all your lint, or if you have any wool to spin you may employ her. I have sent MacEachan along with your daughter and Betty Burke, to take care of them.

I am, your dutiful husband,

June 22, 1746. HUGH MACDONALD."

With regard to this supposed "Betty Burke," Hugh MacDonald asked never a word, but seemed to wish to avoid any confidence from his step-daughter. It is probable he knew who it was as well as she did, but he would have rued the day had it become necessary for him to seize the Prince.

Flora returned joyfully with the passports to Ormaclade, to reassure her terrified hostess, who must have imagined the worst possible catastrophes from the girl's non-appearance all night. The next duty was to concoct a disguise for Charles Edward; it consisted of a light quilted gown, a large white apron, a dun-coloured mantle and hood, and a cap with a broad border.

A six-oared boat with men was hired to convey "Miss MacDonald, a maid, and attendant" to Skye, and the two ladies, followed by MacEachan carrying the bundle of clothing, repaired to the hut to tell the Prince all was ready for his immediate departure.

Standing over a wretched fire of furze and dried leaves the descendant of the Stuarts was attempting to roast some scraps of mutton for his dinner. Flora and Mrs. MacDonald could not restrain their tears at the sight; but he replied to their expressions of pity in a brave and cheerful strain.

"Perhaps many a great man would be the better for having to undergo a little of this discipline," he said; "and to prove that I have learnt to be no mean cook, I will invite you both to share the results of my skill."

Flora was gratified to be placed at his right hand; and after the meal the disguise was tried on. The Prince laughed so heartily at the effect that his friends were afraid someone might be attracted to the spot. Then they separated for a little while, until the evening should make their enterprise safer.

At the appointed time they met for a picnic meal upon the shingle—a meal that must have been full of romantic charm to our heroine. Although a mass of clouds brooded in violet gloom upon the horizon, the sea was calm, and its dimpling plain seemed to allure them to their voyage. Supper was nearly over when their hopes were chilled by the sight of a servant rushing towards them in hot haste.

General Campbell and Captain Ferguson were searching Ormaclade for the Prince! Their departure had been timed not a moment too soon. Mrs. MacDonald hurried back to divert suspicion as best she could, and Flora, the supposed servant, MacEachan and Captain O'Neil repaired to the spot where the boat lay behind some rocks.

Flora viewed with apprehension the long stride and manly bearing of "Betty Burke" on the way; but her thoughts were soon diverted by the painful parting between the faithful O'Neil and his chief. The honest captain could not be of the party; there was no passport for him, and it was deemed foolish to peril more lives than were necessary. In many an adventure by flood and fell he had proved himself a gallant servant of the Prince, and the two were loth to separate. Yet Flora felt in her heart she was glad he was not to be with her on the voyage; the constraint caused by the recent incident between them could not fail to be distressing to both.

Before they embarked she ventured to suggest to her august companion that he should hand his thick oaken stick to MacEachan, that not being an article usually carried by serving maids, neither would she allow him to secrete a loaded pistol under his gown. Like his father, Charles Edward had little notion of acting up to a disguise, and ill brooked the necessity of wearing one, but he amicably consented to Flora's wish. The last farewells were said, and the boatman pushed from the shore of Benbecula. Alas for any who count upon fine weather in the Highlands! The sky was darkening; white crests appeared in the distance on the tossing plain of sombre grey; a shrill wind hissed round the boat, and soon sheets of driving rain swept suddenly down, while the shore was veiled by hurrying mist. The prospect of thirty or forty miles of rough weather in the little boat added to the terror of a more pressing danger—the cruising war-ships. Thinking of the precious life in a manner entrusted to her keeping, Flora grew depressed and alarmed; the wind was rising very rapidly, and soon blew a hurricane, while the rain drove fiercely upon the unprotected voyagers. The boatmen were talking together in Gaelic, and looking suspiciously at "Betty Burke," until MacEachan thought it best to inform them who he was.

Their astonishment was soon swallowed up in the engrossing task of taking care of the boat, for the storm increased in fury, and the men, accustomed as they were to those wild seas, grew alarmed. In these circumstances Prince Charlie was the coolest of the party; he related strange anecdotes of his travels, and sang songs to amuse his companions; among others, one composed on the restoration of his great-uncle, Charles II.

The novelty of the situation and the noise of the storm could not keep Flora from sleeping, for she was worn out by fatigue and anxiety. When she awoke she found herself placed comfortably at the bottom of the boat, and the Prince carefully guarding her face by his outstretched hands, to prevent her from injury by the shifting of a sail. In every way that courtesy could suggest he tried to alleviate the discomfort of her position, but the thoughts of his "amiable preserver," as he called her, were rather turned upon his perils than her own.

Brief is the summer night in those high latitudes, but long did it appear to the anxious Flora. Dawn came at last, and with it—welcome sight!—the mountainous outline of Skye arose before the voyagers. The wind turned into a favourable quarter, and they scudded towards Waternish Point, but as they approached the shore the alarming spectacle of a party of militia, posted at their proposed landing place, became visible.

Hurriedly the boatmen hauled down their sail, and rowed out to sea again, but such a suspicious proceeding at once aroused the attention of the soldiery, and shouts came from the shore challenging them to land, under pain of being fired at. The words soon received emphasis by the "ping" of a bullet whistling through the air; then came another and another.

"Pull lustily and do not fear the villains," cried Charles Edward to the boatmen. They managed to make him understand that their chief concern was on his account; but he replied cheerfully, and begged Flora to stoop down in the bottom of the boat. This she refused to do unless he would shelter himself in the same manner, so the two crouched low while the shower of lead came peppering about their heads, and the boatmen rowed with might and main until they were safely out of range.

Across a wide bay they steered their course to the shore opposite Waternish Point, where they put into a small creek for rest and refreshment. Willingly would they have landed here, but the inhabitants of a neighbouring village were evidently suspicious, and they were obliged to push off again.

The Prince's anxiety was all on behalf of his companion, and he tried to make her hard seat more comfortable by the help of wraps and a sail. Her own fatigue was forgotten in gratitude for the attention of one whom she regarded as rightfully her future King; but at last an end came to the weariful voyage. Near the estate of Sir Alexander MacDonald they landed without observation, and although the head of the house was away with the forces of the Duke of Cumberland, Flora hoped that his wife, Lady Margaret, might give them aid. While ostensibly a Hanoverian, Sir Alexander was half a Jacobite at heart, and it was with feelings of revived encouragement that the girl started to walk up to Mugstat, leaving the Prince in the boat.

(*To be concluded.*)

INSIDE PASSENGERS; OR, THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF LUKE AND BELINDA.

By A LONDON PHYSICIAN.

CHAPTER XIII.

POETRY IN PROSE.

"You notice a difference, Miss Courteney, between this surface and any you have seen."

"Yes, it's not like the tongue. At least, not very. There is no tongue, and there are no teeth."

"Very good—very good indeed, Miss Courteney. Next time you see anyone bolting their food, just tell them you've been below, and that the stomach has no teeth; so that it's now or never."

Belinda stared.

"It is therefore clear that if the hard, solid masses of food are not well pounded and broken up in the mouth it puts the stomach in a most unfair position, and eventually ends in dys-pep-siah. But now look at this surface, and compare it with the mouth. The tongue, for instance, is covered with little mounds of different shapes, the roof of the mouth with hard ridges, the pharynx with waving hairs."

"I call it, 'live velvet.'"

"A very good and original name, Miss Courteney. Well, perhaps you were too much agitated to observe that in our passage down the gullet the surface changed again and became perfectly smooth. Here, on the contrary, the whole cavern is everywhere honeycombed with pits."

"Yes, I am most anxious to hear about them."

"Perhaps the best way is to follow the course of the food. It first enters the mouth."

"After it is caught and cooked."

"Certainly, Miss Courteney," said Sutton, with some surprise, hardly accustomed to Belinda's unmannerly interruptions. "Then it is divided and pounded by the teeth, mixed with the saliva which digests the starchy portions, or rather turns them into sugar, coated with a sort of glycerine, passes from the mouth into the pharynx, and from that moment it is beyond the control of will. The whole of its further history takes place unconsciously and without an effort. No force of will can henceforth haste or retard its progress. The servants who do all this complicated work may be divided into two great classes. Those under the command of, and answerable to the brain for all they do, and those wholly independent of it—shall I say dependent on a higher authority still?—having received their fixed orders what to do under all circumstances at birth, and acting in strict accord-

ance therewith, undisturbed by the changing moods of mind and will, for the whole span of life. In many respects they form an admirable contrast to the better known muscles of the limbs and surface, for they never tire, never make disturbances, and yet they do more work. The little heart, for instance, does work equal to lifting its own weight considerably higher than Mont Blanc every hour, and this without five minutes' holiday for seventy years. The untiring energy yet perfect docility, the perfect adaptation of means to ends, the extraordinary nature of their tasks, and above all their mysterious intelligence, constitutes these internal muscles, the most wonderful body of workmen in the world."

"You are not like *Browning, or Tupper, or*

"'THE STOMACH IS, *par excellence*, THE PLACE FOR DISSOLVING THESE PROTEIDS.'"

even Tennyson, Mr. Sutton, and yet you remind me of someone I have read. It must be Mark Twain."

"Really, Miss Courteney, your comparisons are too flattering. I was, however, going on to observe, that these two sets of workmen are in communication with two separate centres. Every part of the mouth and pharynx is connected by telegraph wires or nerves with the seat of government in the brain, and the workmen, or muscles, perform their work in a characteristically rapid and decided manner. The first act of swallowing, for instance, when the food passes through the pillars of the pharynx over the epiglottis, is rapid, as doubtless you noticed (necessarily so indeed, to interfere with breathing as little as possible); whereas, once this is passed, there being no need for haste, the fresh set of workmen who have to carry all the rest of the arduous process of providing your uncle with nourishment, perform their work in a leisurely and peculiar manner, never being interfered with by that arbitrary, and often unwise despot, the will."

"Without flattery, Mr. Sutton, your language charms me. Pray go on."

"Well, the first set of workmen are called voluntary muscles, the others involuntary muscles, worked too by a different set of nerves altogether, called sympathetic nerves, not directly connected with the brain at all, and receiving their orders to carry out the most complicated processes from a far higher power. To me it is a proof of infinite wisdom that the complicated working of our bodies is not committed to our capricious wills, but is carried on for us entirely independently of our own wishes, so that we cannot help our heart beating, our blood circulating, our stomachs digesting. I think few of us realise how little the control of our bodies is left in our hands. Indeed, were the processes voluntary, we should literally have no time for anything else. It would be, 'Oh, don't talk, I'm so busy breathing;' or, 'Oh, dear, I'm dying, I was so busy digesting that I forgot to breathe;' or, 'Dear, I must have forgotten to make enough saliva yesterday, my mouth is terribly dry.'"

"What a life we should have of it, Mr. Sutton, to keep all the things going at once. It would drive me mad. I never thought of this before. But what were you saying about their manner of working?"

"The peculiar mode of working I alluded to is called peristaltic or vermicular, and consists of the gradual contraction of successive portions of a flexible tube in a continuous and worm-like manner. It is thus we were literally propelled down here, once we entered the gullet; and were we not so small, this cave would now begin heaving and contracting and banging us up and down, preparatory to digesting us."

Sutton's earnestness and intense interest on the subject all this time so infected Belinda that when he paused for a moment, wonderful to say, she made no remark, pert or otherwise. He resumed:

"We will now suppose that the food, partly broken up, and the starchy part a little digested, and, at any rate, well mixed with saliva, arrives here below. The next thing to study is the working of these curious pits. You see, the whole surface of the walls, floor, and even roof, is irregularly honeycombed with them. At this end, you observe, they are just deep enough, if I get into them, to come up to my waist," said Sutton, suiting the action to the word, and rising and jumping down into the nearest one.

"This is called the cardiac end of the stomach, because it is nearest the heart. At the further end of the cavern these pits are twice the depth, and would take you overhead."

"How wonderful!" said Belinda, quite tamed.

"This is not all. At the bottom of the one I am now standing in are two small holes, not quite big enough for my boots, which are the tops of far deeper pits, which would take me and you standing on my head. Now, all these pits are lined with a peculiar sort of living creatures, or workmen, and cells, who have a special business to carry out."

"What is that?"

"In this upper pit, the moment there is a hint of any food arriving, the cells begin to pour out a fluid to mix with the food and protect the walls of the cavern. At the same time the deeper glands are manufacturing and sending out of their mouths a liquid of extraordinary power they have cleverly made out of the blood. It is called 'gastric-juice,' and contains pepsin and hydrochloric acid. The food then having arrived at the stomach, the churn begins to set to work. The floor alternately rises and falls, and mighty waves of contraction squeeze its walls, so that the food is well mixed with these fluids, and driven along to the other end. There the cavern ends in a round opening, called the pylorus, which is kept tightly closed by the gatekeeper, and the fluid is driven back again. So it keeps on, and more and more arriving, until it has been kept in constant motion for three or four hours. It gets more and more acid, until at last the gatekeeper unlocks the pylorus, which opening allows all the other contents of this cavern to escape into the duodenum, where the next process of digestion is carried on."

"But here's Luke back again."

"Hullo, old chap! have you nearly dried up? You have been piling it on. I never saw Belinda half as interested at any of my lectures."

"Mr. Sutton is so deep and so poetical," said Belinda, enthusiastically, "that I love to hear him talk; and he hasn't nearly done."

"Well I only came to tell you I have been to the end, and a pretty rough walk it is. I've also found our two lost packages, that we had nearly forgotten. I think I had better carry them along to the other end, and I have a plan then for making ourselves safe and snug, and giving Belinda a chance of seeing your lecture in actual operation. I know uncle never goes so very long without eating something, so you had better be as quick as you can after me."

"You will have plenty of warning, for the stomach begins to water before the food arrives, as well as the mouth, doesn't it, old chap?"

"Have dinner ready in an hour, Luke."

"All right, Belinda, I'll make you both comfortable. When I get to the other end I'll yell to let you know, for I want you to see the whole length of the place, and my light will help you."

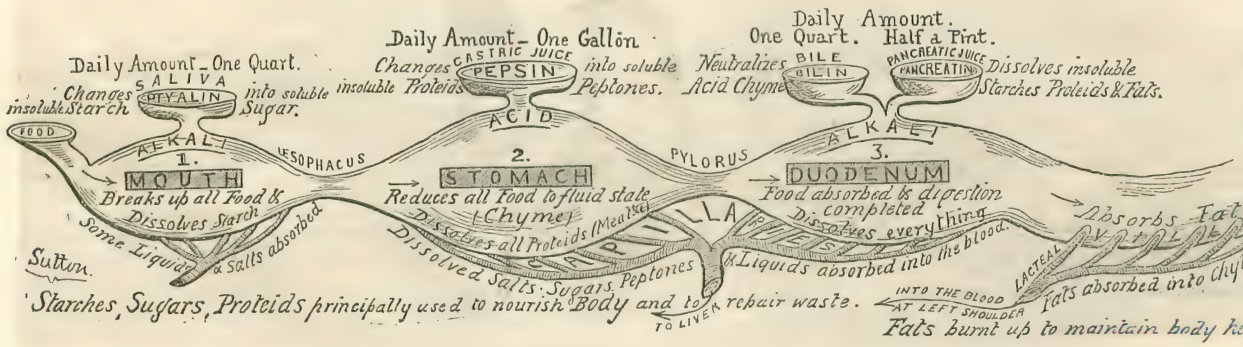
"We'll listen, Pill, only don't deafen us; remember the echoes. Now, Mr. Sutton, do, please, go on where you left off."

"Well, we saw the food safely out of this cavern, but I did not yet explain to you what was the use of all this churning up with the gastric juice. In the first place you will be surprised to hear that we are not yet truly inside your uncle's body at all. If you were standing on his skin you would not be inside. And this is as truly an internal skin, as the external one you are familiar with. The whole digestive tract is only a tube closed throughout, and nowhere opening into the cavity of the body at all. Now no food can nourish us until it is inside us. Food, therefore, in this cavern is no more nourishment to your uncle than when it was on his plate. It is still outside him. The problem is how to get it inside, seeing this digestive tube has no opening into the body at all."

"Go on, Mr. Sutton. I follow every word."

"The whole process of digestion, therefore, is simply so to subdivide and dissolve the food as to enable it to enter and nourish the body. Now our food is of four distinct classes. 1. Mineral food (or inorganics), such as water and salt, etc. 2. Starch food (or carbohydrates), such as French rolls, rice pudding, muffins, gingerbread, peas, and potatoes. 3. Fat food (or hydrocarbons), such as eggs, butter, bacon, pork. 4. Meat food (or proteids), such as mutton chops, snipe, cheese and fish. The first class, if a liquid, or soluble, does not need to travel beyond this stomach to enter the body, for just beneath the skin are thousands of little blood vessels, and the salts and water can soak through their walls, and enter directly. So these are no trouble.

"The second class is very different. Starch consists of little grains each in a hard skin or covering which ought to be burst by heat in cooking. This skin cannot pass through the walls, neither can the starch grains. The first process is to make them soluble. Two manufactories exist for this purpose—one in the mouth, producing saliva, and the other beyond the stomach, which we hope to see to-morrow. The food is such a short time in the mouth that only a little of the starch has time to be



changed into grape sugar, and the rest is swallowed unchanged. That which is changed into sugar is absorbed through the stomach walls; the rest passes through the pylorus or gate out of the stomach, to be made into sugar further on. The skins we will speak of again. Now we come to the third class of fats."

"I don't care for fat at all," said Belinda. "Pill told me there was a boy at school who did, and none of the others would speak to him; he was such a horrid boy."

"I'm afraid, Miss Courteney, just for the present we must exclude sentiment. Besides, milk and cocoa contain lots of fat; butter, and bacon, and cream are nearly all fat. Fat, like starch, is in grains, or rather globules of oil enclosed in separate skins. The mouth has no action on fat. The stomach acts only on the skin or covering of the globules, which it dissolves, leaving the fat floating on the surface, to be dealt with afterwards.

We now reach class four. Meats, or albuminous food, contain albumen, a substance of extreme nourishment, like the white of an egg. The coverings (or skins) of the starch cells and fat globules are made of this, and it also forms part of many vegetables, and of milk. Now the mouth does not act on this class, save to subdivide the fibres of meat, and prepare it for digestion. The stomach is, *par excellence*, the place for dissolving these proteids. Under the powerful action of the gastric juice the albumen is rapidly dissolved, so are the skins we have spoken of, and are ready for being passed inside the body, which in this case takes place further on. The only way we can practically assist in the digestion or solution of these proteids is, first, by softening them by careful cooking, and then by dividing them as finely as possible with our knives and teeth. Two other points occur to me. Before any work is done in this great city or Goodchildville, as the Americans would call it, suitable preparations are made. Thus the smell or even thought of dinner produces saliva in the mouth, preparing for mastication. Food in the mouth produces a flow of gastric juice in the stomach, and also causes the walls and roof and floor to blush a deep rosy red, from an increased flow of blood, ready to dissolve the food in the stomach, which again causes in like manner a similar action in the regions beyond. Now we must not check this by calling off the blood to the head by study at or after meals, or to the limbs, by long and fatiguing exercise just at meal times. The other point is, that all these processes require a fixed warmth; hence, man, with that wisdom, which, together with his short ears, shows that he is not an ass, just when digestion is in full swing, takes an ice after dinner, and immediately stops the whole process, until this vast cavern has time to be raised again to the right heat."

"It's getting very damp, Mr. Sutton," said Belinda, looking round.

"It is quite time we started, Miss Courteney. I think something is going to happen soon, and we have at least half a mile to go."

They both rose, stiff with their long spell, and, giving Belinda his hand, Sutton led the way. It was not too soon. The place was getting very damp, and before they had walked 200 yards, small drops began to fall from off the roof, while the pits were already half full of water. Had it not been for their beautifully-made waterproof covering they would have been soaked, for umbrellas and goloshes would not have kept them dry. The floor was not only honeycombed with pits everywhere, but rose and fell in ridges and hollows in a way that made walking anything but pleasant. However, being young and active, after about a quarter of an hour's hard tramp they found, by the rapid rising of the ground, they had reached the end of the cavern.

"Now, where is Pill?" said Belinda. "We surely ought to be near him."

"There is his light," said Sutton, pointing to a brilliant star far up the side above them. "I say, Luke, how are we to get up there? Look sharp; we're nearly drowned down here."

Indeed, the light from Sutton's lamp now shone on the smooth surface of a lake, only broken here and there by the ridges that still rose above the surface. Being on rising ground, they were quite dry.

Luke looked down from above (where he had climbed in some inconceivable way), and let down his famous coil of wire rope.

"The side is so very steep that I almost think you had better allow me to draw you up, Miss Courteney."

"You will be as quick as you can, won't you, Mr. Sutton? I've no fancy for being digested, I can assure you."

"I won't be a moment, Miss Courteney," said Sutton, as, holding the rope, he climbed up the shaft, fixing his feet on the honeycombed walls. About half-way up he passed by the side of a huge circular aperture—the pylorus, or gate of exit, now tightly closed—and soon reached Luke, who was standing in one of the larger holes, leaning over the edge and calmly surveying Sutton's efforts.

"Here you are, old chap," he said, as the latter got near; "step in, and we'll soon haul her up."

Sutton got in the hole, and the rope was again let down and Belinda was hauled up in the usual manner.

"Well, Pill," said she, as soon as she recovered breath, "are these our quarters?"

"Yes, Bozy; and I've worked hard to make them pretty snug. It's lucky I happened to find them, otherwise we should each have to occupy a separate cell for the night, and we would have been very lonely. Now we'll be very jolly; and I'm much mistaken if the grand performance is not just about to begin, and from our seats in the gallery we'll have a splendid view."

"What dear, ducky little nests! I feel just like a sand martin in the side of a cliff, Pill."

The place was certainly most ingeniously contrived by Luke for a night's lodging. It is said, in other words, invention is the daughter of necessity; and it certainly was so in this case. After a prolonged search, Luke had found three pits close together, and forming at the surface but one large irregular orifice. Each of these pits, which were about six feet deep by two feet wide, had the usual orifices at the bottom communicating with the deeper tubes below containing the gastric juice. These orifices Luke had carefully sealed with gutta percha, with which material he had also carefully lined the whole of the interior of the three pits. A complete covering also closed the common mouth, save where it had been folded up at the lower side to admit the lecturer and his pupil. When they had entered, Luke triumphantly turned the gutta percha down and tightly sealed its lower edge, so that no drop of water from without could enter, while they could see as much of the cavern as their powerful lights would illuminate. Within, the waterproof sheeting kept them perfectly dry from the natural moisture of the walls.

"This is really charming. I was wondering wherever we should get to to-night."

"Well, Luke, I must say that I was a little dubious, too," added Sutton; "but I think you've succeeded admirably."

Each of the three got into their own little cave, which, as we have said, was so arranged that, though their bodies were in separate pits, their heads and shoulders were in the common opening.

They had hardly got settled when they began to feel the whole wall moving violently up and down.

"Oh, dear, Pill! I'm tossing dreadfully. I'm sure I shall be sick. It's like the Bay of Biscay."

"This is nothing, Bozy; just wait a little."

"You now see, Miss Courteney," said Sutton, improving the occasion, "our stomachs water (or produce the gastric juice) from anticipating food, just like the mouth. I thought we should soon have something going on, when I saw how damp it was getting. But we are in a splendid position here."

"Well, we can't knock against each other, that's one comfort; we have each our own berth. But listen!" she said, as a wild, rushing sound of many waters was heard.

"Uncle has just eaten something," said Luke, "which, having arrived here below, is being digested. We shall have a grand tossing now for some time."

Looking out of their large window, how all was changed! The calm lake, with its slowly-rising waters, was gone. The whole place looked as if it had gone mad. The rushing, eddying, whirlpool of water rose so high as to be only just below them. Fragments like shipwrecked vessels could be seen rushing by, and all was wild tumult and commotion. A great wave would come with a mighty rush, as if determined to pass the guarded gate leading out of the stomach below, then, foiled in its purpose, would swiftly divide, sending two rushing, swirling currents back along each side, and burying their window two yards deep under water. In addition to all this, the whole end of the stomach was moving up and down and twisting backwards and forwards in an extraordinary manner.

Belinda was profoundly impressed with the scene, especially after Mr. Sutton's lecture.

"And all this," she said, at length, "is going on without uncle's will at all! I suppose he knows nothing about it?"

"None of us do, Miss Courteney. Now you see how completely every particle of food is exposed to the action of the gastric juice."

"It is a magnificent sight, and I should enjoy it more were I not so sick," said Belinda, as she was banged about from side to side in her berth.

"Take this," said Luke, handing her some Cockle-cum-Eno; "you'll be all right."

"I believe you're a quack, Luke, and not an M.R.C.S. at all. You've only one medicine for everything."

"Not so, Bozy; I've another for hunger. Take this, now, and be thankful." And he handed her half a H.F.D. and in spite of their tossing and shaking, which went on incessantly, they all had a good meal.

By this time their window was quite under water, and they had the satisfaction of seeing that not a drop leaked in. It being too dark to see much outside, and as the wild heaving tumult seemed only to increase, they all agreed to give up any attempt at talking (their voices being completely drowned), and Belinda slowly

"sank to sleep, rocked in the cradle
of the deep."

Luke and Mr. Sutton, after having made a vain attempt to peer through the muddy waters, did the same, and thus closed the fifth day of this eventful week.

(*To be continued.*)

MY BROTHER'S FRIEND.

EGLANTON THORNE, Author of "The Old Worcester Jug," etc.

CHAPTER XXI.

A MISAPPREHENSION REMOVED.

THE village of Dunsted lay some seven miles from Burford. The drive thither seemed to me interminable; for my head still throbbed with pain, and even the easy rolling of Mabel's carriage was almost more than I could bear. Mabel kept telling me that the air would do me good, and indeed the light, damp wind which blew in at the window was grateful to my heated brow, though it made me shiver. Mabel talked fast to me as we went along; but I heeded little her account of the individuals who lived in this house or in that, and what sort of people they were. I was too languid even to observe with any interest the fields and hedgerows we were passing, and the tokens they gave of spring's advance—the yellow catkins drooping from the black boughs, the feathery grey-green clusters of the willow-palm, the pink, swelling buds of the sycamores, or the blue-green spiral shafts and long, slender buds of daffodils rising amidst the grass of orchards.

"Now, Dorothy, do rouse yourself and try to look less martyr-like; for here we are at the Vicarage," said Mabel at last. "I shall wish I had not brought you, if you persist in wearing so melancholy a look."

We were approaching a long, low house, standing out from a background of leafless trees, and facing a flat expanse of lawn. The bare brown stems of creepers clung about the porch and lower windows; crocuses were blooming sparsely in the borders beneath. Doubtless it was a pretty place in summertime; but now it looked cold and dreary.

At Mabel's word of command I roused myself as bid, and tried to meet amiably the social duty before me. We followed the maid who admitted us across a wide hall to a small but pleasant drawing-room. The room looked full of people as we entered, and the atmosphere was very warm.

Mrs. Gower, a tall, graceful-looking woman, with dark hair and eyes, whose face somehow seemed familiar to me, though I had not seen her before, exclaimed at the coldness of my hand as she took it in hers—

"You are not used to taking such long drives in order to visit friends, which is one of the trying necessities of a country life," she said, kindly, unaware that I had had more experience of country customs than of town ways. With that she insisted on placing me in a chair near the fire.

I sat down, feeling too listless to resist, though I shrank from the warm blaze; for if my hands were cold, my head was almost unbearably hot and heavy. Such a buzz of talking sounded all around me! Mabel was greeting one acquaintance after another in her pretty, gracious manner. But whose was the voice with clear, liquid tones, which, though low, was heard before any other? Why did it send such a thrill through me? Where and when had I heard that voice before? I turned a little in my chair, and looked around me.

Near the window, and rather behind me, sat a golden-haired, blue-eyed girl, wearing a gown of dark-blue cloth, with collar and cuffs of rich velvet. A simple gown enough; yet its style and fit made it seem one with the perfectly-moulded form it covered, and its dark hue set off to full advantage the exquisite, flower-like beauty of the fair, delicate-tinted face and the flossy golden locks.

She sat the centre of a little group, who watched her with admiring glances, as they listened to her words, and seemed to care to look at no one else. And no wonder; for a prettier girl one could not hope to see. I had noted her beauty before to-day; but now I had a fresh revelation of it, and it wounded me like a sword-thrust.

Rose Carsdale! Leonard Glynne's *fiancée!* How strange, how inexplicable seemed her appearance in this quiet country vicarage!

Whilst I marvelled, the little group was suddenly broken up.

"Rose, dear," said Mrs. Gower, "let me introduce you to Mrs. Steinthorpe."

The girl rose and came forward with light, gliding step. How I envied her her perfect ease of manner and the graceful way in which she went through the ceremony of introduction to my stately little sister.

"No wonder," I said to myself—"no wonder he was attracted to her."

But I started, and every nerve began to tingle, when I found that Mrs. Gower was about to introduce Miss Carsdale to me. My name seemed to cause her surprise as she heard it. She cast a keener glance at me—then smiled with sudden recognition.

"Why, Miss Carmichael!" she exclaimed, "we scarcely seem to meet as strangers. You were at Mrs. Lyell's, and I often saw you passing in and out of her gates. I wanted to know you then, and I asked Leonard Glynne to bring it about; but he failed, as men generally do in arranging such things."

"Leonard Glynne!" exclaimed Mrs. Gower. "Does Miss Carmichael know Leonard Glynne?"

"Why, of course, Marion," returned Miss Carsdale. "This is the Miss Carmichael who was with Mrs. Lyell for some months. You must have heard of her from Leonard."

"Yes, to be sure; my cousin has spoken to me of that Miss Carmichael," said Mrs. Gower; "but I did not know that she had any connection with this neighbourhood; I could not guess that she was Mrs. Steinthorpe's sister. But believe me, Miss Carmichael, I am very glad to discover this second link of acquaintance with you."

Since I felt hot and confused before, what was I now? For a few moments the room seemed to go round with me. Mrs. Gower Leonard's cousin! What did it all mean? How I responded to their words I know not. Happily for me, the departure of some of the visitors made a little diversion, and I had time to recover myself somewhat ere Rose, having bid them good-bye, took a seat beside me. She appeared pleased to make my acquaintance.

"Is Mrs. Gower Leonard Glynne's cousin?" I asked her.

"Yes. Did you not know that?" she said, with an air of surprise.

"No; I had not an idea of it. Mabel only mentioned her as Mrs. Gower, and she had forgotten your name, so that gave me no light."

"Indeed! Then this is an afternoon of surprises to you as well as to Marion. But you must remember Leonard's going to his cousin Marion's wedding in August of the year before last? Ah, but perhaps you were in trouble at that time. That would make you forget it."

Her voice softened as she said the last words with a gentle, compassionate glance at my mourning attire.

"I do remember it," I said, rather tremulously; "and I can remember now that Mr. Glynne told me that his cousin was going to marry a clergyman—a Mr. Gower. Strange! I did not think of it before. I have been wondering what association I had with the name."

"Yes, it is strange how names will sometimes haunt our minds, and yet memory refuse to give us the clue to them. But, Miss Carmichael, I cannot tell you how glad I am that we have met to-day. You know I have seen a good deal of dear Mrs. Lyell lately, and I need not say that she has often spoken of you. What she has told me has made me feel much sympathy for you."

The girl's manner was very kind; her sympathy, I felt, was genuine; yet its touch seemed to bruise me. I was conscious of nothing but pain. Past, present, future—all my life seemed fraught with pain.

"You were at Hastings with Mrs. Lyell," I said, feeling that words were expected of me.

"Yes, I came here from Hastings. My mother is there now; but Mrs. Lyell, she tells me, has gone home. Leonard was with us for a few days. He was out of sorts and needed a change; but I do not think he enjoyed it very much. You see it was dull for him, poor fellow."

I did not see. I could not understand how Leonard should find it dull. I

looked in astonishment at Miss Carsdale. My wondering gaze seemed to perplex her. Her questioning eyes drew from me an explanation.

"How could he be dull, if you were there?" I said, bluntly.

She looked surprised; then coloured, and answered laughingly—

"Why, very easily. Did you mean that as a compliment? Well, if my society could have kept Leonard from being dull, he had but little of it. I must tell you that my particular friend—my Mr. Glynne—happened to be at Hastings at the same time, so you see——"

She paused in blushing confusion, sure that I should know how to fill in the pause. But I could only say, falteringly, scarcely articulately—

"Your Mr. Glynne! What do you mean? Are there two Mr. Glynnes?"

"Why, yes; surely you know. You have heard Leonard speak of his cousin Henry, Marion's brother?"

Had I heard of this individual? I could not tell, I could not think. My head was throbbing so wildly, it seemed as if a hammer were beating within my brain. I was trembling from head to foot.

Miss Carsdale bent towards me with a look of consternation.

"Oh, surely, surely," she murmured, "you did not think I was engaged to Leonard Glynne?"

"Yes, I thought so," I whispered.

"Oh, you made a great mistake," she replied, in the same low, confidential tone. "Leonard has long been a dear friend to me; but it was—because of Henry. I must tell you that there were great difficulties in the way of our engagement. For some time mamma refused her consent, because Henry's prospects were not good. She said that I should break her heart if I married him, and she has always been so delicate, poor, dear mamma! that I could not but submit to her will. She forbade me to see Henry or write to him, and she took me about from place to place, hoping I should forget him. But that was impossible. It was only through Leonard—who has been such a friend to us both—that I could get any news of Henry, or he of me."

Thus she explained, and for a while I

"THE GIRL'S MANNER WAS VERY KIND; HER SYMPATHY, I FELT, WAS GENUINE."

followed her meaning, taking in the bitter truth that I had tortured myself with a causeless jealousy, since Leonard had been at once the friend of Miss Carsdale and of her lover, and his interest in her arose from his desire to smooth their roughened course of love. But with the knowledge the pain in my head increased to torture, my limbs grew stiff and numb, whilst about my brow a furnace-like heat seemed to glow. The confused throbbing changed to a roaring in my ears that drowned every other sound; then all consciousness left me, as I felt myself falling backwards, backwards, in a darkness as of night.

How long my swoon lasted I know not; but the pale, agitated faces I saw about me when consciousness returned told me that my illness was deemed serious. Only Mabel remained calm and capable. She decided that I must be got home at once, and would not hear of Mrs. Gower sending for a doctor.

"Dorothy is well enough now to bear the drive," she said; "and as soon as we reach home I will send for my own medical man."

But when I tried to rise my head swam again, torturing pain in head and spine returned; it was as much as I could do, with all the help that was given to me, to drag myself to the carriage.

But Mabel's strong will prevailed; and it was well for the dwellers at the Vicarage that it did.

I have but a confused remembrance of that drive home—a memory of hopeless confusion and pain—of Mabel's speaking to me, and of my vainly endeavouring to attach some meaning to her words and answering in an incoherent, senseless way.

But I roused a little from my stupor as we neared The Towers. I remember alighting from the carriage, aided by Mabel and the footman, and staggering into the hall. There was a joyous shout, and little Percy came bounding to meet us. Where was the superior nurse, whose sole duty it was to guard this precious life?

"Run away, Percy! run away! Keep him back, some one!" cried Mabel, in a voice sharp with fear.

But the little fellow had clutched my gown as I sank on to a seat in the hall, and when I saw the dear, sweet face held up beseechingly to me, I, not knowing what I did, bent and kissed the rosy mouth. The next moment Mabel dragged him away, and his childish screams tortured my head. But it was too late. Ah, if I had but known!

For, a little later, Mabel's medical man—not old Dr. Perrow, but a younger practitioner, who had lately settled in the neighbourhood, and whom Mabel had "taken up," extolling his skill at every opportunity, pronounced that I was sickening with scarlet fever. Stupefied as I was, I saw the sudden pallor that came to Mabel's face when the doctor uttered that word of terror, and I knew that it was not for me that she feared, but for little Percy. The fever had been spreading amongst the poorer houses of Burford during the wet spring, and many little children had died of it. Mabel had had her fears, and had carefully screened her child from every possibility of infection.

Poor Mabel! But her presence of mind did not desert her, alarmed as she must have been. She thought of everything that should be done, and gave calm and clear directions to her servants.

I was removed to the rooms within one of the towers. Mr. Steinthorpe had occupied them in his bachelor days; but since he married they had been rarely used. The passage leading to them was shut off from the rest of the house by a heavy baize door; so that practically they constituted a separate dwelling, and secured for me the isolation that the nature of my illness demanded. Salome was summoned to nurse me, and I need not say how willingly my old nurse came to me. All possible care and attention was bestowed on me by doctor and nurse; I lacked no comfort that money could procure; but I soon became too ill to know what was done for me, or who came or went.

(*To be continued.*)

FRENCH RECIPES.

LA FRITURE.

THOSE who have read the directions previously given for frying potatoes after the French method may remember that we promised to give a few more recipes for utilising the same fat in which the potatoes are cooked. The uses to which it may be put are numerous, and an intelligent cook will readily perceive that by its means the remains of cold meat of any kind can be made into an appetising and presentable dish. As a general rule, when the meat is minced and made up into balls, an egg is necessary to keep the mixture together, nor should rolling in flour or bread-crumbs be forgotten. We give here only two French recipes for using up cold meat in this manner, but variations of these may be made at pleasure.

Take any kind of cooked meat or fowl, mince it very fine along with a little beef-suet or bacon fat, season with salt and pepper, and, if liked, add some cooked potatoes. Mix all with one or two eggs, according to the quantity of mincemeat, make up into little balls, roll them in flour or fine bread-crumbs, and put them into the boiling fat. These balls swell a little, and ought to be bright. They may be served either with or without an accompanying sauce. They are often eaten with tomato sauce. Where pork is liked, they may be mixed with sausage meat.

The other recipe is for what are called *croquettes de veau*, made of cold roast veal. They are so generally liked that they are often made expressly for select dinners or special occasions.

Mince the veal very fine and season to taste. make a white sauce with flour and melted butter, add the mince to it, let it cook for a minute or so, and then allow it to get cold. If the mixture is made the day before being used, it is all the better. An egg may be added if wished. Make up into little balls or rolls; if into the latter flatten the ends, dip each roll into an egg, beat up white and yolk together, and roll in very fine bread-crumbs. The crumbs used by French cooks are those of rusks or bread browned in the oven. When all the rolls are made up, plunge them into the boiling fat. Serve very hot. They ought to be quite soft and rather liquid inside, although browned on the outside.

As we have already stated, some cooks put fish into the same fat which is used for cooking potatoes, but it is more advisable to have a separate pot for fish. Cooked in this way small fish look and taste very well, as do also the remains of cold fish simply dipped in egg and bread-crumbs, or made up into balls with some crumbs or potatoes.

But coming back to the identical pot of fat used for potatoes, let us see how a French cook uses it for getting up sweet dishes. These are all made either of a mixture used alone and thrown into the fat, or with fruit dipped into it, thus corresponding to our English fritters. Of all these preparations, we think the best are apple-fritters, *beignets aux pommes*, as the French call them; but, of course, the larger fruits of any kind may be used. We have even seen a recipe *beignets aux fleurs d'acacia*, the white flowers of the acacia tree. A lady who has tasted them assured us that they were very good, having a flavour of orange-flower, and, besides, making an exceedingly pretty dish. We suppose the bunches of flowers would retain their elegant shape, although dipped in the paste. Another curious recipe is for fritters made with sorrel leaves, *beignets d'oseille*; each leaf, with the stalk attached, being dipped into the paste, and then cooked.

It is astonishing, by the way, what a large place the sorrel plant has in French cookery; as no green soup, or *potage*, as it is called, is ever made without it, and spinach is seldom served without a large proportion of sorrel being mixed with it. We need not wonder, therefore, that the plant is used for fritters, and when we find so many sweetmeats made of violet and rose leaves, we need not hesitate to eat those made from the acacia flower. French cooks, we find, are of our opinion, that no fruit equals the apple for fritters, and that even the delicate peach appears rather to lose its flavour in such a preparation.

Supposing that our readers know that the apples must be cut into round slices and cored, we give the French recipe for the mixture into which they must be dipped. Put two or three tablespoonfuls of flour into a basin, into this mix two yolks of eggs, a little salt, a little beer, and as much water as will leave the paste rather thick. It must be thick enough to remain on the slices of apple when they are dipped into it. The beer is intended to raise the mixture a little instead of yeast. When all the ingredients are well mixed, add the two whites of egg. The fritters are improved by soaking the slices in rum and powdered sugar some time before being used. The fat must be very hot. Dip each slice in the paste and plunge into the boiling fat until the pot is conveniently filled. When well browned

take them out, sprinkle with sugar, and serve piled up on a dish.

Another favourite sweet dish is called *beignets soufflés*, which may be translated "hollow" or "blown up" fritters. Put some water into a saucepan, about a pint, with an ounce of butter, the same of sugar, a little salt and some lemon peel rubbed off with sugar. When the water boils, throw in with one hand, by degrees, enough of flour to make a thick paste, and keep stirring with the other hand so as to prevent it sticking to the saucepan. This paste must be well cooked in order to be light; it takes about half-an-hour. Take it off the fire, keep stirring for a little while, and allow it to cool a little. Break an egg into it, and stir well, so as to mix thoroughly, then another, and so on until four eggs are put in, taking care to stir well after adding each egg. Leave the mixture to get cold, if possible, for an hour or two. When the fat boils, take a piece of dough about the size of a nut, throw it in, and continue this until the surface of the fat is half covered. These balls swell very much, while the interior is empty. They must be turned so as to be browned all over, as they swim on the surface. Drain before serving, and sprinkle with sugar. They may be eaten with preserves of any kind. If liked, custard or jam may be put inside after they are cold.

We are tempted to give another useful recipe here. It is not a French one, but is of American origin, if our memory does not deceive us, and is for a kind of biscuit called

"DOUGH NUTS."

They are something like the cracknels made by biscuit manufacturers, and ought to be quite dry. The materials are 1 lb flour, ¼ lb sugar, 2 eggs, half teaspoonful carbonate of soda. Have ready in a pot boiling 1½ lb lard. We give this recipe as we received it, but it will be understood that, for those already provided with a pot of fat for the uses we have described, a separate one is most necessary. Mix the carbonate of soda in the flour, add the other ingredients, and mix all with buttermilk to a not too stiff paste. Pinch off pieces, throw them into the lard, when after a little they will rise to the top. Allow them to get brown. Sour milk may be used instead of buttermilk, but does not make the biscuits so light.

In concluding these directions, we beg to remind the cook that when the fat is already hot, pieces of cold puddings of any kind, solid enough to keep together, may be made to go farther by being dipped into paste, and put into it.

M.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

BRENHILDA.—Your nicely and gratefully-expressed letter deserves our best thanks. Your hand is not yet a running hand, but promises well, and the sentiments in your verses are excellent, yet they are not sufficiently correct in composition to be introduced into our paper. We regret to disappoint you.

MOTHER GUM.—The origin of the name "butterfly" is identical with that of "buttercup." Both insect and flower owe their name to their colour, the straw-coloured fly giving its special and characteristic name to all its fellows, though differing in colour. In Anglo-Saxon the name is "buterflege;" in German it is the same; in Dutch it is "botervlieg."

E. K. CARNEGIE.—For all papers of examinations, and other information respecting Girton College, Cambridge, write to the secretary, Miss Kensington, 22, Gloucester-place, Hyde Park, W. For women upwards of eighteen years of age, £105 per annum. Entrance examinations in March and in June. For Newnham College, Cambridge, North and South Hills, write to the principal, Miss A. J. Clough. Fees, 75 guineas per annum. Age, upwards of eighteen.

JUMNA.—The Home Mission Reading Society, of which the hon. secretary is Miss A. Greaves, Barncote, Reigate, Surrey, gives its surplus funds to the home missions of the Church of England. The Reading Society, of which Miss Allen, 179, The Mall, Newport, Isle of Wight, is the hon. secretary, gives prizes in money to the most regular readers.

ART.

ROSALIND and CELIA.—The glass used for oil painting is ordinary looking-glass with bevelled edges. It is obtained through any large upholsterers, artists' colourmen, or picture-frame makers.

FOUR YEARS' SUBSCRIBER.—The various mediums sold for mirror painting are patents, and you cannot make them at home. They cost one or two shillings a bottle, and would be sent to you by post from any makers', of whom the names and addresses are continually advertised.

S. W.—See answer to "Four Years' Subscriber." No firing is required for mirror painting if varnished in the ordinary way. Your bird seems to have taken cold from having been hung in a draught, and needs a tonic. Put a rusty nail in his water, or some saffron, and keep him warm.

ALICE ROSE.—The spots on crystoleum-painting arise either from leaving too much fixative between the glass and the photograph or from some defect in the latter which is brought out by the fixative. For the last-named spots there is no cure; for the first, rub the spots down with fine glasspaper and repeat the bath.

LALLA.—To skeletonise leaves, boil them for two minutes, then transfer them to a strong solution of permanganate of potash and gently heat; in two hours remove the tissues gently with a brush, and bleach with sulphurous acid or a solution of chloride of lime. Should your fingers become stained during the process, rub them with diluted sulphuric acid. The Queen has no family name, so it has been decided by Sir Bernard Burke.

MIXED PICKLES.—Pre-Raphaelism is a theory in painting, giving preference to a style that prevailed before the days of Raphael, in which the principal characteristic was a careful and rigid adherence to natural forms and effects in contradistinction to the style of any particular school. The word khedive is pronounced as "ked-deeve."

HOUSEKEEPING.

STARLIGHT.—The only method of restoring the colour to the brown morocco leather would be to use a small bottle of Judson's brown dye on the worn places.

E. F. A.—It is well to cover down all jams while hot, we believe. Watering with cold tea is said to be good for ferns. They must also be carefully preserved from draughts.

SWEET LITTLE MARIE must first scrape all the paint off the jacket that will come off without hurting the cloth, and then wet the spot with turpentine, which will take away the mark. Use a little blotting-paper to lay on the spot to take off the paint. The 3rd May, 1870, was a Tuesday.

GENEVERA should not be ashamed to say she is sorry if she feels so, and have any apology that it is right to make. She certainly ought not to have called anyone "a fool," under any circumstances, however provoked.

E. J. PARKES.—The method of keeping eggs for winter use is to grease each egg with unsalted lard or butter and put them away, the small end downwards, in coarse salt or bran. A barrel is the general thing used to hold them.

FLORA.—Alabaster must not be cleaned with soap and water. It is cleaned with lemon-juice by the Italian sculptors and sellers of it. Perhaps you could also use a thick paste of starch, which you could rub off when dry.

B. E. W. (Cottenham).—The horsehair in the couch must be baked in an oven to kill the moth, or very carefully picked over when the eggs have been hatched and the grubs are out.

PISCES.—The white side of flat fish is sent in to table uppermost, but the under side is the best; so in carving the fish you must put the fish-slice underneath the fish in order to help it.

BUGELEISEN writes to say that the sticking of the flat-iron to the starched material may be entirely avoided by working the starch when dissolved into a lather with ordinary yellow soap. Many thanks.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PRIMROSE.—We do not always give sequels to our stories and few that we know have any. You write fairly well.

ANXIOUS WAITER.—The dress pattern sent appears to be of a material and colour suitable for wear at lawn-tennis parties.

ADE must ask the advice of, and be guided by, her father and mother in this serious matter.

MAUDE CARTWRIGHT.—The 28th January, 1870, was a Friday.

HAREBELL.—The 18th May, 1848, was a Thursday. We think it is prudent to retain all situations as long as possible. At the present time they are so difficult to procure.

SOFTSWAN must take a long breath at each pause in her reading aloud, and do it very slowly when quite alone, for at least an hour a day. We know a young lady who has very nearly cured herself of stammering by perseverance in this method.

CARLOTTA SCHULTZBERG.—We think you have acted with a great want of maidenly delicacy and care, and the young man, as well as your brother, is also much to blame. You had better inform your mother, and let her write to both of them and inquire the young man's intentions.

HERMIA and HELENA (South Africa).—For bleeding at the nose, inject a little alum and water up the nostrils; sit up, and bathe the face and neck with cold water. Probably you are affected by the extreme heat of the climate.

TIZZIE.—Why should you wish to know whether the bill respecting the deceased wife's sister be passed? It has not. You may marry your brother-in-law in the colonies, but not yet in this country, and any children by such a marriage would be illegitimate, and could not inherit property, excepting as strangers by will only. It has been naïvely said that "it is a pity the men who wish to do so had not married the sister at first." The bacon of which you speak must have been very badly cured. Cut off all the outside, and cover the slices in a frying-pan with water, and when done pour off the water and brown it.

PRIMROSE.—If not an intentional breach of your pledge, you need not worry yourself about it. Sometimes it is expedient to follow the advice of St. Paul, to "ask no questions for conscience sake."

EMILY SOUTHWELL.—You need complete rest. You have over-fatigued your brain. Drop all study, at least for a fortnight, and get change of air and scene if you possibly can.

IZZIE BIRBECK.—A hat entirely covered with a duck's breast is more suitable for winter than summer wear. The skin should be properly prepared and baked before used. Your parents must decide the question of your singing at a temperance meeting. At sixteen you are not only young for appearing so publicly, but incompetent to undertake it. Your training should only begin at that age.

M. A. G.—To clean black silk, use slightly-diluted gin, and rub in well. It will both cleanse and stiffen it. See all we have already said about the hair, and quite recently, too.

NIL DESPERANDUM.—You should consult the wishes of your parents in reference to your taking a situation, and be guided by them. Why should you compete with those who are obliged to support themselves, and so render it more difficult to obtain situations when you are not under any obligation to go out as a governess? It is cruel and selfish to do so. You will find plenty of work to do for the good of others by joining two or three of the many societies instituted for the aid of the ignorant or needy. The Odd Minutes' Society is an admirable one; secretary, Miss Powel, Luctons, Buckhurst-hill, Essex. Form your letters more correctly; do not make efforts to display originality by making them unsightly and illegible.

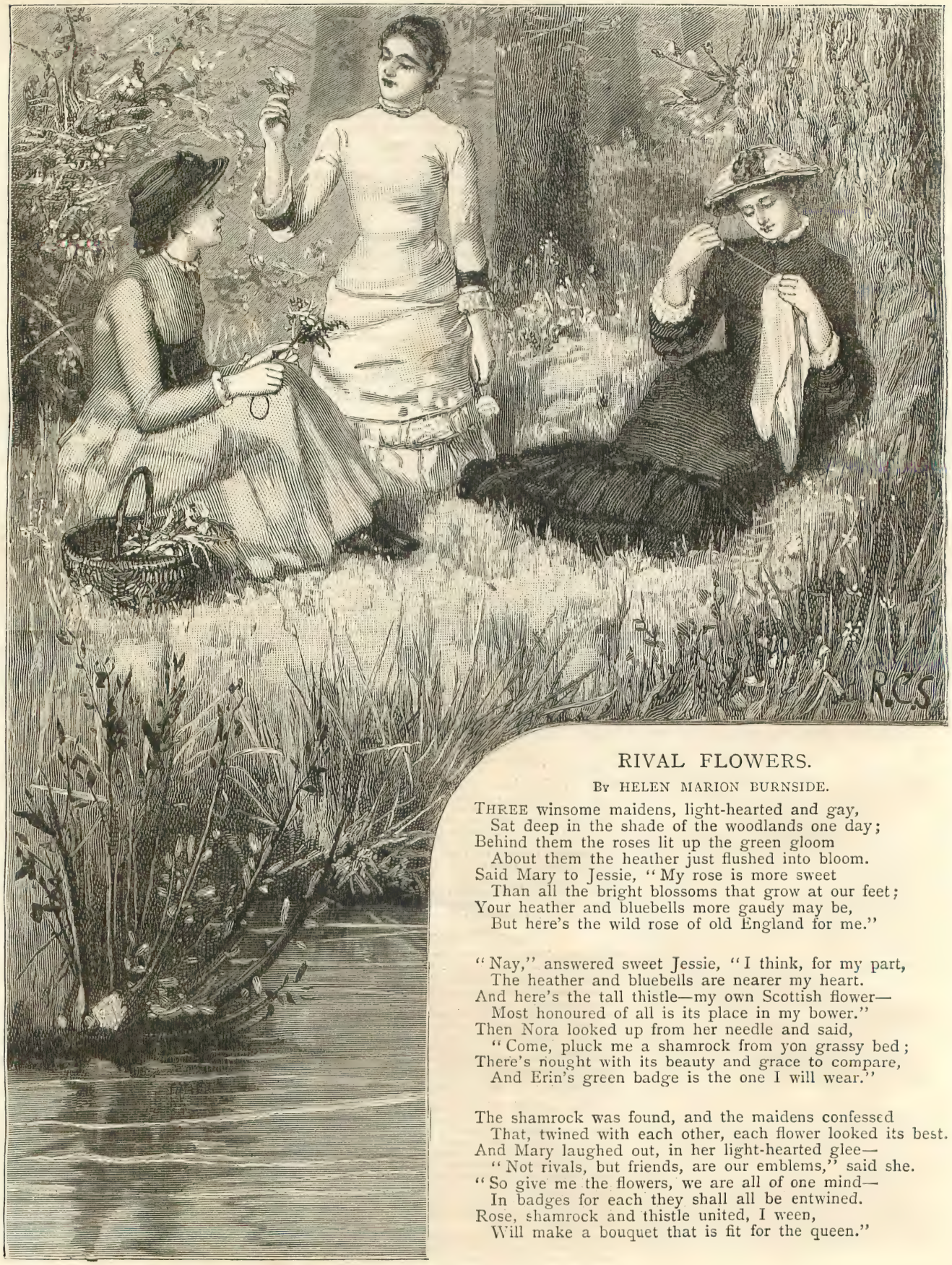
SAUCE-BOX.—Inquire for it at any florist's.

IGNORANT SEVENTEEN should at least learn to spell. Natural dulness of intellect may be improved by careful study. If you have your second teeth extracted no others will succeed them. You write a good hand.

CLEANLINESS. You can clean white fur with plaster of Paris or flour.

READER.—Ivan Stefanovitch Mazeppa, of whom you have seen pictures as bound upon a wild horse, was a Hetman of the Cossacks, born in 1644. In his youth, while acting as a page to the King of Poland, he was discovered in an intrigue, for which cause he is said to have been driven thus into the Steppes. There he was rescued by the Cossacks, was made a chief, and came into favour with Peter the Great in 1700; but he deserted his master for Charles XII. of Sweden, after eight years' service, and at the fall of the latter sovereign, about a year after, he poisoned himself.

NELLIE J.—Wrinse the Shetland wool article in soap-suds and then in clean water. If you prefer the method of cleaning it with flour or powdered plaster of Paris, it would be found equally effectual. Of course, the latter plan could only be suitable for white wool.



RIVAL FLOWERS.

By HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

THREE winsome maidens, light-hearted and gay,
Sat deep in the shade of the woodlands one day;
Behind them the roses lit up the green gloom
About them the heather just flushed into bloom.
Said Mary to Jessie, "My rose is more sweet
Than all the bright blossoms that grow at our feet;
Your heather and bluebells more gaudy may be,
But here's the wild rose of old England for me."

"Nay," answered sweet Jessie, "I think, for my part,
The heather and bluebells are nearer my heart.
And here's the tall thistle—my own Scottish flower—
Most honoured of all is its place in my bower."
Then Nora looked up from her needle and said,
"Come, pluck me a shamrock from yon grassy bed;
There's nought with its beauty and grace to compare,
And Erin's green badge is the one I will wear."

The shamrock was found, and the maidens confessed
That, twined with each other, each flower looked its best.
And Mary laughed out, in her light-hearted glee—
"Not rivals, but friends, are our emblems," said she.
"So give me the flowers, we are all of one mind—
In badges for each they shall all be entwined.
Rose, shamrock and thistle united, I ween,
Will make a bouquet that is fit for the queen."

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

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COURTLEROY.

By ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER LI.

"TO MARGARET."

"I WOULD rather not meet any of them, and they are sure to call," said Miss Heath the next morning at breakfast. "I will go home, if you please."

"This is your home, Milly," answered Mrs. Prettyman, in a huffy voice. "George, I wish you could persuade her to stop here for a few days, at least."

"I have already tried and failed," said George, "so I propose accompanying her to Highgate this morning, if you do not want me here."

"We shall want you for our small party at five," returned Mrs. Prettyman. "Besides, Octavius Leste is coming to dinner."

"I will be back. Aunt Milly proposes to leave early. We will take a hansom," returned George.

Accordingly, he and Miss Heath started immediately after breakfast. They were not long in reaching breezy Highgate, and agreed to dismiss the hansom at the entrance to the cemetery. They had been there together several times, and threaded their way through the tombs, cypresses, monuments and flowers, till they reached a halting place half way up the hill, where they paused to take breath and to glance at the fine view that spread before them. Then they took a side path and walked slowly and in silence towards the spot sacred to both; for a mother's grave is ever sacred, even though that mother was unknown.

It was only one simple white marble cross among many, but it stood on a slight eminence, and was visible as they went towards it. The rays of a bright May sun glinted through the overshadowing trees and across the cypress at the back of the grave, and fell upon it, and on two figures that stood contemplating it.

"Someone is there; we will wait," said George.

"People come and go. They will have left before we reach it," replied Miss Heath, and they walked on.

But these visitors tarried, and were still gazing at the white cross when George, also, stood before it. They appeared unconscious of his presence, and he retired a pace or two to await their departure. His mind was preoccupied, and he did not look particularly at them. But when he found that they did not move away, he glanced at them more inquisitively. Their backs were towards him, still that glance sufficed. He made an involuntary exclamation, and moved forwards. They started and turned. It was Mr. Le Roy and Mimica. George just spoke Mimica's

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"'MR. LE ROY HAS BROUGHT ME HERE,' HE SAID, AT LAST."

name, and she his, and their hands were clasped there, over his mother's grave. Mr. Le Roy either did not see him, or was so much engaged by that inscription, "To Margaret," that he made no sign of recognition. But George and Mimica stood in silence, hand in hand, heart answering heart, on the sod that covered the mouldering body of her whose strange fate had been the cause of their life-long friendship.

They looked at Mr. Le Roy, who stood awhile immovable at the foot of the turfy grave. His face was calm, his form erect, but the moisture in his eyes proved that memory even now recalled the Margaret he had loved so well. At last he moved, and said—

"Now, Mimica, we will go."

Looking at her, he perceived George.

"Strange that we should meet here!" he added, and they, too, clasped hands over that solemn spot.

"She passed away with the word 'Saviour' on her lips," murmured George.

"I hope her soul is at rest with Him," returned Mr. Le Roy.

As he spoke, he encountered Miss Heath, who was nervously watching the scene. Mimica also saw her for the first time, and broke the awkwardness of the meeting by her delighted welcome and affectionate embrace. They all turned from the marble cross with a lingering glance at it, and went quietly down the tomb-lined pathway: Mimica and Miss Heath in front, the gentlemen behind. Mr. Le Roy was the first to speak.

"Let me again congratulate you on your success," he said. "Your history is strange, but you have conquered the circumstances that conquered me."

"A Higher Power has shaped them for me," replied George.

"I should apologise to you for ill-advised words," said Le Roy, hesitating, and even colouring. "When we last met, I did not realise who you were, or how mixed up with my life. We have met again. Let us be friends for her sake." He turned and pointed in the direction of the cross.

"Thank you," was all George could say, for his feelings overcame him.

When they drew near the cemetery entrance, Mimica joined them, Miss Heath still keeping in advance.

"Will you drive Miss Heath home, uncle?" she said. "She is very nervous and upset by this sudden meeting. Besides, I should like to see where she lives."

Mimica's animated face was flushed with happiness, and it was no wonder, so thought George, that he smiled and replied that she was his mistress for the remainder of the day.

"She is, if possible, younger and more beautiful than ever," reflected her brother-lover, as she hastened to insist on Miss Heath's being driven home.

A carriage was waiting for them, and the men wore the Le Roy livery. Mr. Le Roy asked George to accompany them, and they all got in. Poor Miss Heath looked frightened to death, and wished herself anywhere rather than opposite Le Roy. But for Mimica's insistence, she would have refused that place of honour as resolutely as she had refused the pension. But he asked almost kindly after her health, and tried to set her at her ease, although he felt anything but at his ease himself. George and Mimica were much more comfortable, and had a thousand things to say in those brief minutes.

"Now you must come in and call upon Miss Heath, uncle," said Mimica, when they reached Miss Heath's modest lodging. "You have constituted me your mistress for the remainder of the day."

Miss Heath was surprised at Le Roy's willing acquiescence. Her countenance showed it. He smiled, and said his niece was commander-in-chief.

"Oh, Milly! this is delightful!" said Mimica, with almost childish gaiety, when they had mounted a narrow staircase and found themselves in a pretty drawing-room. "All the old ornaments and work with which we adorned the Courtleroy schoolroom, and white curtains and flowers, and actually a view! Look, uncle. I have seen nothing like this before in London. And country air, and no smoke!"

Mr. Le Roy admired, George listened entranced, and Milly Heath looked on. When they had sat some time talking with tolerable ease Mimica broke out suddenly with—

"This is my day! Uncle, you must make Miss Heath come back with us."

"It would give me great pleasure," was the reply.

Mimica overruled all objections; but it was George who decided Miss Heath to accept the invitation.

"For my sake, Aunt Milly," he whispered, while Mr. Le Roy looked out of the window. And for his sake the shy, trembling woman forgot her resolutions, and once more entered Mr. Le Roy's carriage.

"We can drop you in the square," said that gentleman, and George also followed in her wake.

It would be difficult to say which of the four was most surprised at the unexpected juxtaposition, but they all accepted it, for was it not Mimica's day? When they reached the square she longed to renew her acquaintance with it; but she saw from her uncle's face that he was not prepared for such renewal, so they dropped George at Mr. Prettyman's door. The leavetaking was cordial on all sides, but only the pressure of hands told what was the joy of reunion between George and Mimica.

"You will explain to Mrs. Prettyman," said Miss Heath, nervously.

"And give her my dear love," added Mimica. "I shall come to see her soon."

The carriage drove off, leaving George in a strange tumult of feelings. He recounted what had passed to Mrs. Prettyman, and she more than shared them; for she was quite convinced that his military renown had done for him what the honour of belonging to Lady Helena's family would never have done. But his old and favourite haunt, "The Yard," compelled them to forget awhile the more aristocratic "Gate," and they were soon engaged in preparations for a treat similar in character to the one which celebrated his coming of age. The like demonstrations on the part of his old friends awaited him, and children and adults, ragged and clothed, received him and his foster-parents as they best liked to be received.

There was, however, a new and striking incident.

In the midst of the hubbub incidental on a high tea of no ordinary character, a carriage drove into the yard. Instead of the Patrick and Biddy of the last ceremonial, the outsiders saw a grand gentleman and two fine ladies step out, and request to be shown the way to the banqueting-hall. A dozen somewhat disreputable-looking members of the rank and file volunteered to escort them, and after mounting many stairs, they found themselves at the top of the big building, in a long room adorned with texts and flags. They were greeted by a very babel of sounds; for hungry youngsters manage to keep up a perpetual noise, whether their mouths are full or empty.

George, who was engaged in handing about meat, perceived his new guests, and hastened towards them.

"Miss Heath told me of your feast, and as this is my day, I made her and my uncle come and see it," said Mimica, meeting him with her usual frankness. "I told uncle it would be infinitely more effective than the banquet at the Mansion House."

"It certainly is," added Mr. Le Roy.

He was standing near the door, and looking over the heads of well-nigh a thousand invited guests; for this festivity had been arranged beforehand. They were all in their best, but in most cases bad was that best. He frowned and shuddered as he contemplated the rags, and was conscious of certain odours not of the attar of rose genus. Mr. and Mrs. Prettyman came forward to greet him and Mimica, and to express their pleasure at seeing them again. But they and George were too busy to linger long. They apologised for leaving Mr. Le Roy, who said—

"I have come uninvited, and should be the one to apologise. Will you excuse further unceremoniousness and all dine with us at eight next Tuesday? My niece has so well managed her stewardship and me, that we are actually mistress and master of my old town place. You remember it, Captain Hope?"

"I'm sure we shall be only too pleased," said Mrs. Prettyman, more convinced than ever that her Georgie was all but master of the world.

Mimica had seized a dish and was helping vigorously when Mr. Le Roy looked for her to second his invitation.

"Tell her I will return for her in an hour," he added to Miss Heath, and withdrew from a scene which troubled while it astonished him. "Why do they cheer me?" he added to himself, as he stumbled down the dark staircases and out into the yard.

It was full, as is customary on such occasions, with on-lookers, who hurrahed with all their might as he stepped into his carriage. It was certainly an unusual sight there, and the poor like a vent for their feelings, whether in cheers or curses. They heard him say "Grosvenor-square" to the coachman, and echoed the words at the top of their voices; while the policeman tried to clear the way for the impatient horses, as little accustomed as their master to similar assemblies.

When he returned, the tea, with its accessories of fruit, tarts, cake, and buns was over, and the cheering had begun. It sounded so hilarious that he actually mounted to the topmost storey again. The words "Captain Hope and Mr. and Mrs. Prettyman" resounded. But this was nothing to what followed, for the fife and drum band had mounted to the platform, and began military music in honour of the occasion. George was in their midst, and Le Roy trembled for the drum of his ear. Both George and Mimica were on the watch for him, and threaded their way through the excited youngsters till they reached the door.

"Thank you, uncle, for leaving me so long. Miss Heath will remain with Mrs. Prettyman, and I am quite ready," said Mimica.

George went with them to the carriage, and then the cheers began again.

"This reminds me of our first day at Overton, Mimica," said Le Roy. "But Captain Hope's welcome home is less stormy than mine was. How long have you been excruciated by that awful band, Hope?"

"Ever since I was a boy. I learnt music for their sakes," replied George.

"Come to-morrow morning and renew your acquaintance with my stringed instruments," said Le Roy, as George handed Mimica into the carriage.

"Thank you, I will," he returned, with a happy look at her.

CHAPTER LII.

ANOTHER BANQUET.

ONCE more in the gorgeous music-room with Mr. Le Roy, George Hope felt strangely bewildered. But they tried neither stringed

nor pedaled instruments that morning. Le Roy had invited him to come for a different purpose. He wished to obliterate the slur he had cast on his birth, by welcoming him as friend and equal. That was done at once. Then he recalled the day when he cast the slur, and the subsequent disclosures of Miss Heath.

"Had I been then as clear-headed as I am now, I might have acted differently," he said. "But I was off my balance—had been, indeed, since your mother deserted me. Thanks to Mimica, I have regained my equilibrium. I see things more clearly, and hope to be less self-absorbed in future. Thanks to her, also, I have regained my lost position. With the aid of Sellon we have righted the affairs. He came to an understanding with Searle, who has helped us by letter, upon promise of immunity. Mimica has accomplished miracles in the way of economy, and has been the means of reconciling me with my tenants, and placing matters on a right footing. This has been the work of the years that have passed since that unfortunate evening. Our last stroke of good fortune is that we are rich enough to spend a season in London, and that in our own house. Mimica has kept her promise faithfully. She has devoted herself to me, and, as I believe, not written to you."

"Not a line; nor I to her," put in George, startled by this last proposition.

"She has restored to me my early faith in woman. She has never deceived me. If all women were truthful and straightforward as she, the world would mend, and society be less hollow."

"You must make the men equally truthful and straightforward," put in honest George.

"Impossible! However, I believe you to be a good fellow. Mimica is so clever that it is possible she might devote her life to both of us. We have now a town and country house, and your worthy parents have plenty of money. You will probably be much abroad with your regiment, but I shall be always at home. We need not interfere with one another. Mimica and I never do. At this moment, although she knows you are coming, she is wise enough not to appear. But she is not acquainted with the reason of my asking you to come. It was simply to give you and her an opportunity of renewing your old friendship, and supplementing it by that other stronger feeling in which I have ceased to believe. I do not approve of disparities—still, it is for you and Mimica to settle that inequality. She is in the book-room amongst the flowers, doubtless. Come and see her."

Mr. Le Roy gave George no time for words. He rose, went down stairs, crossed the hall, and threw open a door, with the words—

"Mimica, here is your old friend, George Hope."

He waited until George passed into the room, then walked away with a "Good-bye; remember our dinner on Tuesday."

Once more George and Mimica were alone together. She came to meet him from amongst the flowers of the luxurious conservatory; he stood before her, shy and diffident as he had never been before.

"Mr. Le Roy has brought me here," he said at last, and then his words flowed freely.

We need not repeat them, since they were themselves but a repetition of those he spoke some years before. Indeed, it is not necessary to remain where our presence is scarcely welcome. We have already been interlopers at one or two love scenes, and have heard Mimica twice say "no." We will leave her untrammelled to say "yes," if so it be her good pleasure.

Mr. Le Roy was also considerate enough to leave them, and, contrary to his custom, wandered forth into Hyde-park. Here he sat down and reviewed his life. Unlike most reviewers, he did his work impartially; and came to the conclusion that the latter years of his career had been more to his satisfaction than their predecessors. For this he thanked his niece. He greatly feared that his future might be less pleasant; still, he owed her something, and must try to reconcile himself to being superseded. Besides, he thought, a military man is so much from home, that, after all, she will be more mine than his. By the time he is a general officer and retires, I shall be—— He did not care to consider where, so turned his thoughts to the following Tuesday, when he was to be honoured by the company of his nephew-elect and his foster parents.

He had planned this dinner with unusual care, and his household understood that it was the first event of the kind that had happened to him for many years. Barber superintended, and when the evening arrived the sumptuous mansion was ablaze with light and aglow with colour.

The dinner was worthy of the host, and when Mimica, for the first time in her life, presided at a grand London banquet in the height of the season she no longer wondered that Searle had found it difficult to supply means for the support of two establishments. She was herself somewhat uncomfortable, for to please her uncle she wore the family diamonds. They became her well, but her tastes were simple, and she would have liked better the natural flowers to which she usually resorted for her adornment. But George Hope cared not whether she wore diamonds or natural flowers. She was "his Mimi," now, for ever and a day, and what did dress signify? And she cared most for what best pleased him.

But the dinner and the guests. The one was almost regal, the others were old acquaintances and friends. There were Sir Joshua and Lady Helena, their two sons, and their daughter-in-law. Barbara had effected Montague's cure, and Lady Helena had submitted to the inevitable. Her ladyship was resplendent with gems, and Barbara handsome and self-possessed as ever. Mr. and Mrs. Prettyman, George, and Miss Heath made up the second family party. The comely madre wore her Joe's favourite blue satin and pearls, and looked all smiles and blushes, just as if she, and not her dear Georgie, had been the affianced. As to Miss Heath, she would not have been there but for the said Georgie and Mimica; she could not resist their solicitations, and donned the velvet and lace always kept at Mrs. Prettyman's. In addition to these, our special familiars, there were Major and Mrs. Percy and their son, Mr. Sellon, and Octavius Leste.

One thing alone troubled Le Roy. There were ten gentlemen to six ladies. "But," he thought, "it is a period of disparities, and this is on the right side." He had brought together all the people most concerned in the history of George and Mimica, and that was what he had intended. He had scarcely expected, however, that they would all have been so cheerful and amalgamated so well. Of course, Lady Helena was seated next him, but he had so managed that George was on her other side. They were soon in animated conversation, and Lady Helena forgot her grievances and laid aside her pride for the occasion. George was always himself, and Le Roy had no fear for him. Barber, standing behind his master's chair, was much attracted by the patronising aunt and unassuming nephew.

There was no lack of talk, and the usual dinner-party hum was kept up, broken by the customary bursts of laughter, natural for once, since there were no young ladies looking for admiration, or young gentlemen paying compliments. These are the inanities which disturb sociability.

"'Pon my word, Miss Marmont, you have brought out your uncle," said Sir Joshua to Mimica. "What a capital host he makes! I hope he'll keep it up down in the country. And there's her ladyship talking to young Hope just as if she *believed in him at last*. You'll hardly suppose that neither certificates nor chapter and verse will convince her."

Mimica smiled, and looking across the long and richly-mounted table, caught George's eye, and he smiled also.

When the dinner was over, and the ladies were in the magnificent gilded, mirrored, be-pictured, and æstheticised drawing-room, nothing but notes of admiration were heard at first. Lady Helena congratulated Mimica on being at last in town, and mistress of such a house; but regretted that she had lost so many years in the country. Mrs. Percy asked her if she remembered the old Indian days; and Barbara talked to Mrs. Prettyman and Miss Heath, who kept side by side. In truth, Miss Heath was so painfully shy and nervous, that Mimica regretted that she had brought her and Lady Helena together. They had not met since their interview at Summerlands. As to Mrs. Prettyman, she knew that if she spoke at all, she must pour out her joy at certain events communicated to her under the seal of secrecy.

However, the gentlemen soon came in, and the tiresome seal was broken. Mr. Le Roy at once announced George Hope's engagement to Mimica. He did it so naturally that there was no embarrassment, though Lady Helena looked unaffectedly annoyed. She could not get over her disappointment, though she had sufficient tact not to show it. All sorts of congratulations and inquiries followed.

"Why, we shall be related after all, Le Roy!" cried Sir Joshua. "What shall we be? Cousins german, or uncles, or what? Our nephew will marry your niece, instead of ——, but never mind that old story. Lady Helena! only think, Monkton and Courtleroy will be joined at last. Haw, haw! I was forgetting our own sons. But it is strange that poor Margaret's son should marry your niece, Le Roy, and that he should be Miss Heath's nephew."

"Very," returned Le Roy, coldly. "What do Mr. and Mrs. Prettyman think? Have they given consent?"

"Oh, yes, Mr. Le Roy; only we shall lose our Georgie," replied Mrs. Prettyman, in a plaintive voice.

"That need not be. He can stay with you while Mimica visits me. We have three establishments."

There was a general laugh, which Sellon turned to account by inquiring who would now be steward.

"Mimica. I could not do without her. Courtleroy would go to rack and ruin again without Mimica. What do you say, George?" answered Le Roy.

"Time will show," was George's cautious reply.

And time did show. Courtleroy continued to prosper, and its people blessed the day when Squire Le Roy gave his niece to Captain Hope in the presence of all their mutual friends, and in the church which had been the scene of his early disappointment. Mrs. Prettyman had no cause to murmur, for, as she said, she had now an adopted daughter as well as an adopted son.

INSIDE PASSENGERS; OR, THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF LUKE AND BELINDA.

By A LONDON PHYSICIAN.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE WONDERS OF THE DUODENUM.

NEXT morning Belinda found the surgeons both up and dressed, and, indeed, down for breakfast, which was already laid (the laying consisting of the presence of the well-known pill-box and tin flask on a ledge at Luke's elbow). Belinda stood erect, and with that one act her toilet was complete. Entirely encased in waterproof, she was as clean as a new pin. Her dress, which had been a little soiled in her tumble down the larynx, had been carefully dried. Her hair was in perfect order, and altogether you would think when her head appeared in the common opening to the three berths that she had stepped out of a bandbox instead of a pyloric gland.

"Don't mind me, Pill, I see you are busy discussing the programme for to-day. All I can say is, if it is as interesting as yesterday I shall be extremely pleased."

"I think we can satisfy her, don't you, old chap?"

"Well, Miss Courteney will be hard to please if we do not."

"If your plan is feasible, Luke, there is no immediate hurry for a start, and as there are still one or two facts I wish to lay before Miss Courteney connected with this wonderful organ, I should think that after lunch would be soon enough."

Breakfast over, Luke carefully opened the lower part of the guttapercha covering and looked out. All was still as a summer's morning.

Throwing their lights up the cavern, the floor was dry as far as could be seen everywhere, and the stomach was quite empty.

"I think it looks well for a start," he said, and I don't suppose he will eat again just yet, so I'm off. Now take care of yourselves, and pay attention, Belinda, to all Mr. Mole says."

So saying, he swung down, and was soon out of sight.

Sutton at once began, "I daresay you remember what the special work of the stomach is."

"Rather," said Belinda, "it digests all the meat and other proteids; it leaves the starch alone, and doesn't do much with the fat, only by tossing and twisting about it manages to blend the whole harmoniously together. What I should like to know is how we can best keep ourselves in order, and what is the best sort of food to eat. I'm perfectly certain these wretched pills are not, in spite of what Luke says. In fact, I don't believe in his concentrated rubbishes. I'd rather have it as it is."

"As to the sorts of food, in the first place, Miss Courteney, we are designed for, and ought to have, a mixed diet. Animal food being similar to our own flesh, is most easily digested, and satisfies hunger best and longest. It has also a very stimulating effect. Liebig tells us of a bear which, when fed on bread, got quite gentle, and only became dangerous when it got meat again. I shall never forgot how I was struck, when out for a day with about a hundred charity school children in a field, with the mild and sleepy style in which they played. They all looked fat and well fed, but were dull and wanting in energy. I found their diet was largely rice, potatoes, and other starches, and I must say they showed it. What we require to keep us up to concert pitch is half a pound of meat, a quarter of a pound of fat in some shape, two pounds of starches and sugar, and one ounce of salt, besides an equal amount of fluid. In cold climates we need more fat; in warm, more starches. There can be no doubt that most of us eat too much, and eat a great deal that is very indigestible."

"Give me some instances, Mr. Sutton."

"Skins and stones, or seed of fruits, husks of corn, stalks and fibres of leaves, and many partially-cooked vegetables are most indigestible. If meat is enveloped in a rich sauce it may pass undigested through the stomach, which cannot penetrate the fatty covering, and therefore prove most indigestible. But I weary you, Miss Courteney, with these trivial details."

"On the contrary, I should like a few more."

"Well, it is a curious fact that many indigestible foods, such as salmon, veal, pork, become much more digestible when finely sliced across the grain so as to allow the gastric juice readily to reach the interior of each fibre. Another fact is the way in which the same meal may be rendered digestible or indigestible by the mode of cooking, the time taken in eating it, or the state of mind of the eater. Bad cooking, bolting, and an overworked brain ruin digestion."

"Hallo—o—o—o!"

Out popped Belinda's head, followed by Sutton's, with the light.

"That's Luke, Mr. Sutton. He wants us."

"All right," shouted Sutton.

"Come along," was shouted back. "Help Belinda down."

"All right," shouted Sutton again, as the shortest answer. "Come along, Miss Courteney; Luke is in a hurry. Would you allow me to lower you down to the pylorus? There is a steel rope here."

"Certainly," said Belinda, graciously, not sorry to have the rather dry lecture finished; and putting the rope under her arms, she climbed out of her hole and sat on the edge.

Carefully and gently Sutton lowered her down over the edge, and paid out the rope foot by foot until a shout of "Stop" came from below.

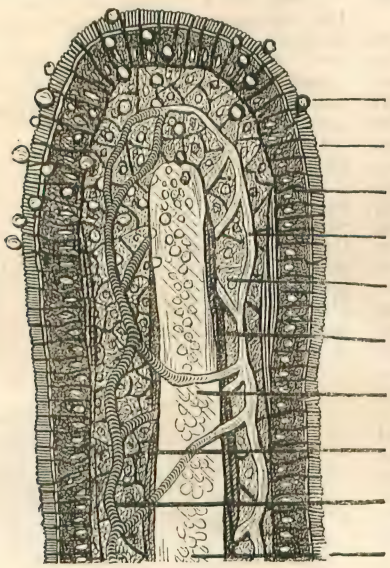
Poor Belinda, unseen by Sutton, who could not peer over the edge with such a heavy weight to hold, was now just opposite the circular opening. She could just kick the smooth wall with her toes, but could find no foothold. Below the pylorus the smooth wall was lost in the gloom, the only light being just where Belinda was, and coming through the nearly-closed aperture behind which Luke was.

"Quick, Luke!" gasped Belinda, half stifled, "or I shall die. I cannot stand anywhere."

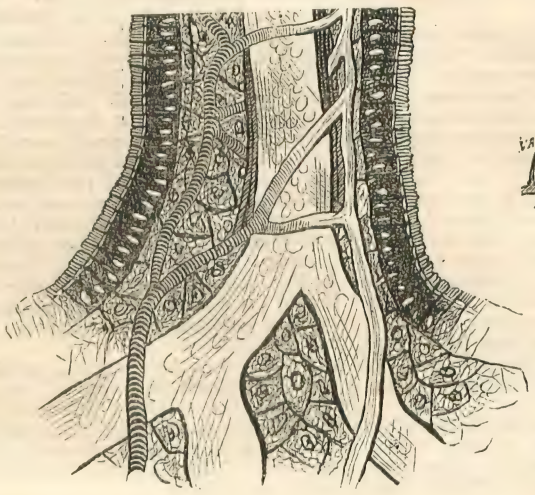
Fortunately, Luke heard the summons, and squeezing through, found his sister dangling over the edge half dead for want of breath. To hold out his stick, which she had strength to grasp, then to seize her hand and shout out "Lower away," was all the work of a moment, and Belinda was landed safe and sound on the circular rim of the pyloric valve.

Luke turned round, and, pushing aside the yielding walls, followed by the two, in about fifty yards reached the top of a rapid descent, where he paused. Here they all stood for a moment gazing at a scene, well illuminated by the two electric lights, that had never been gazed upon before by mortal eye.

Before them stretched away, till lost in the



THE VILLI MAGNIFIED.



"BELINDA WAS LANDED SAFE AND SOUND ON THE CIRCULAR RIM OF THE PYLORIC VALVE"

dim distance a vast vaulted cavern. They could see along it about a quarter of a mile, when it took a sudden bend to the left; it appeared to be some 150 yards high. The floor and roof were of the most remarkable and curious construction. Instead of being smooth, every thirty or forty yards huge walls, gradually rising from a few feet at each end to thirty yards in the centre, stretched, some right across the floor, others halfway across and up the side; others, again, being like huge partitions from the roof, resembling gigantic punkahs suspended from a ceiling. The floor, sides, and roof between these transverse barriers were studded with a thick growth of fleshy pillars, like huge fingers, from six to *nine feet high* and about a foot in diameter, while countless small pits of every shape honeycombed all that was left of the floor around them. The light catching the summits of the cross walls and the rounded tops of these innumerable pillars, made the scene weird in the extreme.

"What is this wonderful place, Pill?"

"The duodenum, Bozy; the third and last place where food is digested, as Sutton will no doubt tell you."

"Certainly, I will begin at once," said the indefatigable lecturer. "These walls, Miss Courteney, running across the walls, floor, and roof are called the *valvulæ conniventes*, and are supposed to be erected to retard the too rapid passage of the partially digested food, that pours like a mighty cataract through this pylorus. Its flow is arrested, or at least greatly retarded, by these structures. These forests of short pillars between them are called 'villi.' They are for absorbing the digested food. All these little pits, again, secrete a simple fluid to moisten the whole cavern. Nothing that you see so far helps to digest the food."

"And yet I think, Mr. Sutton, you told me that a good deal of food was digested after it had passed the stomach?"

"Indeed, I did. What a memory you have, Miss Courteney! The place where this occurs is just before you get to that bend, about 300 yards from where we are sitting. A great pipe opens there, and shortly before this gate behind us opens and allows the food to enter this part, it pours out two distinct fluids, conveyed in two separate pipes from different parts of your uncle's body, and opening at this point into the duodenum by a common month."

"And the names of these fluids?"

"Are the bile, which comes from the liver, and the pancreatic juice, which flows from the pancreas, which is only another name for the part known as the sweetbread in animals."

"Tell me, Mr. Sutton, what goes on when the food enters this duodenum."

"Two distinct processes, Miss Courteney: digestion and absorption. We will speak of the former first. The bile is an alkaline, antiseptic, viscid, and emulsifying fluid."

"Is that all?"

"Being alkaline, it neutralises the acid chyme (or partly digested food) from the stomach, and thus prepares it for the action of the pancreatic juice which cannot act on acid fluids. Being antiseptic, it stops all decomposition. Being viscid, it adheres to the walls of the duodenum; and being emulsifying, it breaks up the fat into small globules and helps it to pass across through the walls. The pancreatic juice is the most powerful digestive fluid in the body, and simply digests everything still left undigested by the mouth and stomach. It has a special power of digesting proteids (meat, &c.), a remarkable power of digesting all starch foods (like the saliva) as well as the power of digesting fats, or, at least, of subdividing the little globules of oil so minutely that they can be absorbed. But we must hurry on."

They then went down to Luke, who, having found a small fish-bone, roped himself, Belinda, and Sutton to it, and managed, by forming it into a sort of living gimlet, to bore through the thin floor of the duodenum at the foot of one of the villi, and enter the lacteal or duct for absorbing the food at its base. They entered the floor at a very acute angle, and, by dint of kicking and hard work, gradually worked their way deeper and deeper through it, till first Luke disappeared, then Belinda, then Sutton, and as the wounded floor of the duodenum closed over his legs and the end of the bone, for the first time, on the afternoon of the sixth day of their week's tour, were they really "inside their uncle," the three together, bone and all, being about as long, actually, as the width of the point of a J pen.

CHAPTER XV.

THE MAELSTROM.

Of course they couldn't talk, nor could they take anything but a straight course. The material was soft and yielding, only they could see nothing, as they had extinguished their lights for the present. Luke's instructions were to proceed slowly till they reached a large lacteal; this led into the large receptacle for the chyle, in a corner of which they passed their last night, and next morning were gradually squeezed up the thoracic duct through a series of trap doors. Just before they started Luke had the extraordinary good fortune to find a small white hair, which he carefully secured round his waist. At last they neared the end of the duct, up which they had travelled, as in a lift, about half a mile.

"Now, Mole, we must look out here," said Luke, "we are approaching the most dangerous and critical point of our whole tour."

"How do you mean, Pill?"

"Just this, Bozy. The next heave may lift us through that valve above us, which is probably the last one, and if so we shall find the tube give a downward bend just before it joins the left subclavian vein. You will then see a fair imitation of the Falls of Niagara, and if we get swept into the whirlpool it is all over with us."

"Oh, Pill, dear, do take care; I am sure we're rising now."

"Take this hook quick, Sutton," shouted Luke, excitedly, "and the moment we pass through the valve fix it firmly in the wall and keep tight hold of Belinda with the other hand, and I will do the same on the other side. Our lives depend on the next five minutes. If we are swept into the vein we are lost for ever."

The water rapidly rose again, the trap doors opened, and above, the tube was seen to arch suddenly in a horizontal direction. This was the end of the thoracic duct. It was a moment of intense excitement, and, on account of their minute size, fraught with the utmost peril. Fortunately they floated near the side of the tube, which gave Sutton and Luke the opportunity of digging their hooks vigorously into the walls. The water rushed on, submerging them completely, and it was with the utmost difficulty the two retained their hold of the wall and of Belinda. At last all the fluid had swept past, and our adventurous trio were left high and dry at the end of the thoracic duct. The prospect before them was magnificent; right in front from above dashed down a maelstrom of waters (really of blood), joined just below them by another of equal grandeur, which, meeting the first at right angles, formed a tremendous tumult, the combined cascades disappearing down a vast gulf below, not less than seventy yards in diameter.

"Mr. Sutton," whispered Belinda, "do please tell me what that is."

"You see, Miss Courteney, the blood from the head returning down the left jugular vein to the heart, and below, as you see, it meets with the blood returning from the left arm down the left subclavian vein. This duct, as you see, pours its contents (minus ourselves) into the stream at this point; so that this is the precise spot where all the nutrition from breakfast, dinner, tea, and supper really enters the stream of life. But, I say, Luke, I don't quite see what your next move is."

"You will in a moment, Mole. You must know that at the outside we are not above 200 yards now from the surface, and if you look carefully at that right-hand corner, just at the very edge of the precipice, you will notice a small stream pouring by itself into the others."

"I see it," said Sutton; "it is a small vein"

"Precisely," said Luke; "and that vein comes from ——"

"The skin!" said Sutton. "Bravo, old fellow! You'll have us out yet, I know you will."

"I hope so," said Luke; "at any rate, we'll try. Having found that bit of white hair is the great thing. Follow me with the hook step by step till we get alongside this little pipe."

The three cautiously worked their way across the slippery floor bit by bit, and at last got close to the mouth of the small vein.

"Now," said Luke, "for climbing." And, to their horror, he untied the rope and scrambled along the very edge of the precipice, right up into the mouth of the pipe, which was not above six feet in diameter.

"I say," he shouted, "be as quick as you can. I am too near the edge to be comfortable." And he gave a shuddering glance at the wild maëlstrom below. "Sutton, you must come next. Give your hook to poor Bozy and put the rope round her. Here it is." And down came the coil of rope, Luke retaining one end in his hand.

There was no time to be lost. Sutton carefully adjusted the rope under Belinda's arms, and told her to hook firmly on to the wall, and keep perfectly still till they were ready to pull, and finally untied her and himself from the rope that had so long bound the three together. He then, with great difficulty and some assistance from Luke, climbed up, and the two, giving the signal, pulled up Belinda dangling in a most horrible way over the bottomless abyss below. The three were soon safe in the vein, down the floor of which at the time only a small stream was running, to fall over the edge and contribute its mite to the Niagara below.

"I say, Sutton," said Luke, "that was rather blood-curdling, wasn't it?"

"It's an awful place, old fellow, and the sooner we're away from it the better, I say. Come along."

So they groped their way for some time steadily upwards along the winding tube, till a shout from Belinda, who had got in front, stopped them.

"What is it, Bozy?"

"Oh, Pill, dear, look up without your lamp! Did you ever see such an exquisite rosy light?"

"Put out your lamp, Sutton," said Luke. "Here we are at the surface! Do you see the light coming through the skin?"

"Oh! how lovely this is, Mr. Sutton!" said Belinda. "Is this really daylight at last that we see?"

"I believe it is, Miss Courteney," said Sutton. "We must be just under the skin at the side of his neck."

"Now," said Luke, "the time has come for resuming our proper place in society. We now leave the internal world with all its wonders for the external. We have had a wonderful week, take it altogether, and one that I do not think I am likely to forget."

"It will be our fault if after this we are not the first physiologists in Europe, Luke," said Sutton.

"I never could have believed, Pill," said Belinda, in her turn, "that we were so nice inside. I have seen more wonderful things in the last week than in all my life before, and, what is more, than I shall ever see again. I hope, Pill, we won't hurt uncle in getting out."

"No fear at all," said Luke, unfastening the white hair, which he broke in three. "We shall only raise a pimple on his neck, which will break and let us free. Now for it! We must take off our masks and respirators and put the end of the hair between our teeth."

"Yes," said Sutton, "I remember—

'Les cheveux blancs
Entre vos dents
Vous fera grands,'

and now I suppose it's to come true."

"Are you ready?" said Luke. "Once, twice, thrice! Now, then, off with them, and put the end of the hair between your teeth, and you'll feel yourself begin to rise like bread."

It was an interesting and unique spectacle whichever way you looked at it. Within you saw the three tearing off their masks and respirators that had served them so well, and inserting the end of a white hair the size of a telegraph pole between their teeth. Without, in a moment you saw a small pimple rapidly rising at the side of Captain Goodchild's sunburnt neck, and in an instant burst, and three fairy-like little creatures appear.

"Glorious!" said Belinda. "I'm out and getting bigger very fast. Oh, dear! oh, dear! there are his whiskers! Oh, how tall I am getting! I shall fall off, I know I shall! There! now he is turning his head. Oh, dear! there's his face! Uncle! uncle!"

CHAPTER XVI. AND LAST.

EXPLAINS ALL, OR, AT LEAST, A GOOD DEAL.

"WHY, my love, you look frightened; what's the matter? You've been asleep."

Belinda stared. There was her uncle standing before her! She could not help instinctively looking at his neck for the pimple, but was unable to utter a word.

"Come, Belinda, rouse up. Why, I declare these rascals are asleep, too."

Belinda looked round, being perfectly certain that she had suddenly gone out of her mind. There, on one side of her, was Luke, snoring in an armchair, a newspaper by his side on the floor; while on the other side of her was Sutton, fast asleep on the sofa. Still she could not speak.

"Belinda, rouse up, and don't go looking about in that uncanny manner," said Captain Goodchild.

Belinda now stared again at the Captain, and then, with a mighty effort, roused herself to speech.

"Where am I?"

"Where? Why, asleep in the hotel, to be sure," said the Captain. "Come, rouse up, all of you, we must start off soon."

Belinda burst out violently laughing. She laughed and laughed till she woke Luke, who sat up and stared in such a wild, idiotic manner that made her ten times worse. So off she went again, till she woke up Sutton, and the two sat blinking at her like two owls, without uttering one word.

At last Belinda stopped for breath.

"Luke," she said, "where are you?"

"Where am I, Bozy?" replied the youth, in a bewildered state. "Why, this beats all. Where are we, Sutton?"

"Well, all I can say," said the latter, "a minute ago I was rising like bread on the Captain's neck, but I don't know what I'm doing now."

"You're a couple of fools," said Captain Goodchild; "a good stick would do you both good. You look for all the world as if you had lost your senses. What are you both staring at me for?"

Luke, Belinda, and Sutton all gazed at the Captain—Luke at his teeth, Belinda at his eyeglasses, and Sutton at his handkerchief, just appearing out of his coat pocket; and then they all looked at each other.

"Well, you are a nice set of young people," said the Captain, getting angry. "What *are* you staring at?"

But they still went on, Luke gazing at his throat with affectionate recollections of "The Vicarage," Belinda at his ear, recalling the wonders of "The Organ Loft," while Sutton calmly surveyed his waistcoat, trying to "locate," as our American cousins say, the position of the receptaculum chyli, and the course of the thoracic duct.

Now Captain Goodchild was of a pleasant and mild temper, but such unparalleled rudeness he could not understand, so he went out and slammed the door.

"Where are we?" said Luke. "What does it all mean?"

"Mean?" said Sutton. "Why, we're here, that's what it means."

"Mr. Sutton, of course we're here," said Belinda, "but how? That's what I want to know."

"Is this, then, the inn at Trebizonde?" said Luke.

"Certainly it is," said Belinda, "and there's the table he sat at, and there's the door we crept under."

"I say," said Sutton, jumping up, "I've got it."

"Got what, Mole?"

"Why, we've been asleep all this time!"

"Asleep?" said Luke and Belinda.

"Of course we have," said Sutton, "and dreamt it."

"Dreamt what?" said the two.

"Why, all about our travels," said Sutton.

"Sutton," said Luke, severely, "I'm ashamed of you, after all the perils we've just passed through together for the last week, to say we've dreamt it."

"Well, Mr. Sutton," said Belinda, "I don't know, of course, what you'll say next. I think it is far more likely we are dreaming now."

"Perhaps we are," said Sutton. "Come, jump up, Luke," and he brought his hand down with a tremendous smack on his knee. "Get up."

Luke sprang up, and so did the other two.

Clearly they were now standing in the inn parlour at Trebizonde, three very ordinary looking, somewhat dishevelled mortals, with not a trace about them of their wonderful adventure, but looking, on the contrary, decidedly commonplace.

"You say we dream't it, Sutton?"

"Yes, I did, Luke."

"Well, I say it's clearly impossible. If you had said you had dreamt it, well and good, but three of us cannot dream the same dream."

"Now, Mr. Sutton, do you remember your lectures to me in the 'gasteer,' and how you frightened me with calling out, 'Miss Courteney, I believe,' down the shaft."

"Certainly I do, and how we shot down the gullet, and, more recently, how we bored through that floor with the fishbone."

"Well, then," said Luke, "seeing we have all had the same experience, how can we have dreamt it? People don't dream the same dreams."

"Sometimes they do," said Sutton. "Now let me ask Miss Courteney a question. When your uncle woke you, Miss Courteney, did you notice anything?"

"Yes, of course I did, Mr. Sutton. I noticed uncle's neck where I was a moment before, very particularly."

"I mean," said Sutton, "anything about us?"

"I can't say I did, except that you were both asleep. Oh, yes I did, though; I noticed, Mr. Sutton, that your left arm was hanging over the sofa, and my hand was touching yours."

"Just so," said Sutton, in triumph, "and what about Luke?"

"How curious!" said Belinda; "yes, I remember his hand was touching mine on the other side."

"Just as I thought," said Sutton again, in triumph; "all is explained."

"Perhaps," said Luke, sarcastically, "if all is so extremely clear to yourself, you will not mind letting us share your light. I don't see yet how we have all three dreamed the same dream—if dream it was."

"Why," said Sutton, "the secret is, we all three were touching each other all the time we slept, and hence were placed *en rapport*, and our thoughts were therefore in connection with each other, being no longer controlled by our wills. You and I are physiologists; what wonder, then, that our dream took a physiological turn, and overpowered the weaker current from Miss Courteney's?"

"You are very rude, Mr. Sutton," said Belinda, flaring up. "I don't see that my brain is so very weak."

"I beg your pardon, Miss Courteney; I never for a moment intended to imply that it was. I only meant that the united force of our two brains was stronger than your single one."

"If you had directed our dream, Bozy," said Luke, "it would have been all about dress; so you must thank us you have been so much entertained and instructed."

"There are mysteries in dress, as well," said Belinda.

"I think, Luke," said Sutton, "you will find that our touching each other is the true solution of this mystery, at any rate. I have read how two lines of thought may be united by physical contact when the wills are passive, as in thought-reading and other phenomena; but certainly we have just had a very remarkable illustration of it."

"Very," said Luke.

"Very," said Belinda.

MY BROTHER'S FRIEND.

By EGLANTON THORNE, Author of "The Old Worcester Jug," etc.

CHAPTER XXII.

SICKNESS AND SORROW.

FOR days I lay in high fever. How the time passed I knew not; for me there was only one long night of parching thirst, burning throat, throbbing pain in head and limbs. Faces would gleam on me out of the darkness, persons and scenes pass before me and disappear, like the shifting views of a diorama. Now Salome's kind old face would look on me; but as I tried to speak to her she would change into Ralph; then Grace would appear, Leonard, Mrs. Lyell, Mabel, and my brother Edmund. Faces they seemed, only faces floating in the air, now above and now beside me, and ever evading my efforts to fix and define them.

At times I was conscious of a voice talking, ever talking, and longed to silence it, not knowing that it was my own voice. Or I seemed to be wandering in strange and bewildering scenes. One delusion that must have repeated itself many times was that I was climbing with my brother amongst the Swiss mountains. Masses of snow lay about us; great blocks of ice were in sight; silvery rills gushing between them promised a cool and delicious draught. I longed to cool my parched lips and burning throat with the ice-cold water—longed to lave my hot hands in the crystal stream; but something ever kept me back. My feet would slip, or the scene would recede just as my desire seemed about to be gratified. Edmund or Leonard—for the one often changed into the other—would appear, and, pointing to the stream, urge me to hasten my steps; but my eager longing was ever baffled. I endured the doom of Tantalus. Leonard, Ralph, and Edmund; of all whom the wanderings of my mind brought before me, these three presented themselves most distinctly.

At last the fever that consumed me burnt itself out. Gradually the terrible heat subsided; a cold hand seemed to be pressed upon my burning brow, cooling, calming, hushing the turmoil within; the haunting, harassing visions vanished; peace came to me and repose.

I awoke from a long, deep slumber, utterly weak and prostrate, but myself again. Yet the scene which met my opening eyes was so unfamiliar that I questioned if I were indeed looking on realities. The rounded chamber in which I lay was strange to me. It seemed inexplicable that I should be there, and still more bewildering was it to see Grace and Ralph standing within a few yards of me. "It is a dream," I thought, and my eyes closed again. They soon reopened, however, and now Grace was bending over me.

That she was no figment of my imagination was proved by her raising my head on her arm and gently forcing me to swallow some nourishment. I looked at her with wondering eyes.

"Grace!" I said; and the faint, hollow sound of my voice surprised me.

"Yes, dearest; it is I."

"Where am I?"

"In your sister's house, dear Dorothy. You have been very ill, and I have come to help nurse you."

"Oh! Are you here alone?"

"Yes, dear."

"Then it was not Ralph I saw?"

"Ralph was here a few minutes ago; but he is gone."

"And no one else? Not Leonard?"

"No, dear."

I gave a weary sigh. Grace made me take some more nourishment; then she enjoined silence, and I slept again.

Gradually my strength returned to me, thought grew clear again, and with thought came fresh trouble of mind.

Grace's presence at my bedside was easily explained. On hearing of my illness, she had written to Mabel, begging to be allowed to come and help nurse me. And as she was more skilful than most amateur nurses, having at one time, from love of the art, undergone a course of hospital training, Mabel gratefully accepted the assistance she offered. Salome was at first disposed to be jealous of her, and to regard her coming as an intrusion; but Grace soon won her liking, and Salome was thankful to have so efficient an ally in the long-continued battle for my life; for the fever had raged its worst in me, and the least failure or lack of caution on the part of my nurses would probably have given me over to death.

"Grace," I said one day, when for some time I had been lying silent, lost in thought, "what made Ralph come to see me? It was running a great risk.'

"Not so great as you think, dear," replied Grace. "We both had the fever as children, and it rarely happens that one takes it a second time. And Ralph was sorely anxious about you. He could not stay away when the crisis of your illness was approaching, and we knew that a few hours would decide the issue."

"He should not have minded. I wish he did not care for me so much," I said, beginning to cry; for I was still very weak. "Grace, I can't help thinking that perhaps it would have been better if I had died."

"It is not for you to say that, Dorothy," she answered, gravely. "It must be better you should live, since God has willed it so."

But I continued to cry for a while. Presently I asked—

"What have you done with my ring, Grace?—the ring Ralph gave me?"

"He has it, dear. It was hanging loose on your finger when you were sleeping, and he took it."

"He should not have done that," I said, querulously. "When will he give it to me?"

"When you see him you can ask him," said Grace, sagely.

"Is he coming here again?" I asked, with a sudden palpitation of fear.

"No, dear. He thinks it best not to see you till you are stronger—when you are able to leave here. When I can take you to the seaside, as I hope to do, perhaps we shall see him."

I gave a sigh of relief. Did Grace understand its meaning? There was a pained look on her face as she watched me.

"Grace," I said, uneasily, "did I talk much when I was delirious?"

"Why, yes. You talked incessantly," she said.

"Oh, what did I talk about?" I asked, eagerly. "Did I mention names? Did I talk about any one in particular? Oh, do tell me!"

"You mentioned several names, I believe," she answered quietly. "But, dear Dorothy, it is foolish to recall that now. When the delirium is past we forget the patient's wandering words."

"Yes, yes; pray forget them," I said, hurriedly; "I daresay I talked great rubbish; I want you to forget everything I said."

"Very well," replied Grace; but she looked so troubled that I wished my words unsaid.

My recovery was very slow and tedious. The burdens that lay on my heart, the keen, gnawing remorse that came with thought of the past, the doubts and fears with which I looked forward to the future, must have retarded my progress. In my convalescence I had abundant leisure for reflection. I saw plainly now what a fatal mistake I had made, and how my rash, impulsive action had brought trouble on those whom I most wished to make glad; but I could see no way of escape from the deplorable position into which I had brought myself. Ah, if I had but laid my case before the Lord and awaited the guidance He never fails to give to those who seek it! Then I should not have known the shame and sorrow I now endured.

After a few days I saw less of Grace. I had begged her not to imprison herself in my sick room, and, when she left me for many hours at a time, I believed that she was resting, or taking the fresh air. I was content to have only Salome's company, for Grace's presence, dear as she was, had now for me the force of a silent reproach. Mabel did not come near me; I did not of course expect to see her, knowing how desirable it was to

MUSHROOM GATHERERS.

prevent the spread of infection in the household. In truth, I thought very little of Mabel. I hardly realised that I was at The Towers, so unfamiliar was the room I occupied. Like most invalids, I was absorbed in myself, marking the stages of my recovery, looking forward to every proposed change, and wondering, sadly enough, what the coming days would unfold. But soon something occurred to rouse me from my selfish lethargy.

One afternoon I was alone for a little while, Salome having gone below to fetch some needed supplies. I had left my bed for the first time, and was lying on a couch near the fire. My eyes were closed, but I was not asleep, for I heard the peculiar squeaking sound the hinges of the baize door made whenever it was pushed back. Who could be coming to The Towers from the main dwelling? Not the doctor, for he had already paid his daily visit to me; besides, the light step that was ascending the stairs was certainly not a man's. Ere I could wonder long, the step paused outside the door; then the handle was timidly turned, and the next moment, to my utter amazement, Mabel stood before me.

Yes, it was Mabel; but how altered! She was white and haggard; her eyes had the dilated strained look that tells of long sleeplessness; her self-confident, composed air was gone; I had never seen my sister look so before.

"Mabel," I exclaimed, "what is it? Oh, you should not have come. Do you forget the risk of infection?"

"It does not matter now," she said in a hard, unnatural tone. "Nothing matters now. He is dying, Dorothy, dying."

"Dying!" I repeated, aghast. "What do you mean? Of whom are you speaking?"

"Of whom should I speak but of my Percy—my darling, my precious child! Oh, if he dies, I shall be the most wretched woman on earth!"

"Oh, Mabel!" I cried, the thought smiting me sharply, "you do not mean to say that little Percy has the fever?"

"Did you not know? Did they not tell you? He has been ill for days—how long I do not know; for I have lost all count of time. The fever had turned; we thought he was getting better; but now there is some dreadful complication, and they say there is scarcely a chance that he can live. Oh, do not look at me like that, Dorothy! I cannot bear it. Oh, my darling, my darling, how could I live without you?"

I looked away, and was silent. It seemed vain to try and comfort her, so agitated as she was. Yet there were no tears in her eyes. She walked to and fro my room as though too restless to sit down. She wore a loose morning wrapper; her hair was falling in disorder on her shoulders; she looked utterly unlike the bright, dainty little lady she usually appeared.

"Mabel, dear," I said presently, "you must not give way to despair. Surely, whilst the darling still lives there is some hope."

"There is just that much of hope," she replied; "Dr. Evans said so; and now Howard has summoned a physician from London, who is watching the case. They banished me from the room; they told me to rest. But how can I rest? The sleeping draught they gave me had no more effect on me than if it had been water."

I thought that its effect was evident in her wild excited mien.

"Dorothy," she went on, after a moment, "I have come to you because you love him, and you will pray for him. I have tried to pray, but I cannot. God will not hear me. I am too wicked."

"You wicked, Mabel! You were always better than I!"

"Dorothy, you must not say that; you do not know me. Oh, I knew from the first that he would die; I had no hope from the hour when they told me he had taken the fever. I am not worthy to be the mother of such a pure, innocent little child. God has judged me unworthy. He will punish me for all my worldliness and pride. Even in my religion I was worldly, thinking chiefly of what was correct and in good taste."

Could it be Mabel who poured out these confessions? this humble, despairing woman, the proud, queenly sister, who had been so ready to admonish and reprove me! But I ceased to wonder in my longing to give her comfort.

"God is love; God is merciful," I whispered. "'If we confess our sins He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins.'" And as I said the words my own sins rose before me, all my past follies and perversities, and I knew that I, even more than Mabel, needed to implore the merciful forgiveness of God.

"You must not give up hope," I continued. "I do not. We will pray, and God will hear our prayer."

"But, Dorothy, remember how we hoped to the last for poor Edmund. And we prayed that he might live, and yet he did not."

"I know," I said, half-sobbing; "but oh, it cannot be that darling Percy too will be taken; oh, I cannot think that that will be!"

"Then pray, Dorothy. Ask God to save my child. Ask Him now."

She had cast herself down beside me, and clasped my hands in hers, as she looked up at me with appealing eyes. There was no barrier now between my heart and Mabel's. She needed me now, needed my sympathy, my prayers. It was as if we had been carried back to the days so long gone by, when we had childish griefs in common and prayed together in simple, childish words with childish faith. A little while before I should have said it was impossible that I could breathe a prayer in Mabel's hearing. But in hours of supreme trial, the reserve, self-consciousness or pride, which isolates our spirits, separating us even from those most dear, breaks down, and we are conscious only of our common needs and sorrows.

So I prayed, beseeching the Lord to spare the little life so dear to us, whilst Mabel knelt by my couch, still clinging to me. When I ended, tears, blessed tears, came to her relief. Her strained, excited mood gave way, and she clung to me sobbing. It was more than I could bear to witness her abandonment of grief. In a few moments I, too, should have lost all self-control, had not Salome come to my help. She was amazed to see Mabel crouched on the floor beside me.

"Miss Mabel, Miss Mabel," she exclaimed, her manner displaying the old, stern authority with which she had ruled us in our childhood; "you should not be here; you will make your sister worse if you cry like that. Come, come with me."

And, as firmly, but not unkindly, Salome laid her hand on her arm, Mabel rose and passively let our old nurse lead her from the room. She went away wan and bowed, with a sad, stricken look on her face; but not so utterly hopeless, I think, as when she came.

After a while Salome came back to find me crying helplessly. She made me take a restorative, and forbade me to speak. But I could not keep quiet long.

"Why did you not tell me that little Percy was ill?" I demanded, presently.

"Because it was better you should not know. You would have fretted and gone back. You should not have heard now if I could have prevented it."

"I would rather know," I said; "and now you must tell me all, Salome. I cannot bear to have things kept from me. Is he really so very ill? Do you think he will die?"

Salome shook her head solemnly. "Who can say! He is as ill as ever child was. There's a mighty fine doctor come from London; but I have not much faith in doctors."

"I have heard you say that it is wonderful what little children will come through."

"So it is, Miss Dorothy, so it is. I have seen poor folk's children persist in living, when everyone had given them over; but rich people often cannot save their children with all their grand doctors, and nurses, and everything that money can buy. Life is full of trouble, my dear, and no one can escape the common lot. Those that have all this world can give them are made to suffer in other ways."

"Poor Mabel!" I sighed; "it will break her heart if she loses her boy. And I feel as if I could never forgive myself, for I must have given him the fever."

"Nay, child; it was none of your doing. This stroke is from the Lord. Small or great, He loves us too well not to chasten us. And the sorrows He sends us are less painful than those we bring on ourselves."

"Ah, that is true!" I said, involuntarily.

"Poor Miss Mabel was always so haughty-proud," continued Salome; "she seemed to think the world was made for her and trouble could never touch her. Even as a little child she had always a grand air. And the Lord hates pride; He humbles the haughty."

"But He forgives those who confess their faults," I answered; "He hears us when we pray."

"Ay, to be sure; there's no doubt of that," Salome answered.

But her manner was not encouraging. I saw that she had made up her mind that little Percy would die. How I longed for Grace to share my burden with me! But I knew how she was occupied; I could understand now why I had seen her so little of late.

"Is Mrs. West nursing Percy?" I asked.

Salome nodded. "I don't know what they would do without her," she said; "when he was wild and fractious she could manage him better than any one. A real God-send she has been to us. I never saw her equal in a sickroom."

Such praise from Salome was rare, and it showed that Grace was displaying no ordinary skill.

What a long, long evening it was that followed! My thoughts dwelt constantly on my darling nephew, and again and again I prayed God to spare the precious, young life. Fear was strong within me; the saddest possibilities pictured themselves before my mind; I could get no rest for sore anxiety. From time to time I sent Salome to make inquiries, but she brought back ever the same report. The child was just the same, no better, and every hour the faint thread of hope seemed to grow slighter. And still I prayed and tried to hope, though my heart sickened under the long suspense.

For a long while I resisted Salome's desire to get me to bed, saying that, since it was impossible to sleep, I would rather remain up. But at last, worn out, I yielded, and lay in bed staring blankly at the fire and at Salome's gaunt, upright form seated stiffly beside it, till at last sleep surprised me.

(*To be concluded.*)

HOW TO CHOOSE A PIANOFORTE, AND KEEP IT IN ORDER.

FOURTH LETTER.

HERE is a beautiful picture by Mulready, "Choosing the Wedding Gown," engraved in this paper, in which the pretty lady is looking at the white satin, holding it against the light, to see how it is likely to wear; which reminds one of a young girl's description of her meeting the great Mrs. Siddons in a mercer's shop, where the grand lady's sepulchral and tragic tones startled her and the unlucky shopman almost out of their propriety by her saying in the voice of Lady Macbeth or Queen Constance, "But will it wash?"

You don't want your piano to wash, exactly; but you do want it to wear well. And about this matter of wearing well I must quote a letter I saw, and remind you that besides the reasons for the extreme care with which the pianoforte should be constructed to bear the tremendous tension necessary for the creation of those grand tones, there are also probable dangers of travelling to be provided for; and to that appropriately enter two letters I have seen, and from which I may quote for your edification. The first is from the organist of the great Cathedral of Cologne, which runs:—

"The grand piano arrived at Cologne on Saturday, 18th July, in the very best condition, and was immediately placed in my residence. It was in as perfect tune as though the tuner had just looked it over. The exterior had not sustained the slightest injury, and the instrument looks as clean and beautiful as though it had just quitted your rooms. All musical connoisseurs, and all friends who have hitherto seen and played upon this magnificent piano, are full of admiration at its splendid tone, its admirable touch, and superb workmanship and appearance.—(Signed) FRANZ WEBER, Musical Director of the King, and Organist of the Cologne Cathedral."

I have also seen and must quote from another letter on this subject:—

"In the year 1876 Mr. —— made me a wedding present of one of your pianos. This piano travelled by sailing vessel to Auckland, N.Z.; thence in a small schooner to Norfolk Island, where it remained for more than a year in a hot climate without being tuned. It was then repacked by inexperienced hands, put on board a small schooner again, and taken back to Auckland, where it was once more unshipped and put on board a sailing vessel, and brought to England. Since we have been in England the piano has moved with us three times, twice in ——shire and once to ——shire. I think you will be interested in hearing that at this moment the piano is in perfect condition, and nothing could be more sweet or true than its tone and touch."

The instruments referred to were both by Messrs. Broadwood—the one a grand and the other a cottage pianoforte.

I have read copies of similar letters which referred to Mr. Hopkinson's pianos, which have travelled unhurt to India and the Colonies.

These facts are so borne out by long observations of my own that it is a pleasure to refer to them. One letter I remember, but cannot find, in which the writer mentioned his experience of a piano made by Messrs. Broadwood, which reached the mature years of between forty and fifty, retaining its sweet, pure truth of tone and evenness of balance to the last, and this I should have quoted with the greater pleasure, because I now know of two cabinet pianos by the same firm which, although they are upwards of forty years old, have not lost their charm, but are finer, truer, and more charming than many of their younger rivals.

Meanwhile, does it occur to you ever to reflect that the less one has to spend, the more important it is to choose what will last? The young heiress, who, if she makes a mistake and buys rubbish, can get rid of it, and with another cheque make a wiser experiment, is in one position; but many of us are in a very different case; and if we do get the opportunity of flinging down a purse of gold, like the grand heroes in tragedies, have to look rather sharply at its destination, because we are not likely to get another similar chance; and it may be of use to remember on this head that you can often secure from a good maker a fine secondhand piano at about half the original cost. Also it is a pleasant feeling to know that we can trust our piano; to know it for a true friend and loyal subject, and that it will bear with us, and for us, to the last; and be for fifty years a source of pleasure and inspiration. As the Duke of Newcastle said, "A loyal subject suffers not only for his king, but also from his king"; so a true, beautiful piano will stand (as you have seen) the risks of travel by sea and land—the shocks of time and climate—without disaster.

But how much are you going to make it bear?

And this brings me to my closing subject—how to take care of your piano and keep it in order. There are some excellent observations in a very clever work by Rimbault on the pianoforte, which I think admirable: But I would begin by observing that you must be as careful of draughts for your piano, as you would be for a baby, and that you must *never* (no, never!) let it stand against an outside wall.

Rimbault says:—

"In the first place it should be jealously preserved from dampness and currents of air. A pianoforte should always stand in a place perfectly dry and of mean temperature. It must never be placed on a damp ground floor, or between two windows, or between a door and a window. An instrument will never stand in tune if exposed to draughts or currents of air.

"2ndly. A pianoforte should never be left open when it is not used; and when the room is being cleaned it would be well to cover the entire instrument with a baize or skin case fitted to its shape.

"3rdly. A pianoforte should never be placed too near a stove, chimney, or fireplace. Extreme heat is particularly injurious, and often causes the warping of some of the delicate machinery.

"4thly. The instrument should always be kept clean and free from dust. No light substance, as a needle, a pin, a bead, a crumb of bread, should be suffered to lie on the sounding-board or the strings of the instrument, as they will in all probability produce a disagreeable jingling or whizzing sound, the cause of which is not easy to detect.

"5thly. It is also important to remark that the lid or top of the instrument should not be loaded with books, music, and other objects; and it is, I hope, unnecessary to warn anyone against the tragedy which sometimes follows setting a teacup on the piano—a thing so easily upset, and doing such irreparable injury if overturned. All weights placed in that manner are calculated to injure the tone of the pianoforte, and to produce an unpleasant jarring during performance.

"6thly. Keep the instrument always in tune, and fully drawn up to concert pitch. A pianoforte ought to be tuned once in six weeks, if much played on, and oftener if new. Metal strings are generally a little too sharp in dry, frosty weather, because the cold condenses their material and increases their tension. In hot summer weather they are somewhat too flat. New strings require to be drawn up several times before they will stand well in tune. When a string breaks, it must be replaced by another of exactly similar thickness."

I would also quote some excellent remarks from the same author upon "How to place a Piano for effect." He says:—

"The walls, floor, and ceiling echo every

sound which is produced in a room, and increase by resonance its balance and length. . . . . If a room has too great an echo, drapery should be hung upon the walls. Venetian shutters are excellent preservatives of echo, especially when they are drawn forward. Carpets, matting, or any soft covering on the floor absorb reverberation, because the echo, which would otherwise combine with the direct sound and swell it, is smothered amidst the fibres.

"The pianoforte, when possible, should be placed away from the wall, and as much in the room as convenient. The floor there is hollow, acts as a large sounding-board, and greatly enhances the effect."

I will add a few lines on a vexed subject—the torment of unoffending, quiet, busy people, who only want quiet, and who cannot, morning, noon, or night, get anything like it. The babies next door attract, and (oh, aggravation of misery!) *pay* the organ grinders who drive us to desperation; the young people next door (both sides) are zealous in practising; the social music next door (also on both sides) meets in a Niagara of desolation in our drawing-room. Remonstrance is considered as entrenching on an Englishman's vital privilege of his house being, &c., &c. So we flee away—those that can—and study elsewhere—the British Museum reading room, South Kensington ditto. Yes, we flee; but how about those that cannot?—whose study must be at home—who are chained to their desk or easel, or what not? Now hear the eloquent helper:—

"We have many of us experienced, or are still experiencing, the intolerable nuisance of our next-door neighbours on each side, right and left, practising the pianoforte at all hours, seasonable and unseasonable."

By the bye, *àpropos* of that little remark, I remember some dear friends of ours who lived in a flat at St. Petersburg, who would have something to say on that question, "seasonable or unseasonable." A great pianist arrived who was to play before the Emperor, and who took the flat exactly over theirs. At two o'clock in the morning this—shall I say fiend in human form?—began his practising. The piano was exactly over their reclining heads, which did not recline, but started up in dismay. The message next day, in reply to their polite remonstrance, was also courteous, but firm. The maestro could only practise when all was still; the only quiet hours were from two to five in the morning. The result was clear. This great man, being a persevering character, stuck at one passage, and practised that for three months over their devoted heads. Now, if those houses had been built, as Rimbault collects from evidence, with hollow bricks, or the space between the flooring of one room and the ceiling of the other, or the side walls, had been filled with brown paper, crammed over with flock or sawdust, it would materially have deadened the sound; and if the space were filled with shavings or cut straw, it would probably have the same effect.

Dr. Brown says: "Nothing could be easier than to make panels with two sheets of common pasteboard or tarpauling, separated from each other by wooden blocks. Sawdust should be thickly strewed over the inner surfaces, and the intervening space be well filled with coarse tow or cut straw. A wooden "upright" of the thickness of the blocks would hold the panels in their place, especially if the edges were made to lie over the supporters. Such a partition would be a real boon in hotels, &c., where chambers are often separated by half-inch wood or by simple canvas."

Rimbault continues: "We have somewhere read that if the walls of rooms were covered with a solution of gutta-percha before papering, it would effectually deaden all sounds from the adjoining chambers; or, we believe, a substitute for this is the gutta-percha lining extensively used of late years in covering damp walls."

I could not resist quoting that useful help to quiet rooms; but I must come back to my original subject—the dear delight of choosing a fine pianoforte; and I am forcibly reminded again of a story of Turner, who was enduring being watched in his painting by a very fine lady, who said, after a long silence, "Well but, dear Mr. Turner, I don't see the colours in nature as you paint them." "Ah, madam," was his only reply, "don't you wish you could?"

If I could give you any recipe to enable your ears to distinguish accurately the exact character of the tone, I would. If I could only enable you to hear how in an inferior piano the tone, after you have struck a note, if you listen to its vanishing, becomes woolly, or cottony, or brassy, or wooden; but I cannot do that. I can only recommend your doing as I should do myself—go to a great and good maker, whose work has stood for half a century—sometimes for a century—the test of all experience and criticism—and place your reliance on his judgment. You will be glad in years to come, and rejoice in an acquisition which, like the lady's white satin, has been proved and tried and come out of the ordeal victoriously. I have had under my hands pianos of Broadwood's and of Hopkinson's which have become better and more charming as years of practice seemed to polish and perfect them; but be careful how you let people who know little or nothing of pianos try them for you. There is a very clever article in *Fraser's Magazine* on the way of trying a pianoforte. The writer says:—

"The great pianoforte makers have done their best to satisfy public desire for the impossible, and they make good, sound work. They know the modern mode of assault when a new instrument is tried. Down goes the pedal; then, after a sledge-hammer thump in the bass, the left hand reposes upon a chord in the tenor, while the right skirmishes with velocity through arpeggios and scales."

That is not the way to find out the beauty of a fine instrument, especially of a Broadwood, an Erard, or a Hopkinson. You would no more use such harsh measures to their refined and beautiful tones than you would plunge your spurs into the sides of a thoroughbred. The higher the training, the less force need be used. The fine choirlike tones of a Broadwood will rise and float in the air from the gentlest pressure, "fine by degrees and beautifully less," and rich, till they die, like the sweet south breathing upon a bank of violets, the music the Duke loved in *Twelfth Night*.

A friend of Wagner's tells us: "I played the theme Liszt introduces (the Andante Cantabile from Beethoven's B flat trio), and he asked to hear it over again. 'It is difficult to play melody well,' he remarked, 'particularly upon the pianoforte.' I said I felt sure the quality of a pianist's melody, apart from his musical attainments, was in a large measure determined by the touch and tone of the instrument he habitually played upon. 'It may be so,' he replied; 'it is certain the tone of this instrument, noble and beautiful, reminds one of the character of the old Venetian violins.'" It was a Broadwood ordinary drawing-room grand, mentioned by the friend with whom Richard Wagner stayed when he visited London in 1877.

You see, you would choose your piano as you would choose your friend—not for glitter, or glare, or crash—for the sort of Palais Royal finery which is not worth the space it occupies—but for its truth and stability, its clearness and character, its sweetness and the peculiar ring which beauty of character gives to tone, whether of instrument or of voice, which takes hold of one's heart and keeps it. Some chords and tones are like the colours of a lovely sunset, which have a glow from above before which all earth colours and lower forms shroud themselves into mist and darkness.

You may remember also the singular fact that, like the millions of leaves in a forest, no two pianos of the 176,829 instruments which had left the Broadwood factories some years since were ever perfectly alike; each had a character and special distinction of its own. So, when years have made you acquainted with the qualities of your instrument, they will only enable you to enter more fully into the beauty of its character—never reached hastily or without the quiet intimacy which cements all friendship worth having. A piano, like a friend, does not "wear its heart upon its sleeve for daws to peck at," but discloses its beauties with a gentle reserve to the fingers it loves, and, as Shakespeare says, the "saucy jacks" kiss the soft hands which caress them so lovingly, and yield up their choicest treasures of tone so willingly to those who love them well.

And now, before I close this little series of letters, I would remind you of one thing with regard to the advice I have given. I could have said much of my own experience; but one does not live many years without finding out that one's own ideas are often very one-sided, one's judgment very fallible, and also that the many who read would naturally have no conception of the amount of experience which has really built up those ideas and that judgment. So I have taken the opinions of the most renowned critics of our time, and those rather of foreigners than of Englishmen; because opinions so flattering to our national honour come with greater assurance and better grace when they are so entirely beyond suspicion of undue influence and partiality, and because the relative truth about things is often better seen, like some great picture, from a distant point of sight.

There is one thing more which I would ask you to consider. When you reflect upon the care and time, the wealth of mind and purse, it has taken to build up this treasure-house of beautiful tones and chords, this language of feelings and thoughts, which Mendelssohn used to say was so much more definite than words, and so much more beautiful, pray give a thought, and sometimes at need a kindly word of protection, to the helpless instruments let out on hire, and if you see them treated as I have, try what you can do to save them. This I can say as a result of my own experience; for I have seen valuable and noble instruments, the outcome, as you may have learnt even in these little papers, of all a century's inventions, of the zeal of so many students and workers, the result of lives devoted to the discovery of the ideal of a grand helpmeet to all who love music—I have seen fine pianos so used, that it is the greatest relief now to be able to bring the subject before those who may take it up fervently, and prevent such dishonourable destruction, and who may never have thought of the consequences of a little carelessness. Have you ever been abroad, and seen how thoroughbreds are sometimes treated there? I am often haunted by the remembrance of a little incident in our travels, when, having been put into a wrong express train, we were shunted off, and detained in a little forest station in Belgium. We saw a heavy dogcart crossing the lines, and two old thoroughbred dogs dragging it—so wearily, so painfully. Dogs, like children, soon see who loves them, and the pathetic, beseeching look they turned upon us who were watching them still comes back, as if it had happened yesterday—the magnificent old thoroughbreds, weak and trembling under the whip, trying to drag the lumbering weights, and turning back

every now and then to look at us, as if we could save them. They seemed to say, "Look at us; see how unfit we are for this, we who have been trained for so much higher work and nobler companionship." How could we interfere? But the remembrance is keen to rouse us when we see ill-treatment of noble things. You may have seen, as we have, grand pianos left open to collect all the dust of dancing, and found open in the morning—a very Desert of Sahara of dust and desolation. You may have seen, as we have, cups of tea cheerfully upset, and soaking amidst that delicate machinery which it would ruin, and the slight apology so charmingly received. But how about the manufacturer's feelings, whose property has been destroyed? How about the honour of those who have had a very valuable instrument trusted to them? Have you seen, as we have, the piano made use of as a scaffold to stand upon to arrange flowers or pictures? Mr. Ruskin's burning indignation is great on any subject which rouses him, and I have sometimes thought he would say, "A far better and honester thing to pick the manufacturer's pocket or break into his house and carry off his plate, or have a stand-up highwayman's fight for his watch and purse, for this entails some risk, and can be avenged by the laws; but behind his back to destroy his property and betray the trust which honourable men feel in each other's fair dealing, is what we prefer not to characterise." Even asses can kick and run away; and, as the delightful Mrs. Gamp remarks, "worms *will* turn and lambs *will* bite." But, though a legged thing, the piano cannot run; and though you may turn it easily, it will not turn on you. It is entirely helpless in your hands, and is trusted to the love and care and honesty of those to whom it is sent.

So I pray you take the cause of this noble and passive thing into your own hands. For perhaps you have never realised what a grateful return a beautiful instrument makes for all the care bestowed on it. In loneliness and in sorrow, in care and in poverty, those who have loved it have used its golden key to enter a paradise of happier hours, nobler thoughts, more unselfish devotion. You will scarcely find a great master who has not so used this talisman against evil and sorrow.

Therefore, even if you cannot fully understand its language, respect it as an ambassador from a great power for the good of others, and treat it, as Hamlet says, "according to your own honour."

FLORA MACDONALD.

By LILY WATSON.

CHAPTER III.

Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,
Land of my sires! what mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band
That knits me to thy rugged strand!
Still as I view each well-known scene,
Think what is now, and what hath been,
Seems as to me, of all bereft,
Sole friends, thy woods and streams are left,
And thus I love them better still,
Even in extremity of ill.

—*Scott.*

On arriving at the house of Mugstat, Flora was ushered into a room, where she was dismayed to see, besides Lady Margaret and a matronly friend, a lieutenant of militia, no other, indeed, than the officer a detachment of whose forces had fired upon the boat.

"You'll be on your way home from Miltoun, Miss MacDonald?" the tiresome man began, inquisitively.

A number of questions followed that kept her on thorns; but, at last, contriving to escape for a moment with Lady Margaret, she snatched a hurried whisper: "The Prince sits yonder by the shore."

Greatly alarmed, her hostess nevertheless controlled her face to calmness, and arranged so as to leave her two visitors together while she and Flora took counsel with old Mr. MacDonald of Kingsburgh, the factor mentioned before, who happened most fortunately to be in the house at the time. They also sent off at once for another Jacobite, a Captain Roy MacDonald.

In the garden a secret council of the four took place. Lady Margaret was in no small degree of consternation, for as her husband was, in appearance at least, a servant of the House of Hanover, he would be utterly ruined if it were known she had connived at Charles's escape.

One constantly reads of these half-hearted Highland adherents to the reigning house. They were opposed in judgment to a second restoration of the Stuarts, yet their hearts were with the lad who had come over to fight or his father's cause, and they hated the thought of seizing him for a traitor's death.

Mr. MacDonald of Kingsburgh was an out-and-out Jacobite, and offered to receive the Prince until another Jacobite, MacLeod, laird of the small isle of Raasay, should give him shelter. No time was to be lost, and the old gentleman, carrying a basket of food, set forth to find the fugitive, who started up at the approach of a stranger from his seat on the ground.

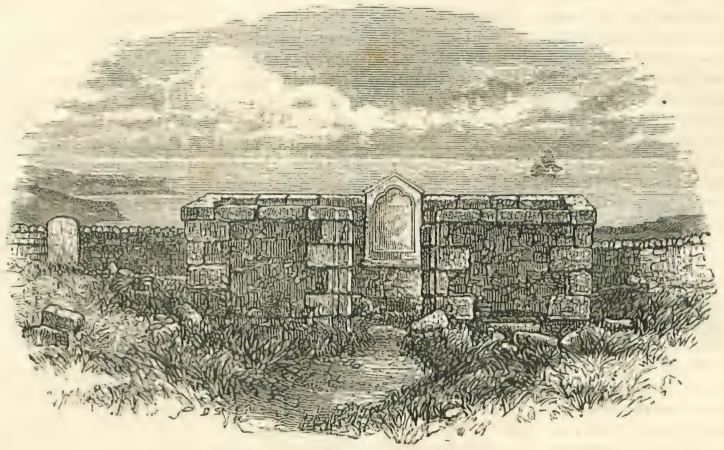
"I am come to serve your Royal Highness," hastily said the other, and the Prince grasped his hand in welcome.

MacDonald then fell to unpacking the basket of provisions, talking meanwhile of the proposed plan, and urging that they should start together for Kingsburgh House directly the meal was over.

When it is remembered that these good people stood in danger of the penalty for high treason—namely, death—for their conduct, while betrayal of Prince Charlie would enrich them and their heirs, their conduct is more heroic than the somewhat prosaic details might at first sight lead one to imagine. Putting aside the rights of the question, a human being hunted, famished, and proscribed has claims on the sympathy of his fellow creatures that no earthly law can abrogate.

While the two were eating, and the Prince, always light-hearted, was joking merrily over his disguise, Flora was sitting wild with inward suspense at the dinner-table next to the irritating young lieutenant. In the autobiography from which these details are mainly taken, she has left on record a very uncivil opinion of his mental qualities; but probably she thought him idiotic only because she was longing to be off and away to the Prince, to whom this sprig of gallantry was hostile. At last the apparently interminable meal was over, and Flora, after a feigned contest with Lady Margaret about leaving so soon, rose to take her departure. The lady visitor, who was let into the secret, being another MacDonald (how many of them are there in our story!) started with her two servants to ride a little way in the same direction, burning with curiosity to see the Prince.

Flora, being a Highland girl, was of course a capital horsewoman, and away the party cantered in the direction of Kingsburgh House, a few miles distant. They soon overtook Charles and his companion, and Flora was concerned to see the servants gazing with astonishment at the tall striding person in woman's clothes marching along by the old gentleman's side, trailing the calico gown through the waters of any brook that had to be crossed, or catching it up in a most ungainly fashion. Tenants met them here and there, and were scandalised to see the respectable factor with so uncouth a companion; some of them tried to stop and chat over local



FLORA MACDONALD'S TOMB.

matters with their worthy neighbour, but were reproved by him with "Hech, sirs, can ye no let alone talking of your affairs till another day?" Who could this Betty Burke be whom Miss Flora MacDonald was taking home? Surely a most undesirable addition to the household staff! The supposed mistress was on thorns, and was relieved when she parted company from her lady friend and the prying servants.

"If your Royal Highness is a Pretender, as they call you," observed Kingsburgh, "you are the worst of your trade that ever was seen."

With unspeakable relief the Prince, Flora, Kingsburgh, and MacEachan reached Kingsburgh *House in safety at ten o'clock*. This was a late hour in those parts, and good Mrs. MacDonald was just stepping into bed when a servant informed her of the arrival of her husband and niece.

"Tak' the keys to Miss Flora, and tell her she'll just excuse me till the morn," the worthy dame replied, laying her head upon her pillow.

But she was not to be allowed to rest in peace. One of the household rushed upstairs in alarm, describing the great rough woman that the master of the house had brought with him. Next entered her husband, desiring her to come down at once. When she entered the room where sat the pretended Betty, she was almost frightened out of her wits, and sought an explanation outside as to this remarkable stranger.

When she heard it was really the Prince she seemed paralysed by terror. The dismal prospect of the certain arrest and execution of herself and all her relations first occupied her mind, to fade into the background before the dreadful thought that she had nothing but such fare as eggs, bannocks, bread, and cheese to set before her visitor. Then the very idea of sitting down to supper with Royalty was not to be tolerated. A plain country wife, how should she behave in this august presence?

Her husband laughed at her, and at length she was persuaded to reappear curtseying before her distinguished guest, and to sit down to the meal that, with the maid's assistance, Flora had prepared. MacEachan could not, however, be induced to leave the kitchen.

The recollection of that supper stands out in Flora's memory. After the rough night voyage and harassing day's journey it was deliciously restful to be sitting in this well-known house with the friendly couple, especially as her own private dream of future happiness was connected with their absent son. And it was delightful to have the Prince place her at his right hand, and treat her with the marked deference he always showed. He did full justice to the plain, plentiful meal, and made himself thoroughly at home, charming them all by his cheerful, pleasant ways and evident enjoyment. In fact, he seemed to forget that the unusual luxury of a soft bed awaited him, and insisted on sitting up smoking with his worthy host over a bowl of whisky toddy, long after the ladies had withdrawn.

It was a foolish scruple that made Flora insist upon the state guest chamber being given to the Prince, while she herself slept on a chaff mattress in a servant's room. The domestics had been sent off to bed before supper, but it would require a great deal of ingenuity to conceal from them in the morning that the awkward Irish body had been so sumptuously lodged, while her supposed mistress slept humbly like one of themselves. However, nothing could induce the girl to rest on down while HE had a hard mattress. She remembered with some consternation that the boatmen who brought them to Skye had been allowed to go back to South Uist without any thought of the danger lest they might be questioned and obliged to confess. But it was too late to prevent it now, and the old proverb, "Dinna greet ower spilt milk," was appropriate to the case.

Charles Edward appreciated the soft bed, for he slept ten hours, and greatly exercised the minds of all the household who were not in the secret. When he had risen, Mrs. MacDonald drew off the sheets, which were of the finest linen made from yarn spun in her own house, folded them, and put them away in lavender, there to remain until they should be used as her shroud. She afterwards presented one of them to Flora, who kept it for the same purpose. Such incidents show the loyalty that reigned in these simple hearts for one whom they believed was by Divine right their future king.

Mrs. MacDonald expressed, in Gaelic, to Flora her desire for a lock of the Prince's hair, and when he understood what was going on he laughingly bent his yellow head to Flora, saying she might cut as much as she chose. She only took one lock, and that she and her friend shared between them as a treasure. Mrs. MacDonald's delight was complete when the Prince accepted her snuff-box as a parting gift.

And now, in order that the fugitive should not be traced, it was settled that he should change his clothes soon after leaving Kingsburgh, for which purpose his host presented him with the best Highland suit he could find in the house. It was necessary that he should depart in the character of "Betty Burke," and the sooner the better, so away they started among the prying comments of the servants, Flora on horseback; the Prince, Kingsburgh, and MacEachan on foot. As soon as they reached a wood, the Irish body disappeared, to emerge from the trees in the character of a Highland laddie, while his host carefully wrapped up the disguise to carry back to Kingsburgh House. It was afterwards divided piecemeal among the MacDonald clan, Flora's share being a piece of the gown, which she allowed a manufacturer to have, that he might make calico of the pattern—a purple flower on a white ground—to sell to the Jacobite ladies.

Some say that Charles Edward's sense of his "Divine right" was so strong that he took all devotion to his cause, all self-denial and peril incurred for his sake, as a matter of course, scarcely thanking those who were ready to lay down their lives in his defence. This does not appear from Flora's narrative to have been the case. Rather does he seem to have been keenly alive to all kindness shown him; and it was with ill-concealed emotion that he bade farewell to the gallant MacDonald who had given him shelter.

Charles, Flora, and MacEachan now dashed on as fast as possible to Portree, where the Captain Roy before-mentioned had, after some difficulty, hired a boat and oarsmen to convey the Prince to the island of Raasay. The rain poured down in torrents, and wet and hungry were they all on arriving at the miserable inn which was their destination. MacLeod, laird of Raasay, was waiting here to take charge of his guest, who without more ado attacked his supper like a famished man, and needed all Captain Roy's vigilance to prevent him from showing such recklessness about expense as to attract the suspicion of the surly old landlord. Gladly would Charles Edward have remained here all night rather than undertake another dark, drenching voyage, but he was not safe in a place where strangers passed in and out.

The preparations for departure were therefore carried on, while Flora sat by in melancholy silence. Anxiety on behalf of the Prince, the fear lest she might never see him again, and regret at parting from one who, during their three days' companionship, had shown himself so courteous and charming, filled the girl's mind. How much would she have delighted to hear him talk of his early life, the historical personages whom he had known, his strange experiences at foreign Courts and in the tented field; but during their hurried, scrambling journey there had been little opportunity for conversation, and now their brief intercourse was over. Tears rushed to Flora's eyes as Charles Stuart came to bid her farewell, and he was evidently affected while, clasping both her hands in his, he thanked her for what she had done.

"Farewell, madam!" were his parting words. "For all that has happened, I trust we may meet in St. James's yet."

Then he kissed her on the cheek, and quitted her sight, as it proved, for ever.

The laird of Raasay and his Royal charge put off from Portree, leaving Captain Roy to baffle the crusty landlord's inquisitiveness as to the noble-looking stranger who had left.

The Prince's further adventures, though romantic enough to satisfy any lover of the marvellous, do not concern us here. He had many hairbreadth escapes by land and sea, but finally succeeded in reaching France about three months after his parting from Flora. Had it not been for her protection, he could scarcely have left Benbecula alive.

MacEachan who, throughout these wanderings, is Flora's faithful attendant, thought it better to hurry her homewards without delay, and on their ponies they started for Armadale House. The girl was worn with mental anxiety, bodily fatigue, and the indescribable feeling of "flatness" and depression that follows as a revulsion after an exciting adventure. During the latter part of their weary ride she could not restrain her tears, but she was comforted a little when she was overtaken by her stepfather, also on his way home. His face was careworn, and he was evidently, by his manner, aware of what Flora had been doing, though he said not a word. Might they only accomplish the next few miles in safety! but no: the consequences of her action were soon to make themselves felt. A party of soldiers suddenly rode up, headed by an officer, who accosted them, saying "he had a warrant to arrest one Flora MacDonald, a rebel lady, who was to be taken on board the Furnace Bomb."

"Rebel," indeed, thought she: her eyes flashed, the blood flew to her cheeks, and she was about to return a haughty answer, when, for the sake of her stepfather, she controlled herself so far as merely to inquire her offence.

"You are charged, madam, with having aided the escape of the Pretender," replied the officer, quietly; and he then informed her that the boatmen who rowed them from Benbecula to Skye had confessed everything on their return to Uist. Oh, how Flora regretted her carelessness in having allowed the men to go back without pledging them to secrecy! But resistance was useless, and she resigned herself to be conveyed on board the Furnace Bomb lying off the shore at no great distance.

General John Campbell, the commanding officer, happened to be in this ship, and spoke kindly to the prisoner. By his orders she was transferred to the sloop where he was quartered; and as this was anchored not far from Armadale, she was allowed to go on shore, guarded by an officer, to see her mother.

Pathetic was their meeting. The poor lady lamented that she would never see her bonnie bairn again, while the sight of all the dear familiar home objects cut Flora to the heart. But there was little time for talking. The interview of mother and daughter was perforce brief, and they had to collect the articles of clothing necessary for what might be a long, long absence. Katie MacDonald, the humble relation who has been mentioned

before, came rushing in as they were packing the trunks, and loudly declared she would go with Flora all over the world! Her companionship would be a great solace; and after a little demur the officer consented to take her with his prisoner to see if the General would allow her to remain.

As Flora was embracing her mother for a last farewell her favourite Skye terrier bounded into the hall and sprang upon her with loud barks of welcome. But when the creature shook aside his long hair, and looked up into her face, his eyes took the pathetic yearning expression that dog-lovers know well. So happy had the life of his mistress been that he had never seen her shed tears before; but now he knew something was amiss. His joyful barks died away as he licked her hands, and whined in piteous sympathy.

Poor Flora! It was a bitter parting, and she could scarcely walk down to the boat. The terrier followed, leapt after her, and had to be caught, and forcibly taken home.

What was her fate to be in the future that was veiled in such mysterious terrors? She was allowed to retain Katie, and found, to her relief, that her captors treated them both with kindness and respect. In a few days the "pretty young rebel," as she was styled, was landed with her companion at Dunstaffnage Castle, to pass a little while under the surveillance of a Captain Campbell and his wife. Then they were transferred somewhere else, and were so moved about from place to place, from ship to shore, that she could not afterwards recall all her changes of abode. One day, among some prisoners who were brought on board the ship where she was, she recognised the Prince's faithful adherent and her former suitor, Captain O'Neil.

"So we are both in like case, Captain!" she playfully cried, "but you are the more deserving of it; 'tis you I have to blame for all my misfortunes."

"Misfortunes, Miss Flora! never use sic a word, but be proud of what you have done in the face of the whole world," he retorted. He gave her news of his associates in the adventure, news far from reassuring. Malcolm MacLeod and Kingsburgh were imprisoned at Fort Augustus. Flora had been traced to Kingsburgh House, and it had been found out that her supposed Irish servant slept in the best bedroom! Here was proof positive that it was no servant at all, and the host was straightway arrested.

Flora's two decided blunders about the boatmen and the best bedroom brought their own punishment on herself and others, as she bitterly reflected, but O'Neil tried to cheer her by his kindly light-hearted encouragement. They were soon parted, and she was conveyed on board the Bridgewater to the port of Leith, near Edinburgh. Here the fame of Prince Charlie's preserver had preceded her, and crowds of ladies and gentlemen came on board to see Flora, to her genuine surprise. A clergyman of their number writes:—

"Some that went on board to pay their respects to her used to dance in the cabin, and to press her much to take share with them in the diversion; but with all their importunity they could not prevail upon her to take a trip. She told them that at present her dancing days were over, and she would not readily entertain a thought of that diversion till she should be assured of the Prince's safety, and perhaps not till she should be blessed with the happiness of seeing him again. Although she was easy and cheerful, yet she had a certain mixture of gravity in all her behaviour, which became her situation exceedingly well, and set her off to great advantage. She is of a low stature, of a fair complexion, and well enough shaped."

After two months in Leith Roads the Bridgewater sailed for London, and, much to Flora's dismay, she and Katie were landed at the Tower.

Imagine two Highland girls, accustomed to the free air of loch, mountain, and sea, immured in this gloomy fortress! No wonder Flora's heart sank, and she began to imagine she would never leave the stern portals until on the way to the scaffold. But she and Katie were lodged in rooms that, although small and low, were comfortably furnished; they were allowed at times to walk in the dismal garden, and were civilly treated, so that she soon found there was no reason for alarm. It was, however, a great relief when she was released, and allowed to take up her abode with Katie in a private family as a prisoner on parole.

One day an august visitor came to call upon her, no less a person than Frederick, Prince of Wales, attended by some members of his suite. He questioned her with gravity and kindness about her action in assisting the escape of Charles Edward, and appeared satisfied by her replies. Doubtless he used his influence in her behalf, for a few days after his visit a huge letter appeared, bearing the Government stamp and seal. Flora tore it open; it contained a free pardon.

And now she was transferred to the house of Dowager Lady Primrose, a Jacobite lady of fashion, where she instantly became the observed of all observers. Her head might easily have been turned by the admiration and homage she received, but she seemed innocently astonished at it, and was only anxious to return to Scotland, while the rough, impulsive, Gaelic-speaking Katie was strangely out of her element among London servants. The record Flora has left of her fashionable life is amusing; ball, rout, and kettledrum were little to her taste, and she states with simplicity that "to be in the fashion in London the people appeared to me to live more out of their houses than in them." She had one company gown that she remembers with affection. "A silk so thick and rich that it would stand alone," of a pale rose-colour, with alternate stripes of green shaded with brown.

She had more than one so-called "eligible offer;" but her heart was in the Highlands, and she was overjoyed when she heard that Malcolm MacLeod, Laird of Raasay, who had been brought to London in the expectation of being hanged for treason, was to return to his island pardoned, and would escort her and Katie to Skye forthwith.

"I cannot bear to lose you, my dear," said the good-natured Lady Primrose, on the eve of parting; "but I know you are longing to be back in your dear Highlands again. And now I have a little surprise for you, child. Some of our Jacobite friends have subscribed a small sum for Prince Charlie's preserver to take back with her, and here it is," as she produced a silken purse. "It is fifteen hundred pounds. Nay, never look so shamefaced! You have deserved it well, and every penny has been gladly given."

The gift was, in truth, not quite to the taste of the independent Highland girl, but she accepted it to avoid offending her kind friend; and, laden with other presents and souvenirs of every kind, she set off for Scotland. With what delight did her eager eyes greet the first outline of the blue hills, and see the heather at her feet! And a climax came to her happiness when she was clasped once more in her mother's arms.

Life was henceforth to run smoothly for her. The joyful news, which had taken long to travel, came that Prince Charlie had safely landed on the coast of Brittany. Neil MacEachan, Flora's early playmate and trusty squire, had accompanied him, and now wrote full details of their exciting voyage, and the way in which they were chased by two British ships of war. The thought that the Prince was safe in France rolled off a burden from Flora's heart, and left her free to enjoy the personal happiness that was not long in coming. Allan Kingsburgh left his regiment, and came home to settle down on an estate not far from his father's house. He and Flora had loved one another long; and on November 6, 1750, they were married.

Her life, surrounded by friends and cheered by lovely children, was bright and happy, and for many years was uneventful, save for the death of her good father-in-law, Kingsburgh MacDonald, in 1772. Allan and she now moved to Kingsburgh House, where on one occasion they entertained Dr. Johnson, and allowed him to sleep in the bed with tartan hangings that had held the beloved Prince.

In 1775 Flora and her husband, with some of their children, sailed for America, where Allan took part in the War of Independence, on the side of the "old country." They returned to Skye in course of time, and Flora lived to see her daughters happily married, and her sons settled in life.

On the 5th of March, 1790, in her 69th year, she died, and was wrapped for her burial in the sheet she had preserved so long for the Prince's sake. Her funeral was attended by about three thousand persons, and travellers still visit the Kingsburgh mausoleum, in Kilmuir Churchyard, to remember Flora Mac Donald with sympathy and interest. The very marble slab on which an inscription to her memory was engraved, sent by her youngest son to mark his mother's resting-place, has been carried away piecemeal by tourists, a mark of honour to the dead not to be commended.

The cause for which this Highland heroine risked her life no longer excites enthusiasm, but her devotion and quiet self-possession in time of danger are things to emulate. Even in the round of unromantic daily life occasion may come for their exercise, and it were well for us all to acquit ourselves in case of need as courageously, modestly, and unselfishly as did this last-century "Princess of Thule."

[THE END.]

"THE FINSBURY INSTITUTE FOR CITY GIRLS.'

By ANNE BEALE.

SUCH of the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER as were interested in "Three Social Evenings," will be glad to hear that the city girls have a fine, roomy, new Institute. The Y.W.C.A. has moved them from their inadequate abode on one side of Finsbury-square, to No. 14 on the other. The 700 members will now have breathing space, since the whole house is theirs—or rather the Association's. It was well filled at the opening ceremonial, and the square had the satisfaction of seeing the Lord Mayor, Lady Mayoress, aldermen and their wives, preceded by the mace bearer all resplendent in scarlet and gold, step out of their carriages upon the crimson cloth laid

down for the benefit of their shoes, and disappear within the house. Our girls should be thankful for the interest displayed in their well-doing. When a Lord Mayor inaugurates their Institute, and clergy and laity come from all parts to join in declaring it dedicated to their service, the least they can do is to show their gratitude by using it to good purpose, intellectually, morally, and religiously. We are glad to learn that our "Social Evenings" were the means of bringing new members to the Association, and so helping to swell the 3,370 who joined last year. During that period twenty fresh Institutes and Homes were also formed; and when we reflect that there are 123 branches, including Homes and Institutes, in London alone, which gather into their folds 12,353 girl members, we have cause for much thankfulness. But when we reflect again that within a radius of one mile from the Bank of England 40,000 young girls are daily employed in workrooms, factories, and shops, we see the need of all the good agencies at work in their behalf. Associations, Friendly Societies, and Homes multiply, and we hope all our readers—especially such as have no actual home—will join some one of them. They may be quite sure that their evenings will be better spent in social intercourse than in theatre, dancing-saloon, or music-hall, and that they will sleep more peacefully and rise better prepared for work after the one than the other.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

A PILGRIM.—You are certainly doing your duty in taking charge of the house when you lost your mother, but in so doing you should do it in the fear of God with a feeling that it is pleasing to Him, and with a desire to glorify Him by a useful and consistent life. At the same time, it is ever to be remembered that it is through His perfect and finished work, and through faith in His atonement, that we are justified. There is no reason why you should "give up all your pleasure" while doing your daily duties. That is a suggestion of the evil one, who would make a useful life appear dreary and unattractive. There are innocent pleasures and recreations, as well as those that are injurious and inconsistent.

STOCKWELLIKS.—In reply to your request that we should give a brief definition of "polarisation," the following may be clear to you. In a simple voltaic cell, when on closed circuit, bubbles of hydrogen are being continually given off from the copper plate, which stick to it in great numbers, forming a film over its surface; hence the effective surface of the copper plate is materially reduced, and it is found that the strength of the current after a few seconds falls off greatly, and may even be almost stopped. A battery in this condition is said to be "polarised." Consult a good almanack.

ART.

CHEMIN DE FER.—Apply to Rowney, artists' colour man, Oxford-street, for the "excelsior medium." For a school where boys are taken at a very small weekly cost, apply to the secretary, Sandwell Training Home, Birmingham; or the Warren Farm Industrial School, Brighton (address the chaplain, the Rev. A. Tooth); or to King Edward's School, St. George's-road, Southwark (Chaplain Witley, Godalming, Surrey). Admission to this last-named school is by election.

AN IRISH GIRL.—If your crayon drawing has become mildewed from damp it is practically done for. Still, you can partially remove the chalk with breadcrumbs and very fine glasspaper, though the drawing will always be liable to become spotty when once the paper has shown traces of mildew. White cashmere will wash. You had better unpick the plastron and wash the material at home.

ETCHER.—If you mean pen-and-ink drawing by "etching," use the very best Indian ink, sold in solid cakes. Rub the latter well on a palette with a little water, to obtain a composition well ground and as "thick as London cream." In brown ink etchings use sepia or burnt sienna (water-colours). In etching upon copper, etc., use printing ink for taking the impressions.

THE FARRIER.—Copal varnish is only used for oil paintings, not for water-colours. In varnishing the latter when used on satin or terra-cotta, use melted isinglass.

ONE WHO VALUES THE G. O. P.—Prismatine painting is easy. It is an imitation of lustra painting. The material is sold in powders, and is liquefied with the medium sold for the purpose, and painted upon velveteen, satin, or silk.

BONN AM RHEIN.—The only method of soaking off photographs without injuring them from your album is to cut the leaves out of the latter and put them in cold water until the photos be floated off without being touched by the hand for their removal. They should then be dried and flattened between sheets of clean blotting-paper.

WORK.

INDIGNANT.—We think the caps mentioned were not "mob-caps" with large crowns, but small ones. Both muslin and net will wash if "Indignant" gets washing net. The 10th November, 1861, was a Sunday.

LOIS is now out of mourning, we should think; but for slight mourning, such as hers must be at present, her aprons would not be a matter of great consequence. The portraits of the Editor and contributors to the G. O. P were given in the summer number for 1884, *Sunlight*.

LOVER OF THE G. O. P. should make her bodice after one of the illustrations in the G. O. P. If slight in figure, a yoked bodice might suit her. We should imagine that a moss-green or a tan colour and brown gown would suit her very well.

SNOWDROP.—Wool tidies are no longer much used; cross-stitch embroidery is newer and prettier. "Curfew shall not ring to-night" will be found in one of the many books of recitations.

DAISY ANDERSEN.—You acted very improperly in leaving your aunt, to whose care you were left. If only sixteen now, you had no business, child as you then were, to judge for yourself as to what were the "fashionable ways" that your parents would not have liked. You were under great obligations to your aunt, and you should have shown piety at home by submission to her so long as a minor, and so to have requited her in the place of your parents. There are repositories for the sale of ladies' work, but it is slow and uncertain, and inquiries are made as to the worker's family and circumstances, and if they heard you were penniless because you ran away from your natural guardian to be dependent on a poor woman with a family of her own, we do not know how they would act. Write to the Self-Help Society, 15, Baker-street, W.; secretary, Miss Lupton.

NINA.—Try dipping an old pair of black silk gloves in vinegar and water, half and half, leaving them there for some time, then rinsing them in clean tepid water. This plan has been recommended for black thread or cotton stockings, and might perhaps prove as satisfactory for silk gloves.

MISCELLANEOUS.

JOSEPHUS.—Yes, caps are indispensable on the occasion you name.

BOOKKEEPER.—*Et tu Brute?* means, "And thou, O Brutus?" Julius Cæsar's exclamation when his friend Brutus stabbed him. You ask how to pronounce "Solande," but we fancy you must mean Yolande. Violante is the Spanish form of Violet, and the old spelling is, "Iolande," "Iolanthe;" Yolande pronounced "Yo-land."

WOULD-BE AUTHORESS.—Have you shown your MS. to any experienced writer? It is useless to consult two girl "confidantes." The fact that it has been refused by two firms, though no proof of unsaleability, should be sufficient reason for giving the story a careful revision by a well-practised hand. Your grammar is defective. You confound the use of "which" and "whom," and we do not say a book is "titled," but "entitled." Do such errors appear in your MS.?

MIMICA.—When "jumping" on horseback, you probably aid in balancing yourself, as dancers and athletes do on the tight-rope, by throwing up one or both hands. If your pony be black, Chloe would be a good name; if grey, Grizelda; if red, Rubina. See "Practical Hints About the Hair," in the part for July, 1885.

LITTLE MAID.—Your handwriting is unformed as yet, but promises well. A Norwegian knife for travelling would be a nice present, but if superstitious he must give you a halfpenny! A pencilcase or a nice paper-knife, or a pen holding a supply of ink inside, would all be suitable gifts.

HOEBE.—Mourning at present for a mother is often worn twelve months—viz., six months in crêpe, three in plain black, and three in half mourning. We, however, consider it in better taste to wear the first deep mourning as long as possible, and then plain black, with the half mourning, for three months beyond the year.

KLUPER would feel very much "oblidged" if we could suggest a plan for the prevention of finger pricking when "makin pinafores," as her work "gets sanginary" and her "fingers soar." Why do her friends "recomend" her to "pound them on the table with whichever fist she is not using?" She evidently inserts her needle too far into the material and shows much carelessness. We perceive that she is a poor "amatour cook" if she do not appreciate our recipes.

HILDA.—The "Arabian Nights' Entertainments" is now published complete in the original Arabic from an Egyptian MS. brought to India by the late Major Turner Macan, Editor of the *Shah Nameh*. The idea of the "Arabian Nights" had its origin in a collection of Persian tales called "The Thousand Fanciful Tales," which were known to have been in existence in the tenth century, yet the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments" is original, and was written during the sixteenth century by an Arab.

M. C. S. S.—Admiral Lord Alcester, of Alcester, in Warwickshire, was Sir Frederic Beauchamp Seymour. He was created a peer for his services at the bombardment of Alexandria, 11th August, 1882.

MARY L. ROBERTS.—*Cead mille failthe* is the Irish for "a hundred thousand welcomes."

MARY.—Many thanks for your kind note. We could not answer so wide a question as yours. There were several styles of dress worn in France during the last century. For instance, the period of the Directory of the Revolution, when they aped the Roman Republican fashions, and of "The Empire," when their ideas were classical. You had better write and make more particular inquiries.

RANDOM JACK.—You appear to have been acting a very deceitful part towards your parents, although you try in your letter to slur it over. You knew from the first, apparently, that you were acting in direct disobedience to their wishes, and you allowed them to think that your admirer was quite another person. We do not see how you can retrieve your character now, save by a confession to your parents, and leaving them to deal with the young man on the ground of your extreme youth. You seem to be a self-deceiver, too, for you talk glibly of "doing as you would be done by," when you have been acting a treacherous and deceitful part to everyone.

READER PAT.—Christmas Day in the year 1858 fell on a Saturday.

NESTA.—Damp hands arise from a constitutional defect. We have already given advice on the subject. If you were desirous on any special occasion to keep your fingers from sticking to the piano keys, you might make use of a powder-puff, but do not use it to your face. Daily use of alum and water, merely to the palms, not backs, of the hands may do some good; but some bad effects may result from checking an effort of nature to throw out what is bad in the system. Consult a doctor. Of course, bow to those who have applauded your playing, but without "getting up a stage effect."

KATIE.—The best application to a mosquito sting is a little liquid ammonia; better still, to use mosquito curtains. Leave your door open, and put the candle outside when going to bed; then quickly bring it in and shut the door, leaving your enemies outside.

VERNIE.—If your parents be short, do not expect to be tall. However, we have known "dumpy" boys and girls begin to grow tall at seventeen, so you must not despair at fifteen. There is nothing that you can "do" to make yourself shoot up. Better to be a fat little ball than a poor, thin, "thread-paper" girl, limp and sickly. Why should you be tall? A step-ladder would enable you to reach the highest shelves in your bookcase.

TOPSY.—See "The Fairy of the Family," last part, entitled "Spots and Stains," page 807, vol. iv.

MEDUSA.—There are spiritual or mystical meanings and lessons taught in the parables of Holy Scripture, and it was a mode of teaching very popular amongst Easterns. But a simple though wonderful miracle, wrought for the feeding or healing of any persons, is not designed to have any other and hidden meaning beyond its being an evidence of the power of God.

MADGE.—The author of "Curfew shall not ring to-night" is Rosa Hardwick Thorpe, an American poet.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

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MY BROTHER'S FRIEND.

By EGLANTON THORNE, Author of "The Old Worcester Jug," etc.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A PLEDGE OF FRIENDSHIP.

I SLEPT, and towards morning I dreamed. In my dream I was again amongst mountains; but not now in snow covered regions. I was treading an Alpine glade of emerald green, gemmed with flowers. The sun was shining brightly, birds were chirping and singing in the bushes, little silvery rills flashed in the sunlight, and the sky was blue overhead. I felt no fear, only joy, when I saw Edmund descending the green slope of a mountain side.

He came with fleet steps, and I saw that he carried in his arms a little child Hurrying to meet him I found that he held little Percy. Ah, how the child's golden curls shone in the sunlight, how the blue eyes smiled, how angelic was the look of the sweet, innocent face! Edmund put him in my arms, saying only, "Take him back to Mabel.

"I DOUBTED THE EVIDENCE OF MY SENSES."

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He will be a blessing to her; he will lead her upward."

And in my dream I seemed to know that the child had been lost and was found. Pressing him close to me I turned to seek Mabel with the feeling that I was bringing her joy after great sorrow, when a voice close beside me said—

"We must thank God."

With that, mountains, green vale, flowers, the child—all vanished. I opened my eyes to find the sun shining brightly in at my window, swallows twittering from beneath the turret, and a light soft breeze fluttering the white curtains. And full in the sunlight stood Grace, pale and worn from her night's watching, but with a glad light in her eyes; her whole countenance expressing a heartfelt thankfulness.

"Percy!" I exclaimed, starting up.

"Is better," said Grace. "There has been a change in the night, and now the doctors think that he may recover."

"Oh, thank God!" I cried. And then we embraced each other and wept together.

It was the first real spring day, and all nature seemed to echo our hearts' deep thanksgiving. Easter, a cold, wintery Easter, had come and gone whilst I lay in the unconsciousness of fever. Spring had long delayed her coming; but now, when the month was all but over, came this true April day, with warm sunshine and soft showers, making the birds sing melodiously, and the shy flowers unfold their buds without fear. During the day Howard sent me a little knot of sweet violets, the first to be found in our dear old garden at the tannery. I was delighted with them; but I wondered greatly that he should have thought of showing me such a kind attention. Surely the joy of relief from sore dread must have opened his heart and enlarged his sympathies to a wonderful extent.

But my weary days of confinement were drawing to a close. Spring having come, the doctor advised my speedy removal to the seaside. A little house was taken for us at Southend, this place being fixed on because it was conveniently near to Burford, and we could drive there direct from The Towers without risking the fatigue to myself and possible peril to others that a long journey by rail would involve. Salome and Grace, who by this time needed a change as much as I did, were to accompany me for the first week, at the end of which Mabel hoped to be able to join us with little Percy.

Southend in those days was a quaint, almost rural little place, unspoiled by the visits of London holiday-makers. Our house was on the high cliff, open to the strong sea breezes and commanding a fine view of the tossing waves when the tide was high. It was delightful to see the sea again and to breathe the fresh air with the feeling that each breath gave me strength. Those who have experienced such a period of convalescence will know the new joy in life that comes with returning health. But for me that joy was shadowed. Little Percy's danger had shaken me out of myself for a time, and I had ceased to trouble about the future that lay before me. But now, with returning strength, the whole crowd of doubts, fears, and regrets assailed me afresh. I think Grace saw that there was a cloud on my mind that marred my enjoyment of the lovely spring days. Doubtless she understood its nature; but she asked no questions and did not attempt to force my confidence. Only her gentle, never-failing kindness told me of her sympathy.

One bright, breezy afternoon we were returning from a stroll upon the beach, and ascending the somewhat steep path to the cliff, when I saw a gentleman looking down on us from a point almost opposite the house in which we were dwelling. Grace saw him at the same moment and exclaimed, "Why, it is Ralph!"

I needed not to be told that. My heart had sunk at the sight of him; my limbs were trembling; my breath growing short; it was all I could do to keep on walking. He had seen us and was making his way to us by a steep rugged zigzag that cut into our path. We paused at the junction, and in a few minutes he was beside us.

"How are you, Dorothy?" he asked, in the kindest manner, holding my hand in his as he studied my looks with affectionate, anxious interest.

"I am much better; almost well indeed," I said, falteringly.

"Is she really gaining strength, Grace? She looks very frail. Has she never more colour than this?"

"She is tired now," said Grace, evading the question; "we have, perhaps, been a little too far."

She knew as well as I knew that it was his sudden, unexpected appearance which had driven the colour from my cheeks, and for the time robbed me of strength.

With that he made me lean upon his arm as we slowly continued the ascent, and, tremulous and breathless as I was, the support of his strong arm was most acceptable.

Sparing me, he talked to Grace, telling her all the home news she was eager to hear. Bright and ready were his words, and yet there was a change in him, a change not easy to define, though I had been aware of it at the first glance. A look it was that told of past suffering and present sorrow, held in check by a strong will.

When we reached the house, Grace led me into the sitting-room, put me into an easy chair by the fire, removed my hat and jacket, and insisted on my resting for awhile. Then she went away, leaving me alone with Ralph.

He had taken a chair near me; but, for what seemed to me a terribly long time, he said not a word. I suppose he thought that I should rest better in silence; but the stillness was to me slow torture. In desperation I broke it at last.

"You came to see me when I was ill," I said; "you should not have done so; it was running a risk."

"A very slight one," he replied; "but I should have done the same however great the risk. Nothing could have held me from you when your life was in danger; unless, indeed, the fear of making you worse; but as you were unconscious that was impossible. And now I am thankful that I watched at your bedside when you were so ill," he added, in a tone of peculiar meaning; "as thankful as I am, dear Dorothy, to see you well again."

His words, and even more, his tone, frightened me. What could he mean? I turned hot and cold, and looking down began twisting my fingers in nervous, school-girl fashion. Then, prompted by the sight of my ringless fingers, I rushed, as I was wont in moments of embarrassment, into impulsive speech.

"Grace tells me that you have my ring," I said, holding up to view the hand that lacked it. "I missed it almost as soon as my senses returned to me. Will you not give it to me now?"

"Do you really wish to wear that ring again, Dorothy?" he asked, very gravely.

And I could not answer him. His searching eyes, his grave tones, arrested me, and made it impossible to utter anything save the very truth. Then he stretched out his hand and took mine. It was cold, and it trembled in his clasp.

"My poor child," he said, tenderly, his voice vibrating with strong emotion, "do I frighten you so much? Oh, what a mistake I have made! I thought I could make you happy, Dorothy. I meant to guard your happiness with jealous care; and see! my very presence alarms you, makes you turn cold and white."

"No, no," I faltered; "it is not so. I am not afraid of you."

"Then why does your hand flutter in mine like a frightened bird? Dorothy, let us be frank with each other. Believe me, it is best. I know now what a mistake we have made—a mistake that would have been fatal to your happiness and mine. We must thank God that we have found it out in time. Dear, when I stood by your bed you uttered words in your delirium that revealed to me your heart's secret. Nay, do not shrink so. You said nothing you need blush for—nothing that was not honourable to you. Only I wish you had better understood my love; I wish you had trusted me fully."

He spoke gently, calmly; but the effort it cost him so to speak was apparent with every word. My heart was wrung with pain as I listened. I wanted to speak, but words would not come to me.

"If I had known that there was another," he added, after a pause, speaking not bitterly, but with somewhat of reproach in his tone.

"Indeed, indeed, I did not mean to deceive you," the words stung me into saying; "I thought that was all over and done with; I thought I could put an end to it, or I would not have promised to be your wife. Pray believe that."

"I do believe it," he replied, gently. "I know you meant to be true to me. I do not blame you, dear; it has all been a sad mistake."

"I meant it for the best," I sobbed. "I thought I could make you happy, and I knew it was what dear Edmund had wished."

"Yes, because he thought that you could love me; he was so sure that there was no one else you cared for; he would not have wished it otherwise."

"Oh, I might have known—I might have known!" I cried bitterly; "I can never forgive myself for what I have done; for the pain I have caused you; and yet—oh, I did want to make you happy!"

"Do not grieve, child," he said, tenderly. "You shall make me happy yet. Do you remember telling me that you should find your happiness in mine? Now I say the same to you; if you are happy I shall be happy."

"I shall never be happy," I sighed; "for I can never forget. My life will be one long regret."

"No, dear, that must not be. For my sake you must embrace happiness when it comes to you. You must be happy, for I want to be happy, and I cannot be unless you are. Remember that when you are inclined to make yourself miserable on my account."

How bravely, almost cheerfully, he spoke, and yet every word told me of the pain I had caused him! I responded only by tears. He drew from his pocket a tiny leather case, which he placed in my hand.

"There, dear, is your ring. You will keep it for my sake? Don't put it on now; but at some future time wear it for the sake of your friend. For, Dorothy, I cannot renounce our friendship. I shall ever be your friend and the friend of all whom you love, not for your sake alone, but for your brother's sake—that friend of mine that lives in God."

So saying he held out his hand. It still bore traces of the burns he had received when he heroically rescued me from the fire. The sight of those scars reproached me keenly. I owed to this man my life, and in return I had thus pained and wronged him. I gave him my hand and he pressed it to his lips. Then, still holding it, he said, "And now good-bye, Dorothy; I am going away for awhile. In another month I sail for Jamaica to transact some business for my father there. When we meet again this painful episode in our lives will have ceased to trouble us, and you will welcome me as your friend, will you not?"

"Yes, yes, my best friend," I murmured. It was all I could say under the pressure of overwhelming emotion. And yet how much more I should have said!

I longed to thank him for his noble forgiveness, to assure him of my undying gratitude, to tell him that henceforth he stood apart and sacred in my life, as a friend, honoured and prized above all friends, a brother, worthy of the best love and reverence a sister's heart can know. But I had no power to speak, and the next moment he was gone. I heard him leave the house; he would not stay even for a word with Grace, and I knew that he had gone forth to sorrow, heart-hunger, loneliness. Well might I weep, who had brought such suffering to this true and noble man.

Grace came in ere my sobs were stilled. She was amazed to find her brother gone, but in a moment she understood.

"I have sent him away!" I cried, wildly. "Grace, you ought to hate me; I have made your brother wretched; I have spoiled his life."

But she did not hate me. She put her arms about me and kissed me.

"He will suffer," she said, speaking with deep emotion; "but you have not spoiled his life. It is sin, not sorrow, that ruins human lives. And you suffer, too, my poor Dorothy."

And so she could bear the burden of each, feeling keenly for us both.

For many days the thought of Ralph weighed on my heart and retarded my advance to health. At the end of a week Grace returned to Beechwood, where, by this time, her presence was earnestly desired. Mabel came down to Southend, bringing Percy, his nurse, and a younger maid. The child had already made rapid progress towards recovery, but he needed great care, and Mabel watched over him with anxious, jealous solicitude, trusting little to servants, and guarding him herself by night and by day. I think she was glad to have her child all to herself, and to live a simple, quiet life for a little time. She was looking very worn and ill when she came to Southend, but soon, as Percy grew rosy and strong, her looks also began to improve. It was amusing to watch the child's wonder and delight when first he saw the sea. He loved to see the waves rippling on the sandy beach, and never tired of playing there. Mabel and I spent many an hour with him by the shore. The nurse's duties were light indeed, for we generally took Percy out and had him with us for the greater part of the day. Our common love for the little darling, our delight in marking his development, planning new pleasures for him, and laughing over his precocious ways, formed a strong bond between me and Mabel. We were very happy together. Our old sisterly affection renewed itself; Mabel was softened by her recent experience; she had lost her dictatorial manner, and was more gentle and loving than I had ever seen her.

Only once was the harmony of our intercourse broken. It was when I told Mabel that my engagement to Ralph Dugdale had come to an end. This was a sore blow to her pride, since she had plumed herself on the good marriage I was about to make. She thought I had done very wrong, guided by foolishly-romantic notions, and that I should live to repent my folly. It was not strange that she should think so, for I could not tell her all that had led to my parting with Ralph. I shrank from mentioning Leonard Glynne. I had never named him to Mabel; it had been an astonishment to her to learn in the vicarage drawing-room at Dunsted that I had some acquaintance with Mrs. Gower's relatives. Not for the world would I have had Mabel even suspect my heart's secret; for I still looked upon it as a weakness to be overcome, a thing to be buried and forgotten. I had no hope in connection with it; I should have held it base to cherish such a hope whilst that painful parting with Ralph was still so recent, his suffering so vividly before my mind. No; I said to myself that I should never see Leonard Glynne again. Much as I loved Mrs. Lyell, dear as Grace was to me, nothing should induce me to go to Weylea or Beechwood till many years had passed.

Mabel was somewhat mollified when I told her that Grace approved of what had taken place. She had felt the influence of Grace's pure, unselfish character. A gentle, almost sad expression came to my sister's face with the memories her name recalled. "She is a good woman," she said with a sigh, "a good and noble woman. I believe that I owe my child's life to her devotion and skill. I wish there were more such women in the world."

Mabel had intended to stay but a few weeks at Southend; but in the end we spent nearly the whole summer there. Sea air and sea water were considered so desirable for little Percy, that Mabel determined he should enjoy them as long as possible. She went back to The Towers once or twice for a short visit, but she seemed glad to return to the quiet, simple life at the seaside. Howard Steinthorpe used to ride over every Saturday, and stay with us till Monday or Tuesday. How much he made of his boy on these occasions! How glad he was to see the child who had been given up to death growing ruddy and strong in the summer sunshine!

And his manner towards Mabel was marked by a grace and tenderness which it had lacked before that season of sore suspense and dread which they had endured together. They had loved each other when they married, and their love had not died, though the strain of a common-place, worldly life had worn it very thin. It was blooming into new beauty and strength in the light and joy which had succeeded the gloom cast by the dread shadow of death.

The first time Howard came to us at Southend, he surprised his wife and me by producing from his coat pocket two little packets, exactly alike, one of which he tossed to each of us.

"A little keepsake from me," he said.

And the keepsake proved to be a memorial locket, beautifully wrought in gold, black enamel, and pearls. Opening mine, I saw on one side a miniature photograph of my brother, and on the other a lock of his hair. The likeness was excellent; it was one Edmund had sat for a short time before his health began to fail. It was a lovely gift, and must have cost a considerable sum; but I cared less for its intrinsic worth than for the unexpected kindness and thoughtfulness Howard evinced in giving it to me.

Mabel was delighted with her locket, and exclaimed at its beauty; but I was so touched by the sight of mine that I hardly could speak.

"I don't know how to thank you," I said, looking at Howard through tears.

"I don't want thanks," he said, rather brusquely; "I am glad if it

pleases you. I always meant to be a friend to you and your brother, Dorothy, if you would have let me."

And doubtless his words were true. He had meant to befriend us, but, like many persons in similar circumstances, he wished to do so in his own way, and had no desire that we should be unconscious of our obligations to him.

"I believe you," I said, putting out my hand to grasp his. And then, thank God, the old rancour died out of my heart, and I could forgive Howard Steinthorpe all that had seemed hard in his dealings with me and mine in the past.

CHAPTER XXIV.

WRITE A LETTER WHICH I AM NOT ALLOWED TO SEND.

It was September ere we returned to The Towers. By that time I was as strong and well as ever I had been—nay, stronger, for I was enjoying the delightful sense of well-being, the wonderful rejuvenescence which not seldom follows as an agreeable consequence of fever. With it there came a longing to employ my energy. Before we left Southend I had settled to a course of steady study, for there was danger for me in an idle, dreamy existence. Mind and body craved occupation. I felt it would be well for me to lead a bustling, active life, so I wrote to Miss Carefull, asking her to help me to find a suitable situation. I did not mind what sort of work it was, I said, so long as I had plenty to do. She sent me a kind reply, promising me all the assistance she could give, and advising me still to aim at self-improvement, and be content to begin with a small salary, if the employment left me leisure for study.

My seeking a situation did not at all accord with Mabel's ideas. It was bad enough that my engagement to Ralph Dugdale should be broken off; but that I should persist in "going out as a governess" shocked and dismayed her to the utmost. How was it that I could never see things as she did? What would people say if they heard that I was not to be married, but had "taken a situation"? Why could I not make my home at The Towers? Little Percy would soon be old enough to receive instruction, and I could teach him if I was so anxious to be a teacher.

Mabel could not understand why I resisted her persuasions. It was impossible to show her that the life she pictured would be the worst possible for me. I was sorry to cross her; the more so since she bore with my perversity, as she deemed it, more patiently than she had been wont to do.

We had not been many days at Burford when I received another note from Miss Carefull. It was written in haste. Her younger governess had just given her notice that, owing to the ill-health of her mother, she would be obliged to leave the school at Michaelmas. Miss Carefull said that she hardly liked to offer me the post; but since I had affirmed that I was ready to undertake anything, she thought there would be no harm in proposing it. I knew what were the duties of her younger governess, so she need not go into details. She could not give me time for consideration; but must ask me to let her have a line by return of post to say whether or not I could agree to her proposal.

I did not hesitate for a moment, though I was aware that the duties of Miss Carefull's younger governess were not of the most pleasant nature. She had to teach the youngest pupils, superintend the practice of juvenile strummers on the piano, walk out with the boarders, keep order in the schoolroom during silence hour, and do all that the superior, more accomplished governess disdained to do. A dreary position it had seemed to me in my school-days, yet now I was eager to fill it. The greater trials I had known since those days made the petty annoyances of a teacher's life seem of small account.

But how Mabel opened her eyes when I showed her Miss Carefull's note, and told her how I meant to answer it.

"You do not mean it, Dorothy," she said; "you cannot think what you are doing. You forget what a miserable drudge Miss Carefull's junior governess always was."

"I know she had a lot to do," I replied, "but that is what I want; I should like plenty of work."

"Oh, Dorothy," said Mabel, with a kind of despair, "but what work it is. I would not be in such a position for all the world. Have you forgotten poor Miss Tyner, and how the girls persecuted her?"

"Miss Tyner was a weak creature," I answered. "I shall take care the girls do not treat me as they treated her."

"Well, how you can choose to spend your days in teaching stupid children to do their sums and write their copies, in contending with tiresome school-girls, and taking wearisome marches behind the school, when you might stay here with me and Percy, and watch the darling's growth and all his pretty ways, is past my comprehension," said Mabel.

"I am afraid I have always been a puzzle to you, dear Mabel," I said, gently; "but, believe me, I am not ungrateful for your kindness in wishing me to stay. I would do so, indeed, if I could."

"I cannot understand you," she said, with a sigh; "but I suppose you must take your own way."

I sighed too as I went away to write my letter to Miss Carefull. There was no pleasure for me in thus taking my own way. I expected no joy in the situation I chose to accept, but only that life would be made more endurable by constant, regular occupation.

I seated myself at one of the tables in the library and wrote my reply in clear, concise terms, finding a sort of fierce satisfaction in binding myself to an irksome, monotonous life. The library was in the front of the house. Its windows looked out on the sweep of the well-kept carriage drive and the velvet lawn beyond with its multiform beds brilliant with bright-hued flowers. I had written and sealed my letter, and was idly resting on my elbow and gazing through the window nearest me, when the sound of a horse's approach reached my ears. It sent a sudden thrill through me, bringing vividly before my mind a vision of Leonard mounted on Ariel. I had time to calm myself and reflect that it was probably Howard returning from the mills for luncheon rather earlier than usual, ere the rider came in sight. Then another thrill, like an electric shock, passed through me. For, though the horse was not Ariel, the rider, it seemed to me, was Leonard Glynne. But in a moment he had passed the window, and in the bewilderment and tremor I doubted the evidence of my senses. The sunlight had dazed me, a resemblance had misled me; it could not be that he was here!

I heard the house-bell ring; heard the visitor being shown into the smaller reception room at the other side of the hall, caught even, for my hearing seemed to become preternaturally acute, the footman's subdued, respectful tones, and the firmer, deeper voice that spoke to him. Then I heard the door close, and with heart fluttering and every nerve a quiver I waited, my ear following the servant's movements as he went here and there and finally upstairs in search of someone. I had time for many sensations, fears, surmisings, though it was but a minute or two ere he appeared at the library door.

"A gentleman to see you, Miss Carmichael."

Mechanically I took the card extended to me on a salver. The hot blood surged up in my face as I read the name of Leonard Glynne.

"Have you told Mrs. Steinthorpe?" I said, somewhat unsteadily.

"No, miss; the gentleman asked for you. Do you wish me to tell Mrs. Steinthorpe?"

"No, no," I said, hurriedly, ashamed of the confusion I was betraying to the servant's keen eyes; "it does not matter."

A few minutes later I was shaking hands with Leonard Glynne. I could not greet him with the old friendliness. I was nervous, and nervousness gave to my manner an unusual coldness. I was aware that I was producing a poor imitation of Mabel's stately demeanour towards an undesirable acquaintance, whom she wished to keep at a distance; but I could not help it, though I saw Leonard's countenance fall with a look of pain and *disappointment*. He, too, became cool and dignified. We sat down at a distance from each other, a table, loaded with bric-à-brac, between us.

"I am staying a few days with my cousin at Dunsted," he said.

"You have come for the shooting, I suppose," was my reply.

"Yes; at least I have been amusing myself a little in that way. I thought that as I was so near I should like to ride over and inquire how you were. Mrs. Lyell will be pleased to hear."

"Thank you," I said, austerely; "it was good of you to forsake the guns this fine morning on my account."

"Oh, as for that, I am not much of a sportsman. I like well enough to go with the other fellows, but following the dogs across the fields becomes monoto-

nous after a while, when you cannot bring down much."

"How is Mrs. Lyell?" I asked.

"Very well, thank you. She would have sent some message, no doubt, if she had known that I should see you."

"Your cousin, Mrs. Gower, is well, I trust? I had the pleasure of making her acquaintance just before I fell ill with scarlet fever."

"She was telling me how your illness almost began at her house. She is very well. I hope you are quite strong again, Miss Carmichael?"

"I am perfectly well, thank you. I am afraid I alarmed Mrs. Gower very much that day."

"Oh, I should not think so; Marion is not easily put out."

These polite commonplaces having passed, a pause ensued. I had time to observe that Leonard had altered somewhat since I last saw him. He was thinner and looked older; he had lost the air of cheerful satisfation with himself and his surroundings, which had distinguished him when I made his acquaintance.

The stillness was broken by the sound of hoofs on the gravel outside. A groom was leading past the window the horse Leonard had ridden. I started up, reminded of the duties of hospitality.

"The man had better take your horse to the stable," I said, advancing to touch the bell, "and my sister shall be told that you are here. You will stay and take luncheon with us, of course."

"No, thank you; indeed, I cannot think of it," he said, with a hurried movement, to prevent me from carrying out my intention of ringing the bell. "Pray do not disturb Mrs. Steinthorpe. I must ride away almost immediately; I only wanted to say a few words to you."

He spoke nervously, unsteadily. I moved back to my place, and sat down in considerable tremor. Clearly it was not easy to say what he wished. Another silence fell.

"We heard of your illness from Ralph Dugdale," he said, abruptly, at last. "He rode over from Beechwood to tell Mrs. Lyell. I was at my aunt's, and saw him."

"Indeed!" was all I could say. My face flushed hotly; a terrible confusion seized me at the mention of Ralph's name.

"He came again after he had seen you; he came several times. We had some talks together. He is a good fellow, is Ralph Dugdale."

This was dreadful. What had Ralph said? Had they talked of me? Oh, surely he would not betray my secret?

"He told me," Leonard continued, seeing that I had nothing to say—"I hope that you will not mind my knowing—he told me that you were no longer engaged to him."

"I have no objection to anyone's knowing that," I said, haughtily. "It is true; we are no longer engaged." And I looked at him with an air of defiance, as though I would say, "What of that? Do you suppose that because I have sent him away I shall be ready to receive you?"

So Leonard understood my glance. His face fell; I saw his lips tremble. The triumph of my pride brought me no satisfaction. The next moment I was full of remorse and pain. When he spoke again his low tones seemed to breathe despair.

"Of course it could make no difference," he said, brokenly. "I might have known."

With that he rose to go. Then a terrible pain wrung my heart. Why did he not say what he meant? Why did he go thus without giving me a chance of explaining?

He stood before me, but I did not put out my hand, nor did I look at him. My eyes were following the movements of a bee, which was circling round and round an épergne filled with flowers that stood on the table. Suddenly the bee flew straight into the heart of a rose. I think that large creamy rose carried both our minds to Weylea.

"See," I said, rising and leaning over the flowers, "this is just like one of the roses in Mrs. Lyell's garden, those that grow against the wall by the greenhouse. Do you remember?"

"I am not likely to forget," he said, his voice betraying strong emotion. "Dorothy," he added, in quick, tremulous tones, "do you remember how you once refused a rose I offered you? Tell me, did you really think that day that I cared for Miss Carsdale?"

"Of course I did," was my reply.

"But how could you? You might have known there was nothing of that sort. She was dear to me as my cousin Henry's *fiancée;* that was all."

"How was I to know that?" I asked, half-laughing, yet with tears burning beneath my eyelids. "You might have told me."

"I would have told you, but it was their secret. And I thought that Rose would tell you herself, perhaps, if you would make a friend of her. And then—then it seemed to me it did not matter, for I was sure that you preferred Ralph Dugdale to me."

"Oh, how could you?" I began, but checked myself in shame-faced confusion. Then, as our eyes met, each read the heart of the other. We clasped hands, and somehow, without much explanation, we arrived at a perfect understanding.

After that Leonard needed little persuasion to remain to luncheon. I had difficulty in making Mabel comprehend what had come to pass, and when I succeeded she was not altogether pleased. She received Leonard graciously, but her looks revealed to my experienced eyes that she was wondering how I could prefer this young man, who was only "something in the City," to Ralph Dugdale, who came of such a good family, was so clever, and had such a grand career before him in all probability.

"There is one comfort in it," she remarked to me, "you will not now think of being Miss Carefull's junior governess." And when I showed Leonard the letter I had written that morning he decided that it must not go, and I must send in its place another sort of reply.

Thus it came to pass that, in spite of my preparations, it was some years ere I had any experience of a teacher's toils.

Leonard was of Mabel's mind in wondering how it was that my heart chose him in preference to Ralph. "Such a noble fellow," he would say; "so clever, and sure to make his mark some day. You will regret it, Dorothy, when you find what a stupid, commonplace mortal you have chosen."

"No, no, I am not afraid," was my reply. "I know Ralph is great and noble, but he was too much above me. I should have been a disappointment to him. Now you and I, Leonard, are more on a level; we suit one another exactly; and though we can never be brilliant and famous, we will always aim at being good."

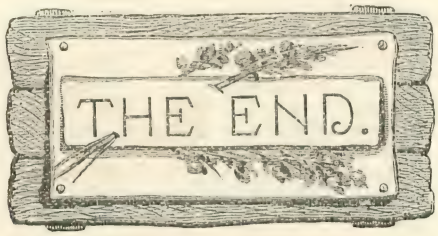
Let it not be supposed that in my happiness in Leonard's love I forgot the pain I had caused another. No, the memory of my great mistake lay on my heart as a dark shadow of regret through all the brighter days that followed. I regret it still, though so many years have passed; and I have written this story of my girlhood in the hope of warning other girls from committing the errors into which I fell.

My young days, vividly as I remember them, seem to have receded to a great distance now, for I have girls and boys of my own growing up around me, and begin to feel myself an old woman, though my husband says it is absurd of me to use such an expression. Our home is near Beechwood, where Ralph Dugdale lives with his sister. Mr. and Mrs. Dugdale, also my dear old friend, Mrs. Lyell, have passed beyond the veil of death. We are very proud of our friend Ralph Dugdale — Uncle Ralph, our children call him—for he has won an honoured name in the world of politics as a bold worker for righteousness, the champion of all who are weak and oppressed. Faithfully has he kept his promise to be a friend to me and mine. We have no friend like him, so interested in all our concerns, so devoted to our children, so ready to sympathise and help in every trouble. Leonard owes much to his wise counsels and his stimulating influence. As for our children, they adore him and dear Grace, and deem no family festival perfect unless it is gladdened by their presence.

Mabel's husband, too, is in Parliament. They have a town house, and spend part of each year in London. Mabel is a pretty woman still, although she begins to look rather worn and harassed with the care of her two establishments, her children, and her numerous servants. She comes to see me as often as her many engagements permit. She seems to enjoy a quiet day with me in my country home—for our house stands amidst green fields, although not many miles from town. I fancy she thinks sometimes that I, in my simple life, have the happier lot.

And truly the lines have fallen unto me in pleasant places. I am not without cares; but I can enjoy that content that Shakespeare says is "our best having." I would say to any girl who

may read these pages, Aim at contentment. Do not be restless and anxious, do not be impatient as you look forward to the future. Let your life come to you as God may order it, and trust your happiness to the Father's care. Wherever your lot may be cast, and whatever your experience may be, it will be well with you if in all your ways you acknowledge Him that He may direct your paths.



WOOD-ENGRAVING AS AN EMPLOYMENT FOR GIRLS.

By RICHARD TAYLOR.

SUPPOSING that a girl be willing to make the indispensable sacrifices as to time that have been named, and determined to become an engraver, it is still most difficult to say how she had best proceed. To work in company with competent engravers of her own sex would be most favourable to success, and would place her on an equal footing with youths against whom she will have one day to compete for employment; and the nearer she can place herself in such circumstances the better it will be. But as far as I know there is no office conducted by ladies at present open to her. Perhaps she may be able to find some male engraver who would take her as an apprentice. Much of the work in London is done by engravers working by themselves in their own homes, and there would be fewer objections to her working with one of these in the house with his family than to her doing so with him in an office in the City.

AT WORK.

Personal instruction and constant supervision would be ensured in such a case, but there would still be the drawback before alluded to as to materials for practice, the engraver under these circumstances, as a rule, having only such work entrusted to him as he cannot delegate to another.

In an office an apprentice usually pays a fee of £30, for a term of not less than five years; and this sum, with an additional £50 or £60, is returned to him during the term in the form of weekly wages, none being paid during the first year.

Probably if an office were open to girls it would be on similar conditions, as their general usefulness would not be greater than that of boys. An engraver working in the way named might accept a lower fee, but in any case it behoves the would-be pupil to be very careful indeed as to the integrity and trustworthiness of the person with whom she might be engaging, as unfortunately there are some—indeed many—who advertise and take apprentices with no other object in view than to get possession of the apprenticeship fee, and practically there is no remedy at law for this species of dishonesty.

I have said I doubt very much the utility of class practice, still it may be that a girl, having formed the resolution spoken of, and having other means open to her, might like to know that there is a class for instruction in wood engraving, established by the City and Guilds of London Institute, at 124, Kennington Park-road. It is in charge of a thoroughly competent engraver, and if it be possible to learn this art by such means, the object should be attained there; and there is also a class at the Lambeth School of Art, Miller's-lane, Kennington-lane.

I have spoken of preliminary practice and method of study as if all engravers who had given thought to the subject were agreed as to the course to be followed. This is not the case, however. Some advocate an entirely different procedure to others.

Engraving on wood is not only an art in the sense that drawing and painting are arts—a means of artistic expression; but it is also a commercial employment, and the difference of opinion may arise from the degree of importance attached to this fact by engravers. In a manual of instruction* recently published by one of the best—I had almost said the best—that England has produced, the student is advised "not to begin with mechanism. To begin with a desire for art, to be an artist. "Let no would-be engraver," it says, "be content to become a mechanic. The days of mere mechanism in wood-cutting are numbered. It is only the art, the artistic part of engraving, that is still worth our attention, and that artistic part is drawing with the graver. Learn, then, first to draw, to see form; and after earnest endeavour, to be able to express it in the easiest way, by pencil upon paper. It is much easier to learn to draw in this way than to learn to draw with the graver. When you can draw with some facility of hand, and some knowledge of what you are drawing, then, and not till then, give your attention to engraving."

This advice, and much more that follows, is most excellent, and the student cannot do better than to take it well to heart; but the writer is evidently *looking at* wood engraving in one of its functions only, and the method of study afterwards recommended,† however beneficial in this view, would, in my opinion, be

* Wood Engraving: a manual of instruction. By W. J. Linton. J. Bell & Sons, 1884.

† Wash a dark tint over your block, that you may see the lines you cut, and try what sort of a drawing you can make with your graver only. At first take a single graver (size 2 or 3), and merely cut a few *not unmeaning* lines; something which has form in it, in order to learn not only how your graver cuts, but how to cut with it to definite purpose, making it obedient to your hand, whether for depth or direction of line. Practise well this "white line" work, this drawing with the graver. You may vary your practice if it so please you by endeavouring to cut a few lines in relief, clearing away the rest of the wood, and leaving them standing undamaged on the surface; but this (it cannot be said too often) is merely mechanical, easy enough of performance. The first thing to conquer is the command of your graver in cutting lines as surely as you would draw them with a pencil. Bear in mind that engraving is only drawing with the graver; the mere mechanism of leaving lines drawn for you, or by you, with pen or pencil, any intelligent but careful handicraftsman can

doubtfully advantageous for an ordinary student; for such students as a rule have not the "brains and taste of an artist." Practically, accidents in most instances determine the choice of a profession, and not special aptitude in the particular one selected; and if it were not so, it would be impossible to say how a pupil would turn out until after he had acquired sufficient command over his graver to direct his undivided attention to the artistic rendering of the subject before him. Some pupils, after rapid progress, stop suddenly short in a most unaccountable way, and never fulfil their early promise; while others plod along for years without evincing the least ability, and just as suddenly and unaccountably develop unexpected powers, rapidly striding forward to the front ranks of the profession. Singular to say, too, it does not follow as a consequence that an artist will make a good engraver. He may be by nature an originator, a designer, and being limited to translating the thoughts of another may quite nullify his artistic predisposition. Several well-known artists at the present time could be named as evidence of this. Apprenticed to engraving on wood, and failing after three or four years' practice to acquire even ordinary skill, they have exchanged the graver for the pencil, greatly to the advantage of themselves and the public.

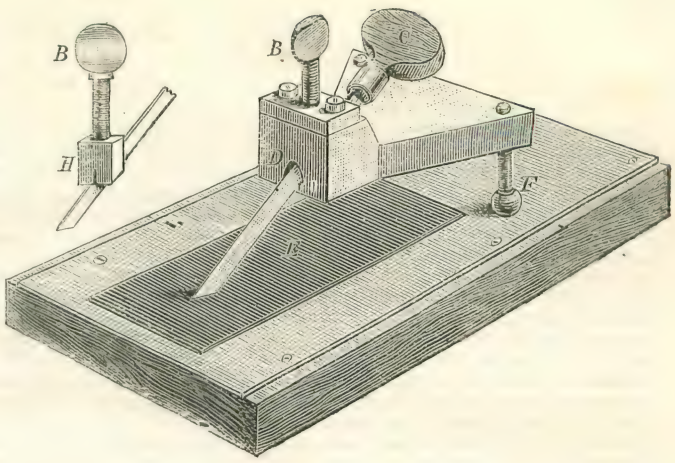
Some successful engravers, on the other hand, have become painters, and if this were the place it would be interesting to note the different artistic peculiarities of the two classes of men.

A system of instruction that recognises only one development of the profession, though that the highest, and leaves a pupil stranded, if he be not qualified by Nature to profit by it, is, to say the least, defective, and one that should be adopted with caution. It is certainly unpractical taking no account either of the object for which a business is learnt or its industrial position in the community. There are qualities to be exercised in engraving, quite as important to the community as artistic power, and to deny instruction in the art to persons who have those qualities only would be as great a loss to it as to them. To endeavour to stamp out the handicraft would be futile and absurd, and to compel your born artist to do handicraftsman's work would be no improvement on asking your handicraftsman to do the artistic.

It is, of course, gratifying to the vanity for a student to assume that he or she has been peculiarly qualified by nature for some particular walk in art, but it would be most imprudent not to provide for the opposite contingency, should time and practice show the belief ill-founded, and the procedure, therefore, which would appear most advisable should, while having the higher purpose in view, still qualify a student to fill the lower; and, therefore, instead of advising the student not to begin with mechanism, as Mr. Linton does, I should say let her direct her whole attention to it. At first acquiring technical skill, she can then put artistic feeling into her work if she have it, and if she have it not she can turn her attention to the industrial side of the art, where technical skill is the only qualification.

It is acknowledged that there is not such a field here as there was a few years ago, but no chemigraphic engraving processes will ever supersede it entirely, and what there may be the best qualified will secure.

The style of work popular in the American magazines localised here, again, would require a peculiar training, and one that would not necessarily qualify a pupil for anything beside; and if there were an opening for much such work in England, the time required to make an engraver competent to execute it might be considerably less than I have named, as it is the simplest of all styles of work, everything being expressed by one kind of line. In evidence of this I may instance the blocks engraved in competition for prizes offered some three or four years ago by the proprietors of one of the magazines in question. Marvellous results were obtained by pupils of from six to eighteen months' training. The first prize, taken by a student of sixteen, after only two years' practice, was equal to any of the engravings of the same class of subject that usually appear in the pages of the magazine.



To those who seek to enter the profession as a means of living, it is perhaps fortunate that the conditions of printing, etc., here make it unlikely the style will be naturalised; for if competent engravers could be manufactured in two years, the scale of remuneration might be so reduced by competition that the object in view would be frustrated.

In the "Treatise on Wood Engraving," by John Jackson, published about fifty years ago, a course of training is recommended which, with slight modifications to suit individual preferences, has been the one commonly followed up to the present day; and if the pupil's desire be to make herself generally useful within reasonable time, she is more likely to attain her end by the procedure there put forward than (unless she have the "brain and taste of an artist") by practising the "white line" method of Mr. Linton. The book is unfortunately not often met with now, and it is greatly to be regretted that the chapter containing the practical instructions is not revised and republished in handbook form. It would certainly be a useful and, I should think, profitable venture in paper and print. As it is but of little advantage to a student to know where she can obtain information unless the source be open to her, I will, by way of conclusion, shortly indicate a method of practice—following, in the main, the procedure recommended in the book, together with any suggestions of my own that may occur to me as likely to be useful; though, of course, if the pupil have a teacher, it will be wiser to follow his instructions than suggestions of mine, for they will be adapted to her particular needs, while much of what I shall say will be valuable only on the assumption that she have no teacher, or, at least, no constant supervision. The steps should be simple, that she may see her faults herself, if she will look for them, either by clearly apprehending the purpose in view or by comparison with other work. And in the first place, as all-important in preventing her wasting her money and her life, let me repeat that I have not overstated the time necessary to acquire available skill in the art. Some girl may say to herself, "Yes; five years may be requisite for most, but I, knowing how important it is, etc., can surely learn it in less." This is a fallacy; let her give it up. She won't do it in less; in all probability she will take longer if she be vain enough to think herself cleverer than other people, as she will despise the simple practice by which alone a sure foundation is laid.

The obstacle that first presents itself is where to get proper tools—those purchasable at the ordinary tool-shops require "making up," a difficult operation to a beginner, and one requiring knowledge of what a tool should be. In Paris they are sold in sets properly sized, sharpened, and ready for use, and the student's best plan will be to write to one of the makers—Rubin, 33, Rue au Maire, is perhaps the best—and ask him to send, say, one dozen burins à teinte (tint tools), sizes 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 10, 12, 14, 16; half-a-dozen burins (gravers), sizes 1, 3, 5, 7, 9, 12; and two scaupers (outil à chanlever). The ordinary tools will be too long for the hand, so you must ask the maker to shorten them. Including handle, they should be about 4¼ inches—say eleven centimètres at most.

When they are ready he will let you know, and on remittance will forward them; they cost from 10d. to 1s. 8d. each, and with careful usage will last for years. The other things not mentioned above you can purchase here. You will notice when you get them that the "faces" (fig. 4, page 373) are perfectly flat; mind you keep them so. Few things so retard the beginner as blunt tools, with short, uneven faces. If you find it difficult to manage this, you might get an engineer to make some such contrivance as that figured in accompanying engraving; it will cost about 9s. or 10s.; and though to use it takes a little longer time, it is thoroughly efficacious.

Put the tool (C) through the slot (D) far enough to allow the face to fall flat on the oil-stone (E). Screw down the clamp (B) to hold it firmly in its place; then push backwards and forwards over the stone (which passes between the two legs) (F) until the tool be sharp. To allow the legs to slide freely, a strip of thin iron, about one and a half inches wide, should be screwed on each side of the stone, and nearly level with its surface. In withdrawing the tool, take care that you unscrew the clamp far enough, or you may break off the point.

Provide yourself with a comfortable seat and a firm table, with a box or something steady to put your sandbag on. I have seen some attempt to work on a pile of books that swayed this way and that with every movement of the hand, having their attention constantly distracted by the endeavours made to keep them in their place. It is well to have a shade for the eyes, and to cover up the lower part of the window for about eighteen inches above the level of the table, so that the light may not be reflected on to your face. Put your tools on a piece of cloth or something

(*Continued on page* 827.)

accomplish. That last is but a question of steady hand, good eyesight, and patient attention; it needs the brain and taste of an artist to do the other—Page 57.

DRESS: IN SEASON AND IN REASON.

By A LADY DRESSMAKER.

THE days of simple drapery seem to have fairly arrived, and the lines of all the skirts made for autumn wearing are long and flowing, though some bunchiness is allowed at one side, and the folds are sufficiently frequent to give all the fulness so needful to some people who are thin and formal in their outlines. No underskirt is visible save a narrow foot-kilting of perhaps from two to three inches in width. Panels of another material are generally inserted at one side of the front, extending from the top to the edge of the skirt. These panels are often embroidered at the edge, and both Indian and jet embroidery can be used. Perhaps the newest panel is one made of box-pleats of the material of the dress, running downwards. They are not so dressy, and are less formal than those of another material. Dresses of plain grey beige are very popular, and are perfect as travelling dresses, as they are warm and light, and the colour prevents their showing the dust. One I have seen recently struck me as extremely ladylike and elegant. It had a narrow line of silver braid round the edge of the bodice and jacket, the cuffs and collar were of grey velvet, and silver buttons were used to fasten it down the front, small clasps of silver decorating the throat and waist.

The change in jackets and bodices this month seems to be from extremely tight and close-fitting to those that are loose-fitting, and have full plastrons and loose fronts; jackets, also, such as the Figaro and the Zouave, or the Spanish jacket, with a full white or coloured silk vest beneath, are coming into favour, and we shall probably see many of them this autumn. One of the new dresses made for autumn wear had a plain velvet skirt, Figaro jacket of velvet, and deep cuffs, the over-dress and bag-waistcoat being made of a small striped foulard of lilac and white, or, as it is more properly called, "heliotrope." Full sleeves are also coming in. They are rather like the old *gigot* or "leg of mutton" of our grandmothers, while others are a "bishop's sleeve," pure and simple, with a narrow band at the wrist. Of course, as yet they are only used in summer stuffs and thin materials, but there seems to be a growing fancy for them as the weeks go on. The long cuffs to the elbow will also probably be a feature of the winter's dress, as well as everything that brings in velvet, which is very popular as a trimming, and, indeed, looks well on all things, from cotton to silk. This clearly shows how our ideas have changed, for twenty years ago no one would have dreamt of wearing velvet and cotton, and one of the signs indicating a well-bred woman was her knowledge of how and when to wear the materials of her gowns.

Bodices made in striped materials are cut with the stripes on the bias, so as to make points all the way down the back where the stripes meet. This is said by dressmakers to have the effect of lengthening and decreasing

AT A GERMAN RAILWAY STATION.

the apparent size of the figure. One of the secrets of making bodices fit and look well is to have the armholes cut large enough. In truth, they are now of an immense size, and the larger they are the more comfort will be experienced in the dress-bodice; and it is really a matter of extreme convenience to be able to lift the arms with ease above the head.

One of the latest fads of dressmakers is to declare that putting on braid at the edge of a skirt ruins its appearance and fit. But while this may do for those who do not mind how many gowns they wear out, it will not answer for those who have to think about economy in their clothes. At the same time, the skirt need not be bound round if the braid be doubled and hemmed on by the two edges so that the doubled centre shall come exactly to the edge of the hem, and it will be found enough to protect the hem from mischief.

This year we have needed flannel underwear more than ever, and of all kinds, to protect us from the constant changes of the weather. The extreme heat of July was succeeded by cold easterly winds for a fortnight or more, and the wonder was that we any of us escaped from illness and cold.

In the way of new material we have the promise of stripes being continued, and also of crossbars in fine lines, each crossbar measuring about an inch inside. The stripes are only two or three threads, either of white or a colour; consequently, if they remain so, and do not grow larger, they will neither be "loud" nor too important-looking. However, I hear that in Paris they are producing far more *voyant*-looking materials; so, perhaps it is too soon to congratulate oneself on this score. I see that the shawl dresses, so much

SIGHT-SEEING.—IN A FOREIGN TOWN.

worn last winter in Paris, will be very popular here this winter; the fringe being left, or rather woven on the edges, and forming the only trimming for the gown. With many of them velvet skirts are worn, the shawl fabric only forming the tunic and bodice. In Paris they prefer bodices of Jersey elastic cloth of the same colour as the skirt, instead of a bodice made of the same. One of the newest designs in these dresses has the skirt made in three tiers, with fringe on each—not flounces, because they are put on the underskirt of the dress, quite plainly, with no fulness whatever. We shall, I have no doubt, be inundated this winter with these dresses; but for those who can afford it I should certainly advise that they should be made up over silk skirts, as the weight and clingingness of so much wool will be a drawback to them, and render walking very fatiguing.

At a recent garden entertainment, which was honoured by the presence of royalty, there were some very pretty but simple and ladylike gowns to be seen, and as they may give ideas to some of our home-dressmakers, I shall mention a few, so that they may take their ideas from the best models. The Princess of Wales wore a golden brownish green dress, with velvet stripes, and a bonnet of the same colour, with a very small pale blue feather. The young Princesses wore dark blue dresses with spots of white; hats of the same colour, with two shades of blue ribbon trimmings; and as the day was chilly, they wore brown tweed jackets, which fitted tightly, and had a little feather trimming on them. Amongst the other pretty dresses were a brown cashmere tweed, with a loose-fronted jacket and a pale blue silk full front, a brown hat with a bouquet of brown lace and forget-me-nots in front, also a red cotton dress, with shaded stripes of red, ranging from pale pink to ruby, and trimmed with white lace, and a white lace bonnet with dark red roses. A dress of black and white striped silk, over a white satin skirt, and a black bonnet trimmed with black and white ribbon. A great many spotted cottons were worn, with velvet of a darker shade for cuffs, collars, and plastrons. These probably give a key to much of what will be worn this autumn and winter, and will, perhaps, help the ideas of our readers in remodelling their gowns for the autumn.

Some very, very large fans have made their appearance, to be used, I should think, in place of umbrellas. They are seventeen inches long when shut, and when open they measure one yard and twelve inches round the edge. They are all inexpensive, being made of cotton, chintz, and Japanese paper. Many people prefer to make up the ordinary palm-leaf fans, and make them pretty for their own use by puffing coloured gauze or muslin on each side, and finishing off the edge with a wide trimming of lace to match the gauze in colour, the other part of the decoration being ribbon bows, which are dotted all over and tied round the handle.

The lace boas remain as popular as ever, and it is said they are to be carried on into the winter, in place of the long fur boas that came out at the end of last winter. This I do not quite credit, as I think, in spite of their tendency to give sore throats, or rather to render a tender throat liable to take cold, these long boas were rather graceful, and as such they will be sure to be popular, especially amongst those who do not like mantles even in the winter, and prefer some sort of tight-fitting garment at all times, mantles being "old-looking," according to their ideas of dress. How we all differ in our ideas of what is old and what is young looking! And things set apart for the wearing of young or old, respectively, in old days, are now worn indiscriminately by either!

In our pictured illustration, "September Visitors to Goslar," we give five pretty gowns. The drapery of the skirts is in all cases novel, and not too difficult to be copied. The Norfolk jacket costume is made of fine serge cashmere, the hems of the entire dress being stitched round with four or five rows of white silk machine stitching. The lady facing us in the large hat is dressed in a canvas of two shades of heliotrope, a panel of heliotrope and white being introduced in front. The lady with her back to us has a gown of dark claret-coloured flannel-tweed, with a straw bonnet of claret and light red velvet trimmings. The

AUTUMN TRAVELLING AND SEASIDE MANTELETTE, WITH STOLE ENDS.

"mother" of the party wears a travelling cloak, the cape being trimmed with ball trimming. The lady with the white waistcoat has scarf-like drapery or band on her polonaise, which is of white lace or embroidery on dark blue linen.

"The English Abroad at a German Railway Station" shows one of the new spotted foulard dresses, and a travelling dress of plain and cross-barred woollen material with a hat to match. The embroidered dress is of foulard or Tussore silk, with embroidered Tussore trimmings, the sleeves, front, and panels being of embroidery. The bonnet is of dark blue tulle and silk. This shows a very stylish way of doing up any good costume of silk for afternoon wear.

We appear likely to have a run on straw bonnets this autumn, the straws being of two kinds—a very coarse rough plait (generally of two colours) or very fine unsplit straw. The straw is put on in all sorts of ways: like a beehive or a thatch, or straight up and down from front to back, the same being at the sides, making the bonnet to appear four-sided All the new bonnets appear to have firm crowns, not made in folds nor soft puffs; they are nearly all transparent, and I think this transparent style will last through the winter. Red tulle is very much in favour at present, and poppies are put with it on all kinds of black bonnets of straw or tulle indiscriminately, the poppies being veiled with tulle. Bonnets of all kinds of beads are strung on wire shapes, some with beaded edges in a pattern, or some with the very large beads for an edge, in two or even more rows. A new way of lining these openwork bonnets is to line them with coloured tulle, and pull it through the openings between the beaded wires in tiny puffs. Feathers are not as much worn at present as flowers, berries, and grasses, several flowers being mixed together. Roses are the most favoured at present; they are put on bonnets in a bunch of several. Ribbon bows made of standing-up loops are still much liked, and white and cream-colour are more worn than gayer hues. Many of the autumn bonnets are stringless.

The paper pattern for the month is a mantle with stole ends in *front*. It is extremely simple and easily made, and would answer for a mantle to be made of the material of the bodice; to add a little extra warmth for the chilly days of autumn, no trimming is needful, and the prettiness of the mantle is increased by its being lined with a colour, to contrast with the outer side. Sateen would answer for this lining as well as silk, and it can be procured in all colours, both bright and dull. The pattern consists of four pieces—front, sleeves, back, and collar, and would take about two and a quarter yards of 30-inch material. No turnings are allowed, and the pattern is suitable to a person of ordinary size, viz., 36 inches round the chest.

Each of the patterns may be had of "The Lady Dressmaker," care of Mr. H. G. Davis, 73, Ludgate Hill, E.C.; price 1s. each. It is requested that the addresses be clearly given, and that postal notes, crossed so as to be eligible only to go through a bank, may be sent, as so many losses have occurred through postage stamps having been remitted. The patterns already issued can always be obtained, as "The Lady Dressmaker" shows constantly in her articles how they can be made use of. Each may be had, price 1s. postal note, from "The Lady Dressmaker," care of Mr. H. G. Davis, 73, Ludgate Hill, E.C.

The following is a list of those already issued:—

April, braided loose-fronted jacket; May, velvet bodice; June, Swiss belt and full bodice with plain sleeves; July, mantle; August, Norfolk or pleated jacket; October, combination garment (underlinen); November, double-breasted out-of-door jacket; December, Zouave jacket and bodice; January, princess underdress (underlinen, under bodice, and skirt combined); February, polonaise with waterfall back; March, new spring bodice; April, divided skirt and Bernhardt mantle, with sling sleeves; May, Early English bodice and yoke bodice for summer dress; June, dressing jacket, princess frock and Normandy peasant's cap, for child of four years; July, Princess of Wales jacket bodice and waistcoat for tailor-made gown, and bodice with guimpe; September, mantle with stole ends.

(*Continued from page* 823.)

soft, to guard the points and bellies from injury. On a smooth table a slight touch may cause one to twirl round and knock its point off against its neighbour.

It is very important that you should get into a proper way of holding the tool. Diagrams won't teach it. It can only be rightly learnt by example. Assuming this knowledge, therefore, I should advise you to go to an engraver's block maker (the addresses of some may be got from the London Directory) and buy 5s. worth of "practice pieces." Take your ruler and compasses and copy the diagrams in Euclid or any geometry, all the straight line ones first; they are as good first practice as you can have. See that you engrave the lines the same thickness throughout their length. The kitchen utensils in an ironmonger's catalogue will do as well, and so, in fact, will anything where incorrectness of form and unevenness of line is easily detected, and having no teacher or trained eye to see with, this is what you want.

The diagrams in Lindley's School Botany are a good next step, only here you must be more watchful of yourself than ever; the forms being less familiar, a variation in them is not so easily seen. As a change from this outline work you can practise cutting a tint first straight then waved, then gradated dark at top, lighter at bottom (fig. 6, page 373), making the gradations first by using tools of different sizes, then by doing as much as you can with one tool, pressing on it more and more each line, until it cuts too deeply to work freely, then taking another that will just fit the cut last made, and doing as much as you can with that, and so on; and don't be satisfied until you can't see the places where the tools have been changed.

Draw a few boxes, or any rectangular solids in angular perspective, and try and show the gradation of tones on the receding sides by both methods; then draw a pillar or a cylinder and show its roundness in the same way; keep to objects with even, definite lines. New buildings are excellent practice for you, as, if the lines be not true almost anyone can detect their falsity. Get an engraving of one that strikes you as being good, but with as little detail at first as possible, have it photographed on to a piece of wood (the blockmaker will tell you where you can get it done; it is, as I said, a speciality, no ordinary photographer can properly perform it), and with the engraving in front of you, set to work and see how near you can come to your original. Then make a drawing of the same building on a piece of card, putting the shades in with a wash of Indian ink, and get the photographer to put that on the wood for you, and set to work again. In the first case you had the actual lines of the engraver to help you, now you have your wash of Indian ink to translate into line; but if you have learnt the previous lesson well you should have no difficulty, with the original engraving in front of you, of doing this.

This method of study you can apply to any subject, and, if you be honest to yourself, will teach you much. Occasionally the original drawings on paper made for publishers are resold for a comparatively small sum after having been photographed from and engraved, and if you should be fortunate enough to buy one of these, as well as a print of the engraving that has been made from it, you have a valuable teacher to hand. Have the original drawing photographed on to a piece of wood, put the print of the engraving up in front of you, and you can see, line by line, how the tones of the drawing should be rendered. If two or three friends were to unite and purchase several drawings, from which they could study, in this way they could exchange one with another, and get a great deal of variety and valuable practice, and if the drawings be really good, and kept clean, they could be probably resold at a trifling loss.

The space at my disposal will not permit me to make suggestions as to the kind of subjects to choose, but generally I may say you will learn more from those having definite form in them—heads, figures, drapery, animals, etc., etc., than from landscapes or others where tone is the prevailing feature. For the same reason I can say nothing of the actual manipulation, when and how to begin, etc., etc. To do so would require too many diagrams and minute descriptions of details most uninteresting to a general reader. This the student must learn from personal instruction. I shall only say above all things don't hurry forward; do each thing as well as you can. Form a habit of looking at your work to find out its faults; strive against your belief in its goodness until some competent person tells you it is right. Don't ask the opinion of an ignorant friend, or value it when volunteered. Look closely and leisurely at good engravings (not necessarily fine ones)—a glance is of little use—taking your magnifying glass, and following the lines, noticing when and how they are "dropped" (broken off,) how surface and texture are expressed by their opening and *closing, thickening* and crossing, how in all good work the lines appear to flow naturally one into the other, helping by their thickness or tenuity to indicate perspective, distance, roundness, etc., individually expressive, never losing their character as lines (long or short). Form a habit of selecting excellence, and passing over defects, and there are very few blocks that won't teach you something, and moreover it will help you to knowledge without arousing that feeling of self-glorification which the opposite practice engenders. Compare your work with the best you can find. Don't take the worst, and because yours may be as good think the goal reached. "Nothing succeeds like success," and nothing is so disheartening to a pupil as failure. Do not, therefore, try things too far above your powers. You want to establish the well-grounded confidence in yourself which comes of frequent success. Some persons do this by shutting their eyes to their faults. Should you come across such, let them alone; they will but misconstrue your motive, should you try to open them.

As your skill increases, remember that artist and engraver are but accidentally separated; both work in a more or less conventional way to represent certain truths of nature. The painter by means of colour, pictures a round object on a flat surface, and an engraver's purpose is to do the same thing by means of lines. Do not be tempted, by the desire to do something clever or original, to make your picture in lines look like what it is not. You can give it the appearance of a lithograph by chopping it about to represent the grain of the stone easily enough, but no representation can equal the thing itself, so your work, after all, can only be equal to an inferior print from the stone, and the same remark applies to imitation of all *means*—charcoal, paint, and brush marks. Keep the thing you are engraving mentally before you, make lines expressive of that; follow your drawing with slavish submissiveness, so long as it represents the facts truthfully; to wantonly alter it would be an insult to your artist, but to follow it when you see it is wrong is to degrade your art and yourself.

VARIETIES.

A Faithful Dog.

A remarkable story is told by Jesse of a dog that accompanied its mistress when returning from market with a basket of provisions. They were overwhelmed by a snowstorm and not discovered for three days. The woman was found dead, but the dog, which was lying by her side, was alive.

The honest creature, however, had not touched the eatables in his mistress's basket, but, as neighbouring villagers remembered when too late, had been endeavouring on the evening of the storm, by whinings and sighs which they could not comprehend, to induce them to follow it to where its mistress was.

Being and Seeming.—Were we to take as much pains to be what we ought as we do to disguise what we are, we might appear like ourselves without being at the trouble of any disguise at all.—*Rochefoucauld.*

Cunning People.—The sure way to be deceived is to believe ourselves more cunning than others.—*Rochefoucauld.*

A Fall of Snow in a Ball-room.

To illustrate the production of snow by change of temperature the following anecdote is told by Professor Dove, of Berlin. On an extremely cold but starlike night a large company had assembled in a ball-room in Sweden, which, in the course of the evening became so warm that some of the ladies fainted.

An officer tried to open a window, but found it was frozen to the sill. He then broke a pane of glass, and the rush of cold air from without produced a fall of snow in the room. Its atmosphere was charged with vapour, which, becoming suddenly condensed and frozen, fell in the form of snow upon the astonished dancers.

From a Mother's Point of View.—"I am afraid all these children are a great deal of trouble to you," said a minister to a mother who had children of all ages about her and who was far from strong.

"Oh, no, sir," she said, "children aren't trouble; they're only fatigue."

Seized for the Rent.

A gentleman in New Orleans was agreeably surprised the other day to find a plump turkey served up for dinner, and inquired of his servant how it was obtained.

"Why, sir," replied Sambo, "dat turkey has been roosting on our fence tree nights, so dis morning I seize him for de rent of de fence."

On the Way to Happiness.—The path of virtue, indeed, is devious, dark, and dreary; but though it leads the traveller over hills of difficulties, it at length brings her into the delightful and extensive plains of permanent happiness and secure repose.—*Zimmerman.*

The World's Treatment.—We may be pretty certain that persons whom all the world treats ill deserve the treatment they get. The world is a looking-glass, and gives back to everyone the reflection of her own face. Frown at it and it will in turn look sourly upon you; laugh at it, and with it, and it is a kind and pleasant companion; and so let all young people take their choice.

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